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# Literature and Life

## BOOK ONE

Revised Edition

BY

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AND

DUDLEY MILES

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## PREFACE

This volume—a revision of *Literature and Life, Book One*—is the first in a series of books that provide material for an organized course in literature for secondary schools. In this series literature is regarded not as a subject in which facts are to be collected and memorized, but as an instrument through which the student may enter and enjoy the spiritual heritage stored up for him in books.

Obviously, the first requirement for such a series is an abundant supply of carefully chosen selections from the best writers of all time. In this volume, for example, the range in time is from Homer to the present. A careful balance has been preserved between the earlier masters whose works have become classics and the recent or contemporary writers who are recognized interpreters of our present-day life.

A glance at the Table of Contents, however, will show that the editors have not regarded it as their task merely to supply a large amount of carefully chosen and graded material in rich variety and of recognized excellence. They have kept in mind their purpose, mentioned in the first paragraph above, to initiate the reader into the spiritual heritage stored up for him in books.

This heritage is perhaps the most important single element in the education of youth. Much has been said about preparation for citizenship, but if any such preparation stops with merely patriotic emotion plus a study of our political institutions, it has not met its full responsibility. The meaning of our democratic institutions is best understood by those who have had a training in the history of the ideals that underlie our faith, and especially a training in the ideals themselves as interpreted in literature.

Accordingly, this book and the others that follow in the series stress good citizenship. This term, however, is defined in no narrow way. The treatment of it is not confined to a few patriotic selections for use on special occasions. It extends

throughout the book, and is used in such a way as to bring out clearly certain fundamental relations: what we have inherited from the past, the relations between man and man, the relations between man and Nature. As Emerson rightly held, these three relationships are the foundations of all education: the mind of the past, the world of action among men, the world of Nature. The study of a book organized on such a conception will re-enforce powerfully the study of history, of social and political conditions, and of science, the three main themes around which school and college courses are centered. The study of literature, therefore, is not a by-product, or merely an occupation for leisure hours; it is the heart of the school.

With this thought in mind, the editors have taken care not only to secure the right selection of literature, grouped under these fundamental divisions, but also to develop proper understanding of them as individual selections and as parts of a whole. This is done, first, through the various introductions, written for the pupil in accordance with a definite plan that extends throughout the series. These introductions are designed to strengthen the power to read intelligently, to cultivate the ability to select the worth while in literature, and to awaken a consciousness of the service of literature to life. These introductions cover a wide variety of subjects: the nature of literature, the characteristics of poetry, the relation of literature to human history, the types of literature, and, finally, the history of literature itself.

The other aids to study are equally purposeful. The editorial helps are intended to assist the reader to a complete understanding and enjoyment of each selection. Explanatory and prefatory notes give information necessary to intelligent reading. Questions guide the student as he prepares his lesson and form a basis for class discussion. Many of them seek to connect his reading with other interests. The relation between *literature* and *life* in this series is

no fanciful relation. It is organic, interwoven in numerous ways into the body of the book.

In this series two general conditions have influenced the choice of material. In the first place, the masterpieces that are usually considered a foundation for college courses in literature are given due recognition. Through many years of experience by hundreds of teachers there has grown up a fairly standardized list of minimum essentials, a list of books that every American boy or girl should know. A generous number of these standard works are included throughout the series without curtailment. The present volume, for example, contains the complete text of such widely-read classics as *Treasure Island*, *The Lady of the Lake*, *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, and *Julius Caesar*.

Secondly, the editors are entirely in sympathy with the scope of those English courses that place special value on current literary interpretations of life. Contemporary stories, essays, poems, plays, biographies, special articles, all have their message of value and interest for young students, even though not all of them may prove to be enduring literature. In the selection of such material the editors have been guided largely by a study of many city and state courses in English and by the reports of such organizations as the National Council of Teachers of English, and the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools.

The series therefore represents the leading tendencies in the best modern teaching: wide variety and interest of subject-matter, union of the classic with the contemporary of high quality, and the study of the most significant types of literature. Finally, interwoven with the plan will be found ample material for such a study of the history of English and American literature as secondary schools should undertake.

The original edition of *Book One, Literature and Life*, has been so widely and successfully used as to demonstrate the soundness of its fundamental plan. The editors feel confident, however, that the present revision will provide an even richer

course for the year's work. Among the main features of the new volume are:

1. The number of selections from the best of contemporary writers has been somewhat increased; especial care has been taken to represent certain authors who have won a distinguished place for themselves since the original edition was published.

2. The provision for insuring that students will gain a definite understanding of literary "types" has been re-enforced. In connection with this feature, two one-act plays have been added. The revised volume provides, through interesting specimens and simple editorial treatment, an acquaintance with these types: epic, metrical romance, folk ballad, modern narrative poetry, lyric, short story, longer fiction, essay, one-act play, longer drama, biography, and special article.

3. The organization of the book has been somewhat modified. The division of the material into four main Parts, each with an important theme, has been retained. But for teaching and study convenience, these four Parts have been further subdivided into "Units" of reading, each with its definite center of interest and purpose. Each Unit is introduced by a brief but challenging statement of its significance and is rounded out by thought-provoking questions that aim to crystallize its contribution. As a final stage in the students' progress, each Unit concludes with a Book List for extension reading that re-enforces the Unit theme.

4. Fifty illustrations, many of them full page, by the well-known artist Milo Winter, have been added. These pictures not only add to the interest, but definitely contribute to a clear comprehension by making visual the key incidents, with authentic details of scenery and costume. To allow space for these illustrations without sacrificing textual material, the volume has been enlarged about fifty pages.

The editors in preparing this revision have received valuable co-operation in the form of constructive suggestions from many teachers who have revealed a continuing enthusiasm for the value of the *Literature and Life Series*. To all of these helpful advisers the editors take pleasure in expressing their deep appreciation.

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# LITERATURE AND LIFE

## AN INTRODUCTION TO READING

### I

If all the races of men should suddenly disappear from the earth, leaving only the animals, great changes would take place. For a time, the works of men would remain, but gradually the lofty buildings in our cities would crumble and collapse, the railroads would become thin lines of rusty steel buried in tangles of weeds, farms would be covered with great forests, the roads would become merely paths for animals. In place of fertile fields and villages and busy cities, the ancient jungle would return. Nature would remain much the same as now. Season would follow season, the rivers would flow on, as ever, to the sea, the moon and stars would shine through the night; the woods would be filled with the music of bird song and the fragrance of flowers, or, in winter, would be clothed in their mantle of snow. And the animal world would be much the same as now, except that the wild beasts would become more numerous, and the animals that man has tamed would become wild or would be destroyed by enemies of their own kind.

In such a world no progress of the sort that seems progress to us would be possible. Animals would not build cities or make inventions or use telephones or trains or ships. The reason animals cannot greatly progress is that they almost wholly lack the power to *think*. Man,

on the other hand, has this power; it is his chief tool in working out a better way of life.

In this ability of man to think there are two important elements—imagination and memory. Through his *imagination* man has pictured in his mind new ways of satisfying his wants. For example, at an early stage he wanted to move rapidly from place to place, and his imagination enabled him to see that the ox and the horse might be used for such a purpose. Later his imagination led him to invent machines that would carry him more rapidly—the ship, the train of cars running on ribbons of steel, the automobile, the airplane.

Through *memory* man keeps alive the knowledge and experience that have been gained in past times. He preserves records of the steps in his progress, so that he can learn from those who have lived in earlier days. Thus, whatever advance toward human comfort has been achieved by one generation becomes the foundation on which a new generation may build.

Imagination and memory are the roots of progress. Men have won thousands of secrets from Nature by their abilities, first, to see in their imagination the things they wished to create, and, second, to use their memory and records of past achievements as a basis for new progress.



To put it in another way, man differs from animals because he can *reflect* about the things that surround him. His mind can study the world about him, can recall the past, can plan for the future. Man can see what he wishes to accomplish, and can set about making it possible; or he can see what he wishes to preserve of the past for his present or future profit and enjoyment. He explores the mysteries of Nature, the sources of life, and the causes of death. And always he expresses his thoughts and his desires, in music, in art, in literature. He is curious about himself, about Nature, about the stars and the waters and the depths of the earth, about his fellows. He can reflect on the things that he desires, or curb his desires when they are wicked. He lives according to his ideals of how a man should live.

One of the chief sources of man's power to raise his life above that of the brute beasts lies in his command of self-expression. He reflects about things, can communicate his thoughts to his fellows, can set down his ideas of beauty and right conduct. He not only has found out how to insure his food and his comfort to a higher degree than the animals; he has also found joys and powers that animals know nothing about. He finds enjoyment not only in his immediate surroundings, but in a world of fancy. He can forget the present, his weariness of the struggle for food and life, his sorrow, all that surrounds him, if he will, in a world of imagination into which he can pass instantly. Man finds his own powers strengthened by a knowledge of how his fellows in far distant ages met life's difficulties bravely, or rejoiced in its beauty, or had faith in the future of the soul. What is more, man has discovered not

only enormous gains to be won through co-operation with his fellows but also the joy that such co-operation brings. And, finally, he has enriched his life by reflecting on Nature and the world in which he lives. He has learned how to make Nature serve his bodily needs; in his mind he has also felt the magic and the mystery of flower and star, of the tempest-driven sea, of the silent pagentry of the summer night and the canopy of stars.

Animals cannot do these things or feel these impressions.

Neither can you unless you are alive to what is at the basis of progress.

But you have within you the hidden possibilities that may make you one day a discoverer of new truth. You may become the head of a great business organization, or a great painter, or a social worker able to bless mankind. You may be a source of comfort or strength to generations that will live a thousand years after you are gone. Even if such high destiny is not in store for you, you may so enrich your own life that you may crowd into it experiences of past generations, experiences drawn from distant countries, contacts with all that the mind of man has accomplished, an imagination so stimulated that it will raise you and your descendants to a higher scale of living.

Or, you may live the life of an animal.

## II

What has all this to do with Literature and Life? To put it more definitely, what has it to do with your reading and study of this book?

Literature is one form of the expression of life. It is not the only form. Men express themselves in many ways:

through the language they speak, the homes they live in, the cities and great industries which are the sources of their wealth. Some of the meanings of life also find expression through a beautiful painting, or a statue, or a song. A story may sum up in a few hundred words an ideal that thousands of men would like to live by. A poem may sing itself into the heart of a regiment, or comfort those who are discouraged, or translate the beauty of bird-song or flower or of the setting sun into words that will never die. Literature is the expression of the meaning and beauty of life; if men could not find beauty and meaning in life, they would not care to live.

In this book you will find illustrations of the way in which literature is related to life.

Many collections of literature are merely collections. They are like magazines. You may read here and there, paying attention only to what interests you, as you would in a scrap-book, where there is no connection between the various selections. This book, of course, may be used in just the same way. But it is not intended for such use, as the program will show you.

The program is the Table of Contents. If you will look at it for a moment, you will see that the book contains short stories, ballads, plays, lyrics, and other prose and poetry of various types. You will find a part of one of the oldest poems in the world, some ballads that belong to an early period of English life, and some poems that were written only the other day. You have, then, a considerable amount of literature at your disposal. We may omit, for the present, any discussion of the difference between literature and ordinary printed

matter, stating only this fact: *literature* means not merely that which is printed, in contrast to that which is spoken, but it is "The expression of the *facts* of life, or of the *interpretation* of life, or of the *beauty* of life, in language of such enduring charm that men treasure it and will not let it die." Facts, interpretation, beauty—the selections in the following pages are built upon this relationship between literature and life.

But this is not all. You will observe that the book is divided into four parts, and these parts deal with adventure, legend and history, the relations of man to his fellows, and the relations of man to Nature. The Introduction to each of these four parts will bring out the meaning of these divisions. Just now only one thing is necessary, and this idea you should carry with you throughout your reading: through literature, men have put on record their ideas about this great adventure of living. No one who is worth anything is satisfied with mere existence. Such a life would be dull. Man wants adventure, because adventure makes life interesting. Therefore, Part One of this book is devoted to some stories about adventures of all sorts. There is nothing serious here. The selections are just snapshots of scenes in all sorts of lives in all sorts of times, like the snapshots that you take with your kodak on a summer vacation trip. They are to be added to the collection of adventure tales that you have been making ever since you read with amazement of Jack Horner's exploits with the Christmas pie. You will continue to add to your collection as long as you live.

In Part Two, Legend and History, you will trace some of the experiences of mankind in the many stages of his development. Much of this literature

has come down to us from very ancient days, but it still holds the power to thrill us by its account of heroic deeds.

The selections in Part Three, *Man and His Fellows*, reveal the effort of men to work out a plan of happy and successful living by means of co-operation. For spectacular deeds of adventure and heroic action are not the only means of winning success in the complex life of today. Modern Democracy, especially in America, calls upon the millions of us living together to develop a spirit of neighborly good will, of purposeful citizenship, and of co-operation in our daily work. Such a spirit of service and co-operation is the very basis of successful life in our modern world.

And finally, in Part Four the intimate relationship between man and Nature is brought out in a series of selections that show, on the one hand, how man is impressed by the beauty of the world in which he lives, and, on the other, how he searches for the facts of Nature and uses them to secure for himself enjoyment and safety.

For literature is the record of the adventures of man as he struggles to understand himself and the world in

which he lives. It is not merely a subject to be studied in school; it is one of the chief sources of enjoyment and of satisfying our curiosity about life. It opens a world of fancy and imagination into which we go at will, just as Ali Baba or Aladdin could enter the world of magic by using a charm. It opens a world of heroic action, through which the desire to do worthy things may be born in us. It opens a world of sympathy and service, by showing how the highest types of men have helped develop a more successful way of living through service to their fellows. And it brings enrichment through knowledge of the world of Nature, a perception of the beauty of Nature and of the way in which Nature has been made to serve man.

Poetry, drama, story—all literature that men have preserved because of its beauty or its enduring worth—these are means for recreation and for growth. By reading, man is lifted far above the realm in which animals pass their lives, and is taught how to crowd into his brief years enjoyment and experience that enrich his life and multiply his powers.

# PART ONE

## THE WORLD OF ADVENTURE

### AN INTRODUCTION

#### I

Reading, as a means of recreation, is like games or music or the drama or travel or any of the other amusements by which people forget their ordinary occupations and get out of the ruts of their everyday life. An important test of literature, therefore, is its power to take us out of ourselves. While we read, we live in a world that is attractive through its strangeness, a world of fancy and imagination. You can recall stories in which you became so absorbed that you did not hear if someone called you or spoke to you. You were not willing to lay aside the book until you had devoured the whole of it. Your book was like the magic carpet of old romance, able to carry you far off from your actual surroundings and into a world where all manner of strange adventures awaited you.

In the first part of this book you will find stories which many people have agreed to call *good* stories, some of them thrilling and dramatic, others humorous. The magazine on your table may contain stories just as good; in fact, some of the stories printed here first appeared in the periodicals. The first thing for you to do, as you turn to these stories, is just what you do with your new magazine—read for enjoyment, without thinking of any lesson to be learned. Then, to each story, apply the

same test that you apply to your magazine story; ask whether it interests you or not. But when you have done this, you might ask yourself just why you like the story or do not like it. The Study Aids that follow the selection may help you to find this out; that is all they are for—not to supply you with tasks, but to help you to form your own standards by which to distinguish between a true representation of life or character and a sentimental or unreal imitation, between genuine humor and cheap jest. This done, you can use these standards, your own standards, to apply to all of your reading.

To get the utmost enjoyment out of a book or a magazine is of first importance. And this enjoyment will increase as you develop qualities of judgment and taste. With such standards, formed easily now while you are in high school, you will find books a never-failing source of recreation, increasing in their power as the years go by.

#### II

There are really two worlds of adventure: the world of deeds and the world of reading. The world of deeds has never been richer than at the present time. Young men and women everywhere are making new records. Tomorrow morning the daily paper may bring word that someone has driven a car with

incredible speed, surpassing all earlier records. Perhaps a dauntless climber has scaled the highest peak of a hitherto unconquered mountain. Or it may be that a daring flyer has flown over an area which no man had seen before.

But only a few of us can do such deeds; only a few can taste the thrill of achievement that brings the applause of the world. On the other hand, there is no kind of exciting drama that a roamer through the world of books cannot take part in. There is no age that he may not visit.

Find a good book, open the covers, and in a few pages you can, without delay or toil, be transported over land and sea, even into the mystery of bygone times. Perhaps you will find yourself aboard some sturdy ship plowing through the waves, bound for a secret harbor. Straightway the humdrum surroundings of everyday life—the wood to be carried in, or the groceries to be brought home from the store, or the dishes to be washed and put away—all these things vanish as your stanch vessel carries you nearer and nearer to a strange coast. Your own personal worries—how you are going to patch up that quarrel or what you can do to raise

a low mark—these are forgotten as you land on a trackless shore, find a weird-looking man prowling through the woods, or hear shots coming from an old stockade where desperate pirates are fighting.

Adventure in books will not merely take you into stirring or delightful scenes, will not merely acquaint you with new and interesting persons, but will sweep you along breathlessly from event to event. You will not only enjoy the novelty of strange surroundings and picturesque characters, but you will actually *live* incidents. Life will become high-spirited, or full of peril, or lovely with romance. To the usual round of your daily affairs will be added a new experience, an eager looking-forward to the next turn of events—in short, a fuller and richer living than you could possibly enjoy in your own person.

So, through reading, every boy and girl may enter the realms of adventure over which Edgar Allan Poe, O. Henry, Jack London, Bret Harte, Robert Louis Stevenson, and many others like them hold magic sway. Through their enchantments you can live a richer and more varied existence than any single adventurer ever enjoyed.

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# UNIT I

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## Brief Tales of Adventure

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### A RAID ON THE OYSTER PIRATES\*

JACK LONDON

Thousands of people live on the shores of San Francisco Bay, but Jack London will quickly show you why the oyster beds, near by, were nevertheless often raided by pirates. For years these bold, lawless men had defied private watchmen and the force of policemen called the fish patrol. But in this story the pirates meet their match.

OF THE fish patrolmen under whom we served at various times, Charley Le Grant and I were agreed, I think, that Neil Partington was the best. He was neither dishonest nor cowardly; and while he demanded strict obedience when we were under his orders, at the same time our relations were those of easy comradeship, and he permitted us a freedom to which we were ordinarily unaccustomed, as the present story will show.

Neil's family lived in Oakland, which is on the Lower Bay, not more than six miles across the water from San Francisco. One day, while scouting among the Chinese shrimp-catchers of Point Pedro, he received word that his wife was very ill; and within the hour the *Reindeer* was bowling along for Oakland, with a stiff northwest breeze astern. We ran up the Oakland Estuary and came to anchor; and in the days that followed, while Neil was ashore, we tightened up the *Reindeer's* rigging, overhauled the ballast, scraped down, and put the sloop into thorough shape.

This done, time hung heavy on our hands. Neil's wife was dangerously ill, and the outlook was a week's lie-over,

awaiting the crisis. Charley and I roamed the docks, wondering what we should do, and so came upon the oyster fleet lying at the Oakland City Wharf. In the main, they were trim, natty boats, made for speed and bad weather, and we sat down on the stringer-piece of the dock to study them.

"A good catch, I guess," Charley said, pointing to the heaps of oysters, assorted in three sizes, which lay upon their decks.

Peddlers were backing their wagons to the edge of the wharf, and from the bargaining and chaffering that went on, I managed to learn the selling price of the oysters.

"That boat must have at least two hundred dollars' worth aboard," I calculated. "I wonder how long it took to get the load?"

"Three or four days," Charley answered. "Not bad wages for two men—twenty-five dollars a day apiece."

The boat we were discussing, the *Ghost*, lay directly beneath us. Two men composed its crew. One was a squat, broad-shouldered fellow with remarkably long and gorilla-like arms, while the other was tall and well proportioned, with clear blue eyes and a mat of straight black hair. So unusual and striking was this combination of hair

\* From Jack London's *The Faith of Men and Other Stories*. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

and eyes that Charley and I remained somewhat longer than we intended.

And it was well that we did. A stout elderly man, with the dress and carriage of a successful merchant, came up and stood beside us, looking down upon the deck of the *Ghost*. He appeared angry, and the longer he looked, the angrier he grew.

"Those are my oysters," he said at last. "I know they are my oysters. You raided my beds last night and robbed me of them."

The tall man and the short man on the *Ghost* looked up.

"Hello, Taft," the short man said, with insolent familiarity. (Among the bayfarers he had gained the nickname of "The Centipede" on account of his long arms.) "Hello, Taft," he repeated, with the same touch of insolence. "Wot 'r you growlin' about now?"

"Those are my oysters—that's what I said. You've stolen them from my beds."

"Yer mighty wise, ain't ye?" was the Centipede's sneering reply. "S'pose you can tell your oysters wherever you see 'em?"

"Now, in my experience," broke in the tall man, "oysters is oysters wherever you find 'em, an' they're pretty much alike all the Bay over, and the world over, too, for that matter. We're not wantin' to quarrel with you, Mr. Taft, but we jes' wish you wouldn't insinuate that them oysters is yours an' that we're thieves an' robbers till you can prove the goods."

"I know they're mine; I'd stake my life on it!" Mr. Taft snorted.

"Prove it," challenged the tall man, who we afterwards learned was known as "The Porpoise" because of his wonderful swimming abilities.

Mr. Taft shrugged his shoulders helplessly. Of course he could not prove the oysters to be his, no matter how certain he might be.

"I'd give a thousand dollars to have you men behind the bars!" he cried. "I'll give fifty dollars a head for your arrest and conviction, all of you!"

A roar of laughter went up from the different boats, for the rest of the pirates had been listening to the discussion.

"There's more money in oysters," the Porpoise remarked dryly.

Mr. Taft turned impatiently on his heel and walked away. From out of the corner of his eye, Charley noted the way he went. Several minutes later, when he had disappeared around a corner, Charley rose lazily to his feet. I followed him, and we sauntered off in the opposite direction to that taken by Mr. Taft.

"Come on! Lively!" Charley whispered, when we passed from the view of the oyster fleet.

Our course was changed at once, and we dodged around corners and raced up and down side-streets till Mr. Taft's generous form loomed up ahead of us.

"I'm going to interview him about that reward," Charley explained, as we rapidly overhauled the oyster-bed owner. "Neil will be delayed here for a week, and you and I might as well be doing something in the meantime. What do you say?"

"Of course, of course," Mr. Taft said, when Charley had introduced himself and explained his errand. "Those thieves are robbing me of thousands of dollars every year, and I shall be glad to break them up at any price—yes sir, at any price. As I said, I'll give fifty dollars a head, and call it cheap at that. They've robbed my beds, torn down my signs, terrorized my watchmen, and last year killed one of them. Couldn't prove it. All done in the blackness of night. All I had was a dead watchman and no evidence. The detectives could do nothing. Nobody has been able to do anything with those men. We have never succeeded in arresting one of them. So I

say, Mr. — What did you say your name was?"

"Le Grant," Charley answered.

"So I say, Mr. Le Grant, I am deeply obliged to you for the assistance you offer. And I shall be glad, most glad, sir, to co-operate with you in every way. My watchmen and boats are at your disposal. Come and see me at the San Francisco offices any time, or telephone at my expense. And don't be afraid of spending money. I'll foot your expenses, whatever they are, so long as they are within reason. The situation is growing desperate, and something must be done to determine whether I or that band of ruffians own those oyster beds."

"Now we'll see Neil," Charley said, when he had seen Mr. Taft upon his train to San Francisco.

Not only did Neil Partington interpose no obstacle to our adventure, but he proved to be of the greatest assistance. Charley and I knew nothing of the oyster industry, while his head was an encyclopedia of facts concerning it. Also, within an hour or so, he was able to bring us a Greek boy of seventeen or eighteen who knew thoroughly well the ins and outs of oyster piracy.

At this point I may as well explain that we of the fish patrol were free lances in a way. While Neil Partington, who was a patrolman proper, received a regular salary, Charley and I, being merely deputies, received only what we earned—that is to say, a certain percentage of the fines imposed on convicted violators of the fish laws. Also, any rewards that chanced our way were ours. We offered to share with Partington whatever we should get from Mr. Taft, but the patrolman would not hear of it. He was only too happy, he said, to do a good turn for us, who had done so many for him.

We held a long council of war, and mapped out the following line of action. Our faces were unfamiliar on the

Lower Bay, but as the *Reindeer* was well known as a fish-patrol sloop, the Greek boy, whose name was Nicholas, and I were to sail some innocent-looking craft down to Asparagus Island and join the oyster pirates' fleet. Here, according to Nicholas's description of the beds and the manner of raiding, it was possible for us to catch the pirates in the act of stealing oysters, and at the same time to get them in our power. Charley was to be on the shore, with Mr. Taft's watchmen and a posse of constables, to help us at the right time.

"I know just the boat," Neil said, at the conclusion of the discussion, "a crazy old sloop that's lying over at Tiburon. You and Nicholas can go over by the ferry, charter it for a song, and sail direct for the beds."

"Good luck be with you, boys," he said at parting, two days later. "Remember, they are dangerous men; so be careful."

Nicholas and I succeeded in chartering the sloop very cheaply; and between laughs while getting up sail, we agreed that she was even crazier and older than she had been described. She was a big, flat-bottomed, square-sterned craft, sloop-rigged, with a sprung<sup>1</sup> mast, slack rigging, dilapidated sails, and rotten running-gear, clumsy to handle and uncertain in bringing about,<sup>2</sup> and she smelled vilely of coal tar, with which strange stuff she had been smeared from stem to stern and from cabin-roof to center-board. And to cap it all, *Coal Tar Maggie* was printed in great white letters the whole length of either side.

It was an uneventful though laughable run from Tiburon to Asparagus Island, where we arrived in the afternoon of the following day. The oyster pirates, a fleet of a dozen sloops, were lying at anchor on what was known as the "Deserted Beds." The *Coal Tar Maggie* came sloshing into their midst with a

<sup>1</sup> sprung, warped, not straight. <sup>2</sup> bringing about, turning round.



light breeze astern, and they crowded on deck to see us. Nicholas and I had caught the spirit of the crazy craft, and we handled her in most lubberly<sup>3</sup> fashion.

"Wot is it?" someone called.

"Name it 'n' ye kin have it!" called another.

"I swan naow, ef it ain't the old Ark itself!" mimicked the Centipede from the deck of the *Ghost*.

"Hey! Ahoy there, clipper ship!"<sup>4</sup> another wag shouted. "Wot's yer port?"

We took no notice of the joking, but acted, after the manner of greenhorns, as though the *Coal Tar Maggie* required our undivided attention. I rounded her well to windward of the *Ghost*, and Nicholas ran for'ard to drop the anchor. To all appearances it was a bungle, the way the chain tangled and kept the anchor from reaching the bottom. And to all appearances Nicholas and I were terribly excited as we strove to clear it. At any rate, we quite deceived the pirates, who took huge delight in our predicament.

But the chain remained tangled, and amid all kinds of mocking advice we drifted down upon and fouled the *Ghost*, whose bowsprit poked square through our mainsail and ripped a hole in it as big as a barn door. The Centipede and the Porpoise doubled up on the cabin in paroxysms of laughter, and left us to get clear as best we could. This, with much unseamanlike performance, we succeeded in doing, and likewise in clearing the anchor-chain, of which we let out about three hundred feet. With only ten feet of water under us, this would permit the *Coal Tar Maggie* to swing in a circle six hundred feet in diameter, in which circle she would be able to foul at least half the fleet.

The oyster pirates lay snugly together

at short hawsers,<sup>5</sup> the weather being fine, and they protested loudly at our ignorance in putting out such an unwarranted length of anchor-chain. And not only did they protest, but they made us heave it in again, all but thirty feet. Having sufficiently impressed them with our general lubberliness, Nicholas and I went below to congratulate ourselves and to cook supper. Hardly had we finished the meal and washed the dishes, when a skiff ground against the *Coal Tar Maggie's* side, and heavy feet trampled on deck. Then the Centipede's brutal face appeared in the companion-way, and he descended into the cabin, followed by the Porpoise. Before they could seat themselves on a bunk, another skiff came alongside, and another, and another, till the whole fleet was represented by the gathering in the cabin.

"Where did you swipe the old tub?" asked a squat and hairy man, with cruel eyes and Mexican features.

"Didn't swipe it," Nicholas answered, meeting them on their own ground and encouraging the idea that we had stolen the *Coal Tar Maggie*. "And if we did, what of it?"

"Well, I don't admire your taste, that's all," sneered he of the Mexican features. "I'd rot on the beach first before I'd take a tub that couldn't get out of its own way."

"How were we to know till we tried her?" Nicholas asked, so innocently as to cause a laugh. "And how do you get the oysters?" he hurried on. "We want a load of them; that's what we came for, a load of oysters."

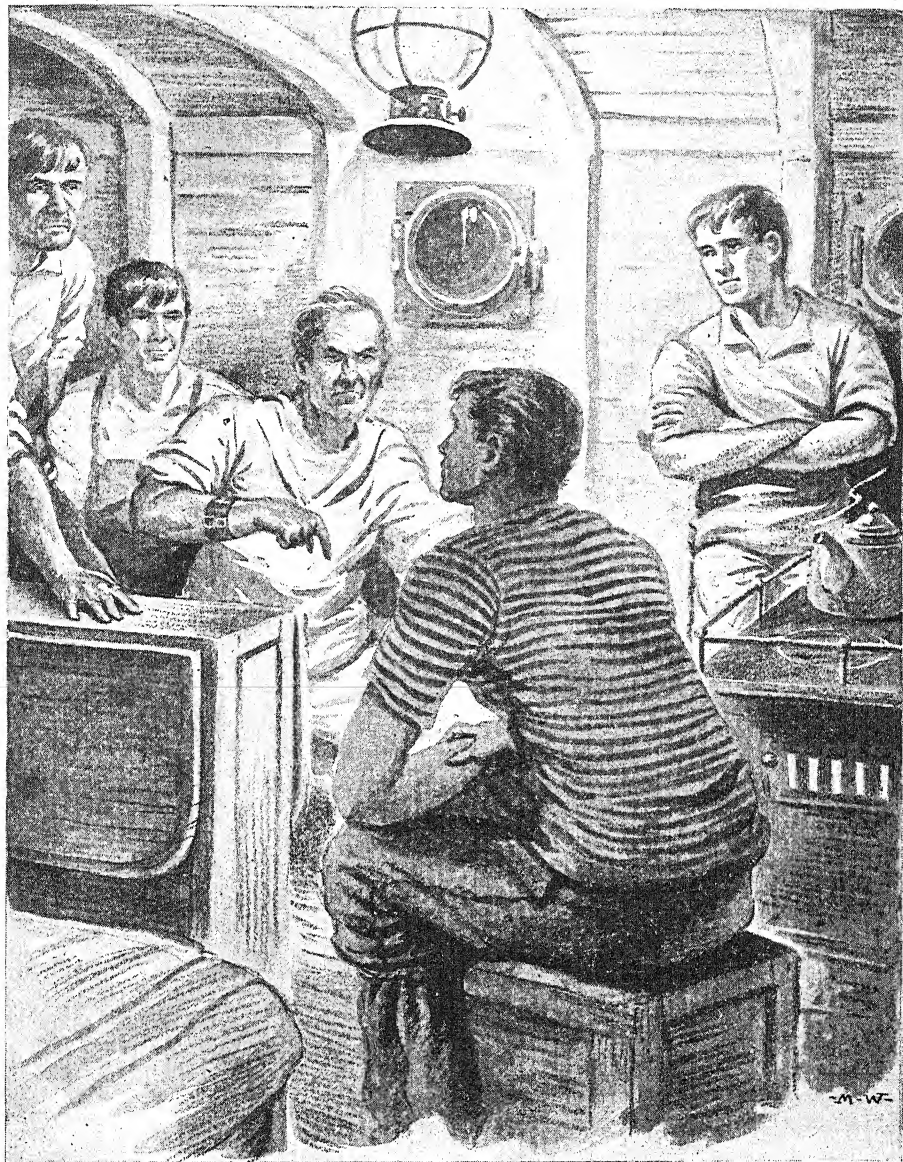
"What d'ye want 'em for?" demanded the Porpoise.

"Oh, to give away to our friends, of course," Nicholas retorted. "That's what you do with yours, I suppose."

This started another laugh, and as our visitors grew more genial we could see

<sup>3</sup> *lubberly*, awkward, unseamanlike. <sup>4</sup> *clipper ship*, so called in sarcasm, since the clipper was a fast-sailing vessel.

<sup>5</sup> *hawsers*, in this case, anchor ropes.



"Where did you swipe the old tub?"

that they had not the slightest suspicion of our identity or purpose.

"Didn't I see you on the dock in Oakland the other day?" the Centipede asked suddenly of me.

"Yep," I answered boldly, taking the bull by the horns. "I was watching you

fellows and figuring out whether we'd go oystering or not. It's a pretty good business, I calculate, and so we're going in for it. That is," I hastened to add, "if you fellows don't mind."

"I'll tell you one thing, which ain't two things," he replied, "and that is

you'll have to hump yerself an' get a better boat. We won't stand to be disgraced by any such box as this. Understand?"

"Sure," I said. "Soon as we sell some oysters, we'll outfit in style."

"And if you show yerself square an' the right sort," he went on, "why, you kin run with us. But if you don't" (here his voice became stern and menacing), "why, it'll be the sickest day of yer life. Understand?"

"Sure," I said.

After that and more warning and advice of similar nature, the conversation became general, and we learned that the beds were to be raided that very night. As they got into their boats, after an hour's stay, we were invited to join them in the raid with the assurance of "the more the merrier."

"Did you notice that short, Mexican-looking chap?" Nicholas asked, when they had departed to their various sloops. "He's Barchi, of the Sporting Life Gang, and the fellow that came with him is Skilling. They're both out now on five thousand dollars' bail."

I had heard of the Sporting Life Gang before, a crowd of hoodlums and criminals that terrorized the lower quarters of Oakland, and two-thirds of which were usually to be found in state's prison for crimes that ranged from perjury and ballot-box stuffing to murder.

"They are not regular oyster pirates," Nicholas continued. "They've just come down for the lark and to make a few dollars. But we'll have to watch out for them."

We sat in the cockpit and discussed the details of our plan till eleven o'clock had passed, when we heard the rattle of an oar in a boat from the direction of the *Ghost*. We hauled up our own skiff, tossed in a few sacks, and rowed over. There we found all the skiffs assembling, it being the intention to raid the beds in a body.

To my surprise, I found barely a foot of water where we had dropped anchor in ten feet. It was the big June run-out of the full moon, and as the ebb had yet an hour and a half to run, I knew that our anchorage would be dry ground before slack water.

Mr. Taft's beds were three miles away, and for a long time we rowed silently in the wake of the other boats, once in a while grounding and our oar blades constantly striking bottom. At last we came upon soft mud covered with not more than two inches of water—not enough to float the boats. But the pirates at once were over the side, and by pushing and pulling on the flat-bottomed skiffs we moved steadily along.

The full moon was partly obscured by high-flying clouds, but the pirates went their way with the familiarity born of long practice. After half a mile of the mud we came upon a deep channel, up which we rowed with dead oyster shoals looming high and dry on either side. At last we reached the picking grounds. Two men, on one of the shoals, hailed us and warned us off. But the Centipede, the Porpoise, Barchi, and Skilling took the lead; and, followed by the rest of us, at least thirty men, in half as many boats, rowed right up to the watchmen.

"You'd better slide outa this here," Barchi said threateningly, "or we'll fill you so full of holes you wouldn't float in molasses."

The watchmen wisely retreated before so overwhelming a force, and rowed their boat along the channel toward where the shore should be. Besides, it was in the plan for them to retreat.

We hauled the noses of the boats up on the shore side of a big shoal, and all hands, with sacks, spread out and began picking. Every now and again the clouds thinned before the face of the moon, and we could see the big oysters quite distinctly. In almost no time sacks were filled and carried back to the boats,

where fresh ones were obtained. Nicholas and I returned often and anxiously to the boats with our little loads, but always found some one of the pirates coming or going.

"Never mind," he said; "no hurry. As they pick farther and farther away, it will take too long to carry to the boats. Then they'll stand the full sacks on end and pick them up when the tide comes in and the skiffs will float to them."

Fully half an hour went by, and the tide had begun to flood, when this came to pass. Leaving the pirates at their work, we stole back to the boats. One by one, and noiselessly, we shoved them off and made them fast in an awkward flotilla. Just as we were shoving off the last skiff, our own, one of the men came upon us. It was Barchi. His quick eye took in the situation at a glance, and he sprang for us; but we went clear with

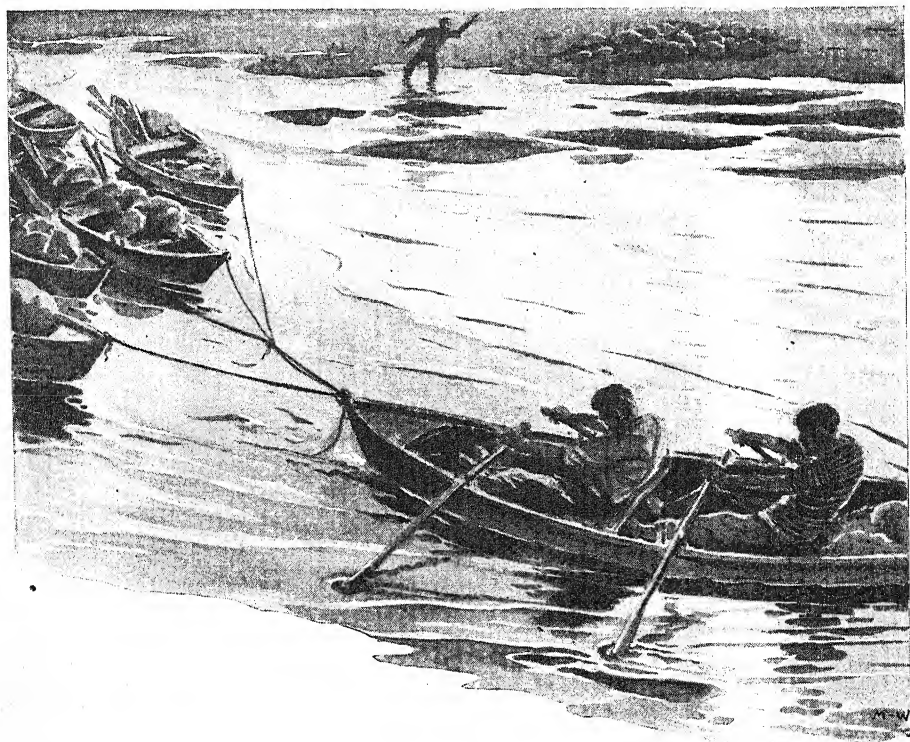
a mighty shove, and he was left floundering in the water over his head. As soon as he got back to the shoal he raised his voice and gave the alarm.

We rowed with all our strength, but it was slow going with so many boats in tow. A pistol cracked from the shoal, a second, a third; then a regular fusillade began. The bullets spat and spat all about us; but thick clouds had covered the moon, and in the dim darkness it was no more than random firing. It was only by chance that we could be hit.

"Wish we had a little steam launch," I panted.

"I'd just as soon the moon stayed hidden," Nicholas panted back.

It was slow work, but every stroke carried us farther away from the shoal and nearer the shore, till at last the shooting died down, and when the moon did come out we were too far



away to be in danger. Not long afterwards we answered a shoreward hail, and two Whitehall boats, each pulled by three pairs of oars, darted up to us. Charley's welcome face bent over to us, and he gripped us by the hands while he cried, "Oh, you joys! You joys! Both of you!"

When the flotilla had been landed, Nicholas and I and a watchman rowed out in one of the Whitehalls, with Charley in the stern-sheets.\* Two other Whitehalls followed us, and as the moon now shone brightly, we easily made out the oyster pirates on their lonely shoal. As we drew closer, they fired a rattling volley from their revolvers, and we promptly retreated beyond range.

"Lot of time," Charley said. "The flood is setting in fast, and by the time it's up to their necks, there won't be any fight left in them."

So we lay on our oars and waited for the tide to do its work. This was the predicament of the pirates: because of the big run-out, the tide was now rushing back like a mill-race, and it was impossible for the strongest swimmer in the world to make against it the three miles to the sloops. Between the pirates and the shore were we, precluding escape in that direction. On the other hand, the water was rising rapidly over the shoals, and it was only a question of a few hours when it would be over their heads.

It was beautifully calm, and in the brilliant white moonlight we watched them through our night glasses and told Charley of the voyage of the *Coal Tar Maggie*. One o'clock came, and two o'clock, and the pirates were clustering on the highest shoal, waist-deep in water.

"Now this illustrates the value of imagination," Charley was saying. "Taft has been trying for years to get them, but he went at it with bull strength and failed. Now we used our heads . . ."

\*stern-sheets, a seat at the stern.

Just then I heard a scarcely audible gurgle of water, and holding up my hand for silence, I turned and pointed to a ripple slowly widening out in a growing circle. It was not more than fifty feet from us. We kept perfectly quiet and waited. After a minute the water broke six feet away, and a black head and white shoulder showed in the moonlight. With a snort of surprise and of suddenly expelled breath, the head and shoulder went down.

We pulled ahead several strokes and drifted with the current. Four pairs of eyes searched the surface of the water, but never another ripple showed, and never another glimpse did we catch of the black head and white shoulder.

"It's the Porpoise," Nicholas said. "It would take broad daylight for us to catch him."

At a quarter to three the pirates gave their first sign of weakening. We heard cries of help, in the unmistakable voice of the Centipede, and this time, on rowing closer, we were not fired upon. The Centipede was in a truly perilous plight. Only the heads and shoulders of his fellow-marauders showed above the water as they braced themselves against the current, while his feet were off the bottom and they were supporting him.

"Now, lads," Charley said briskly, "we have got you, and you can't get away. If you cut up rough, we'll have to leave you alone, and the water will finish you. But if you're good, we'll take you aboard, one man at a time, and you'll all be saved. What do you say?"

"Aye," they chorused hoarsely between their chattering teeth.

"Then one man at a time, and the short men first."

The Centipede was the first to be pulled aboard, and he came willingly, though he objected when the constable put the handcuffs on him. Barchi was next hauled in, quite meek and resigned

from his soaking. When we had ten in our boat we drew back, and the second Whitehall was loaded. The third Whitehall received nine prisoners only—a catch of twenty-nine in all.

"You didn't get the Porpoise," the Centipede said exultantly, as though his escape materially diminished our success.

Charley laughed. "But we saw him just the same, a-snorting for shore like a puffing pig."

It was a mild and shivering band of pirates that we marched up the beach to the oyster house. In answer to Charley's knock, the door was flung open,

and a pleasant wave of warm air rushed out upon us.

"You can dry your clothes here, lads, and get some hot coffee," Charley announced, as they filed in.

And there, sitting ruefully by the fire, with a steaming mug in his hand, was the Porpoise. With one accord Nicholas and I looked at Charley. He laughed gleefully.

"That comes of imagination," he said. "When you see a thing, you've got to see it all around, or what's the good of seeing it at all? I saw the beach, so I left a couple of constables behind to keep an eye on it. That's all."

## STUDY AIDS

*Plot Study.* 1. Who were in the oyster crew that interested Charley and the narrator? Why did the scene make Mr. Taft angry? Why did Charley go off in the direction opposite to that taken by Mr. Taft? What definite plan did Charley make? What difficulties lay in his way? What possible rewards?

2. How did the two young men deceive the oyster pirates? Who turned out to be the leader of the pirates? Why were the newcomers allowed to join the pirates? How were they able to get all the boats away from the pirates? How did they bring about the capture of the pirates?

3. How did Charley show imagination in planning the capture? Why didn't the Porpoise escape?

4. Look back over the first three sets of questions, which are based on the events of the story. The first set brings out the puzzle, or problem, to be solved in the story. Try to state it in one sentence. The second set is based on the account of how Charley accomplished his purpose. Summarize this account. The third set of questions should help you to explain why events turned out as they did. State the conclusion in one sentence.

5. In this story of adventure, where were you most eager to find out what was

going to happen next? Read the lines or the paragraph to the class. The class may find several other such points in the narrative. What was the greatest surprise in the story? Did you like or dislike the ending? Try to explain why.

*Biographical Note.* For a sketch of Jack London's short but crowded life, see the "Biographical Index of Authors," which begins on page 615.

## EXTENSION READING

"A Raid on the Oyster Pirates" is from a volume entitled *The Faith of Men and Other Stories*. Other stories of the fish patrol appear in the last part of the volume. Report to the class the title of another fish patrol story you especially like.

*Brown Wolf and Other Jack London Stories* contains several of London's most interesting short stories of animals and the frozen north.

*The Call of the Wild* and its continuation, *White Fang*, are the most popular of London's longer stories. If you don't already know Buck, the dog hero of both books, you should get acquainted with him at once.

For a longer reading list see "Some Other Short Stories," page 89.





Mr. Kirby drew rein opposite them

(See page 18)

## THE TRIAL IN TOM BELCHER'S STORE

SAMUEL A. DERIEUX

Would you look for adventure in a farming district where one raises sweet potatoes for a living and chases rabbits for amusement? You'll be surprised, in reading this story, to see how a quiet, uneventful life can suddenly be most alarmingly upset through so familiar an animal as a dog.

IT WAS a plain case of affinity between Davy Allen and Old Man Thornycroft's hound dog Buck. Davy, hurrying home along the country road one cold winter afternoon, his mind intent on finishing his chores before dark, looked back after passing Old Man Thornycroft's house to find Buck trying to follow him—*trying* to, because the old man, who hated to see anybody or anything but himself have his way, had chained a heavy block to him to keep him from doing what nature had intended him to do—roam the woods and poke his long nose in every briar-patch after rabbits.

At the sight Davy stopped, and the dog came on, dragging behind him in the road the block of wood fastened by a chain to his collar, and trying at the same time to wag his tail. He was tanned, lean as a rail, long-eared, a hound every inch; and Davy was a ragged country boy who lived alone with his mother, and who had an old single-barreled shotgun at home, and who had in his grave boy's eyes a look, clear and unmistakable, of woods and fields.

To say it was love at first sight when that hound, dragging his prison around with him, looked up into the boy's face, and when that ragged boy who loved the woods and had a gun at home looked down into the hound's eyes, would hardly be putting it strong enough. It was more than love—it was perfect understanding, perfect com-

prehension. "I'm your dog," said the hound's upraised, melancholy eyes. "I'll jump rabbits and bring them around for you to shoot. I'll make the frosty hills echo with music for you. I'll follow you everywhere you go. I'm your dog if you want me—yours to the end of my days."

And Davy, looking down into those upraised, beseeching eyes, and at that heavy block of wood, and at the raw place the collar had worn on the neck, and then at Old Man Thornycroft's bleak, unpainted house on the hill, with the unhomelike yard and the tumble-down fences, felt a great pity, the pity of the free for the imprisoned, and a great longing to own, not a dog, but *this* dog.

"Want to come along?" he grinned.

The hound sat down on his haunches, elevated his long nose, and poured out to the cold winter sky the passion and longing of his soul. Davy understood, shook his head, looked once more into the pleading eyes, then at the bleak house from which this prisoner had dragged himself.

"That ol' devil!" he said. "He ain't fitten<sup>1</sup> to own a dog. Oh, I wish he was mine!"

A moment he hesitated there in the road; then he turned and hurried away from temptation.

"He ain't mine," he muttered.

But temptation followed him as it

<sup>1</sup> *fitten*, fit. Throughout the story you will find a good many words of the informal, local sort called "dialect."



has followed many a boy and man. A little way down the road was a pasture through which, by a footpath, he could cut off half a mile of the three miles that lay between him and home. Poised on top of the high rail fence that bordered the road, he looked back. The hound was still trying to follow, walking straddle-legged, head down, all entangled with the taut chain that dragged the heavy block. The boy watched the frantic efforts, pity and longing on his face; then he jumped off the fence inside the pasture and hurried on down the hill, face set straight ahead.

He had entered a pine thicket when he heard behind the frantic, choking yelps of a dog in dire distress. Knowing what had happened, he ran back. Within the pasture the hound, only his hind feet touching the ground, was struggling and pawing at the fence. He had jumped, and the block had caught and was hanging him. Davy rushed to him. Breathing fast, he unsnapped the chain. The block and chain fell on the other side of the fence, and the dog was free. Shrewdly the boy looked back up the road; the woods hid the old man's house from view, and no one was to be seen. With a little grin of triumph he turned and broke into a run down the pasture hill toward the pines, the wind blowing gloriously into his face, the dog galloping beside him.

Still running, the two came out into the road that led home, and suddenly Davy stopped short and his face flushed. Yonder around the bend on his gray mare jogged Squire Kirby toward them, his pipe in his mouth, his white beard stuck cozily inside the bosom of his big overcoat. There was no use to run, no use to try to make the dog hide, no use to try to hide himself—the old man had seen them both. Suppose he knew whose dog this was! Heart pounding, Davy waited beside the road.

Mr. Kirby drew rein opposite them

and looked down with eyes that twinkled under his bushy white brows. He always stopped to ask the boy how his mother was, and how they were getting along. Davy had been to his house many a time with eggs and chickens to sell, or with a load of seasoned oak wood. Many a time he had warmed himself before Mr. Kirby's fire in the big living room and bedroom combined, and eaten Mrs. Kirby's fine white cake covered with frosting. Never before had he felt ill at ease in the presence of the kindly old man.

"That's a genuine hound you got there, son, ain't it?"

"Yes, sir," said Davy.

"Good for rabbits an' 'possums an' coons, eh?"

"He shore is!"

"Well, next big fat 'possum you an' him ketch, you bring that 'possum 'round, an' me an' you'll talk business. Maybe we'll strike a bargain. Got any good sweet potatoes? Well, you bring four or five bushels along to eat that 'possum with. Haulin' any wood these days? Bring me a load or two of good, dry oak—pick it out, son, hear? How's your ma? All right? That's good. Here——"

He reached deep down in a pocket of his enormous faded overcoat, brought out two red apples, and leaned down out of his saddle, which creaked under the strain of his weight.

"Try one of 'em yourself, an' take one of 'em home to your ma. Git up, Mag!"

He jogged on down the road, and the boy, sobered, walked on. One thing was certain, though: Mr. Kirby hadn't known whose dog this was. What difference did it make, anyhow? He hadn't stolen anything. He couldn't let a dog choke to death before his eyes. What did Old Man Thornycroft care about a dog, anyhow, the hard-hearted old skinflint!

He remembered the trouble his mother had had when his father died and Old Man Thornycroft pushed her for a note he had given. He had heard people talk about it at the time, and he remembered how white his mother's face had been. Old Man Thornycroft had refused to wait, and his mother had had to sell five acres of the best land on the little farm to pay the note. It was after the sale that Mr. Kirby, who lived five miles away, had ridden over.

"Why didn't you let me know, Mrs. Allen?" he had demanded. "Or Steve Earle? Either one of us would have loaned you the money—gladly, gladly!" He had risen from the fire and pulled on the same overcoat he wore now. It was faded then, and that was two years ago.

It was sunset when Davy reached home to find his mother out in the clean-swept yard picking up chips in her apron. From the bedroom window of the little one-storied unpainted house came a bright red glow, and from the kitchen the smell of cooking meat. His mother straightened up from her task with a smile when, with his new-found partner, he entered the yard.

"Why, Davy," she asked, "where did you get him?"

"He—he just followed me, Ma."

"But whose dog is he?"

"He's mine, Ma—he just took up with me."

"Where, Davy?"

"Oh, way back down the road—in a pasture."

"He must belong to somebody."

"He's just a ol' hound dog, Ma, that's all he is. Lots of hounds don't belong to nobody—everybody knows that, Ma. Look at him, Ma. Mighty nigh starved to death. Lemme keep him. We can feed him on scraps. He can sleep under the house. Me an' him will keep you in rabbits. You won't have to kill no

more chickens. Nobody don't want him but me!"

From her gaunt height she looked down into the boy's eager eyes, then at the dog beside him. "All right, son," she said. "If he don't belong to anybody."

That night Davy alternately whistled and talked to the dog beside him as he husked the corn he had raised with his own hands, and chopped the wood he had cut and hauled—for since his father's death he had kept things going. He ate supper in a sort of haze; he hurried out with a tin plate of scraps; he fed the grateful, hungry dog on the kitchen steps. He begged some vaseline from his mother and rubbed it on the sore neck. Then he got two or three empty gunnysacks out of the corncrib, crawled under the house to a warm place beside the chimney, and spread them out for a bed. He went into the house whistling; he didn't hear a word of the chapter his mother read out of the Bible. Before he went to bed in the shed-room he raised the window.

"You all right, old feller?" he called.

Underneath the house he heard the responsive tap-tap of a tail in the dry dust. He climbed out of his clothes, leaving them in a pile in the middle of the floor, tumbled into bed, and pulled the covers high over him.

"Golly!" he said. "Oh, golly!"

Next day he hunted till sundown. The Christmas holidays were on, and there was no thought of school. He went only now and then, anyway, for since his father's death there was too much for him to do at home. He hunted in the opposite direction from Old Man Thornycroft's. It was three miles away; barriers of woods and bottoms<sup>2</sup> and hills lay between, and the old man seldom stirred beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but Davy wanted to be on the safe side.

<sup>2</sup> bottoms, valleys.

There were moments, though, when he thought of the old man and wondered if he had missed the dog and whether he would make any search for him. There were sober moments, too, when he thought of his mother and Mr. Kirby, and wished he had told them the truth. But then the long-drawn bay of the hound would come from the bottoms ahead, and he would hurry to the summons, his face flushed and eager. The music of the dog running, the sound of the shots, and his own triumphant yells started many an echo among the silent, frosted hills that day. He came home with enough meat to last a week—six rabbits. As he hurried into the yard he held them up for the inspection of his mother, who was feeding the chickens.

"He's the finest rabbit dog ever was, Ma! Oh, golly, he can follow a trail! I never see anything like it, Ma. I never did! I'll skin 'em an' clean 'em after supper. You ought to have saw him, Ma! Golly!"

And while he chopped the wood, and milked the cow, and fed the mule, and skinned the rabbits, he saw other days ahead like this, and whistled and sang and talked to the hound, who followed close at his heels every step he took.

Then one afternoon, while he was patching the lot fence, with Buck sunning himself near the woodpile, came Old Man Thornycroft. Davy recognized his buggy as it turned the bend in the road. He quickly dropped his tools, called Buck to him, and got behind the house where he could see without being seen. The buggy stopped in the road, and the old man, his hard, pinched face working, his buggy whip in his hand, came down the walk and called Mrs. Allen out on the porch.

"I just come to tell you," he cried, "that your boy Davy run off with my dog las' Friday evenin'! There ain't no use to deny it. I know all about it. I

seen him when he passed in front of the house. I found the block I had chained to the dog beside the road. I heered Squire Jim Kirby talkin' to some men in Tom Belcher's sto' this very mornin'; just happened to overhear him as I come in. 'A boy an' a dog,' he says, 'is the happiest combination in nater.' Then he went on to tell about your boy an' a tan dog. He had met 'em in the road. Met 'em when? Last Friday evenin.' Oh, there ain't no use to deny it, Mrs. Allen! Your boy Davy—he *stole* my dog!"

"Mr. Thornycroft"—Davy could not see his mother, but he could hear her voice tremble—"he did *not* know whose dog it was!"

"He didn't? He didn't?" yelled the old man. "An' him a boy that knows ever' dog for ten miles around! Right in front of my house, I tell you—that's where he picked him up—that's where he tolled him off!<sup>a</sup> Didn't I tell you, woman, I seen him pass? Didn't I tell you I found the block down the road? Didn't know whose dog it was? Ridiculous, ridiculous! Call him, ask him, face him with it. Likely he'll lie—but you'll see his face. Call him, that's all I ask. Call him!"

"Davy!" called Mrs. Allen. "Davy!"

Just a moment the boy hesitated. Then he went around the house. The hound stuck very close to him, eyes full of terror, tail tucked as he looked at the old man.

"There he is—with my dog!" cried the old man. "You didn't know whose dog it was, did you, son? Eh? You didn't know, now, did you?"

"Yes!" cried the boy. "I knowed!"

"Hear that, Mrs. Allen? Did he know? What do you say now? He stole my dog, didn't he? That's what he done, didn't he? Answer me, woman! You come here!" he yelled, his face

<sup>a</sup> tolled him off, lured him away.

livid, and started, whip raised, toward boy and dog.

There were some smooth white stones the size of hen eggs arranged around a flower bed in the yard, and Davy stood near these stones—and now, quick as a flash, he stooped down and picked one up.

"You stop!" he panted, his face very white.

His mother cried out and came running toward him, but Thornycroft had stopped. No man in his right mind wants to advance on a country boy with a rock. Goliath<sup>4</sup> tried it once.

"All right!" screamed the old man. "You steal first—then you try to assault an old man! I didn't come here to raise no row. I just come here to warn you, Mrs. Allen. I'll have the law on that boy—I'll have the law on him before another sun sets!"

He turned and hurried toward the buggy. Davy dropped the rock. Mrs. Allen stood looking at the old miser, who was clambering into his buggy, with a sort of horror. Then she ran toward the boy.

"Oh, Davy! run after him. Take the dog to him. He's terrible, Davy, terrible! Run after him—anything—anything!"

But the boy looked up at her with grim mouth and hard eyes. "I ain't a-goin' to do it, Ma!" he said.

It was after supper that very night that the summons came. Bob Kelley, rural policeman, brought it.

"Me an' Squire Kirby went to town this mornin'," he said, "to look up some things about court in the mornin'. This evenin' we run into Old Man Thornycroft on the street lookin' for us. He was awful excited. He had been to Mr. Kirby's house an' found out Mr. Kirby was in town, an' followed us. He wanted a warrant swore out right there.

Mr. Kirby tried to argue with him, but it warn't no use. So at last Mr. Kirby turned to me. 'You go on back, Bob,' he said. 'This'll give me some more lookin' up to do. Tell my wife I'll just spend the night with Judge Fowler, an' get back in time for court in Belcher's sto' in the mornin'. An', Bob, you just stop by Mrs. Allen's—she's guardian of the boy—an' tell her I say to bring him to Belcher's sto' tomorrow mornin' at nine. You be there, too, Mr. Thornycroft—an', by the way, bring that block of wood you been talkin' about.'"

That was all the squire had said, declared the rural policeman. No, he hadn't sent any other message—just said he would read up on the case. The rural policeman went out and closed the door behind him. It had been informal, haphazard, like the life of the community in which they lived. But, for all that, the law had knocked at the door of the Widow Allen and left a white-faced mother and a bewildered boy behind.

They tried to resume their usual employments. Mrs. Allen sat down beside the table, picked up her sewing, and put her glasses on; but her hands trembled when she tried to thread the needle. Davy sat on a split-bottom chair in the corner, his feet up on the rungs, and tried to be still; but his heart was pounding fast, and there was a lump in his throat. Presently he got up and went out of doors, to get in some kindling on the back porch before it snowed, he told his mother. But he went because he couldn't sit there any longer, because he was about to explode with rage and grief and fear and bitterness.

He did not go toward the woodpile—what difference did dry kindling make now? At the side of the house he stooped down and softly called Buck. The hound came to him, wriggling along under the beams, and he leaned against the house and lovingly pulled the briar-torn ears. A long time he

<sup>4</sup> Goliath, the giant killed by the boy David with a sling (1 Samuel xvii).

stayed there, feeling on his face already the fine mist of snow. Tomorrow the ground would be white; it didn't snow often in that country; day after tomorrow everybody would hunt rabbits—everybody but him and Buck.

It was snowing hard when at last he went back into the warm room, so warm that he pulled off his coat. Once more he tried to sit still in the split-bottom chair. But there is no rage that consumes like the rage of a boy. In its presence he is so helpless! If he were a man, thought Davy, he would go to Old Man Thornycroft's house this night, call him out, and thrash him in the road. If he were a man, he would do something. He looked wildly about the room, the hopelessness of it all coming over him in a wave. Then suddenly, because he wasn't a man, because he couldn't do what he wanted to do, he began to cry, not as a boy cries, but more as a man cries, in shame and bitterness, his shoulders shaken by great convulsive sobs, his head buried in his hands, his fingers running through his tangled mop of hair!

"Davy, Davy!" The sewing and the scissors slipped to the floor. His mother was down on her knees beside him, one arm about his shoulders, trying to look into his eyes. "You're my man, Davy! You're the only man, the only help I've got. You're my life, Davy. Poor boy! Poor child!"

Davy caught hold of her convulsively, and she pressed his head against her breast. Then he saw that she was crying, and he grew quiet, and wiped his eyes with his ragged sleeve.

"I'm all right now, Ma," he said; but he looked at her wildly.

She did not follow him into his little unceiled bedroom. She must have known that he had reached that age where no woman could help him. It must be a man now to whom he could pin his faith. And while he lay awake, tumbling and tossing, along with bitter

thoughts of Old Man Thornycroft came other bitter thoughts of Mr. Kirby, whom, deep down in his boy's heart, he had worshiped—Mr. Kirby, who had sided with Old Man Thornycroft and sent a summons with—no message for him. "Oh! oh!" he said, and pulled his hair, down there under the covers; and he hated the law that would take a dog from him and give it back to that old man—the law that Mr. Kirby represented.

It was still snowing when, next morning, he and his mother drove out of the yard, and he turned the head of the reluctant old mule in the direction of Belcher's store. A bitter wind cut their faces, but it was not as bitter as the heart of the boy. Only twice on that five-mile ride did he speak. The first time was when he looked back to find Buck, whom they had left at home, thinking he would stay under the house on such a day, following very close behind the buggy.

"Might as well let him come on," said the boy.

The second time was when they came in sight of Belcher's store, dim yonder through the swirling snow. Then he looked up into his mother's face.

"Ma," he said grimly, "I ain't no thief!"

She smiled as bravely as she could with her stiffened face and with the tears so near the surface. She told him that she knew it, and that everybody knew it. But there was no answering smile on the boy's set face.

The squire's gray mare, standing huddled up in the midst of other horses and of buggies under the shed near the store, told that court had probably convened. Hands numb, the boy hitched the old mule to the only rack left under the shed, and then made Buck lie down under the buggy. Heart pounding, he went up on the store porch with his mother and pushed the door open.

There was a commotion when they entered. The men, standing about the pot-bellied stove, their overcoats steaming, made way for them. Old Man Thornycroft looked quickly and triumphantly around. In the rear of the store the squire rose from a table, in front of which was a cleared space.

"Pull up a chair nigh the stove for Mrs. Allen, Tom Belcher," he said. "I'm busy tryin' this case of chicken stealin'. When I get through, Mrs. Allen, if you're ready, I'll call your case."

Davy stood beside his mother while the trial proceeded. Some of the fight had left him now, crowded down here among all these grown men, and especially in the presence of Mr. Kirby, for it is hard for a boy to be bitter long. But with growing anxiety he heard the sharp questions the magistrate asked the thief; he saw the frown of justice; he heard the sentence—"sixty days on the gang." And this prisoner had stolen only a chicken—and *he* had run off with another man's dog.

"The old man's rough this mornin'," Jim Taylor whispered to another man above him; and he saw the furtive grin on the face of Old Man Thornycroft, who leaned against the counter, waiting.

Davy's heart jumped into his mouth when, after a silence, the magistrate spoke: "Mr. Thornycroft, step forward, sir. Put your hand on the book here. Now tell us about that dog of yours that was stole."

Looking first at the magistrate, then at the crowd as if to impress them also, the old man told in a high-pitched, excited voice all the details—his seeing Davy Allen pass in front of his house last Friday afternoon, his missing the dog, his finding the block of wood down the road beside the pasture fence, his overhearing the squire's talk right here in the store, his calling on Mrs. Allen, the boy's threatening him.

"I tell you," he cried, "that's a dangerous character—that boy!"

"Is that all you've got to say?" asked the squire.

"It's enough, ain't it?" demanded Thornycroft angrily.

The squire nodded. "I think so," he said quietly. "Stand aside. Davy Allen, step forward. Put your hand on the book here, son. Davy, how old are you?"

The boy gulped. "Thirteen year old, goin' on fo'teen."

"You're old enough, son, to know the nater of the oath you're about to take. For over two years you've been the mainstay an' support of your mother. You've had to carry the burdens and responsibilities of a man, Davy. The testimony you give in this case will be the truth, the whole truth, an' nothing but the truth, so help you God. What about it?"

Davy nodded, his face very white.

"All right, now. Tell us about it. Talk loud so we can hear—all of us."

The boy's eyes never left Mr. Kirby's while he talked. Something in them held him, fascinated him, overawed him. Very large and imposing Mr. Kirby looked there behind his little table, with his faded old overcoat on, and there was no sound in the room but the boy's clear voice.

"An' you come off an' left the dog at first?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' you didn't unfasten the chain from the block till the dog got caught in the fence?"

"No, sir, I didn't."

"Did you try to get him to follow you then?"

"No, sir; he wanted to."

"Ask him, Mr. Kirby," broke in Thornycroft angrily, "if he tried to drive him home!"

"I'll ask him whatever seems fit an' right to me, sir," said Mr. Kirby. "What

did you tell your ma, Davy, when you got home?"

"I told her he followed me."

"Did you tell her whose dog he was?"

"No, sir."

"Ain't that what you ought to have done? Ain't it?"

Davy hesitated. "Yes, sir."

There was a slight shuffling movement among the men crowded about. Somebody cleared his throat. Mr. Kirby resumed:

"This block you been tellin' about—how was it fastened to the dog?"

"There was a chain fastened to the block by a staple. The other end was fastened to the collar."

"How heavy do you think that block was?"

"About ten pound, I reckon."

"Five," broke in Old Man Thornycroft with a sneer.

Mr. Kirby turned to him. "You fetched it with you, didn't you? I told you to. It's evidence. Bob Kelley, go out to Mr. Thornycroft's buggy an' bring that block of wood into court."

The room was silent while the rural policeman was gone. Davy still stood in the cleared space before Mr. Kirby, his ragged overcoat on, his tattered hat in his hand, breathing fast, afraid to look at his mother. Everybody turned when Kelley came in with the block of wood. Everybody craned their necks to watch while, at the magistrate's order, Kelley weighed the block of wood on the store scales, which he put on the magistrate's table.

"Fo'teen pounds," said Mr. Kirby. "Take the scales away."

"It had rubbed all the skin off'n the dog's neck," broke in Davy impulsively. "It was all raw and bleedin'."

"Aw, that ain't so!" cried Thornycroft.

"Is the dog out there?" asked Mr. Kirby.

"Yes, sir, under the buggy."

"Bob Kelley, you go out an' bring that dog into court."

The rural policeman went out, and came back with the hound, who looked eagerly up from one face to the other, and then, seeing Davy, came to him and stood against him, still looking around with that expression of melancholy on his face that a hound dog always wears except when he is in action.

"Bring the dog here, son!" commanded Mr. Kirby. He examined the raw place on the neck. "Any of you gentlemen care to take a look?" he asked.

"It was worse'n that," declared Davy, "till I rubbed vase-leen on it."

Old Man Thornycroft pushed forward, face quivering. "What's all this got to do with that boy stealin' that dog?" he demanded. "That's what I want to know—what's it got to do?"

"Mr. Thornycroft," said Kirby, "at nine o'clock this mornin' this place ceased to be Tom Belcher's sto', an' become a court of justice. Some things are seemly in a court, some not. You stand back there!"

The old man stepped back to the counter, and stood pulling his chin, his eyes running over the crowd of faces.

"Davy Allen," spoke Mr. Kirby, "you stand back there with your ma. Tom Belcher, make way for him. And, Tom, s'pose you put another stick of wood in that stove and poke up the fire." He took off his glasses, blew on them, polished them with his handkerchief, and readjusted them. Then, leaning back in his chair, he spoke.

"Gentlemen, from the beginnin' of time, as far back as records go, a dog's been the friend, companion, an' protector of man. Folks say he come from the wolf, but that ain't no reflection on him.

"Last night, in the liberry of my old



friend Judge Fowler in town, I looked up some things about this dog question. I find that there have been some queer decisions handed down by the courts, showin' that the law does recognize the fact that a dog is different from other four-footed critters. For instance, it has been held that a dog has a right to protect not only his life, but his dignity; that where a man worries a dog beyond what would be reasonable to expect any self-respectin' critter to stand, that dog has a right to bite that man, an' that man can't collect any damages—provided the bitin' is done at the time of the worryin' an' in sudden heat an' passion. That has been held in the courts, gentlemen. The law that holds for man holds for dogs.

"Another thing: If the engineer of a railroad train sees a cow or a horse or a sheep on the track, or a hog, he must stop the train, or the road is liable for any damage done 'em. But if he sees a man walkin' along the track, he has a right to presume that the man, bein' a critter of more or less intelligence, will get off, an' he is not called on to stop under ordinary circumstances. The same thing holds true of a dog. The engineer has a right to presume that the dog, bein' a critter of intelligence, will get off the track. Here again the law is the same for dog an' man.

"*But*—if the engineer has reason to believe that the man's mind is took up with some object of an engrossin' nater, he is supposed to stop the train till the man comes to himself an' looks around. The same thing holds true of a dog. If the engineer has reason to suspect that the dog's mind is occupied with some engrossin' topic, he must stop the train. That case has been tested in this very state, where a dog was on the track settin' a covey of birds in the adjoinin' field. The railroad was held responsible for the death of that dog, because the

engineer ought to have known by the action of the dog that his mind was on somethin' else besides railroad trains and locomotives."

Davy, watching Squire Kirby, felt his mother's grip on his arm. Everyone was listening so closely that the whispered, sneering comment of Old Man Thornycroft to the man next to him was audible: "What's all this got to do with the case?"

"The p'int I'm gettin' to is this," went on Mr. Kirby, not paying attention to him: "a dog is not like a cow or a horse or any other four-footed critter. He's a individual, an' so the courts have held him in spirit if not in actual words. Now this court of mine here in Tom Belcher's sto' ain't like other courts. I have to do the decidin' myself; I have to interpret the true spirit of the law without technicalities an' quibbles such as becloud it in other an' higher courts. An' I hold that since a dog is an individual, he has a right to life, liberty, an' the pursuit of happiness.

"Therefore, gentlemen, I hold that that hound dog, Buck, had a perfect right to follow that boy, Davy Allen, there; an' I hold that Davy Allen was not called on to drive that dog back, or interfere in any way with that dog followin' him if the dog so chose. You've heard the evidence of the boy. You know, an' I know, he has spoke the truth this day, an' there ain't no evidence to the contrary. The boy did not entice the dog. He even went down the road, leavin' him behind. He run back only when the dog was in dire need an' chokin' to death. He wasn't called on to put that block an' chain back on the dog. He couldn't help it if the dog followed him. He no more stole that dog than I stole him. He's no more a thief than I am. I dismiss this case, Mr. Thornycroft, this case you've brought against Davy Allen. I declare him innocent of the



charge of theft. I set it down right here on the records of this court!"

"Davy!" gasped Mrs. Allen. "Davy!"

But, face working, eyes blazing, Old Man Thornycroft started forward, and the dog, panting, shrank between boy and mother. "Jim Kirby!" cried the old man, stopping for a moment in the cleared space. "You're magistrate. What you say goes. But that dog—he's mine! He's my property—mine by law!" He jerked a piece of rope out of his overcoat pocket and came on toward the cowering dog. "Tom Belcher, Bob Kelley! Stop that dog! He's mine!"

"Davy!" Mrs. Allen was holding the boy. "Don't—don't say anything. You're free to go home. Your record's clear. The dog's his!"

"Hold on!" Mr. Kirby had risen from his chair. "You come back here, Mr. Thornycroft. This court's not adjourned yet. If you don't get back, I'll stick a fine to you for contempt<sup>5</sup> you'll remember the rest of your days. You stand where you are, sir! Right there! Don't move till I'm through!"

Quivering, the old man stood where he was. Mr. Kirby sat down, face flushed, eyes blazing. "Punch up that fire, Tom Belcher," he said. "I ain't through yet."

The hound came trembling back to Davy, looked up in his face, licked his hand, and then sat down at his side opposite his former master, looking around now and then at the old man, terror in his eyes. In the midst of a deathly silence the magistrate resumed.

"What I was goin' to say, gentlemen, is this: I'm not only magistrate, I'm an officer in an organization known as the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. As such an officer, it's my duty to report an' bring to trial any man who treats a dumb brute in a cruel an' in-

human way. Mr. Thornycroft, judgin' by the looks of that houn', you ain't give him enough to eat to keep a cat alive—an' a cat, we all know, don't eat much, just messes over her vittels. You condemned that po' beast, for no fault of his own, to the life of a felon. A houn' ain't happy at best, he's melancholy; an' a houn' that ain't allowed to run free is, of all critters, the wretchedest. This houn's neck is rubbed raw. A man that would treat a dog that way ain't fitten to own one. An' I hereby notify you that, on the evidence of this boy, an' the evidence before our eyes, I will indict you for breakin' the law regardin' the treatment of animals; an' I notify you, furthermore, that as magistrate I'll put the law on you for that same thing. An' it might be interestin' to you to know, sir, that I can fine you as much as five hundred dollars, or send you to jail for one year, or both, if I see fit—an' there ain't no tellin' but what I will see fit, sir."

He looked sternly at Thornycroft.

"Now I'm goin' to make a proposition that I advise you to jump at like you never jumped at anything before. If you will give up that houn' Buck—to me, say, or to anybody I decide will be kind to him—I will let the matter drop. If you will go home like a peaceable citizen, you won't hear no more about it from me; but if you don't—"

"Git out of my way!" cried Old Man Thornycroft. "All of you! I'm goin'—I'm goin'!"

"Hold on!" said Mr. Kirby, when he had got almost to the door. "Do you, in the presence of these witnesses, turn over this dog to me, relinquishin' all claims to him, on the conditions named? Answer. Yes or No?"

There was a moment's silence; then the old man cried out:

"Take the old hound! He ain't wuth the salt in his vittels!"

<sup>5</sup> contempt, open disrespect for the court or judge.



In the midst of a deathly silence the magistrate resumed

He jerked the door open.

"Yes or no?" called Mr. Kirby inexorably.

"Yes!" yelled the old man, and slammed the door behind him.

"One minute, gentlemen," said Mr. Kirby, rising from the table and gathering his papers and records together. "Just one more thing: If anybody here has any evidence, or knows of any, tend-

in' to show that this boy Davy Allen is not the proper person to turn over a houn' dog to, I hope he will speak up."

He waited a moment. "In the absence of any objections, an' considerin' the evidence that's been given here this mornin', I think I'll just let that dog go back the way he come. Thank you gentlemen. Court's adjourned!"

## STUDY AIDS

*Plot Study.* 1. Why does Davy let the dog follow him home? Why does his mother let him keep Buck? Why does Old Man Thornycroft start to flog Davy? Why does he vow to "have the law on that boy"? What were Davy's feelings when he shouted, "I ain't a-goin' to do it, Ma!"?

2. At what point in the trial were you most afraid for Davy? What did you fear would happen? In presenting your answers to the class you should read conversation or a paragraph of narrative. How many different reasons have you for siding strongly with Davy against Mr. Thornycroft?

3. Do you think Mr. Kirby was justified in his decision about the charge against Davy? About the final ownership of the dog? Give reasons in both cases.

4. You readily see that the plot of this story is a conflict, or struggle, between a boy and a man. How does it begin? Where does the man seem nearest to winning? Why does the boy win in the end? Compare this conflict with that in "A Raid on the Oyster Pirates"; consider the people who are fighting against each other, what they are fighting over, and the outcome.

*Character Study.* 1. Let us center our attention for a moment on the characters

in this story. An author has two ways of presenting his characters, directly by descriptive words and indirectly by what they say and do. Which method does Derieux use mainly?

2. What instances do you recall that show Davy to be kind-hearted, conscientious, industrious? Does the author make you feel that Davy deserved the award at the end of the story?

3. What idea of Mr. Kirby's feeling for human beings do you get from his talk with Davy in the road? What do you think is Mr. Kirby's feeling for animals from the talk at the store which Thornycroft overheard? What qualities does he show in the conduct of the trial?

4. Make a list of the different reasons why you dislike Thornycroft, illustrating each by some speech or act.

5. Which of these three characters would you most like to know? Why?

## EXTENSION READING

This story is from *Frank of Freedom Hill*. Choose one other story from this book to recommend to your classmates. Compare the story you select with one of those by Jack London listed in connection with the preceding story.

## THE ROMANCE OF A BUSY BROKER

O. HENRY

This story is told by one of the great masters of short fiction in the twentieth century, who knew how to maintain interest to the last paragraph. It takes you to a New York broker's office shortly after 1900, when the women dressed their hair in high pompadours and wore broad-brimmed "picture" hats. Here you get a vivid idea of the excitement that prevails when people buy shares of stocks.

The adventure consists not merely in the excitement but in the surprising effect that the strain of business affairs has on human beings. You will never guess the way the story turns out.

PITCHER, confidential clerk in the office of Harvey Maxwell, broker, allowed a look of mild interest and surprise to visit his usually expressionless countenance when his employer briskly

entered at half past nine in company with his young lady stenographer. With a snappy "Good morning, Pitcher," Maxwell dashed at his desk as though he were intending to leap over it, and

then plunged into the great heap of letters and telegrams waiting there for him.

The young lady had been Maxwell's stenographer for a year. She was beautiful in a way that was decidedly unstenographic. She forewent the pomp of the alluring pompadour. She wore no chains, bracelets, or lockets. She had not the air of being about to accept an invitation to luncheon. Her dress was gray and plain, but it fitted her figure with fidelity and discretion. In her neat black turban hat was the gold-green wing of a macaw. On this morning she was softly and shyly radiant. Her eyes were dreamily bright, her cheeks genuine peachblow, her expression a happy one, tinged with reminiscence.

Pitcher, still mildly curious, noticed a difference in her ways this morning. Instead of going straight into the adjoining room, where her desk was, she lingered, slightly irresolute, in the outer office. Once she moved over by Maxwell's desk, near enough for him to be aware of her presence.

The machine sitting at that desk was no longer a man; it was a busy New York broker, moved by buzzing wheels and uncoiling springs.

"Well—what is it? Anything?" asked Maxwell sharply. His opened mail lay like a bank of stage snow on his crowded desk. His keen gray eye, impersonal and brusque, flashed upon her half impatiently.

"Nothing," answered the stenographer, moving away with a little smile.

"Mr. Pitcher," she said to the confidential clerk, "did Mr. Maxwell say anything yesterday about engaging another stenographer?"

"He did," answered Pitcher. "He told me to get another one. I notified the agency yesterday afternoon to send over a few samples this morning. It's 9:45 o'clock, and not a single picture hat or piece of pineapple chewing gum has showed up yet."

"I will do the work as usual, then," said the young lady, "until someone comes to fill the place." And she went to her desk at once and hung the black turban hat with the gold-green macaw wing in its accustomed place.

He who has been denied the spectacle of a busy Manhattan broker during a rush of business is handicapped for the profession of anthropology.<sup>1</sup> The poet sings of the "crowded hour of glorious life." The broker's hour is not only crowded, but the minutes and seconds are hanging to all the straps and packing both front and rear platforms.

And this day was Harvey Maxwell's busy day. The ticker<sup>2</sup> began to reel out jerkily its fitful coils of tape; the desk telephone had a chronic attack of buzzing. Men began to throng into the office and call at him over the railing, jovially, sharply, viciously, excitedly. Messenger boys ran in and out with messages and telegrams. The clerks in the office jumped about like sailors during a storm. Even Pitcher's face relaxed into something resembling animation.

On the Exchange<sup>3</sup> there were hurricanes and landslides and snowstorms and glaciers and volcanoes, and those elemental disturbances were reproduced in miniature in the broker's offices. Maxwell shoved his chair against the wall and transacted business after the manner of a toe dancer. He jumped from ticker to phone, from desk to door, with the trained agility of a harlequin.

In the midst of this growing and important stress the broker became aware of a high-rolled fringe of golden hair under a nodding canopy of velvet and ostrich tips, an imitation sealskin sack, and a string of beads as large as hickory nuts, ending near the floor with a silver

<sup>1</sup> *anthropology*, the scientific study of man.

<sup>2</sup> *ticker*, a small telegraphic machine that prints the prices of stocks on a strip of moving paper tape as fast as the sales are made on the Stock Exchange.

<sup>3</sup> *the Exchange*, the New York Stock Exchange, where stocks and bonds are bought and sold; it is often a scene of frantic trading.

heart. There was a self-possessed young lady connected with these accessories; and Pitcher was there to construe her.

"Lady from the Stenographer's Agency to see about the position," said Pitcher.

Maxwell turned half around, with his hands full of papers and ticker tape.

"What position?" he asked, with a frown.

"Position of stenographer," said Pitcher. "You told me yesterday to call them up and have one sent over this morning."

"You are losing your mind, Pitcher," said Maxwell. "Why should I have given you any such instructions? Miss Leslie has given perfect satisfaction during the year she has been here. The place is hers as long as she chooses to retain it. There's no place open here, madam. Countermand that order with the agency, Pitcher, and don't bring any more of 'em in here."

The silver heart left the office, swinging and banging itself independently against the office furniture as it indignantly departed. Pitcher seized a moment to remark to the bookkeeper that the "old man" seemed to get more absent-minded and forgetful every day of the world.

The rush and pace of business grew fiercer and faster. On the floor\* they were pounding half a dozen stocks in which Maxwell's customers were heavy investors. Orders to buy and sell were coming and going as swift as the flight of swallows. Some of his own holdings were imperiled, and the man was working like some high-gearred, delicate, strong machine—strung to full tension, going at full speed, accurate, never hesitating, with the proper word and decision and act ready and prompt as clockwork. Stocks and bonds, loans and mortgages, margins and securities—here

\*on the floor, i.e., of the Stock Exchange, where certain stocks were being "pounded" (sold at low prices).

was a world of finance, and there was no room in it for the human world or the world of Nature.

When the luncheon hour drew near there came a slight lull in the uproar.

Maxwell stood by his desk with his hands full of telegrams and memoranda, with a fountain pen over his right ear and his hair hanging in disorderly strings over his forehead. His window was open, for the beloved janitress Spring had turned on a little warmth through the waking registers of the earth.

And through the window came a wandering—perhaps a lost—odor—a delicate, sweet odor of lilac that fixed the broker for a moment immovable. For this odor belonged to Miss Leslie; it was her own, and hers only.

The odor brought her vividly, almost tangibly, before him. The world of finance dwindled suddenly to a speck. And she was in the next room—twenty steps away.

"By George, I'll do it now," said Maxwell, half aloud. "I'll ask her now. I wonder I didn't do it long ago."

He dashed into the inner office with the haste of a short trying to cover.<sup>5</sup> He charged upon the desk of the stenographer.

She looked at him with a smile. A soft pink crept over her cheek, and her eyes were kind and frank. Maxwell leaned one elbow on her desk. He still clutched fluttering papers with both hands, and the pen was above his ear.

"Miss Leslie," he began hurriedly, "I have but a moment to spare. I want to say something in that moment. Will you be my wife? I haven't had time to make love to you in the ordinary way, but I really do love you. Talk quick,

<sup>5</sup>short . . . cover. A short is a man who sells stock which he does not own, hoping to buy it at a lower price before the agreed date of delivery. But if the price goes up, he hurries to "cover"—that is, to buy, at the higher price, the stock he has sold, thus losing money.

please—those fellows are clubbing the stuffing out of Union Pacific.”

“Oh, what are you talking about?” exclaimed the young lady. She rose to her feet and gazed upon him, round-eyed.

“Don’t you understand?” said Maxwell, restively. “I want you to marry me. I love you, Miss Leslie. I wanted to tell you, and I snatched a minute when things had slackened up a bit. They’re calling me for the phone now. Tell ’em to wait a minute, Pitcher. Won’t you, Miss Leslie?”

The stenographer acted very queerly. At first she seemed overcome with

amazement; then tears flowed from her wondering eyes; and then she smiled sunnily through them, and one of her arms slid tenderly about the broker’s neck.

“I know now,” she said, softly. “It’s this old business that has driven everything else out of your head for the time. I was frightened at first. Don’t you remember, Harvey? We were married last evening at eight o’clock in the Little Church around the Corner.”<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Little Church around the Corner*, a small, picturesque church in downtown New York, notable for the large number of marriages that have been solemnized in it.

## STUDY AIDS

*Plot Study.* 1. When you were reading the first part of the story, were you puzzled by the stenographer’s actions? Why?

2. What two incidents aroused Pitcher’s surprise that morning? How was this mystery deepened by the incident of the young lady with the “blond pompadour”?

3. What was the real explanation of the stenographer’s actions? Where is this explanation given? How does this clear up the mystery that appears at the beginning of the story?

*Other Interesting Points.* 1. The selection is a brilliant specimen of the storyteller’s art. Not a single word is wasted. The very first sentence, with its expression “mild interest and surprise,” raises in the reader’s mind a question which is answered only in the last sentence. Every paragraph serves to deepen the mystery. When the unexpected solution is suddenly flashed upon us, the story ends.

Test these statements thus: Select three

paragraphs at separate points in the story, and show that each one helps to explain the central situation—how a man forgot his marriage of the evening before.

2. Point out details that vividly describe each person in the story. Which person does not speak but is nevertheless clearly described?

## EXTENSION READING

“The Romance of a Busy Broker” is just one story out of a volume by O. Henry, entitled *The Four Million*. Dip into it and see if you can find other stories as interesting as the present one.

Every volume of O. Henry contains many interesting stories. You will find *The Ransom of Red Chief and Other O. Henry Stories for Boys*, edited by Franklin K. Mathiews, a good collection. If your librarian does not have it, sample *The Heart of the West*, *Options*, or any other book by O. Henry.

## THE SPECTER BRIDEGROOM

WASHINGTON IRVING

Irving based this story on a widespread superstition, found in many old ballads and romances, about a dead lover whose specter, or ghost, returns to claim his bride. Starting with the tragic theme of such a legend, Irving weaves a plot that introduces a "flesh and blood" lover in a romantic setting. You will find in the story many of the quiet touches of humor that have made Irving a writer of special charm. You will also find a note of mystery that will keep you guessing as you read.

## A TRAVELER'S TALE

He that supper for is dight,\*  
 He lyes full cold, I trow,† this night!  
 Yestreen to chamber I him led—  
 This night Gray-Steel has made his bed.

—*Sir Eger, Sir Grahame, and Sir Gray-Steel.*

ON THE summit of one of the heights of the Odenwald, a wild and romantic tract of Upper Germany, that lies not far from the confluence of the Main and the Rhine, there stood, many, many years since, the Castle of the Baron Von Landshort. It is now quite fallen to decay, and almost buried among beech trees and dark firs; above which, however, its old watchtower may still be seen, struggling, like the former possessor I have mentioned, to carry a high head, and look down upon the neighboring country.

The baron was a dry branch of the great family of Katzenellenbogen, and inherited the relics of the property and all the pride of his ancestors. Though the warlike disposition of his predecessors had much impaired the family possessions, yet the baron still endeavored to keep up some show of former state. The times were peaceable, and the German nobles, in general, had abandoned their inconvenient old castles, perched like eagles' nests among the mountains, and had built more convenient residences in the valleys; still the baron remained proudly drawn up in his little

fortress, cherishing, with hereditary inveteracy, all the old family feuds; so that he was on ill terms with some of his nearest neighbors, on account of disputes that had happened between their great-great-grandfathers.

The baron had but one child, a daughter; but Nature, when she grants but one child, always compensates by making it a prodigy; and so it was with the daughter of the baron. All the nurses, gossips, and country cousins assured her father that she had not her equal for beauty in all Germany; and who should know better than they? She had, moreover, been brought up with great care under the superintendence of two maiden aunts, who had spent some years of their early life at one of the little German courts, and were skilled in all the branches of knowledge necessary to the education of a fine lady. Under their instructions she became a miracle of accomplishments. By the time she was eighteen, she could embroider to admiration, and had worked whole histories of the saints in tapestry, with such strength of expression in their countenances that they looked like so many souls in purgatory. She could read without great difficulty, and had spelled her way through several church legends, and almost all the chivalric wonders of the *Heldenbuch*.<sup>1</sup> She had even made considerable proficiency in writing; could sign her

\* dight, dressed. † trow, believe.

<sup>1</sup> *Heldenbuch*, "Book of Heroes," a fifteenth-century book that tells of German heroes.



own name without missing a letter, and so legibly that her aunts could read it without spectacles. She excelled in making little elegant good-for-nothing lady-like knickknacks of all kinds; was versed in the most abstruse dancing of the day; played a number of airs on the harp and guitar; and knew all the tender ballads of the *minnelieders*<sup>2</sup> by heart.

Her aunts, too, having been great flirts and coquettes in their younger days, were admirably calculated to be vigilant guardians and strict censors of the conduct of their niece; for there is no *duenna*<sup>3</sup> so rigidly prudent, and inexorably decorous, as a superannuated coquette. She was rarely suffered out of their sight; never went beyond the domains of the castle, unless well attended, or rather well watched; had continual lectures read to her about strict decorum and implicit obedience; and, as to the men—*pah!*—she was taught to hold them at such a distance, and in such absolute distrust, that, unless properly authorized, she would not have cast a glance upon the handsomest cavalier in the world—no, not if he were even dying at her feet.

The good effects of this system were wonderfully apparent. The young lady was a pattern of docility and correctness. While others were wasting their sweetness in the glare of the world, and liable to be plucked and thrown aside by every hand, she was coyly blooming into fresh and lovely womanhood under the protection of those immaculate spinsters, like a rosebud blushing forth among guardian thorns. Her aunts looked upon her with pride and exultation, and vaunted that though all the other young ladies in the world might go astray, yet, thank Heaven, nothing of the kind could happen to the heiress of Katzenellenbogen.

<sup>2</sup> *minnelieders*, love songs. Irving means "minnesingers" (poets who sang their love songs to their own accompaniment). <sup>3</sup> *duenna*, chaperon.

But, however scantily the Baron Von Landshort might be provided with children, his household was by no means a small one; for Providence had enriched him with abundance of poor relations. They, one and all, possessed the affectionate disposition common to humble relatives; were wonderfully attached to the baron, and took every possible occasion to come in swarms and enliven the castle. All family festivals were commemorated by these good people at the baron's expense; and when they were filled with good cheer, they would declare that there was nothing on earth so delightful as these family meetings, these jubilees of the heart.

The baron, though a small man, had a large soul, and it swelled with satisfaction at the consciousness of being the greatest man in the little world about him. He loved to tell long stories about the dark old warriors whose portraits looked grimly down from the walls around, and he found no listeners equal to those that fed at his expense. He was much given to the marvelous, and a firm believer in all those supernatural tales with which every mountain and valley in Germany abounds. The faith of his guests exceeded even his own; they listened to every tale of wonder with open eyes and mouth, and never failed to be astonished, even though repeated for the hundredth time. Thus lived the Baron Von Landshort, the oracle of his table, the absolute monarch of his little territory, and happy, above all things, in the persuasion that he was the wisest man of the age.

At the time of which my story treats, there was a great family gathering at the castle, on an affair of the utmost importance: it was to receive the destined bridegroom of the baron's daughter. A negotiation had been carried on between the father and an old nobleman of Bavaria, to unite the dignity of their houses by the marriage of their children. The



preliminaries had been conducted with proper punctilio. The young people were betrothed without seeing each other; and the time was appointed for the marriage ceremony. The young Count Von Altenburg<sup>4</sup> had been recalled from the army for the purpose, and was actually on his way to the baron's to receive his bride. Missives had even been received from him from Wurtzburg, where he was accidentally detained, mentioning the day and hour when he might be expected to arrive.

The castle was in a tumult of preparation, to give him a suitable welcome. The fair bride had been decked out with uncommon care. The two aunts had superintended her toilet, and quarreled the whole morning about every article of her dress. The young lady had taken advantage of their contest to follow the bent of her own taste; and fortunately it was a good one. She looked as lovely as youthful bridegroom could desire; and the flutter of expectation heightened the luster of her charms.

The suffusions that mantled her face and neck, the gentle heaving of the bosom, the eye now and then lost in reverie, all betrayed the soft tumult that was going on in her little heart. The aunts were continually hovering around her; for maiden aunts are apt to take great interest in affairs of this nature. They were giving her a world of staid counsel: how to deport herself, what to say, and in what manner to receive the expected lover.

The baron was no less busied in preparations. He had, in truth, nothing exactly to do; but he was naturally a fuming, bustling little man, and could not remain passive when all the world was in a hurry. He worried from top to bottom of the castle with an air of infinite anxiety; he continually called the servants from their work to exhort them

to be diligent; and buzzed about every hall and chamber, as idly restless and importunate as a bluebottle fly on a warm summer's day.

In the meantime the fatted calf had been killed; the forests had rung with the clamor of the huntsmen; the kitchen was crowded with good cheer; the cellars had yielded up whole oceans of *Rhein-wein* and *Ferne-wein*,<sup>5</sup> and even the great Heidelberg tun<sup>6</sup> had been laid under contribution. Everything was ready to receive the distinguished guest with *Saus und Braus*<sup>7</sup> in the true spirit of German hospitality—but the guest delayed to make his appearance. Hour rolled after hour. The sun, that had poured his downward rays upon the rich forest of the Odenwald, now just gleamed along the summits of the mountains. The baron mounted the highest tower, and strained his eyes in hope of catching a distant sight of the count and his attendants. Once he thought he beheld them; the sound of horns came floating from the valley, prolonged by the mountain echoes. A number of horsemen were seen far below, slowly advancing along the road; but when they had nearly reached the foot of the mountain, they suddenly struck off in a different direction. The last ray of sunshine departed—the bats began to flit by in the twilight—the road grew dimmer and dimmer to the view; and nothing appeared stirring in it but now and then a peasant lagging homeward from his labor.

While the old castle of Landshort was in this state of perplexity, a very interesting scene was transacting in a different part of the Odenwald.

The young Count Von Altenburg was tranquilly pursuing his route in that sober jog-trot way in which a man

<sup>5</sup> *Rhein-wein* and *Ferne-wein*, Rhenish wine and foreign, or imported, wine. <sup>6</sup> *Heidelberg tun*, a huge wine vat in the cellar of Heidelberg Castle. <sup>7</sup> *Saus und Braus*, German for "feasting and revelry."

<sup>4</sup> *Von Altenburg*. The name means "of the old castle."

travels toward matrimony when his friends have taken all the trouble and uncertainty of courtship off his hands, and a bride is waiting for him, as certainly as a dinner at the end of his journey. He had encountered at Wurtzburg a youthful companion in arms, with whom he had seen some service on the frontiers—Herman Von Starkenfaust,<sup>8</sup> one of the stoutest hands, and worthiest hearts, of German chivalry, who was now returning from the army. His father's castle was not far distant from the old fortress of Landshort, although an hereditary feud rendered the families hostile, and strangers to each other.

In the warm-hearted moment of recognition, the young friends related all their past adventures and fortunes, and the count gave the whole history of his intended nuptials with a young lady whom he had never seen, but of whose charms he had received the most enrapturing descriptions.

As the route of the friends lay in the same direction, they agreed to perform the rest of their journey together; and, that they might do it the more leisurely, set off from Wurtzburg at an early hour, the count having given directions for his retinue to follow and overtake him.

They beguiled their wayfaring with recollections of their military scenes and adventures; but the count was apt to be a little tedious now and then about the reputed charms of his bride and the felicity that awaited him.

In this way they had entered among the mountains of the Odenwald, and were traversing one of its most lonely and thickly-wooded passes. It is well known that the forests of Germany have always been as much infested by robbers as its castles by specters; and at this time the former were particularly numerous, from the hordes of disbanded soldiers wandering about the country.

<sup>8</sup> Von Starkenfaust. The name means "of the mighty fist."

It will not appear extraordinary, therefore, that the cavaliers were attacked by a gang of these stragglers in the midst of the forest. They defended themselves with bravery, but were nearly overpowered, when the count's retinue arrived to their assistance. At sight of them the robbers fled, but not until the count had received a mortal wound. He was slowly and carefully conveyed back to the city of Wurtzburg, and a friar summoned from a neighboring convent, who was famous for his skill in administering to both soul and body; but half of his skill was superfluous; the moments of the unfortunate count were numbered.

With his dying breath he entreated his friend to repair instantly to the castle of Landshort, and explain the fatal cause of his not keeping his appointment with his bride. Though not the most ardent of lovers, he was one of the most punctilious of men, and appeared earnestly solicitous that his mission should be speedily and courteously executed. "Unless this is done," said he, "I shall not sleep quietly in my grave!" He repeated these last words with peculiar solemnity. A request, at a moment so impressive, admitted no hesitation. Starkenfaust endeavored to soothe him to calmness, promised faithfully to execute his wish, and gave him his hand in solemn pledge. The dying man pressed it in acknowledgment, but soon lapsed into delirium—raved about his bride—his engagements—his plighted word; ordered his horse, that he might ride to the castle of Landshort; and expired in the fancied act of vaulting into the saddle.

Starkenfaust bestowed a sigh and a soldier's tear on the untimely fate of his comrade; and then pondered on the awkward mission he had undertaken. His heart was heavy, and his head perplexed; for he was to present himself an unbidden guest among hostile people, and to damp their festivity with tidings fatal to their hopes. Still there were cer-

tain whisperings of curiosity in his bosom to see this far-famed beauty of Katzenellenbogen, so cautiously shut up from the world; for he was a passionate admirer of the sex, and there was a dash of eccentricity and enterprise in his character that made him fond of all singular adventure.

Previous to his departure he made all due arrangements with the holy fraternity of the convent for the funeral solemnities of his friend, who was to be buried in the cathedral of Wurtzburg, near some of his illustrious relatives; and the mourning retinue of the count took charge of his remains.

It is now high time that we should return to the ancient family of Katzenellenbogen, who were impatient for their guest, and still more for their dinner; and to the worthy little baron, whom we left airing himself on the watchtower.

Night closed in, but still no guest arrived. The baron descended from the tower in despair. The banquet, which had been delayed from hour to hour, could no longer be postponed. The meats were already overdone; the cook in an agony; and the whole household had the look of a garrison that had been reduced<sup>9</sup> by famine. The baron was obliged reluctantly to give orders for the feast without the presence of the guest. All were seated at table, and just on the point of commencing, when the sound of a horn from without the gate gave notice of the approach of a stranger. Another long blast filled the old courts of the castle with its echoes, and was answered by the warder from the walls. The baron hastened to receive his future son-in-law.

The drawbridge had been let down, and the stranger was before the gate. He was a tall, gallant cavalier, mounted on a black steed. His countenance was pale, but he had a beaming, romantic eye, and an air of stately melancholy.

<sup>9</sup> reduced, forced to surrender.

The baron was a little mortified that he should have come in this simple, solitary style. His dignity for a moment was ruffled, and he felt disposed to consider it a want of proper respect for the important occasion, and the important family with which he was to be connected. He pacified himself, however, with the conclusion that it must have been youthful impatience which had induced him thus to spur on sooner than his attendants.

"I am sorry," said the stranger, "to break in upon you thus unseasonably —"

Here the baron interrupted him with a world of compliments and greetings; for, to tell the truth, he prided himself upon his courtesy and eloquence. The stranger attempted, once or twice, to stem the torrent of words, but in vain; so he bowed his head and suffered it to flow on. By the time the baron had come to a pause, they had reached the inner court of the castle; and the stranger was again about to speak, when he was once more interrupted by the appearance of the female part of the family, leading forth the shrinking and blushing bride. He gazed on her for a moment as one entranced; it seemed as if his whole soul beamed forth in the gaze, and rested upon that lovely form. One of the maiden aunts whispered something in her ear; she made an effort to speak. Her moist blue eye was timidly raised; gave a shy glance of inquiry on the stranger; and was cast again to the ground. The words died away; but there was a sweet smile playing about her lips, and a soft dimpling of the cheek that showed her glance had not been unsatisfactory. It was impossible for a girl of the fond age of eighteen, highly predisposed for love and matrimony, not to be pleased with so gallant a cavalier.

The late hour at which the guest had arrived left no time for parley. The baron was peremptory, and deferred all

particular conversation until the morning, and led the way to the untasted banquet.

It was served up in the great hall of the castle. Around the walls hung the hard-favored portraits of the heroes of the house of Katzenellenbogen, and the trophies which they had gained in the field and in the chase. Hacked corselets, splintered justing spears, and tattered banners were mingled with the spoils of silvan warfare; the jaws of the wolf and the tusks of the boar grinned horribly among crossbows and battle-axes, and a huge pair of antlers branched immediately over the head of the youthful bridegroom.

The cavalier took but little notice of the company or the entertainment. He scarcely tasted the banquet, but seemed absorbed in admiration of his bride. He conversed in a low tone that could not be overheard—for the language of love is never loud; but where is the female ear so dull that it cannot catch the softest whisper of the lover? There was a mingled tenderness and gravity in his manner, that appeared to have a powerful effect upon the young lady. Her color came and went as she listened with deep attention. Now and then she made some blushing reply, and when his eye was turned away, she would steal a side-long glance at his romantic countenance, and heave a gentle sigh of tender happiness. It was evident that the young couple were completely enamored. The aunts, who were deeply versed in the mysteries of the heart, declared that they had fallen in love with each other at first sight.

The feast went on merrily, or at least noisily, for the guests were all blessed with those keen appetites that attend upon light purses and mountain air. The baron told his best and longest stories, and never had he told them so well, or with such great effect. If there was anything marvelous, his auditors were

lost in astonishment; and if anything facetious, they were sure to laugh exactly in the right place. The baron, it is true, like most great men, was too dignified to utter any joke but a dull one; it was always enforced, however, by a bumper of excellent Hockheimer;<sup>10</sup> and even a dull joke, at one's own table, served up with jolly old wine, is irresistible. Many good things were said by poorer and keener wits, that would not bear repeating, except on similar occasions; many sly speeches whispered in ladies' ears, that almost convulsed them with suppressed laughter; and a song or two roared out by a poor, but merry and broad-faced, cousin of the baron, that absolutely made the maiden aunts hold up their fans.

Amidst all this revelry the stranger guest maintained a most singular and unseasonable gravity. His countenance assumed a deeper cast of dejection as the evening advanced; and, strange as it may appear, even the baron's jokes seemed only to render him the more melancholy. At times he was lost in thought, and at times there was a perturbed and restless wandering of the eye that bespoke a mind but ill at ease. His conversations with the bride became more and more earnest and mysterious. Lowering clouds began to steal over the fair serenity of her brow, and tremors to run through her tender frame.

All this could not escape the notice of the company. Their gayety was chilled by the unaccountable gloom of the bridegroom; their spirits were infected; whispers and glances were interchanged, accompanied by shrugs and dubious shakes of the head. The song and the laugh grew less and less frequent; there were dreary pauses in the conversation, which were at length succeeded by wild tales and supernatural legends. One dismal story produced another still more dismal, and the baron nearly frightened

<sup>10</sup> *Hockheimer*, a white Rhine wine.

some of the ladies into hysterics with the history of the goblin horseman that carried away the fair Leonora;<sup>11</sup> a dreadful story, which has since been put into excellent verse, and is read and believed by all the world.

The bridegroom listened to this tale with profound attention. He kept his eyes steadily fixed on the baron, and, as the story drew to a close, began gradually to rise from his seat, growing taller and taller, until, in the baron's entranced eye, he seemed almost to tower into a giant. The moment the tale was finished, he heaved a deep sigh and took a solemn farewell of the company. They were all amazement. The baron was perfectly thunderstruck.

"What! Going to leave the castle at midnight?" Why, everything was prepared for his reception; a chamber was ready for him if he wished to retire.

The stranger shook his head mournfully and mysteriously: "I must lay my head in a different chamber tonight!"

There was something in this reply, and the tone in which it was uttered, that made the baron's heart misgive him; but he rallied his forces and repeated his hospitable entreaties.

The stranger shook his head silently, but positively, at every offer; and, waving his farewell to the company, stalked slowly out of the hall. The maiden aunts were absolutely petrified—the bride hung her head, and a tear stole to her eye.

The baron followed the stranger to the great court of the castle, where the black charger stood pawing the earth and snorting with impatience. When they had reached the portal whose deep archway was dimly lighted by a cresset,<sup>12</sup> the stranger paused and addressed the baron in a hollow tone of voice, which

the vaulted roof rendered still more sepulchral.

"Now that we are alone," said he, "I will impart to you the reason of my going. I have a solemn, an indispensable, engagement—"

"Why," said the baron, "cannot you send someone in your place?"

"It admits of no substitute—I must attend it in person—I must away to Wurtzburg cathedral—"

"Aye," said the baron, plucking up spirit, "but not until tomorrow—tomorrow you shall take your bride there."

"No! no!" replied the stranger, with tenfold solemnity, "my engagement is with no bride—the worms! the worms expect me! I am a dead man—I have been slain by robbers—my body lies at Wurtzburg—at midnight I am to be buried—the grave is waiting for me—I must keep my appointment!"

He sprang on his black charger, dashed over the drawbridge, and the clattering of his horse's hoofs was lost in the whistling of the night blast.

The baron returned to the hall in the utmost consternation and related what had passed. Two ladies fainted outright; others sickened at the idea of having banqueted with a specter. It was the opinion of some that this might be the wild huntsman,<sup>13</sup> famous in German legend. Some talked of mountain sprites, of wood-demons, and of other supernatural beings, with which the good people of Germany have been so grievously harassed since time immemorial. One of the poor relations ventured to suggest that it might be some sportive evasion of the young cavalier, and that the very gloominess of the caprice seemed to accord with so melancholy a personage. This, however, drew on him the indignation of the whole company, and especially of the baron,

<sup>11</sup> *Leonora*, the heroine of a popular ballad by Bürger, a German poet, in which a specter lover carries off a maiden.

<sup>12</sup> *cresset*, an iron vessel holding oil for lighting purposes.

<sup>13</sup> *The wild huntsman*, who appears in Bürger's ballad entitled "Der Wilde Jäger," is a popular figure in German legend.



"What! Going to leave the castle at midnight?"

who looked upon him as little better than an infidel; so that he was fain to abjure his heresy as speedily as possible and come into the faith of the true believers.

But whatever may have been the doubts entertained, they were com-

pletely put to an end by the arrival, next day, of regular missives, confirming the intelligence of the young count's murder, and his interment in Wurtzburg cathedral.

The dismay at the castle may well be imagined. The baron shut himself up in



his chamber. The guests, who had come to rejoice with him, could not think of abandoning him in his distress. They wandered about the courts, or collected in groups in the hall, shaking their heads and shrugging their shoulders, at the troubles of so good a man; and sat longer than ever at table, and ate and drank more stoutly than ever, by way of keeping up their spirits. But the situation of the widowed bride was the most pitiable. To have lost a husband before she had even embraced him—and such a husband! If the very specter could be so gracious and noble, what must have been the living man. She filled the house with lamentations.

On the night of the second day of her widowhood, she had retired to her chamber, accompanied by one of her aunts, who insisted on sleeping with her. The aunt, who was one of the best tellers of ghost stories in all Germany, had just been recounting one of her longest, and had fallen asleep in the very midst of it. The chamber was remote, and overlooked a small garden. The niece lay pensively gazing at the beams of the rising moon, as they trembled on the leaves of an aspen tree before the lattice. The castle clock had just tolled midnight, when a soft strain of music stole up from the garden. She rose hastily from her bed, and stepped lightly to the window. A tall figure stood among the shadows of the trees. As it raised its head, a beam of moonlight fell upon the countenance. Heaven and earth! she beheld the Specter Bridegroom! A loud shriek at that moment burst upon her ear, and her aunt, who had been awakened by the music, and had followed her silently to the window, fell into her arms. When she looked again, the specter had disappeared.

Of the two females, the aunt now required the most soothing, for she was perfectly beside herself with terror. As to the young lady, there was something,

even in the specter of her lover, that seemed endearing. There was still the semblance of manly beauty; and though the shadow of a man is but little calculated to satisfy the affections of a love-sick girl, yet, where the substance is not to be had, even that is consoling. The aunt declared she would never sleep in that chamber again; the niece, for once, was refractory, and declared as strongly that she would sleep in no other in the castle. The consequence was that she had to sleep in it alone; but she drew a promise from her aunt not to relate the story of the specter, lest she should be denied the only melancholy pleasure left her on earth—that of inhabiting the chamber over which the guardian shade of her lover kept its nightly vigils.

How long the good old lady would have observed this promise is uncertain, for she dearly loved to talk of the marvelous, and there is a triumph in being the first to tell a frightful story; it is, however, still quoted in the neighborhood, as a memorable instance of female secrecy, that she kept it to herself for a whole week; when she was suddenly absolved from all further restraint, by intelligence brought to the breakfast table one morning that the young lady was not to be found. Her room was empty—the bed had not been slept in—the window was open, and the bird had flown!

The astonishment and concern with which the intelligence was received can only be imagined by those who have witnessed the agitation which the misdeeds of a great man cause among his friends. Even the poor relations paused for a moment from the indefatigable labors of the trencher;<sup>14</sup> when the aunt, who had at first been struck speechless, wrung her hands, and shrieked out. "The goblin! the goblin! she's carried away by the goblin."

<sup>14</sup> *labors of the trencher*, exertions at the dining table.

In a few words she related the fearful scene of the garden, and concluded that the specter must have carried off his bride. Two of the domestics corroborated the opinion, for they had heard the clattering of a horse's hoofs down the mountain about midnight, and had no doubt that it was the specter on his black charger, bearing her away to the tomb. All present were struck with the direful probability; for events of the kind are extremely common in Germany, as many well authenticated histories bear witness.

What a lamentable situation was that of the poor baron! What a heart-rending dilemma for a fond father and a member of the great family of Katzenellenbogen! His only daughter had either been rapt away to the grave, or he was to have some wood-demon for a son-in-law, and, perchance, a troop of goblin grandchildren. As usual, he was completely bewildered, and all the castle in an uproar. The men were ordered to take horse and scour every road and path and glen of the Odenwald. The baron himself had just drawn on his jackboots, girded on his sword, and was about to mount his steed to sally forth on the doubtful quest, when he was brought to a pause by a new apparition. A lady was seen approaching the castle, mounted on a palfrey, attended by a cavalier on horseback. She galloped up to the gate, sprang from her horse, and falling at the baron's feet, embraced his knees. It was his lost daughter, and her companion—the Specter Bridegroom! The baron was astounded. He looked at his daughter, then at the specter, and almost doubted the evidence of his senses. The latter, too, was wonderfully improved in his appearance since his visit to the world of spirits. His dress was splendid, and set off a noble figure of manly symmetry. He was no longer pale and melancholy. His fine countenance was flushed with the glow of

youth, and joy rioted in his large dark eye.

The mystery was soon cleared up. The cavalier (for, in truth, as you must have known all the while, he was no goblin) announced himself as Sir Herman Von Starkenfaust. He related his adventure with the young count. He told how he had hastened to the castle to deliver the unwelcome tidings, but that the eloquence of the baron had interrupted him in every attempt to tell his tale. How the sight of the bride had completely captivated him, and that to pass a few hours near her, he had tacitly suffered the mistake to continue. How he had been sorely perplexed in what way to make a decent retreat, until the baron's goblin stories had suggested his eccentric exit. How, fearing the feudal hostility of the family, he had repeated his visits by stealth—had haunted the garden beneath the young lady's window—had wooed—had won—had borne away in triumph—and, in a word, had wedded the fair.

Under any other circumstances the baron would have been inflexible, for he was tenacious of paternal authority, and devoutly obstinate in all family feuds. But he loved his daughter; he had lamented her as lost; he rejoiced to find her still alive; and, though her husband was of a hostile house, yet, thank Heaven, he was not a goblin. There was something, it must be acknowledged, that did not exactly accord with his notions of strict veracity, in the joke the knight had passed upon him of his being a dead man; but several old friends present, who had served in the wars, assured him that every stratagem was excusable in love, and that the cavalier was entitled to especial privilege, having lately served as a trooper.

Matters, therefore, were happily arranged. The baron pardoned the young couple on the spot. The revels at the castle were resumed. The poor relations



overwhelmed this new member of the family with loving kindness; he was so gallant, so generous—and so rich. The aunts, it is true, were somewhat scandalized that their system of strict seclusion and passive obedience should be so badly exemplified, but attributed it all to their negligence in not having the windows

grated. One of them was particularly mortified at having her marvelous story marred, and that the only specter she had ever seen should turn out a counterfeit; but the niece seemed perfectly happy at having found him substantial flesh and blood—and so the story ends.

## STUDY AIDS

*Plot Study.* 1. Why are all the baron's relatives in his castle at the opening of the story? Briefly describe the baron, the daughter, and the aunts as they first appear.

2. Do you like Von Starkenfaust or Von Altenburg the better? Read the words which predict the fearful consequence that would follow Von Altenburg if Von Starkenfaust did not explain the delay to Baron Von Landshort.

3. Why does the baron not allow the cavalier to explain his mission? What impression does the cavalier make on the daughter when he first meets her? What does he think of her? Why is his mind "ill at ease" as the banquet proceeds? What effect does the legend of Leonora produce on him?

4. In his belated explanation to the baron, what does the cavalier say he is? How does the melancholy news affect the relatives?

5. What effect does the appearance of the specter beneath the window produce on the aunt? On the girl? How does the aunt explain the girl's disappearance? How did you explain it before you had read further in the story?

6. Tell how "matters were happily arranged" at the end. Were you pleased at the way the story turns out? Had you guessed how it would end? If so, at what point?

*Other Interesting Points.* 1. In "The Specter Bridegroom" Irving definitely followed a familiar short-story pattern with its introduction, main incident, climax, and conclusion.

The *introduction* gives the setting of the story, makes us acquainted with the characters—the baron, his daughter, and his household—and makes plain the situation by describing the preparations to welcome the bridegroom. Then follows in rapid succession one incident after another—the meeting of the bridegroom, Count Altenburg, with his old-time friend Herman Von Starkenfaust, the attack by the robbers, the death of the bridegroom and his dying request—all leading up to the *main incident*, the arrival of Starkenfaust at the banquet. The *climax* is reached with the disappearance of the bride. In the *conclusion* the mystery is cleared up, and the young couple is pardoned by the baron.

Point out where each of these four parts begins and ends.

2. Find examples of Irving's humor in his descriptions of the characters and in the incidents he relates.

## EXTENSION READING

This story is from Irving's best known work, *The Sketch Book*. Irving spent many years of his life in Europe visiting famous places, reading old legends, and writing. In "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," two other stories in *The Sketch Book*, Irving gave to American scenes something of the charm of old-world tradition found in this story. You will enjoy reading both stories.

In Irving's *Tales of a Traveler* you will find some excellent stories. Make a report to the class on any that you read and think the class will enjoy.

## THE STORY-TELLER

H. H. MUNRO

The cars, or "carriages," on English railways are quite different from ours. On some English trains each car is divided into several compartments, with a narrow aisle running along one side of the car. A compartment accommodates six or more passengers. If the occupants of a compartment are friends, they can have a very good time. If they are not—but read the story to see what once happened.

IT WAS a hot afternoon, and the railway carriage was correspondingly sultry, and the next stop was at Templecombe, nearly an hour ahead. The occupants of the carriage were a small girl, and a smaller girl, and a small boy. An aunt belonging to the children occupied one corner seat, and the further corner seat on the opposite side was occupied by a bachelor who was a stranger to their party, but the small girls and the small boy emphatically occupied the compartment. Both the aunt and the children were conversational in a limited, persistent way, reminding one of the attentions of a housefly that refused to be discouraged. Most of the aunt's remarks seemed to begin with "Don't," and nearly all of the children's remarks began with "Why?" The bachelor said nothing out loud.

"Don't, Cyril, don't," exclaimed the aunt, as the small boy began smacking the cushions of the seat, producing a cloud of dust at each blow.

"Come and look out of the window," she added.

The child moved reluctantly to the window. "Why are those sheep being driven out of that field?" he asked.

"I expect they are being driven to another field where there is more grass," said the aunt weakly.

"But there is lots of grass in that field," protested the boy; "there's nothing else but grass there. Aunt, there's lots of grass in that field."

"Perhaps the grass in the other field is better," suggested the aunt fatuously.

"Why is it better?" came the swift, inevitable question.

"Oh, look at those cows!" exclaimed the aunt. Nearly every field along the line had contained cows or bullocks, but she spoke as though she were drawing attention to a rarity.

"Why is the grass in the other field better?" persisted Cyril.

The frown on the bachelor's face was deepening to a scowl. He was a hard, unsympathetic man, the aunt decided in her mind. She was utterly unable to come to any satisfactory decision about the grass in the other field.

The smaller girl created a diversion by beginning to recite "On the Road to Mandalay."<sup>1</sup> She only knew the first line, but she put her limited knowledge to the fullest possible use. She repeated the line over and over again in a dreamy but resolute and very audible voice; it seemed to the bachelor as though someone had had a bet with her that she could not repeat the line aloud two thousand times without stopping. Whoever it was who had made the wager was likely to lose his bet.

"Come over here and listen to a story," said the aunt, when the bachelor had looked twice at her and once at the communication cord.<sup>2</sup>

The children moved listlessly toward the aunt's end of the carriage. Evidently her reputation as a story-teller did not rank high in their estimation.

<sup>1</sup> "On the Road to Mandalay," a poem by Kipling. <sup>2</sup> communication cord, a cord by which a passenger might stop the train in an emergency.

In a low, confidential voice, interrupted at frequent intervals by loud, petulant questions from her listeners, she began an unenterprising and deplorably uninteresting story about a little girl who was good, and made friends with everyone on account of her goodness, and was finally saved from a mad bull by a number of rescuers who admired her moral character.

"Wouldn't they have saved her if she hadn't been good?" demanded the bigger of the small girls. It was exactly the question that the bachelor had wanted to ask.

"Well, yes," admitted the aunt lamely, "but I don't think they would have run quite so fast to her help if they had not liked her so much."

"It's the stupidest story I've ever heard," said the bigger of the small girls, with immense conviction.

"I didn't listen after the first bit, it was so stupid," said Cyril.

The smaller girl made no actual comment on the story, but she had long ago recommenced a murmured repetition of her favorite line.

"You don't seem to be a success as a story-teller," said the bachelor suddenly from his corner.

The aunt bristled in instant defense at this unexpected attack.

"It's a very difficult thing to tell stories that children can both understand and appreciate," she said stiffly.

"I don't agree with you," said the bachelor.

"Perhaps *you* would like to tell them a story," was the aunt's retort.

"Tell us a story," demanded the bigger of the small girls.

"Once upon a time," began the bachelor, "there was a little girl called Bertha, who was extraordinarily good."

The children's momentarily aroused interest began at once to flicker; all stories seemed dreadfully alike, no matter who told them.

"She did all that she was told, she was always truthful, she kept her clothes clean, ate milk puddings as though they were jam tarts, learned her lessons perfectly, and was polite in her manners."

"Was she pretty?" asked the bigger of the small girls.

"Not as pretty as any of you," said the bachelor, "but she was horribly good."

There was a wave of reaction in favor of the story; the word "horrible" in connection with goodness was a novelty that commended itself. It seemed to introduce a ring of truth that was absent from the aunt's tales of infant life.

"She was so good," continued the bachelor, "that she won several medals for goodness, which she always wore, pinned on to her dress. There was a medal for obedience, another medal for punctuality, and a third for good behavior. They were large metal medals, and they clicked against one another as she walked. No other child in the town where she lived had as many as three medals; so everybody knew that she must be an extra good child."

"Horribly good," quoted Cyril.

"Everybody talked about her goodness, and the Prince of the country got to hear about it, and he said that as she was so very good she might be allowed once a week to walk in his park, which was just outside the town. It was a beautiful park, and no children were ever allowed in it; so it was a great honor for Bertha to be allowed to go there."

"Were there any sheep in the park?" demanded Cyril.

"No," said the bachelor, "there were no sheep."

"Why weren't there any sheep?" came the inevitable question arising out of that answer.

The aunt permitted herself a smile, which might almost have been described as a grin.

"There were no sheep in the park," said the bachelor, "because the Prince's

mother had once had a dream that her son would either be killed by a sheep or else by a clock falling on him. For that reason the Prince never kept a sheep in his park or a clock in his palace."

The aunt suppressed a gasp of admiration.

"Was the Prince killed by a sheep or by a clock?" asked Cyril.

"He is still alive, so we can't tell whether the dream will come true," said the bachelor unconcernedly; "anyway, there were no sheep in the park, but there were lots of little pigs running all over the place."

"What color were they?"

"Black with white faces, white with black spots, black all over, gray with white patches, and some were white all over."

The story-teller paused to let a full idea of the park's treasures sink into the children's imaginations; then he resumed:

"Bertha was rather sorry to find that there were no flowers in the park. She had promised her aunts, with tears in her eyes, that she would not pick any of the kind Prince's flowers, and she had meant to keep her promise; so of course it made her feel silly to find that there were no flowers to pick."

"Why weren't there any flowers?"

"Because the pigs had eaten them all," said the bachelor promptly. "The gardeners had told the Prince that you couldn't have pigs and flowers; so he decided to have pigs and no flowers."

There was a murmur of approval at the excellence of the Prince's decision; so many people would have decided the other way.

"There were lots of other delightful things in the park. There were ponds with gold and blue and green fish in them, and trees with beautiful parrots that said clever things at a moment's notice, and humming birds that hummed all the popular tunes of the day. Bertha

walked up and down and enjoyed herself immensely, and thought to herself, 'If I were not so extraordinarily good, I should not have been allowed to come into this beautiful park and enjoy all that there is to be seen in it,' and her three medals clinked against one another as she walked and helped to remind her how very good she really was. Just then an enormous wolf came prowling into the park to see if it could catch a fat little pig for its supper."

"What color was it?" asked the children, amid an immediate quickening of interest.

"Mud-color all over, with a black tongue and pale gray eyes that gleamed with unspeakable ferocity. The first thing that it saw in the park was Bertha; her pinafore was so spotlessly white and clean that it could be seen from a great distance. Bertha saw the wolf and saw that it was stealing toward her, and she began to wish that she had never been allowed to come into the park. She ran as hard as she could, and the wolf came after her with huge leaps and bounds. She managed to reach a shrubbery of myrtle bushes, and she hid herself in one of the thickest of the bushes. The wolf came sniffing among the branches, its black tongue lolling out of its mouth and its pale gray eyes glaring with rage. Bertha was terribly frightened, and thought to herself: 'If I had not been so extraordinarily good, I should have been safe in the town at this moment.'

"However, the scent of the myrtle was so strong that the wolf could not sniff out where Bertha was hiding, and the bushes were so thick that he might have hunted about in them for a long time without catching sight of her; so he thought he might as well go off and catch a little pig instead. Bertha was trembling very much at having the wolf prowling and sniffing so near her, and as she trembled the medal for obedience clinked against the medals for good con-

duct and punctuality. The wolf was just moving away when he heard the sound of the medals clinking and stopped to listen; they clinked again in a bush quite near him. He dashed into the bush, his pale gray eyes gleaming with ferocity and triumph, and dragged Bertha out and devoured her to the last morsel. All that was left of her were her shoes, bits of clothing, and the three medals for goodness."

"Were any of the little pigs killed?"

"No, they all escaped."

"The story began badly," said the smaller of the small girls, "but it had a beautiful ending."

"It is the most beautiful story that I ever heard," said the bigger of the small girls, with immense decision.

"It is the *only* beautiful story I have ever heard," said Cyril.

A dissentient opinion came from the aunt.

"A most improper story to tell to young children! You have undermined the effect of years of careful teaching."

"At any rate," said the bachelor, collecting his belongings preparatory to leaving the carriage, "I kept them quiet for ten minutes, which was more than you were able to do."

"Unhappy woman!" he observed to himself as he walked down the platform of Templecombe station; "for the next six months or so those children will assail her in public with demands for an improper story!"

## STUDY AIDS

1. Up to the point where the bachelor interrupts, what are some of the most natural antics of the children? Be prepared to read aloud the passages describing these antics. Why does the bachelor interrupt?

2. How does the bachelor catch the attention of the children? Why does the aunt gasp with admiration? How do you suppose she felt about the Prince's decision? How did the goodness of Bertha prove to be her greatest misfortune?

3. Do you agree with the aunt or the children about the bachelor's story? Is the bachelor sorry for the aunt or gleeful over what he has done?

4. In this story humor appears in both the descriptions and the incidents. What is the most delightful touch in the description of the park? What is the most amusing turn of events in the story of Bertha? Read to the class the two passages that you think most amusing.

## EXTENSION READING

The best way to become further acquainted with this author is to read his *Short Stories of "Saki."* ("Saki" was the name under which Munro wrote.) If you find one as amusing as "The Story-Teller," tell the class about it.

## BARKER'S LUCK

BRET HARTE

How a person who suddenly becomes rich is affected by his new wealth is a true test of character. In this story Barker meets an adventure we have all dreamed about—he has a fortune dropped into his lap. Notice the effect of his wealth upon Barker himself and upon his friends.

A BIRD twittered! The morning sun shining through the open window was apparently more potent than the cool mountain air, which had only caused the sleeper to curl a little more tightly in his blankets. Barker's eyes opened instantly upon the light and the bird on the window ledge. Like all healthy young animals, he would have tried to sleep again, but with his momentary consciousness came the recollection that it was *his* turn to cook the breakfast that morning, and he regretfully rolled out of his bunk to the floor.

Without stopping to dress, he opened the door and stepped outside, secure in the knowledge that he was overlooked only by the Sierras,<sup>1</sup> and plunged his head and shoulders in the bucket of cold water that stood by the door. Then he began to clothe himself, partly in the cabin and partly in the open air, with a lapse between the putting on of his trousers and coat which he employed in bringing in wood. Raking together the few embers on the adobe hearth, not without a prudent regard to the rattlesnake which had once been detected haunting the warm ashes, he began to prepare breakfast. By this time the other sleepers, his partners, Stacy and Demorest, young men of about his own age, were awake, alert, and lazily critical of his progress.

"I don't care about my quail on toast being underdone for breakfast," said Stacy, with a yawn; "and you needn't

serve with red wine. I'm not feeling very peckish<sup>2</sup> this morning."

"And I reckon you can knock off the fried oysters after the Spanish mackerel for *me*," said Demorest gravely. "The fact is, that last bottle of Veuve Clicquot<sup>3</sup> we had for supper wasn't as dry as I am this morning."

Accustomed to these regular Barmecide<sup>4</sup> suggestions, Barker made no direct reply. Presently, looking up from the fire, he said, "There's no more saleratus; so you mustn't blame me if the biscuit is extra heavy. I told you we had none when you went to the grocery yesterday."

"And I told you we hadn't a red cent to buy any with," said Stacy, who was also treasurer. "Put these two negatives together and you make the affirmative—saleratus. Mix freely and bake in a hot oven."

Nevertheless, after a toilet as primitive as Barker's they sat down to what he had prepared, with the keen appetite begotten of the mountain air and the regretful fastidiousness born of the recollection of better things. Jerked<sup>5</sup> beef, frizzled with salt pork in a frying-pan, boiled potatoes, biscuit, and coffee composed the repast. The biscuits, however, proving remarkably heavy after the first mouthful, were used as missiles, and thrown through the open door at an empty bottle, which had previously served as a mark for revolver practice;

<sup>1</sup> Sierras, the mountain range running north and south through California.

<sup>2</sup> peckish, inclined to eat. <sup>3</sup> Veuve Clicquot, a dry (not sweet) French wine. <sup>4</sup> Barmecide, a reference to the wealthy Persian of medieval times who put before a beggar a set of empty dishes instead of food. <sup>5</sup> Jerked, dried.

a few moments later pipes were lit to counteract the effects of the meal and take the taste out of their mouths. Suddenly they heard the sound of horses' hoofs, saw the quick passage of a rider in the open space before the cabin, and felt the smart impact upon the table of some small object thrown by him. It was the regular morning delivery of the county newspaper!

"He's getting to be a mighty sure shot," said Demorest approvingly, looking at his upset can of coffee as he picked up the paper, rolled into a cylindrical wad as tightly as a cartridge, and began to straighten it out. This was no easy matter, as the sheet had evidently been rolled while yet damp from the press; but Demorest eventually opened it and ensconced himself behind it.

"Nary news?" asked Stacy.

"No. There never is any," said Demorest scornfully. "We ought to stop the paper."

"You mean the paper-man ought to. We don't pay him," said Barker gently.

"Well, that's the same thing, smarty. No news, no pay. Hallo!" he continued, his eyes suddenly riveted on the paper. Then, after the fashion of ordinary humanity, he stopped short and read the interesting item to himself. When he had finished he brought his fist and the paper, together, violently down upon the table. "Now look at this! Talk of luck, will you? Just think of it. Here are *we*—hard-working men with lots of sabe,<sup>o</sup> too—grubbin' away on this hillside, glad to get enough at the end of the day to pay for our soggy biscuits and horse-bean coffee, and just look what falls into the lap of some lazy, sneakin' greenhorn who never did a stroke of work in his life! Here are *we*, with no foolishness, no airs nor graces, and yet men who would do credit to twice that amount of luck—and seem born to it, too—and we're set aside for some long, lank, pen-wiping scrub who just knows enough to

<sup>o</sup> *sabe*, mental grasp or knowledge of affairs.

sit down on his office stool and hold on to a bit of paper."

"What's up now?" asked Stacy, with the carelessness begotten of familiarity with his partner's extravagance.

"Listen," said Demorest, reading. "'Another unprecedented rise has taken place in the shares of the Yellow Hammer First Extension Mine since the sinking of the new shaft. It was quoted yesterday at ten thousand dollars a foot. When it is remembered that scarcely two years ago the original shares, issued at fifty dollars per share, had dropped to only fifty cents a share, it will be seen that those who were able to hold on have got a good thing.'"

"What mine did you say?" asked Barker, looking up meditatively from the dishes he was already washing.

"The Yellow Hammer First Extension," returned Demorest shortly.

"I used to have some shares in that, and I think I have them still," said Barker musingly.

"Yes," said Demorest promptly; "the paper speaks of it here. 'We understand,' " he continued, reading aloud, "'that our eminent fellow citizen, George Barker, otherwise known as 'Get-Left-Barker' and 'Chucklehead,' is one of these fortunate individuals.'"

"No," said Barker, with a slight flush of innocent pleasure, "it can't say that. How could it know?"

Stacy laughed, but Demorest coolly continued: "You didn't hear all. Listen! 'We say *was* one of them; but having already sold his apparently useless certificates to our popular druggist, Jones, for corn-plasters, at a reduced rate, he is unable to realize.'"

"You may laugh, boys," said Barker, with simple seriousness, "but I really believe I have got 'em yet. Just wait. I'll see!" He rose and began to drag out a well-worn valise from under his bunk. "You see," he continued, "they were given to me by an old chap in return—"

"For saving his life by delaying the

Stockton<sup>7</sup> boat that afterwards blew up," returned Demorest briefly. "We know it all! His hair was white, and his hand trembled slightly as he laid these shares in yours, saying—and you never forgot the words—'Take 'em, young man—and'—"

"For lending him two thousand dollars then," continued Barker, with a simple ignoring of the interruption, as he quietly brought out the valise.

"*Two thousand dollars!*" repeated Stacy. "When did *you* have two thousand dollars?"

"When I first left Sacramento—three years ago," said Barker, unstrapping the valise.

"How long did you have it?" said Demorest incredulously.

"At least two days, I think," returned Barker quietly. "Then I met that man. He was hard up, and I lent him my pile and took those shares. He died afterwards."

"Of course he did," said Demorest severely. "They always do. Nothing kills a man more quickly than an action of that kind."

Nevertheless the two partners regarded Barker rummaging among some loose clothes and papers with a kind of paternal toleration.

"If you can't find them, bring out your government bonds," suggested Stacy. But the next moment, flushed and triumphant, Barker rose from his knees, and came toward them carrying some papers in his hands.

Demorest seized them from him, opened them, spread them on the table, examined hurriedly the date, signatures, and transfers, glanced again quickly at the newspaper paragraph, looked wildly at Stacy and then at Barker, and gasped—

"By the living hookey! it is *so!*"

"B'gosh! he *has* got 'em!" echoed Stacy.

<sup>7</sup> *Stockton*, a city on the San Joaquin River in California.

"Twenty shares," continued Demorest breathlessly, "at ten thousand dollars a share—even if it's only a foot—is two hundred thousand dollars! Jerusalem!"

"Tell me, fair sir," said Stacy, with sparkling eyes, "hast still left in yonder casket any rare jewels, rubies, sarcenet,<sup>8</sup> or links of fine gold? Peradventure a pearl or two may have been overlooked!"

"No—that's all," returned Barker simply.

"You hear him! Rothschild<sup>9</sup> says, 'That's all.' Prince Esterhazy<sup>10</sup> says he hasn't another red cent—only two hundred thousand dollars."

"What ought I to do, boys?" asked Barker, timidly glancing from one to the other.

Yet he remembered with delight all that day, and for many years afterwards, that he only saw in their faces unselfish joy and affection at that supreme moment.

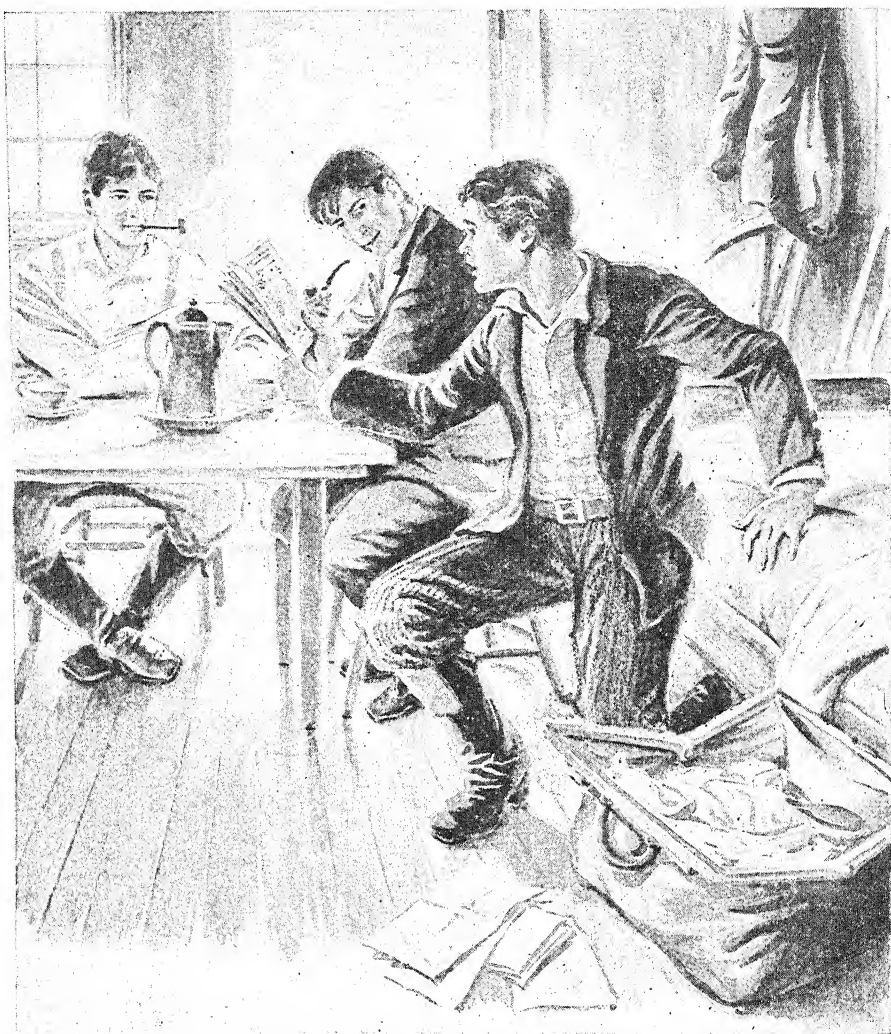
"Do?" said Demorest promptly. "Stand on your head and yell! No! stop! Come here!" He seized both Barker and Stacy by the hand, and ran out into the open air. Here they danced violently with clasped hands around a small buckeye,<sup>11</sup> in perfect silence, and then returned to the cabin, grave but perspiring.

"Of course," said Barker, wiping his forehead, "we'll just get some money on these certificates and buy up that next claim which belongs to old Carter—where you know we thought we saw the indication."

"We'll do nothing of the kind," said Demorest decidedly. "*We* ain't in it. That money is yours, old chap—every cent of it—property acquired before marriage, you know; and the only thing we'll do is to be d—d before we'll see

<sup>8</sup> *sarcenet*, a thin silk. <sup>9</sup> *Rothschild*, the name of a family of bankers so wealthy that they lent money to nations. <sup>10</sup> *Esterhazy*, the name of another wealthy family in Europe. <sup>11</sup> *buckeye*, a tree of the horse-chestnut family.





Barker rose from his knees, and came toward them.

you drop a dime of it into this God-forsaken hole. No!"

"But we're partners," gasped Barker.

"Not in *this*! The utmost we can do for you, opulent sir—though it ill becomes us horny-handed sons of toil to rub shoulders with Dives<sup>12</sup>—is perchance to dine with you, to take a pasty and a glass of Malvoisie,<sup>13</sup> at some res-

taurant in Sacramento—when you've got things fixed, in honor of your return to affluence. But more would ill become us!"

"But what are *you* going to do?" said Barker, with a half-frightened smile.

"We have not yet looked through our luggage," said Demorest with invincible gravity, "and there's a secret recess—a double fond<sup>14</sup>—to my portmanteau,

<sup>12</sup> *Dives*, a reference to the rich man Dives (Luke xvi). <sup>13</sup> *Malvoisie*, a strong, sweet wine.

<sup>14</sup> *fond*, bottom.

known only to a trusty page, which has not been disturbed since I left my ancestral home in Faginia.<sup>15</sup> There may be a few First Debentures of Erie<sup>16</sup> or what not still there."

"I felt some strange, disk-like protuberances in my dress-suit the other day, but belike they are but poker chips," said Stacy thoughtfully.

An uneasy feeling crept over Barker. The color which had left his fresh cheek returned to it quickly, and he turned his eyes away. Yet he had seen nothing in his companions' eyes but affection—with even a certain kind of tender commiseration that deepened his uneasiness.

"I suppose," he said desperately, after a pause, "I ought to go over to Boomville and make some inquiries."

"At the bank, old chap; at the bank!" said Demorest emphatically. "Take my advice and don't go *anywhere else*. Don't breathe a word of your luck to anybody. And don't, whatever you do, be tempted to sell just now; you don't know how high that stock's going to jump yet."

"I thought," stammered Barker, "that you boys might like to go over with me."

"We can't afford to take another holiday on grub wages, and we're only two to work today," said Demorest, with a slight increase of color and the faintest tremor in his voice. "And it won't do, old chap, for us to be seen bumming round with you on the heels of your good fortune. For everybody knows we're poor, and sooner or later everybody'll know you *were* rich even when you first came to us."

"Nonsense!" said Barker indignantly.

"Gospel, my boy!" said Demorest shortly.

"The frozen truth, old man!" said Stacy.

Barker took up his hat with some stiff-

ness and moved toward the door. Here he stopped irresolutely, an irresolution that seemed to communicate itself to his partners. There was a moment's awkward silence. Then Demorest suddenly seized him by the shoulders with a grip that was half a caress, and walked him rapidly to the door.

"And now don't stand foolin' with us, Barker boy; but just trot off like a little man, and get your grip on that fortune; and when you've got your hooks in it, hang on like grim death. You'll"—he hesitated for an instant only, possibly to find the laugh that should have accompanied his speech—"you're sure to find *us* here when you get back."

Hurt to the quick, but restraining his feelings, Barker clapped his hat on his head and walked quickly away. The two partners stood watching him in silence until his figure was lost in the underbrush. Then they spoke.

"Like him—wasn't it?" said Demorest.

"Just him all over," said Stacy.

"Think of him having that stock stowed away all these years and never even bothering his dear old head about it!"

"And think of his wanting to put the whole thing into this rotten hillside with us!"

"And he'd have done it, by gosh! and never thought of it again. That's Barker."

"Dear old man!"

"Good old chap!"

"I've been wondering if one of us oughtn't to have gone with him? He's just as likely to pour his money into the first lap that opens for it," said Stacy.

"The more reason why we shouldn't prevent him, or seem to prevent him," said Demorest almost fiercely. "There will be knaves and fools enough who will try and put the idea of our using him into his simple heart without that. No! Let him do as he likes with it—

<sup>15</sup> *Faginia*, Virginia. <sup>16</sup> *First . . . Erie*, bonds issued by the Erie Railroad.

but let him be himself. I'd rather have him come back to us even after he's lost the money—his old self and empty-handed—than try to change the stuff God put into him and make him more like others."

The tone and manner were so different from Demorest's usual levity that Stacy was silent. After a pause he said: "Well! we shall miss him on the hill-side—won't we?"

Demorest did not reply. Reaching out his hand abstractedly, he wrenched off a small slip from a sapling near him, and began to pull the leaves off, one by one, until they were all gone. Then he switched it in the air, struck his boot-leg smartly with it, said roughly: "Come, let's get to work!" and strode away.

Meantime Barker on his way to Boomville was no less singular in his manner. He kept up his slightly affected attitude until he had lost sight of the cabin. But, being of a simple nature, his emotions were less complex. If he had not seen the undoubted look of affection in the eyes of his partners, he would have imagined that they were jealous of his good fortune. Yet why had they refused his offer to share it with him? Why had they so strangely assumed that their partnership with him had closed? Why had they declined to go with him? Why had this money—of which he had thought so little, and for which he had cared so little—changed them toward him? It had not changed *him*—*he* was the same! He remembered how they had often talked and laughed over a prospective "strike" in mining and speculated what *they* would do together with the money! And now that "luck" had occurred to one of them individually, the effect was only to alienate them! He could not make it out. He was hurt, wounded, yet oddly enough he was conscious now of a certain power within him to hurt and wound in retribution. He was rich; he would let them see *he* could do without

them. He was quite free now to think only of himself and Kitty.

For it must be recorded that, with all this young gentleman's simplicity and unselfishness, with all his loyal attitude to his partners, his *first* thought at the moment he grasped the fact of his wealth was of a young lady. It was Kitty Carter, the daughter of the hotel-keeper at Boomville, who owned the claim that the partners mutually coveted. That a pretty girl's face should flash upon him with his conviction that he was now a rich man meant perhaps no disloyalty to his partners, whom he would still have helped. But it occurred to him now, in his half-hurt, half-vengeful state, that they had often joked him about Kitty, and perhaps further confidence with them was debarred. And it was only due to his dignity that he should now see Kitty at once.

This was easy enough, for, in the naïve simplicity of Boomville, and the economic arrangements of her father, she occasionally waited upon the hotel table. Half the town was always actively in love with her; the other half *had been*, and was silent, cynical, but hopeless in defeat. For Kitty was slight, graceful, and self-contained, and moved beside a stumpy, commonplace father and her faded, commonplace mother, in the dining-room of the Boomville Hotel like some distinguished alien. The three partners, by virtue, perhaps of their college education and refined manners, had been exceptionally noticed by Kitty. And for some occult reason—the more serious, perhaps because it had not obvious or logical presumption to the world generally—Barker was particularly favored.

He quickened his pace, and as the flagstaff of the Boomville Hotel rose before him in the little hollow, he seriously debated whether he had not better go to the bank first, deposit his shares, and get a small advance on them to buy a new

necktie or a "boiled shirt" in which to present himself to Miss Kitty; but, remembering that he had partly given his word to Demorest that he would keep his shares intact for the present, he abandoned this project, probably from the fact that his projected confidence with Kitty was already a violation of Demorest's injunctions of secrecy, and his conscience was sufficiently burdened with that breach of faith.

But when he reached the hotel, a strange trepidation overcame him. The dining-room was at its slack water, between the ebb of breakfast and before the flow of the preparation for the mid-day meal. He could not have his interview with Kitty in that dreary waste of reversed chairs and bare, trestle-like tables, and she was possibly engaged in her household duties. But Miss Kitty had already seen him cross the road, and had lounged into the dining-room with an artfully simulated air of casually examining it. At the unexpected vision of his hopes, arrayed in the sweetest and freshest of rosebud-sprigged print, his heart faltered. Then, partly with the desperation of a timid man, and partly through the working of a half-formed resolution, he met her bright smile with a simple inquiry for her father. Miss Kitty bit her pretty lip, smiled slightly, and preceded him with great formality to the office. Opening the door, without raising her lashes to either her father or the visitor, she said, with a mischievous accenting of the professional manner, "Mr. Barker, to see you on business," and tripped sweetly away.

And this slight incident precipitated the crisis. For Barker instantly made up his mind that he must purchase the next claim for his partners of this man Carter, and that he would be obliged to confide to him the details of his good fortune, and, as a proof of his sincerity and his ability to pay for it, he did so bluntly. Carter was a shrewd business man, and

the well-known simplicity of Barker was a proof of his truthfulness, to say nothing of the shares that were shown to him. His selling price for his claim had been two hundred dollars, but here was a rich customer who, from a mere foolish sentiment, would be no doubt willing to pay more. He hesitated with a bland but superior smile.

"Ah, that was my price at my last offer, Mr. Barker," he said suavely; "but, you see, things are going up since then."

The keenest duplicity is apt to fail before absolute simplicity. Barker, thoroughly believing him, and already a little frightened at his own presumption—not for the amount of the money involved, but from the possibility of his partners refusing his gift utterly—quickly took advantage of this *locus penitentiae*.<sup>17</sup>

"No matter, then," he said hurriedly; "perhaps I had better consult my partners first; in fact," he added, with a gratuitous truthfulness all his own, "I hardly know whether they will take it of me; so I think I'll wait."

Carter was staggered; this would clearly not do! He recovered himself with an insinuating smile.

"You pulled me up too short, Mr. Barker; I'm a business man, but hang it all! what's that among friends? If you reckoned I *gave my word* to two hundred—why, I'm there! Say no more about it—the claim's yours. I'll make you out a bill of sale at once."

"But," hesitated Barker, "you see I haven't got the money yet, and—"

"Money!" echoed Carter bluntly, "what's that among friends? Gimme your note at thirty days—that's good enough for *me*. An' we'll settle the whole thing now—nothing like finishing a job while you're about it." And before the bewildered and doubtful visitor could protest, he had filled up a

<sup>17</sup> *locus penitentiae*, opportunity for backing out.

promissory note for Barker's signature and himself signed a bill of sale for the property. "And I reckon, Mr. Barker, you'd like to take your partners by surprise about this little gift of yours," he added smilingly. "Well, my messenger is starting for the Gulch in five minutes; he's going by your cabin, and he can just drop this bill o' sale, as a kind o' settled fact, on 'em afore they can say anything, see! There's nothing like actin' on the spot in these sort of things. And don't you hurry 'bout them either! You see, you sorter owe us a friendly call—havin' always dropped inter the hotel only as a customer; so ye'll stop here over luncheon, and I reckon, as the old woman is busy, why, Kitty will try to make the time pass till then by playin' for you on her new pianner."

Delighted, yet bewildered by the unexpected invitation and opportunity, Barker mechanically signed the promissory note, and as mechanically addressed the envelope of the bill of sale to Demorest, which Carter gave to the messenger. Then he followed his host across the hall to the apartment known as "Miss Kitty's parlor." He had often heard of it as a sanctum impervious to the ordinary guest. Whatever functions the young girl assumed at the hotel and among her father's boarders, it was vaguely understood that she dropped them on crossing that sacred threshold, and became "Miss Carter." The county judge had been entertained there, and the wife of the bank manager. Barker's admission there was consequently an unprecedented honor.

He cast his eyes timidly round the room, redolent and suggestive in various charming little ways of the young girl's presence. There was the cottage piano which had been brought up in sections on the backs of mules from the foot of the mountain; there was a crayon head of Minerva done by the fair occupant at the age of twelve; there was a profile of

herself done by a traveling artist; there were pretty little china ornaments and many flowers, notably a faded but still scented woodland shrub which Barker had presented to her two weeks ago, and over which Miss Kitty had discreetly thrown her white handkerchief as he entered. A wave of hope passed over him at the act, but it was quickly spent as Mr. Carter's roughly playful voice introduced him:

"Ye kin give Mr. Barker a tune or two to pass time afore lunch, Kitty. You kin let him see what you're doing in that line. But you'll have to sit up now, for this young man's come inter some property, and will be sasheying round<sup>28</sup> in 'Frisco afore long with a biled shirt and a stovepipe, and be givin' the go-by to Boomville. Well! you young folks will excuse me for a while, as I reckon I'll just toddle over and get the recorder to put that bill o' sale on record. Nothin' 'lke squaring things to onct, Mr. Barker."

As he slipped away, Barker felt his heart sink. Carter had not only bluntly forestalled him with the news, and taken away his excuse for a confidential interview, but had put an ostentatious construction on his visit. What could she think of him now? He stood ashamed and embarrassed before her.

But Miss Kitty, far from noticing his embarrassment in a sudden concern regarding the "horrid" untidiness of the room, which made her cheeks quite pink in one spot, and obliged her to take up and set down in exactly the same place several articles, was exceedingly delighted. In fact, she did not remember ever having been so pleased before in her life! These things were always so unexpected! Just like the weather, for instance. It was quite cool last night—and now it was just stifling. And so dusty! Had Mr. Barker noticed the heat

<sup>28</sup> *sasheying round*, going about from place to place.

coming from the Gulch? Or perhaps, being a rich man, he—with a dazzling smile—was above walking now. It was so kind of him to come here first and tell her father.

"I really wanted to tell only—you, Miss Carter," stammered Barker. "You see—" he hesitated. But Miss Kitty saw perfectly. He wanted to tell *her*, and, seeing her, he asked for *her father*! Not that it made the slightest difference to her, for her father would have been sure to have told her. It was also kind of her father to invite him to luncheon. Otherwise she might not have seen him before he left Boomville.

But this was more than Barker could stand. With the same desperate directness and simplicity with which he had approached her father, he now blurted out his whole heart to her. He told her how he had loved her hopelessly from the first time that they had spoken together at the church picnic. Did she remember it? How he had sat and worshiped her, and nothing else, at church! How her voice in the church choir had sounded like an angel's; how his poverty and his uncertain future had kept him from seeing her often, lest he should be tempted to betray his hopeless passion. How as soon as he realized that he had a position, that his love for her need not make her ridiculous to the world's eyes, he came to tell her *all*. He did not even dare to hope! But she would *hear* him at least, would she not?

Indeed, there was no getting away from his boyish, simple, outspoken declaration. In vain Kitty smiled, frowned, glanced at her pink cheeks in the glass, and stopped to look out of the window. The room was filled with his love—it was encompassing her—and, despite his shy attitude, seemed to be almost embracing her. But she managed at last to turn upon him a face that was now as white and grave as his own was eager and glowing.

"Sit down," she said gently.

He did so obediently, but wonderingly. She then opened the piano and took a seat upon the music stool before it, placed some loose sheets of music in the rack, and ran her fingers lightly over the keys. Thus intrenched, she let her hands fall idly in her lap, and for the first time raised her eyes to his.

"Now listen to me—be good and don't interrupt! There!—not so near; you can hear what I have to say well enough where you are. That will do!"

Barker had halted with the chair he was dragging toward her and sat down.

"Now," said Miss Kitty, withdrawing her eyes and looking straight before her. "I believe everything you say; perhaps I oughtn't to—or at least *say* it—but I do. There! But because I do believe you—it seems to me all wrong! For the very reasons that you give for not having spoken to me *before*, if you really felt as you say you did, are the same reasons why you should not speak to me now. You see, all this time you have let nobody but yourself know how you felt toward me. In everybody's eyes *you* and your partners have been only the three stuck-up, exclusive, college-bred men who mined a poor claim in the Gulch, and occasionally came here to this hotel as customers. In everybody's eyes I have been only the rich hotel-keeper's popular daughter, who sometimes waited upon you—but nothing more. But at least we were then pretty much alike, and one as good as the other. And now, as soon as you have become suddenly rich, and, of course, the *superior*, you rush down here to ask me to acknowledge it by accepting you!"

"You know I never meant that, Miss Kitty," burst out Barker vehemently, but his protest was drowned in a rapid roulade<sup>19</sup> from the young lady's fingers on the keys. He sank back in his chair.

"Of course you never *meant* it," she

<sup>19</sup> *roulade*, a series of short notes.



said with an odd laugh; "but everybody will take it in that way, and you cannot go around to everybody in Boomville and make the pretty declaration you have just made to me. Everybody will say I accepted you for your money; everybody will say it was a put-up job of my father's. Everybody will say that you threw yourself away on me. And I don't know but that they would be right. Sit down, please! or I shall play again.

"You see," she went on, without looking at him, "just now you like to remember that you fell in love with me first as a pretty waiter girl, but if I became your wife it's just what you would like to *forget*. And I shouldn't, for I should always like to think of the time when you came here, whenever you could afford it, and sometimes when you couldn't, just to see me; and how we used to make excuses to speak with each other over the dishes. You don't know what these things mean to a woman who"—she hesitated a moment, and then added abruptly, "but what does that matter? You would not care to be reminded of it. So," she said, rising up with a grave smile and grasping her hands tightly behind her, "it's a good deal better that you should begin to forget it now. Be a good boy and take my advice. Go to San Francisco. You will meet some girl there in a way you will not afterwards regret. You are young, and your riches, to say nothing," she added in a faltering voice that was somewhat inconsistent with the mischievous smile that played upon her lips, "of your kind and simple heart, will secure that which the world would call unselfish affection from one more equal to you, but would always believe was only *bought* if it came from me."

"I suppose you are right," he said simply.

She glanced quickly at him, and her eyebrows straightened. He had risen,

his face white and his gray eyes widely opened.

"I suppose you are right," he went on, "because you are saying to me what my partners said to me this morning when I offered to share my wealth with them, God knows as honestly as I offered to share my heart with you. I suppose that you are both right; that there must be some curse of pride or selfishness upon the money that I have got; but I have not felt it yet, and the fault does not lie with me."

She gave her shoulders a slight shrug, and turned impatiently toward the window. When she turned back again, he was gone. The room around her was empty; this room, which a moment before had seemed to be pulsating with his boyish passion, was now empty, and empty of *him*. She bit her lips, rose, and ran eagerly to the window. She saw his straw hat and brown curls as he crossed the road. She drew her handkerchief sharply away from the withered shrub over which she had thrown it, and cast the once treasured remains in the hearth. Then, possibly because she had it ready in her hand, she clasped the handkerchief to her eyes, and, sinking sideways upon the chair he had risen from, put her elbows on its back, and buried her face in her hands.

It is the characteristic and perhaps cruelty of a simple nature to make no allowance for complex motives, or to even understand them! So it seemed to Barker that his simplicity had been met with equal directness. It was the possession of this wealth that had in some way hopelessly changed his relations with the world. He did not love Kitty any the less; he did not even think she had wronged him; they, his partners and his sweetheart, were cleverer than he; there must be some occult quality in this wealth that he would understand when he possessed it, and perhaps it might even make him ashamed of his generos-

ity; not in the way they had said, but in his tempting them so audaciously to assume a wrong position. It behooved him to take possession of it at once, and to take also upon himself alone the knowledge, the trials, and responsibilities it would incur. His cheeks flushed again as he thought he had tried to tempt an innocent girl with it, and he was keenly hurt that he had not seen in Kitty's eyes the tenderness that had softened his partners' refusal. He resolved to wait no longer, but sell his dreadful stock at once. He walked directly to the bank.

The manager, a shrewd but kindly man, to whom Barker was known already, received him graciously in recognition of his well-known simple honesty, and respectfully as a representative of the equally well-known poor but "superior" partnership of the Gulch. He listened with marked attention to Barker's hesitating but brief story, only remarking at its close:

"You mean, of course, the 'Second Extension' when you say 'First.'"

"No," said Barker; "I mean the 'First'—and it said First in the Boomville paper."

"Yes, yes!—I saw it—it was a printer's error. The stock of the 'First' was called in two years ago. No! you mean the 'Second,' for, of course, you've followed the quotations, and are likely to know what stock you're holding shares of. When you go back, take a look at them, and you'll see I am right."

"But I brought them with me," said Barker, with a slight flushing as he felt in his pocket. "I am sure they're the 'First.'" He brought them out and laid them on the desk before the manager.

The words "First Extension" were plainly visible. The manager glanced curiously at Barker, and his brow darkened.

"Did anybody put this up on you?" he said sternly. "Did your partners send you here with this stuff?"

"No! no!" said Barker eagerly. "No one! It's all *my* mistake. I see it now. I trusted to the newspaper."

"And you mean to say you never examined the stock or the quotations, nor followed it in any way, since you had it?"

"Never!" said Barker. "Never thought about it *at all* till I saw the newspaper. So it's not worth anything?"

And, to the infinite surprise of the manager, there was a slight smile on his boyish face.

"I am afraid it is not worth the paper it's written on," said the manager gently.

The smile on Barker's face increased to a little laugh, in which his wondering companion could not help joining.

"Thank you," said Barker suddenly, and rushed away.

"He beats everything!" said the manager, gazing after him. "He seemed even *pleased!*"

He *was* pleased. The burden of wealth had fallen from his shoulders; the dreadful incubus<sup>20</sup> that had weighed him down and parted his friends from him was gone! And he had not got rid of it by spending it foolishly. It had not ruined anybody yet; it had not altered anybody in *his* eyes. It was gone: and he was a free and happy man once more. He would go directly back to his partners; they would laugh at him, of course, but they could not look at him now with the same sad, commiserating eyes. Perhaps even Kitty— But here a sudden chill struck him. He had forgotten the bill of sale! He had forgotten the dreadful promissory note given to her father in the rash presumption of his wealth! How could it ever be paid? And more than that, it had been given in a fraud. He had no money when he gave it, and no prospect of any but what he was to get from those worthless shares. Would anybody believe him that it was only a stupid blunder of his

<sup>20</sup> *incubus*, nightmare.



own? Yes, his partners might believe him; but, horrible thought, he had already implicated *them* in his fraud! Even now, while he was standing there hesitatingly in the road, they were entering upon the new claim he had *not paid for—could not pay for*—and in the guise of a benefactor he was dishonoring them. Yet it was Carter he must meet first; he must confess all to him. He must go back to the hotel—that hotel where he had indignantly left her, and tell the father he was a fraud. It was terrible to think of; perhaps it was part of that money curse that he could not get rid of, and was now realizing; but it *must* be done. He was simple, but his very simplicity had that unhesitating directness of conclusion which is the main factor of what men call “pluck.”

He turned back to the hotel and entered the office. But Mr. Carter had not yet returned. What was to be done? He could not wait there; there was no time to be lost; there was only one other person who knew his expectations, and to whom he could confide his failure—it was Kitty. It was to taste the dregs of his humiliation, but it must be done. He ran up the staircase and knocked timidly at the sitting-room door. There was a momentary pause, and a weak voice said, “Come in.” Barker opened the door; saw the vision of a handkerchief thrown away, of a pair of tearful eyes that suddenly changed to stony indifference, and a graceful but stiffening figure. But he was past all insult now.

“I would not intrude,” he said simply, “but I came only to see your father. I have made an awful blunder—more than a blunder, I think—a *fraud*. Believing that I was rich, I purchased your father’s claim for my partners, and gave him my promissory note. I came here to give him back his claim—for that note can *never* be paid! I have just been to the bank; I find I have made a stupid

mistake in the name of the shares upon which I based my belief in my wealth. The ones I own are worthless—I am as poor as ever—I am even poorer, for I owe your father money I can never pay!”

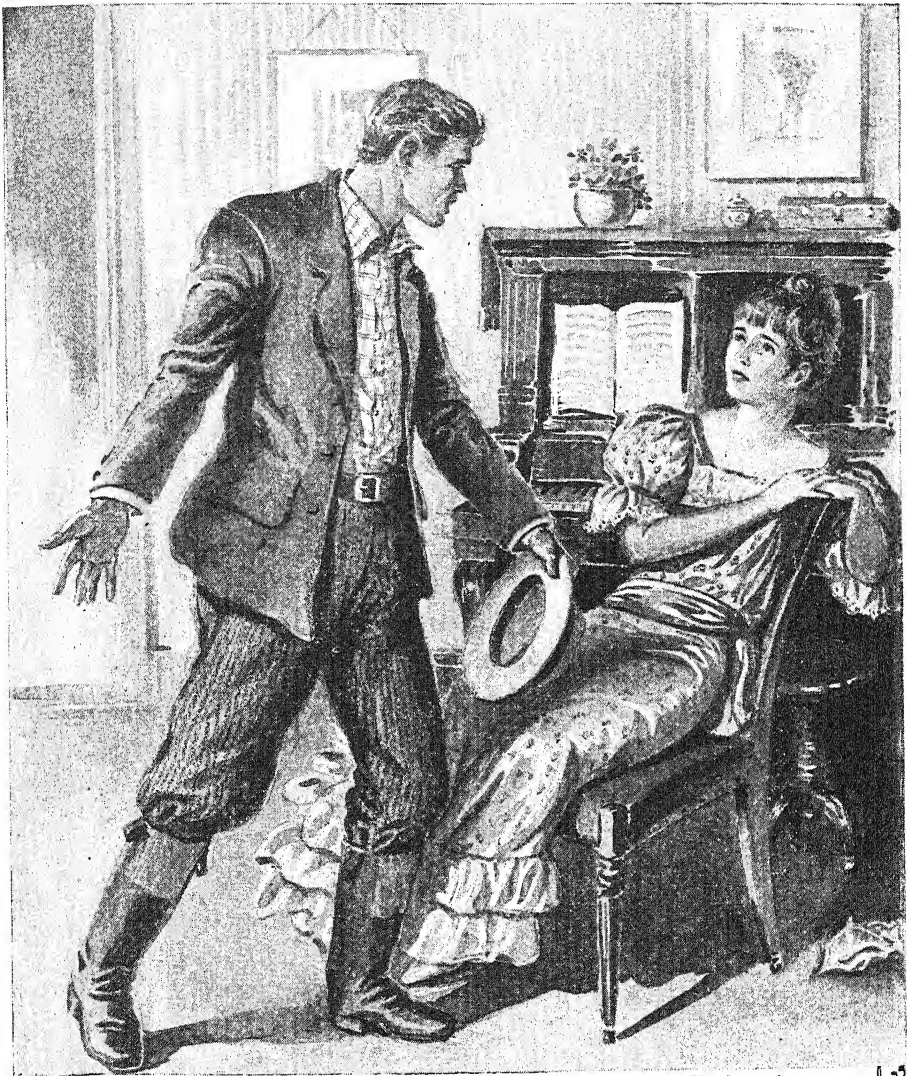
To his amazement he saw a look of pain and scorn come into her troubled eyes which he had never seen before.

“This is a feeble trick,” she said bitterly; “it is unlike you—it is unworthy of you!”

“Kitty, you must believe me.—Listen! It was all a mistake—a printer’s error. I read in the paper that the stock for the First Extension mine had gone up, when it should have been the Second. I had some old stock of the First, which I had kept for years, and only thought of when I read the announcement in the paper this morning. I swear to you—”

But it was unnecessary. There was no doubting the truth of that voice—that manner. The scorn fled from Miss Kitty’s eyes to give place to a stare, and then suddenly changed to two bubbling blue wells of laughter. She went to the window and laughed. She sat down to the piano and laughed. She caught up the handkerchief, and hiding half her rosy face in it, laughed. She finally collapsed into an easy-chair, and, burying her brown head in its cushions, laughed long until she brought up suddenly against a sob. And then was still.

Barker was dreadfully alarmed. He had heard of hysterics before. He felt he ought to do something. He moved toward her timidly, and gently drew away her handkerchief. Alas! the blue wells were running over now. He took her cold hands in his; he knelt beside her and passed his arm around her waist. He drew her head upon his shoulder. He was not sure that any of these things were effective until she suddenly lifted her eyes to his with the last ray of mirth in them vanishing in a big



"You must believe me. — Listen!"

teardrop, put her arms around his neck, and sobbed:

"Oh, George! You blessed innocent!"

An eloquent silence was broken by a remorseful start from Barker.

"But I must go and warn my poor partners, dearest; there yet may be time; perhaps they have not yet taken possession of your father's claim."

"Yes, George dear," said the young girl, with sparkling eyes; "and tell them to do so *at once!*"

"What?" gasped Barker.

"At once—do you hear?—or it may be too late! Go quick."

"But your father— Oh, I see, dearest, you will tell him all yourself, and spare me."

"I shall do nothing so foolish, Georgey. Nor shall you! Don't you see the note isn't due for a month. Stop! Have you told anybody but paw and me?"

"Only the bank manager."

She ran out of the room and returned in a minute, tying the most enchanting of hats by a ribbon under her oval chin.

"I'll run over and fix him," she said.

"Fix him?" returned Barker, aghast.

"Yes, I'll say your wicked partners have been playing a practical joke on you, and he mustn't give you away. He'll do anything for me."

"But my partners didn't! On the contrary—"

"Don't tell me, George," said Miss Kitty severely. "*They* ought never to have let you come here with that stuff. But come! You must go at once. You must not meet paw; you'll blurt out everything to him; I know you! I'll tell him you could not stay to luncheon. Quick, now; go. What? Well—there!"

Whatever it represented, the exclamation was apparently so protracted that Miss Kitty was obliged to push her lover to the front landing before she could disappear by the back stairs. But, once in the street, Barker no longer lingered. It was a good three miles back to the Gulch; he might still reach it by the time his partners were taking their noonday rest, and he resolved that, although the messenger had preceded him, they would not enter upon the new claim until the afternoon. For Barker, in spite of his mistress's injunction, had no idea of taking what he couldn't pay for; he would keep the claim intact until something could be settled. For the rest, he walked on air! Kitty loved him! The accursed wealth no longer stood between them. They were both poor now—everything was possible.

The sun was beginning to send dwarf shadows toward the east when he reached the Gulch. Here a new trepida-

tion seized him. How would his partners receive the news of his utter failure. *He* was happy, for he had gained Kitty through it. But they? For a moment it seemed to him that he had purchased his happiness through their loss. He stopped, took off his hat, and ran his fingers remorsefully through his damp curls.

Another thing troubled him. He had reached the crest of the Gulch, where their old working ground was spread before him like a map. His partners were not there; neither were they lying under the four pines on the ridge where they were wont to rest at midday. He turned with some alarm to the new claim adjoining theirs, but there was no sign of them there either. A sudden fear that they had, after parting from him, given up the claim in a fit of disgust and depression, and departed, now overcame him. He clapped his hat on his head and ran in the direction of the cabin.

He had nearly reached it when the rough challenge of "Who's there?" from the bushes halted him, and Demorest suddenly swung into the trail. But the singular look of sternness and impatience which he was wearing vanished as he saw Barker, and with a loud shout of, "All right; it's only Barker! Hooray!" he ran toward him. In an instant he was joined by Stacy from the cabin, and the two men, catching hold of their returning partner, waltzed him joyfully and breathlessly into the cabin. But the quick-eyed Demorest suddenly let go his hold and stared at Barker's face.

"Why, Barker, old boy, what's up?"

"Everything's up!" gasped the breathless Barker. "It's all up about these stocks. It's all a mistake; all an infernal lie of that newspaper. I never had the right kind of shares. The ones I have are worthless rags"; and the next instant he had blurted out his whole interview with the bank manager.

The two partners looked at each other, and then, to Barker's infinite perplexity, the same extraordinary convulsion that had seized Miss Kitty fell upon them. They laughed, holding on each other's shoulders; they laughed, clinging to Barker's struggling figure; they went out and laughed with their backs against a tree. They laughed separately and in different corners. And then they came up to Barker with tears in their eyes, dropped their heads on his shoulder, and murmured exhaustedly:

"You blessed ass!"

"But," said Stacy suddenly, "how did you manage to buy the claim?"

"Ah! that's the most awful thing, boys. I've *never paid for it*," groaned Barker.

"But Carter sent us the bill of sale," persisted Demorest, "or we shouldn't have taken it."

"I gave my promissory note at thirty days," said Barker desperately, "and where's the money to come from now? But," he added wildly, as the men glanced at each other—"you said 'taken it.' Good heavens! you don't mean to say that I'm *too late*—that you've—you've touched it?"

"I reckon that's pretty much what we *have* been doing," drawled Demorest.

"It looks uncommonly like it," drawled Stacy.

Barker glanced blankly from the one to the other.

"Shall we pass our young friend in to see the show?" said Demorest to Stacy.

"Yes, if he'll be perfectly quiet and not breathe on the glasses," returned Stacy.

They each gravely took one of Barker's hands and led him to the corner of the cabin. There, on an old flour barrel, stood a large tin prospecting pan, in which the partners also occasionally used to knead their bread. A dirty towel cov-

ered it. Demorest whisked it dexterously aside, and disclosed three large fragments of decomposed gold and quartz. Barker started back.

"Heft it!" said Demorest grimly.

Barker could scarcely lift the pan!

"Four thousand dollars' weight if a penny!" said Stacy, in short staccato sentences. "In a pocket! Brought it out the second stroke of the pick! We'd been awfully blue after you left. Awfully blue, too, when that bill of sale came, for we thought you'd been wasting your money on *us*. Reckoned we oughtn't to take it, but send it straight back to you. Messenger gone! Then Demorest reckoned as it was done it couldn't be undone, and we ought to make just one 'prospect' on the claim, and strike a single stroke for you. And there it is. And there's more on the hillside."

"But it isn't *mine*! It isn't *yours*! It's Carter's. I never had the money to pay for it—and I haven't got it now."

"But you gave the note—and it is not due for thirty days."

A recollection flashed upon Barker.

"Yes," he said with thoughtful simplicity, "that's what Kitty said."

"Oh, Kitty said so," said both partners gravely.

"Yes," stammered Barker, turning away with a heightened color, "and, as I didn't stay there to luncheon, I think I'd better be getting it ready."

He picked up the coffee-pot and turned to the hearth as his two partners stepped beyond the door.

"Wasn't it exactly like him?" said Demorest.

"Him all over," said Stacy.

"And his worry over that note?" said Demorest.

"And 'what Kitty said'?" said Stacy.

"Look here! I reckon that wasn't *all* that Kitty said."

"Of course not."

"What luck!"

## STUDY AIDS

*Plot Study.* 1. Read to the class conversation or description that brings out the simple sincerity of Barker up to the point where he discovers his shares. What trait of the man is prominent in his explanation of how he acquired the shares? Read passages that show what kind of men his partners are—their past, their feeling for Barker, their high spirits. How does Barker's sudden wealth make him feel about them?

2. When Barker goes to Boomville, why does he call for Kitty's father? Why is Mr. Carter eager to sell his claim? Why does he go so far as to make out the bill of sale and send it to the partners? What do you suppose is in his mind when he asks Kitty to entertain Barker until lunch?

3. What is Kitty's argument against Barker's proposal of marriage? Do you think she believes it herself? Is it like Barker to be convinced by her reasoning? How does Kitty feel when he acts on her advice?

4. What feelings does Barker have about his wealth as he approaches the bank? What point in Barker's story is it difficult for the banker to believe? Why is Barker pleased at first to learn that he is poor? What quality does he show in returning to the hotel?

5. Why does Kitty call Barker's confession a feeble trick? What does she mean by calling him a "blessed innocent"? Does this quality of innocence arouse her admiration or disdain? Why does she insist on his keeping his poverty a secret from her father? What qualities do her actions show? Read passages to illustrate.

6. Why do the partners laugh at Bark-

er's story of his talk with the banker? Why do they still tease him when he reveals his fears about Carter's two hundred dollar claim?

7. In the conclusion, what *two* pieces of solid luck does Barker's false luck of the morning prove to have brought him? Does the conclusion please or displease you? Tell why.

*Character Study.* In answering the following questions, support each choice by reading from the story. 1. What is the effect of Barker's sudden wealth on his partners—envy, covetousness, hatred, or rejoicing?

2. The effect of the sudden wealth on Barker himself is the core of the story, but his good fortune serves to bring out the true nature of different persons. Does it show Mr. Carter to be cunning, generous, suspicious, or sincere? Does it reveal Kitty as looking out for her own future, alert to Barker's interests, selfishly aiding her father, or caring only for the pleasure of the moment?

In his contact with the other characters in the story does Barker show himself to be indifferent to the opinion of others, very anxious for his own advancement, too sentimental to have good judgment, or honest and sincere?

## EXTENSION READING

This story is from *In a Hollow of the Hills and Other Tales*. "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "Tennessee's Partner" are two of Bret Harte's most famous stories. You will find them in the collection called *The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Tales*, stories of mining days in California.

## THE GOLD BUG

EDGAR ALLAN POE

This story is the most famous of the many tales that have been written about Captain Kidd and his buried treasure. The finding of the treasure is exciting, but you may think Poe shows himself an even greater artist in the manner in which he unravels the mystery of where the treasure was buried.

What ho! what ho! this fellow is dancing mad!  
He hath been bitten by the Tarantula.

—*All in the Wrong.*

MANY years ago I contracted an intimacy with a Mr. William Legrand. He was of an ancient Huguenot<sup>1</sup> family, and had once been wealthy; but a series of misfortunes had reduced him to want. To avoid the mortification consequent upon his disasters, he left New Orleans, the city of his forefathers, and took up his residence at Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, South Carolina.

This island is a very singular one. It consists of little else than the sea sand and is about three miles long. Its breadth at no point exceeds a quarter of a mile. It is separated from the mainland by a scarcely perceptible creek, oozing its way through a wilderness of reeds and slime, a favorite resort of the marsh-hen. The vegetation, as might be supposed, is scant, or at least dwarfish. No trees of any magnitude are to be seen. Near the western extremity, where Fort Moultrie stands, and where are some miserable frame buildings, tenanted during summer by the fugitives from Charleston dust and fever, may be found, indeed, the bristly palmetto; but the whole island, with the exception of this western point, and a line of hard white beach on the seacoast, is covered with a dense undergrowth of the sweet myrtle, so

much prized by the horticulturists of England. The shrub here often attains the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and forms an almost impenetrable coppice, burdening the air with its fragrance.

In the utmost recesses of this coppice, not far from the eastern or more remote end of the island, Legrand had built himself a small hut, which he occupied when I first, by mere accident, made his acquaintance. This soon ripened into friendship—for there was much in the recluse to excite interest and esteem. I found him well educated, with unusual powers of mind, but infected with misanthropy, and subject to perverse moods of alternate enthusiasm and melancholy. He had with him many books but rarely employed them. His chief amusements were gunning and fishing, or sauntering along the beach and through the myrtles in quest of shells or entomological specimens<sup>2</sup>—his collection of the latter might have been envied by a Swammerdamm.<sup>3</sup> In these excursions he was usually accompanied by an old negro called Jupiter, who had been manumitted before the reverses of the family, but who could be induced, neither by threats nor by promises, to abandon what he considered his right of attendance upon the footsteps of his young "Massa Will." It is not improbable that the relatives of Legrand, conceiving him to be somewhat unsettled in intellect, had contrived to instill this obstinacy

<sup>1</sup> *Huguenot*, French Protestant. Many Huguenots emigrated to America in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

<sup>2</sup> *entomological specimens*, specimens of insect life. <sup>3</sup> *Swammerdamm*, a Dutch naturalist (1637-1680), who spent much time in the study of insects.



into Jupiter, with a view to the supervision and guardianship of the wanderer.

The winters in the latitude of Sullivan's Island are seldom very severe, and in the fall of the year it is a rare event indeed when a fire is considered necessary. About the middle of October 18—, there occurred, however, a day of remarkable chilliness. Just before sunset I scrambled my way through the evergreens to the hut of my friend, whom I had not visited for several weeks—my residence being at that time in Charleston, a distance of nine miles from the island, while the facilities of passage and repassage were very far behind those of the present day. Upon reaching the hut I rapped, as was my custom, and, getting no reply, sought for the key where I knew it was secreted, unlocked the door, and went in. A fine fire was blazing upon the hearth. It was a novelty, and by no means an ungrateful one. I threw off an overcoat, took an armchair by the crackling logs, and awaited patiently the arrival of my hosts.

Soon after dark they arrived, and gave me a most cordial welcome. Jupiter, grinning from ear to ear, bustled about to prepare some marsh-hens for supper. Legrand was in one of his fits—how else shall I term them?—of enthusiasm. He had found an unknown bivalve, forming a new genus, and, more than this, he had hunted down and secured, with Jupiter's assistance, a scarabaeus<sup>4</sup> which he believed to be totally new, but in respect to which he wished to have my opinion on the morrow.

"And why not tonight?" I asked, rubbing my hands over the blaze, and wishing the whole tribe of scarabaei at the devil.

"Ah, if I had only known you were here!" said Legrand; "but it's so long since I saw you; and how could I foresee that you would pay me a visit this very night, of all others? As I was com-

ing home I met Lieutenant G—, from the fort, and, very foolishly, I lent him the bug; so it will be impossible for you to see it until the morning. Stay here tonight, and I will send Jup down for it at sunrise. It is the loveliest thing in creation!"

"What? Sunrise?"

"Nonsense! No! The bug. It is of a brilliant gold color—about the size of a large hickory nut—with two jet-black spots near one extremity of the back, and another, somewhat longer, at the other. The antennae are—"

"Day aint *no* tin in him, Massa Will, I keep a tellin on you," here interrupted Jupiter; "de bug is a goole bug, solid, ebery bit of him, inside and all, sep him wing—heber feel half so hebbly a bug in my life."

"Well, suppose it is, Jup," replied Legrand, somewhat more earnestly, it seemed to me, than the case demanded; "is that any reason for your letting the birds burn? The color"—here he turned to me—"is really almost enough to warrant Jupiter's idea. You never saw a more brilliant metallic luster than the scales emit—but of this you cannot judge till tomorrow. In the meantime I can give you some idea of the shape." Saying this, he seated himself at a small table, on which were a pen and ink, but no paper. He looked for some in a drawer, but found none.

"Never mind," said he at length, "this will answer"; and he drew from his waistcoat pocket a scrap of what I took to be very dirty foolscap, and made upon it a rough drawing with the pen. While he did this, I retained my seat by the fire, for I was still chilly. When the design was complete, he handed it to me without rising. As I received it, a low growl was heard, succeeded by a scratching at the door. Jupiter opened it, and a large Newfoundland, belonging to Legrand, rushed in, leaped upon my shoulders, and loaded me with caresses; for I had

<sup>4</sup> *scarabaeus*, beetle.



shown him much attention during previous visits. When his gambols were over, I looked at the paper, and, to speak the truth, found myself not a little puzzled at what my friend had depicted.

"Well!" I said, after contemplating it for some minutes, "this is a strange scarabaeus, I must confess; new to me; never saw anything like it before—unless it was a skull, or a death's-head, which it more nearly resembles than anything else that has come under *my* observation."

"A death's-head!" echoed Legrand—"oh—yes—well, it has something of that appearance upon paper, no doubt. The two upper black spots look like eyes, eh? and the longer one at the bottom like a mouth—and then the shape of the whole is oval."

"Perhaps so," said I; "but, Legrand, I fear you are no artist. I must wait until I see the beetle itself, if I am to form any idea of its personal appearance."

"Well, I don't know," said he, a little nettled, "I draw tolerably—*should* do it at least—have had good masters, and flatter myself that I am not quite a blockhead."

"But, my dear fellow, you are joking then," said I; "this is a very passable *skull*—indeed, I may say that it is a very *excellent* skull, according to the vulgar notions about such specimens of physiology—and your scarabaeus must be the queerest scarabaeus in the world if it resembles it. Why, we may get up a very thrilling bit of superstition upon this hint. I presume you will call the bug *Scarabaeus Caput Hominis*,<sup>5</sup> or something of that kind—there are many similar titles in the Natural Histories. But where are the antennae you spoke of?"

"The antennae!" said Legrand, who seemed to be getting unaccountably warm upon the subject; "I am sure you must see the antennae. I made them as

distinct as they are in the original insect, and I presume that is sufficient."

"Well, well," I said, "perhaps you have—still I don't see them"; and I handed him the paper without additional remark, not wishing to ruffle his temper; but I was much surprised at the turn affairs had taken; his ill humor puzzled me—and as for the drawing of the beetle, there were positively *no* antennae visible, and the whole *did* bear a very close resemblance to the ordinary cuts of a death's-head.

He received the paper very peevishly, and was about to crumple it, apparently to throw it in the fire, when a casual glance at the design seemed suddenly to rivet his attention. In an instant his face grew violently red—in another as excessively pale. For some minutes he continued to scrutinize the drawing minutely where he sat. At length he arose, took a candle from the table, and proceeded to seat himself upon a sea-chest in the farthest corner of the room. Here again he made an anxious examination of the paper, turning it in all directions. He said nothing, however, and his conduct greatly astonished me; yet I thought it prudent not to exacerbate the growing moodiness of his temper by any comment. Presently he took from his coat pocket a wallet, placed the paper carefully in it, and deposited both in a writing-desk, which he locked. He now grew more composed in his demeanor; but his original air of enthusiasm had quite disappeared. Yet he seemed not so much sulky as abstracted. As the evening wore away he became more and more absorbed in reverie, from which no sallies of mine could arouse him. It had been my intention to pass the night at the hut, as I had frequently done before, but seeing my host in this mood, I deemed it proper to take leave. He did not press me to remain, but, as I departed, he shook my hand with even more than his usual cordiality.

<sup>5</sup> *Scarabaeus Caput Hominis*, man's-head beetle.

It was about a month after this (and during the interval I had seen nothing of Legrand) when I received a visit, at Charleston, from his man, Jupiter. I had never seen the good old negro look so dispirited, and I feared that some serious disaster had befallen my friend.

"Well, Jup," said I, "what is the matter now? How is your master?"

"Why, to speak de troof, massa, him not so berry well as mought be."

"Not well! I am truly sorry to hear it. What does he complain of?"

"Dar, dat's it! Him neber plain of notin—but him berry sick for all dat."

"Very sick, Jupiter! Why didn't you say so at once? Is he confined to his bed?"

"No, dat he ain't! He ain't find no-whar—dat's just whar de shoe pinch—my mind is got to be berry hebby bout poor Massa Will."

"Jupiter, I should like to understand what it is you are talking about. You say your master is sick. Hasn't he told you what ails him?"

"Why, massa, 'tain't worf while for to git mad bout de matter. Massa Will say noffin at all ain't de matter wid him—but den what make him go bout looking dis here way, wid he head down and he soldiers up, and as white as a gose? And den he keeps a syphon all de time—"

"Keeps a what, Jupiter?"

"Keeps a syphon wid de figgurs on de slate—de queerest figgurs I ebber did see. I'se gittin to be skeered, I tell you. Hab for to keep mighty tight eye pon him noovers." Todder day he gib me slip fore de sun up, and was gone de whole ob de blessed day. I had a big stick ready cut for to gib him d—d good beating when he did come—but I'se sich a fool dat I hadn't de heart arter all—he look so berry poorly."

"Eh?—what? Ah, yes! Upon the whole, I think you had better not be too severe with the poor fellow. Don't flog him, Jupiter—he can't very well stand

<sup>a</sup> *pon him noovers, upon his maneuvers.*

it. But can you form no idea of what has occasioned this illness, or rather this change of conduct? Has anything unpleasant happened since I saw you?"

"No, massa, dey ain't bin noffin on-pleasant *since* den. 'Twas *fore* den I'm feared—'twas de berry day you was dare."

"How? What do you mean?"

"Why, massa, I mean de bug—dare now."

"The what?"

"De bug—I'm berry sartain dat Massa Will bin bit somewhere bout de head by dat goole bug."

"And what cause have you, Jupiter, for such a supposition?"

"Claws enuff, massa, and mouff too. I nebber did see sich a d—d bug. He kick and he bite eberyting what cum near him. Massa Will cotch him fuss, but had for to let him go gin mighty quick, I tell you. Den was de time he must ha got de bite. I didn't like de look of de bug mouff, myself, nohow; so I wouldn't take hold ob him wid my finger, but I cotch him wid a piece ob paper dat I found. I rap him up in de paper and stuff piece ob it in de mouff—dat was de way."

"And you think, then, that your master was really bitten by the beetle, and that the bite made him sick?"

"I don't tink noffin about it—I nose it. What make him dream bout de goole so much, if 'tain't cause he bit by de goole bug? I'se heerd bout dem goole bugs fore dis."

"But how do you know he dreams about gold?"

"How I know? Why, cause he talk about it in he sleep—dat's how I nose."

"Well, Jup, perhaps you are right; but to what fortunate circumstances am I to attribute the honor of a visit from you today?"

"What de matter, massa?"

"Did you bring any message from Mr. Legrand?"

"No, massa, I bring dis here pissel";

and here Jupiter handed me a note which ran thus:

My dear —: Why have I not seen you for so long a time? I hope you have not been so foolish as to take offense at any little *brusquerie*<sup>7</sup> of mine; but no, that is improbable.

Since I saw you I have had great cause for anxiety. I have something to tell you, yet scarcely know how to tell it, or whether I should tell it at all.

I have not been quite well for some days past, and poor old Jup annoys me, almost beyond endurance, by his well-meant attentions. Would you believe it—he had prepared a huge stick, the other day, with which to chastise me for giving him the slip, and spending the day, *solus*,<sup>8</sup> among the hills on the mainland. I verily believe that my ill looks alone saved me a flogging.

I have made no addition to my cabinet since we met. If you can, in any way, make it convenient, come over with Jupiter. Do come. I wish to see you *tonight*, upon business of importance. I assure you that it is of the *highest* importance.

Ever yours,  
William Legrand

There was something in the tone of this note which gave me great uneasiness. Its whole style differed materially from that of Legrand. What could he be dreaming of? What new crotchet possessed his excitable brain? What "business of the highest importance" could *he* possibly have to transact? Jupiter's account of him boded no good. I dreaded lest the continued pressure of misfortune had, at length, fairly unsettled the reason of my friend. Without a moment's hesitation, therefore, I prepared to accompany the negro.

Upon reaching the wharf, I noticed a scythe and three spades, all apparently new, lying in the bottom of the boat in which we were to embark.

"What is the meaning of all this, Jup?" I inquired.

"Him syfe, massa, and spade."

"Very true; but what are they doing here?"

"Him de syfe and de spade what Massa Will sis pon my buying for him in de town, and de debbil's own lot of money I had to gib for em."

"But what, in the name of all that is mysterious, is your 'Massa Will' going to do with scythes and spades?"

"Dat's more dan I know, and debbil take me if I don't believe 'tis more dan he know, too. But it's all cum ob de bug."

Finding that no satisfaction was to be obtained of Jupiter, whose whole intellect seemed to be absorbed by "de bug," I now stepped into the boat and made sail. With a fair and strong breeze we soon ran into the little cove to the northward of Fort Moultrie, and a walk of some two miles brought us to the hut. It was about three in the afternoon when we arrived. Legrand had been awaiting us in eager expectation. He grasped my hand with a nervous *empressment*,<sup>9</sup> which alarmed me and strengthened the suspicions already entertained. His countenance was pale even to ghastliness, and his deep-set eyes glared with unnatural luster. After some inquiries respecting his health I asked him, not knowing what better to say, if he had yet obtained the scarabaeus from Lieutenant G—.

"Oh, yes," he replied, coloring violently, "I got it from him the next morning. Nothing should tempt me to part with that scarabaeus. Do you know that Jupiter is quite right about it?"

"In what way?" I asked, with a sad foreboding at heart.

"In supposing it to be a bug of *real gold*." He said this with an air of profound seriousness, and I felt inexpressibly shocked.

"This bug is to make my fortune," he continued, with a triumphant smile, "to reinstate me in my family possessions. Is it any wonder, then, that I prize it?

<sup>7</sup> *brusquerie*, rudeness. <sup>8</sup> *solus*, alone.

<sup>9</sup> *empressment*, eagerness.

Since Fortune has thought fit to bestow it upon me, I have only to use it properly and I shall arrive at the gold of which it is the index. Jupiter, bring me that scarabaeus!"

"What! de bug, massa? I'd rudder not go fer trubble dat bug—you mus git him for your own self." Hereupon Legrand arose, with a grave and stately air, and brought me the beetle from a glass case in which it was enclosed. It was a beautiful scarabaeus, and, at that time, unknown to naturalists—of course a great prize in a scientific point of view. There were two round, black spots near one extremity of the back, and a long one near the other. The scales were exceedingly hard and glossy, with all the appearance of burnished gold. The weight of the insect was very remarkable, and, taking all things into consideration, I could hardly blame Jupiter for his opinion respecting it; but what to make of Legrand's agreement with that opinion, I could not, for the life of me, tell.

"I sent for you," said he, in a grandiloquent tone, when I had completed my examination of the beetle, "I sent for you that I might have your counsel and assistance in furthering the views of Fate and of the bug—"

"My dear Legrand," I cried, interrupting him, "you are certainly unwell, and had better use some little precautions. You shall go to bed, and I will remain with you a few days, until you get over this. You are feverish and—"

"Feel my pulse," said he.

I felt it, and, to say the truth, found not the slightest indication of fever.

"But you may be ill, and yet have no fever. Allow me this once to prescribe for you. In the first place, go to bed. In the next—"

"You are mistaken," he interposed; "I am as well as I can expect to be under the excitement which I suffer. If you really wish me well, you will relieve this excitement."

"And how is this to be done?"

"Very easily. Jupiter and myself are going upon an expedition into the hills, upon the mainland, and, in this expedition, we shall need the aid of some person in whom we can confide. You are the only one we can trust. Whether we succeed or fail, the excitement which you now perceive in me will be equally allayed."

"I am anxious to oblige you in any way," I replied; "but do you mean to say that this infernal beetle has any connection with your expedition into the hills?"

"It has."

"Then, Legrand, I can become a party to no such absurd proceeding."

"I am sorry—very sorry—for we shall have to try it by ourselves."

"Try it by yourselves! The man is surely mad! But stay—how long do you propose to be absent?"

"Probably all night. We shall start immediately, and be back, at all events, by sunrise."

"And will you promise me, upon your honor, that when this freak of yours is over and the bug business (good God!) settled to your satisfaction, you will then return home and follow my advice implicitly, as that of your physician?"

"Yes, I promise; and now let us be off, for we have no time to lose."

With a heavy heart I accompanied my friend. We started about four o'clock—Legrand, Jupiter, the dog, and myself. Jupiter had with him the scythe and spades—the whole of which he insisted upon carrying, more through fear, it seemed to me, of trusting either of the implements within reach of his master, than from any excess of industry or complaisance. His demeanor was dogged in the extreme, and "dat d—d bug" were the sole words which escaped his lips during the journey. For my own part, I had charge of a couple of dark lanterns, while Legrand contented himself with the scarabaeus, which he carried

attached to the end of a bit of whipcord, twirling it to and fro, with the air of a conjuror, as he went. When I observed this last, plain evidence of my friend's aberration of mind, I could scarcely refrain from tears. I thought it best, however, to humor his fancy, at least for the present, or until I could adopt some more energetic measures with a chance of success. In the meantime I endeavored, but all in vain, to sound him in regard to the object of the expedition. Having succeeded in inducing me to accompany him, he seemed unwilling to hold conversation upon any topic of minor importance, and to all my questions vouchsafed no other reply than, "We shall see!"

We crossed the creek at the head of the island by means of a skiff, and, ascending the high grounds on the shore of the mainland, proceeded in a north-westerly direction through a tract of country excessively wild and desolate, where no trace of a human footstep was to be seen. Legrand led the way with decision, pausing only for an instant, here and there, to consult what appeared to be certain landmarks of his own contrivance upon a former occasion.

In this manner we journeyed for about two hours, and the sun was just setting when we entered a region infinitely more dreary than any yet seen. It was a species of table-land, near the summit of an almost inaccessible hill, densely wooded from base to pinnacle, and interspersed with huge crags that appeared to lie loosely upon the soil, and in many cases were prevented from precipitating themselves into the valleys below merely by the support of the trees against which they reclined. Deep ravines, in various directions, gave an air of still sterner solemnity to the scene.

The natural platform to which we had clambered was thickly overgrown with brambles, through which we soon discovered that it would have been impossible to force our way but for the

scythe; and Jupiter, by direction of his master, proceeded to clear for us a path to the foot of an immensely large tulip tree, which stood, with some eight or ten oaks, upon the level, and far surpassed them all, and all other trees which I had then ever seen, in the beauty of its foliage and form, in the wide spread of its branches, and in the general majesty of its appearance. When we reached this tree, Legrand turned to Jupiter and asked him if he thought he could climb it. The old man seemed a little staggered by the question, and for some moments made no reply. At length he approached the huge trunk, walked slowly around it, and examined it with minute attention. When he had completed his scrutiny, he merely said:

"Yes, massa, Jup climb any tree he ebber see in he life."

"Then up with you as soon as possible, for it will soon be too dark to see what we are about."

"How far mus go up, massa?"

"Get up the main trunk first, and then I will tell you which way to go—and here—stop! take this beetle with you."

"De bug, Massa Will! De goole bug!" cried the negro, drawing back in dismay; "what for mus tote de bug way up de tree? D—n if I do!"

"If you are afraid, Jup, a great big negro like you, to take hold of a harmless little dead beetle, why, you can carry it up by this string—but, if you do not take it up with you in some way, I shall be under the necessity of breaking your head with this shovel."

"What de matter now, massa?" said Jup, evidently shamed into compliance; "always want fur to raise fuss wid old nigger. Was only funnin, anyhow. *Me* feered de bug! What I keer for de bug?" Here he took cautiously hold of the extreme end of the string, and, maintaining the insect as far from his person as circumstances would permit, prepared to ascend the tree.

In youth, the tulip tree, or *Liriodendron Tulipifera*, the most magnificent of American foresters, has a trunk peculiarly smooth, and often rises to a great height without lateral branches; but in its riper age the bark becomes gnarled and uneven, while many short limbs make their appearance on the stem. Thus the difficulty of ascension, in the present case, lay more in semblance than in reality. Embracing the huge cylinder, as closely as possible, with his arms and knees, seizing with his hands some projections, and resting his naked toes upon others, Jupiter, after one or two narrow escapes from falling, at length wriggled himself into the first great fork, and seemed to consider the whole business as virtually accomplished. The *risk* of the achievement was, in fact, now over, although the climber was some sixty or seventy feet from the ground.

"Which way mus go now, Massa Will?" he asked.

"Keep up the largest branch, the one on this side," said Legrand. The negro obeyed him promptly, and apparently with but little trouble, ascending higher and higher, until no glimpse of his squat figure could be obtained through the dense foliage which enveloped it. Presently his voice was heard in a sort of halloo.

"How much fudder is got for go?"

"How high up are you?" asked Legrand.

"Ebber so fur," replied the negro; "can see de sky fru de top of de tree."

"Never mind the sky, but attend to what I say. Look down the trunk and count the limbs below you on this side. How many limbs have you passed?"

"One, two, tree, four, fibe—I done pass fibe big limb, massa, pon dis side."

"Then go one limb higher."

In a few minutes the voice was heard again, announcing that the seventh limb was attained.

"Now, Jup," cried Legrand, evidently

much excited, "I want you to work your way out upon that limb as far as you can. If you see anything strange, let me know."

By this time what little doubt I might have entertained of my poor friend's insanity was put finally at rest. I had no alternative but to conclude him stricken with lunacy, and I became seriously anxious about getting him home. While I was pondering upon what was best to be done, Jupiter's voice was again heard.

"Mos feered for to ventur pon dis limb berry far—'tis dead limb putty much all de way."

"Did you say it was a *dead* limb, Jupiter?" cried Legrand in a quavering voice.

"Yes, massa, him dead as de doornail—done up for sartain—done departed dis here life."

"What in the name of Heaven shall I do?" asked Legrand, seemingly in the greatest distress.

"Do!" said I, glad of an opportunity to interpose a word, "why, come home and go to bed. Come now! That's a fine fellow. It's getting late, and, besides, you remember your promise."

"Jupiter," cried he, without heeding me in the least, "do you hear mé?"

"Yes, Massa Will, hear you ebber so plain."

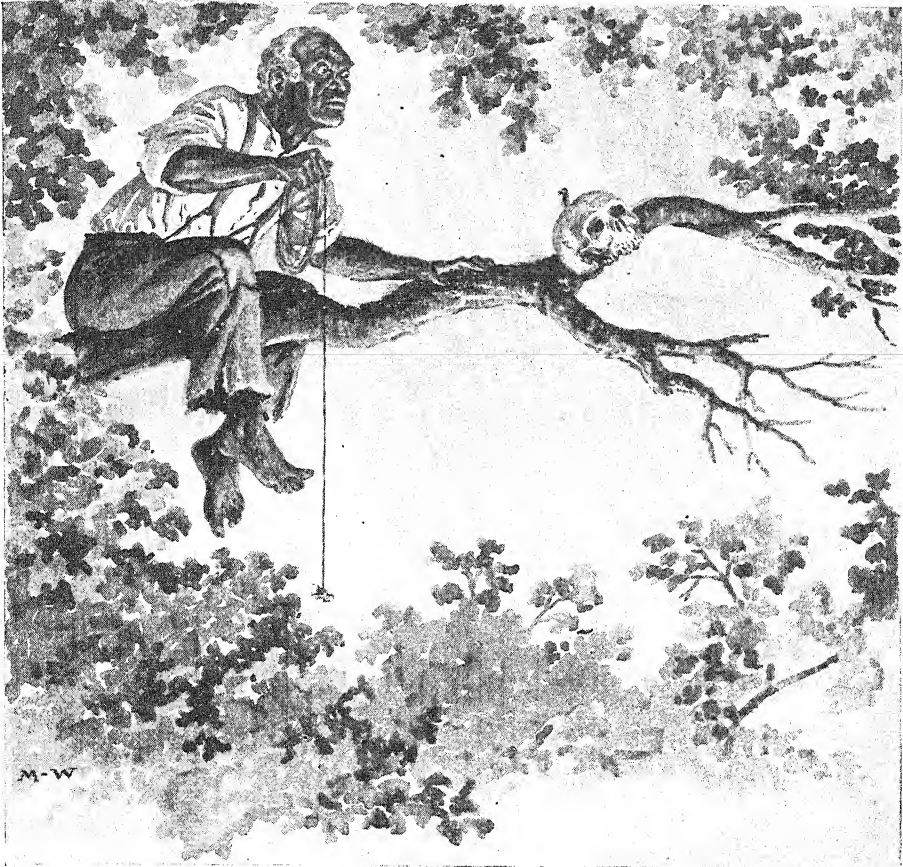
"Try the wood well, then, with your knife, and see if you think it *very* rotten."

"Him rotten, massa, sure nuff," replied the negro in a few moments, "but not so berry rotten as mought be. Mought ventur out leetle way pon de limb by myself, dat's true."

"By yourself! What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean de bug. 'Tis *berry* hebby bug. Spose I drop him down fuss, and den de limb won't break wid just de weight ob one nigger."

"You infernal scoundrell!" cried Legrand, apparently much relieved, "what do you mean by telling me such non-



"Why, 'tain't nuffin but a skull"

sense as that? As sure as you let that beetle fall, I'll break your neck. Look here, Jupiter, do you hear me?"

"Yes, massa; needn't hollo at poor nigger dat style."

"Well, now listen! If you will venture out on the limb as far as you think safe, and not let go the beetle, I'll make you a present of a silver dollar as soon as you get down."

"I'm gwine, Massa Will—deed I is," replied the negro very promptly, "most out to de cend now."

"*Out to the end!*" here fairly screamed Legrand; "do you say you are out to the end of that limb?"

"Soon be to de cend, massa—o-o-o-o-

oh! Lorgol-a-marcy! what *is* dis here pon de tree?"

"Well!" cried Legrand, highly delighted, "what is it?"

"Why, 'tain't nuffin but a skull—somebody bin lef him head up de tree, an de crows done gobble ebery bit ob de meat off."

"A skull, you say! Very well! how is it fastened to the limb? What holds it on?"

"Sure nuff, massa; mus look. Why, dis berry curious sarcumstance, pon my word—dare's a great big nail in de skull, what fastens ob it on to de tree."

"Well, now, Jupiter, do exactly as I tell you—do you hear?"



"Yes, massa."

"Pay attention, then! Find the left eye of the skull."

"Hum! hoo! dat's good! Why, dar ain't no eye lef at all."

"Curse your stupidity! Do you know your right hand from your left?"

"Yes, I nose dat—nose all bout dat—'tis my lef hand what I chops de wood wid."

"To be sure! you are left-handed; and your left eye is on the same side as your left hand. Now, I suppose you can find the left eye of the skull, or the place where the left eye has been. Have you found it?"

Here was a long pause. At length the negro asked, "Is de lef eye of de skull pon de same side as de lef hand of de skull, too? Cause de skull ain't got not a bit ob a hand at all—nebber mind! I got de lef eye now—here de lef eye! What must do wid it?"

"Let the beetle drop through it, as far as the string will reach—but be careful and not let go your hold of the string."

"All dat done, Massa Will; mighty easy ting for to put de bug fru de hole—look out for him dar below!"

During this colloquy no portion of Jupiter's person could be seen; but the beetle, which he had suffered to descend, was now visible at the end of the string, and glistened like a globe of burnished gold in the last rays of the setting sun, some of which still faintly illumined the eminence upon which we stood. The scarabaeus hung quite clear of any branches, and, if allowed to fall, would have fallen at our feet. Legrand immediately took the scythe, and cleared with it a circular space, three or four yards in diameter, just beneath the insect, and, having accomplished this, ordered Jupiter to let go the string and come down from the tree.

Driving a peg, with great nicety, into the ground at the precise spot where the beetle fell, my friend now produced

from his pocket a tape-measure. Fastening one end of this at that point of the trunk of the tree which was nearest the peg, he unrolled it till it reached the peg, and thence farther unrolled it, in the direction already established by the two points of the tree and the peg, for the distance of fifty feet—Jupiter clearing away the brambles with the scythe. At the spot thus attained a second peg was driven, and about this, as a center, a rude circle, about four feet in diameter, described. Taking now a spade himself, and giving one to Jupiter and one to me, Legrand begged us to set about digging as quickly as possible.

To speak the truth, I had no especial relish for such amusement at any time, and, at that particular moment, would most willingly have declined it; for the night was coming on, and I felt much fatigued with the exercise already taken; but I saw no mode of escape, and was fearful of disturbing my poor friend's equanimity by a refusal. Could I have depended, indeed, upon Jupiter's aid, I would have had no hesitation in attempting to get the lunatic home by force; but I was too well assured of the old negro's disposition to hope that he would assist me, under any circumstances, in a personal contest with his master. I made no doubt that the latter had been infected with some of the innumerable Southern superstitions about money buried, and that his fantasy had received confirmation by the finding of the scarabaeus or, perhaps, by Jupiter's obstinacy in maintaining it to be "a bug of real gold." A mind disposed to lunacy would readily be led away by such suggestions, especially if chiming in with favorite preconceived ideas; and then I called to mind the poor fellow's speech about the beetle's being the "index of his fortune." Upon the whole, I was sadly vexed and puzzled, but at length I concluded to make a virtue of necessity—to dig with a good will, and thus the

sooner to convince the visionary, by ocular demonstration, of the fallacy of the opinions he entertained.

The lanterns having been lit, we all fell to work with a zeal worthy a more rational cause; and, as the glare fell upon our persons and implements, I could not help thinking how picturesque a group we composed, and how strange and suspicious our labors must have appeared to any interloper who, by chance, might have stumbled upon our whereabouts.

We dug very steadily for two hours. Little was said; and our chief embarrassment lay in the yelpings of the dog, who took exceeding interest in our proceedings. He, at length, became so obstreperous that we grew fearful of his giving the alarm to some stragglers in the vicinity; or, rather, this was the apprehension of Legrand; for myself, I should have rejoiced at any interruption which might have enabled me to get the wanderer home. The noise was, at length, very effectually silenced by Jupiter, who, getting out of the hole with a dogged air of deliberation, tied the brute's mouth up with one of his suspenders, and then returned, with a grave chuckle to his task.

When the time mentioned had expired, we had reached a depth of five feet, and yet no signs of any treasure became manifest. A general pause ensued, and I began to hope that the farce was at an end. Legrand, however, although evidently much disconcerted, wiped his brow thoughtfully and recommenced. We had excavated the entire circle of four feet diameter, and now we slightly enlarged the limit, and went to the farther depth of two feet. Still nothing appeared. The gold-seeker, whom I sincerely pitied, at length clambered from the pit, with the bitterest disappointment imprinted upon every feature, and proceeded slowly and reluctantly, to put on his coat, which he had thrown off at the beginning of his labor. In the mean-

time I made no remark. Jupiter, at a signal from his master, began to gather up his tools. This done, and the dog having been unmuzzled, we turned in profound silence toward home.

We had taken, perhaps, a dozen steps in this direction, when, with a loud oath, Legrand strode up to Jupiter, and seized him by the collar. The astonished negro opened his eyes and mouth to the fullest extent, let fall the spades, and fell upon his knees.

"You scoundrel," said Legrand, hissing out the syllables from between his clenched teeth, "you infernal black villain! Speak, I tell you! Answer me this instant, without prevarication! Which—which is your left eye?"

"Oh, my golly, Massa Will! Ain't dis here my lef eye for sartain?" roared the terrified Jupiter, placing his hand upon his *right* organ of vision, and holding it there with a desperate pertinacity, as if in immediate dread of his master's attempt at a gouge.

"I thought so! I knew it! Hurrah!" vociferated Legrand, letting the negro go, and executing a series of curvets and caracoles, much to the astonishment of his valet, who, arising from his knees, looked mutely from his master to myself, and then from myself to his master.

"Come! We must go back," said the latter, "the game's not up yet"; and he again led the way to the tulip tree.

"Jupiter," said he, when we reached its foot, "come here! Was the skull nailed to the limb with the face outward, or with the face to the limb?"

"De face was out, massa, so dat de crows could get at de eyes good, widout any trouble."

"Well, then, was it this eye or that through which you dropped the beetle?" Here Legrand touched each of Jupiter's eyes.

"'Twas dis eye, Massa—de lef eye—jis as you tell me," and here it was his right eye that the negro indicated.

"That will do—we must try it again."

Here, my friend, about whose madness I now saw, or fancied that I saw, certain indications of method, removed the peg which marked the spot where the beetle fell, to a spot about three inches to the westward of its former position. Taking, now, the tape-measure from the nearest point of the trunk to the peg, as before, and continuing the extension in a straight line to the distance of fifty feet, a spot was indicated, removed, by several yards, from the point at which we had been digging.

Around the new position, a circle, somewhat larger than in the former instance, was now described, and we again set to work with the spades. I was dreadfully weary, but, scarcely understanding what had occasioned the change in my thoughts, I felt no longer any great aversion from the labor imposed. I had become most unaccountably interested—nay, even excited. Perhaps there was something, amid all the extravagant demeanor of Legrand—some air of forethought, or of deliberation—which impressed me. I dug eagerly, and now and then caught myself actually looking, with something that very much resembled expectation, for the fancied treasure, the vision of which had demented my unfortunate companion. At a period when such vagaries of thought most fully possessed me, and when we had been at work perhaps an hour and a half, we were again interrupted by the violent howlings of the dog. His uneasiness, in the first instance, had been evidently but the result of playfulness or caprice, but he now assumed a bitter and serious tone. Upon Jupiter's again attempting to muzzle him, he made furious resistance, and, leaping into the hole, tore up the mold frantically with his claws. In a few seconds he had uncovered a mass of human bones, forming two complete skeletons, intermingled with several buttons of

metal, and what appeared to be the dust of decayed woolen. One or two strokes of a spade upturned the blade of a large Spanish knife and, as we dug farther, three or four loose pieces of gold and silver coin came to light.

At sight of these the joy of Jupiter could scarcely be restrained, but the countenance of his master wore an air of extreme disappointment. He urged us, however, to continue our exertions, and the words were hardly uttered when I stumbled and fell forward, having caught the toe of my boot in a large ring of iron that lay half buried in the loose earth.

We now worked in earnest, and never did I pass ten minutes of more intense excitement. During this interval we had fairly unearthed an oblong chest of wood, which, from its perfect preservation and wonderful hardness, had plainly been subjected to some mineralizing process—perhaps that of the bichloride of mercury. This box was three feet and a half long, three feet broad, and two and a half feet deep. It was firmly secured by bands of wrought iron, riveted, and forming a kind of trellis-work over the whole. On each side of the chest, near the top, were three rings of iron—six in all—by means of which a firm hold could be obtained by six persons. Our utmost united endeavors served only to disturb the coffer very slightly in its bed. We at once saw the impossibility of removing so great a weight. Luckily, the sole fastenings of the lid consisted of two sliding bolts. These we drew back—trembling and panting with anxiety. In an instant, a treasure of incalculable value lay gleaming before us. As the rays of the lanterns fell within the pit, there flashed upward, from a confused heap of gold and of jewels, a glow and a glare that absolutely dazzled our eyes.

I shall not pretend to describe the feelings with which I gazed. Amazement



A glare that dazzled our eyes

was, of course, predominant. Legrand appeared exhausted with excitement, and spoke very few words. Jupiter's countenance wore, for some minutes, as deadly a pallor as it is possible, in the nature of things, for any negro's visage to assume. He seemed stupefied—thunder-stricken. Presently he fell upon his knees in the pit and, burying his naked arms up to the elbows in gold, let them there remain, as if enjoying the luxury of a bath. At length, with a deep sigh, he exclaimed, as if in a soliloquy:

"And dis all cum ob de goole bug, de putty goole bug, de poor little goole bug, what I boosed in dat sabage kind ob style! Ain't you shamed ob yourself, nigger? Answer me dat!"

It became necessary, at last, that I should arouse both master and valet to the expediency of removing the treasure. It was growing late, and it behooved us to make exertion, that we might get everything housed before daylight. It was difficult to say what should be done, and much time was spent in deliberation—so confused were the ideas of all. We finally lightened the box by removing two-thirds of its contents, when we were enabled, with some trouble, to raise it from the hole. The articles taken out were deposited among the brambles, and the dog left to guard them, with strict orders from Jupiter neither, upon any pretense, to stir from the spot, nor to open his mouth until our return. We then hurriedly made for home with the chest, reaching the hut in safety, but after excessive toil, at one o'clock in the morning. Worn out as we were, it was not in human nature to do more just now. We rested until two, and had supper, starting for the hills immediately afterwards, armed with three stout sacks, which by good luck were upon the premises. A little before four we arrived at the pit, divided the remainder of the booty, as equally as might be, among us, and, leaving the

holes unfilled, again set out for the hut, at which, for the second time, we deposited our golden burdens, just as the first streaks of the dawn gleamed from over the treetops in the east.

We were now thoroughly broken down, but the intense excitement of the time denied us repose. After an unquiet slumber of some three or four hours' duration, we arose, as if by preconcert, to make examination of our treasure.

The chest had been full to the brim, and we spent the whole day, and the greater part of the next night, in a scrutiny of its contents. There had been nothing like order or arrangement. Everything had been heaped in promiscuously. Having assorted all with care, we found ourselves possessed of even vaster wealth than we had at first supposed. In coin there was rather more than four hundred and fifty thousand dollars—estimating the value of the pieces, as accurately as we could, by the tables of the period. There was not a particle of silver. All was gold of antique date and of great variety: French, Spanish, and German money, with a few English guineas, and some counters of which we had never seen specimens before. There were several very large and heavy coins, so worn that we could make nothing of their inscriptions. There was no American money. The value of the jewels we found more difficulty in estimating. There were diamonds—some of them exceedingly large and fine—a hundred and ten in all, and not one of them small; eighteen rubies of remarkable brilliancy; three hundred and ten emeralds, all very beautiful; and twenty-one sapphires, with an opal. These stones had all been broken from their settings and thrown loose in the chest. The settings themselves, which we picked out from among the other gold, appeared to have been beaten up with hammers, as if to prevent identification. Besides all this, there was a vast

quantity of solid gold ornaments: nearly two hundred massive finger- and ear-rings; rich chains—thirty of these, if I remember; eighty-three very large and heavy crucifixes; five gold censers<sup>10</sup> of great value; a prodigious golden punch-bowl, ornamented with richly chased vine-leaves and Bacchanalian<sup>11</sup> figures; two sword-handles exquisitely embossed; and many other smaller articles which I cannot recollect. The weight of these valuables exceeded three hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois; and in this estimate I have not included one hundred and ninety-seven superb gold watches, three of the number being worth each five hundred dollars, if one. Many of them were very old, and as timekeepers valueless, the works having suffered more or less from corrosion; but all were richly jeweled and in cases of great worth. We estimated the entire contents of the chest, that night, at a million and a half of dollars; and, upon the subsequent disposal of the trinkets and jewels (a few being retained for our own use), it was found that we had greatly undervalued the treasure.

When, at length, we had concluded our examination, and the intense excitement of the time had in some measure subsided, Legrand, who saw that I was dying with impatience for a solution of this most extraordinary riddle, entered into a full detail of all the circumstances connected with it.

"You remember," said he, "the night when I handed you the rough sketch I had made of the scarabæus. You recollect, also, that I became quite vexed at you for insisting that my drawing resembled a death's-head. When you first made this assertion, I thought you were jesting; but afterwards I called to mind the peculiar spots on the back of the

insect, and admitted to myself that your remark had some little foundation in fact. Still, the sneer at my graphic powers irritated me—for I am considered a good artist—and, therefore, when you handed me the scrap of parchment, I was about to crumple it up, and throw it angrily into the fire."

"The scrap of paper, you mean," said I.

"No; it had much of the appearance of paper, and at first I supposed it to be such, but when I came to draw upon it, I discovered it, at once, to be a piece of very thin parchment. It was quite dirty, you remember. Well, as I was in the very act of crumpling it up, my glance fell upon the sketch at which you had been looking, and you may imagine my astonishment when I perceived, in fact, the figure of a death's-head just where, it seemed to me, I had made the drawing of the beetle. For a moment I was too much amazed to think with accuracy. I knew that my design was very different in detail from this—although there was a certain similarity in general outline. Presently I took a candle, and, seating myself at the other end of the room, proceeded to scrutinize the parchment more closely. Upon turning it over, I saw my own sketch upon the reverse, just as I had made it. My first idea, now, was mere surprise at the really remarkable similarity of outline—at the singular coincidence involved in the fact that, unknown to me, there should have been a skull upon the other side of the parchment, immediately beneath my figure of the scarabæus, and that this skull, not only in outline, but in size, should so closely resemble my drawing. I say the singularity of this coincidence absolutely stupefied me for a time. This is the usual effect of such coincidences. The mind struggles to establish a connection—a sequence of cause and effect—and, being unable to do so, suffers a species of temporary paralysis. But

<sup>10</sup> censers, vessels in which incense is burned. <sup>11</sup> Bacchanalian, from Bacchus, the Greek god of wine.



when I recovered from this stupor, there dawned upon me gradually a conviction which startled me even far more than the coincidence. I began distinctly, positively, to remember that there had been *no* drawing on the parchment when I made my sketch of the scarabaeus. I became perfectly certain of this; for I recollected turning up first one side and then the other, in search of the cleanest spot. Had the skull been then there, of course I could not have failed to notice it. Here was indeed a mystery which I felt it impossible to explain; but, even at that early moment, there seemed to glimmer, faintly, within the most remote and secret chambers of my intellect, a glowworm-like conception of that truth which last night's adventure brought to so magnificent a demonstration. I arose at once and, putting the parchment securely away, dismissed all further reflection until I should be alone.

"When you had gone, and when Jupiter was fast asleep, I betook myself to a more methodical investigation of the affair. In the first place, I considered the manner in which the parchment had come into my possession. The spot where we discovered the scarabaeus was on the coast of the mainland, about a mile eastward of the island, and but a short distance above high-water mark. Upon my taking hold of it, it gave me a sharp bite, which caused me to let it drop. Jupiter, with his accustomed caution, before seizing the insect, which had flown toward him, looked about him for a leaf, or something of that nature, by which to take hold of it. It was at this moment that his eyes, and mine, also, fell upon the scrap of parchment, which I then supposed to be paper. It was lying half-buried in the sand, a corner sticking up. Near the spot where we found it, I observed the remnants of the hull of what appeared to have been a ship's long boat. The wreck seemed to have been there for a

very great while; for the resemblance to boat timbers could scarcely be traced.

"Well, Jupiter picked up the parchment, wrapped the beetle in it, and gave it to me. Soon afterwards we turned to go home, and on the way met Lieutenant G—. I showed him the insect, and he begged me to let him take it to the fort. On my consenting, he thrust it forthwith into his waistcoat pocket, without the parchment in which it had been wrapped, and which I had continued to hold in my hand during his inspection. Perhaps he dreaded my changing my mind, and thought it best to make sure of the prize at once—you know how enthusiastic he is on all subjects connected with Natural History. At the same time, without being conscious of it, I must have deposited the parchment in my own pocket.

"You remember that when I went to the table, for the purpose of making a sketch of the beetle, I found no paper where it was usually kept. I looked in the drawer, and found none there. I searched my pockets, hoping to find an old letter, and then my hand fell upon the parchment. I thus detail the precise mode in which it came into my possession; for the circumstances impressed me with peculiar force.

"No doubt you will think me fanciful—but I had already established a kind of *connection*. I had put together two links of a great chain. There was a boat lying on a seacoast, and not far from the boat was a parchment—*not a paper*—with a skull depicted on it. You will, of course, ask 'Where is the connection?' I reply that the skull, or death's-head, is the well-known emblem of the pirate. The flag of the death's-head is hoisted in all engagements.

"I have said that the scrap was parchment, and not paper. Parchment is durable—almost imperishable. Matters of little moment are rarely consigned to parchment; since, for the mere ordinary



purposes of drawing or writing, it is not nearly so well adapted as paper. This reflection suggested some meaning—some relevancy—in the death's-head. I did not fail to observe, also, the *form* of the parchment. Although one of its corners had been, by some accident, destroyed, it could be seen that the original form was oblong. It was just such a slip, indeed, as might have been chosen for a memorandum—for a record of something to be long remembered and carefully preserved."

"But," I interposed, "you say that the skull was *not* upon the parchment when you made the drawing of the beetle. How then do you trace any connection between the boat and the skull—since this latter, according to your own admission, must have been designed (God only knows how or by whom) at some period subsequent to your sketching the scarabaeus?"

"Ah, hereupon turns the whole mystery; although the secret, at this point, I had comparatively little difficulty in solving. My steps were sure, and could afford but a single result. I reasoned, for example, thus: When I drew the scarabaeus, there was no skull apparent on the parchment. When I had completed the drawing I gave it to you, and observed you narrowly until you returned it. *You*, therefore, did not design the skull, and no one else was present to do it. Then it was not done by human agency. And nevertheless it was done.

"At this stage of my reflections I endeavored to remember, and *did* remember, with entire distinctness, every incident which occurred about the period in question. The weather was chilly (O rare and happy accident!), and a fire was blazing on the hearth. I was heated with exercise and sat near the table. You, however, had drawn a chair close to the chimney. Just as I placed the parchment in your hand, and as you were in the act of inspecting it, Wolf,

the Newfoundland, entered, and leaped upon your shoulders. With your left hand you caressed him, and kept him off, while your right, holding the parchment, was permitted to fall listlessly between your knees, and in close proximity to the fire. At one moment I thought the blaze had caught it, and was about to caution you, but, before I could speak, you had withdrawn it, and were engaged in its examination. When I considered all these particulars, I doubted not for a moment that *heat* had been the agent in bringing to light, on the parchment, the skull which I saw designed on it. You are well aware that chemical preparations exist, and have existed time out of mind, by means of which it is possible to write on either paper or vellum, so that the characters shall become visible only when subjected to the action of fire. Zaffer digested in *aqua regia*,<sup>12</sup> and diluted with four times its weight of water, is sometimes employed; a green tint results. The regulus of cobalt, dissolved in spirit of niter,<sup>13</sup> gives a red. These colors disappear at longer or shorter intervals after the material written upon cools, but again become apparent upon the reapplication of heat.

"I now scrutinized the death's-head with care. Its outer edges—the edges of the drawing nearest the edge of the vellum—were far more *distinct* than the others. It was clear that the action of the caloric had been imperfect or unequal. I immediately kindled a fire, and subjected every portion of the parchment to a glowing heat. At first, the only effect was the strengthening of the faint lines in the skull; but, on persevering in the experiment, there became visi-

<sup>12</sup> *Zaffer . . . regia*. These old-fashioned chemical terms mean that an impure oxide of a metal called cobalt is dissolved in a mixture of nitric and hydrochloric acids.

<sup>13</sup> *regulus . . . niter*, means that a globule formed in smelting cobalt is dissolved in an alcoholic solution of saltpeter or potassium nitrate.

ble at the corner of the slip, diagonally opposite to the spot in which the death's-head was delineated, the figure of what I at first supposed to be a goat. A closer scrutiny, however, satisfied me that it was intended for a kid."

"Ha! ha!" said I, "to be sure I have no right to laugh at you—a million and a half of money is too serious a matter for mirth—but you are not about to establish a third link in your chain; you will not find any especial connection between your pirates and a goat; pirates, you know, have nothing to do with goats; they appertain to the farming interest."

"But I have just said that the figure was *not* that of a goat."

"Well, a kid, then—pretty much the same thing."

"Pretty much, but not altogether," said Legrand. "You may have heard of one *Captain Kidd*. I at once looked on the figure of the animal as a kind of punning or hieroglyphical signature. I say signature, because its position on the vellum suggested this idea. The death's-head at the corner diagonally opposite had, in the same manner, the air of a stamp, or seal. But I was sorely put out by the absence of all else—of the body to my imagined instrument—of the text for my context."

"I presume you expected to find a letter between the stamp and the signature."

"Something of that kind. The fact is, I felt irresistibly impressed with a presentment of some vast good fortune impending. I can scarcely say why. Perhaps, after all, it was rather a desire than an actual belief; but do you know that Jupiter's silly words, about the bug being of solid gold, had a remarkable effect on my fancy? And then the series of accidents and coincidences—these were so *very* extraordinary. Do you observe how mere an accident it was that these events should have occurred on the *sole* day of all the year in which it has

been, or may be, sufficiently cool for fire, and that without the fire, or without the intervention of the dog at the precise moment in which he appeared, I should never have become aware of the death's-head, and so never the possessor of the treasure?"

"But proceed—I am all impatience."

"Well, you have heard, of course, the many stories current—the thousand vague rumors afloat about money buried, somewhere on the Atlantic coast, by Kidd and his associates. These rumors must have had some foundation in fact. And that the rumors have existed so long and so continuously could have resulted, it appeared to me, only from the circumstance of the buried treasure still *remaining* entombed. Had Kidd concealed his plunder for a time, and afterwards reclaimed it, the rumors would scarcely have reached us in their present unvarying form. You will observe that the stories told are all about money-seekers, not about money-finders. Had the pirate recovered his money, there the affair would have dropped. It seemed to me that some accident—say the loss of a memorandum indicating its locality—had deprived him of the means of recovering it, and that this accident had become known to his followers, who otherwise might never have heard that treasure had been concealed at all, and who, busying themselves in vain, because unguided, attempts to regain it, had given first birth, and then universal currency, to the reports which are now so common. Have you ever heard of any important treasure being unearthed along the coast?"

"Never."

"But that Kidd's accumulations were immense is well known. I took it for granted, therefore, that the earth still held them; and you will scarcely be surprised when I tell you that I felt a hope, nearly amounting to certainty, that the parchment so strangely found involved a lost record of the place of deposit."

"But how did you proceed?"

"I held the vellum again to the fire, after increasing the heat, but nothing appeared. I now thought it possible that the coating of dirt might have something to do with the failure; so I carefully rinsed the parchment by pouring warm water over it, and, having done this, I placed it in a tin pan, with the skull downward, and put the pan upon a furnace of lighted charcoal. In a few minutes, the pan having become thoroughly heated, I removed the slip, and, to my inexpressible joy, found it spotted, in several places, with what appeared to be figures arranged in lines. Again I placed it in the pan, and suffered it to remain another minute. Upon taking it off, the whole was just as you see it now."

Here, Legrand, having reheated the parchment, submitted it to my inspection. The following characters were rudely traced, in a red tint, between the death's-head and the goat:

53‡‡‡305))6\*;4826)4‡.)4‡);806\*;48‡  
8‡(60))85;;18\*;:‡\*8‡83(88)5\*‡;46(;88\*  
96\*?;8)\*‡(;485);5\*‡2:\*‡(;4956\*2(5\*—  
4)8‡8\*;4069285);)6‡8)4‡‡;1(‡9;48081;  
8:8‡1;48‡85;4)485‡528806\*81(‡9;48;(88;  
4(‡‡34;48)4‡;161;;188;‡‡;

"But," said I, returning him the slip, "I am as much in the dark as ever. Were all the jewels of Golconda<sup>14</sup> awaiting me on my solution of this enigma, I am quite sure that I should be unable to earn them."

"And yet," said Legrand, "the solution is by no means so difficult as you might be led to imagine from the first hasty inspection of the characters. These characters, as anyone might readily guess, form a cipher—that is to say, they convey a meaning; but then, from what is known of Kidd, I could not suppose him capable of constructing any of the

more abstruse cryptographs.<sup>15</sup> I made up my mind, at once, that this was of a simple species—such, however, as would appear, to the crude intellect of the sailor, absolutely insoluble without the key."

"And you really solved it?"

"Readily; I have solved others of an abstruseness ten thousand times greater. Circumstances, and a certain bias of mind, have led me to take interest in such riddles, and it may well be doubted whether human ingenuity can construct an enigma of the kind which human ingenuity may not, by proper application, resolve. In fact, having once established connected and legible characters, I scarcely gave a thought to the mere difficulty of developing their import."

"In the present case—indeed in all cases of secret writing—the first question regards the *language* of the cipher; for the principles of solution, so far, especially, as the more simple ciphers are concerned, depend on, and are varied by, the genius of the particular idiom. In general, there is no alternative but experiment (directed by probabilities) of every tongue known to him who attempts the solution, until the true one be attained. But, with the cipher now before us, all difficulty is removed by the signature. The pun upon the word 'Kidd' is appreciable in no other language than the English. But for this consideration I should have begun my attempts with the Spanish and French, as the tongues in which a secret of this kind would most naturally have been written by a pirate of the Spanish Main.<sup>16</sup> As it was, I assumed the cryptograph to be English."

"You observe there are no divisions between the words. Had there been divisions, the task would have been comparatively easy. In such case I should have commenced with a collation and

<sup>15</sup> *cryptographs*, cryptograms or ciphers.

<sup>16</sup> *Spanish Main*, that part of the Caribbean Sea adjacent to the northeast coast of South America.

<sup>14</sup> *Golconda*, a city of India, formerly noted for its diamonds.

analysis of the shorter words, and, had a word of a single letter occurred, as is most likely (*a* or *I*, for example), I should have considered the solution as assured. But there being no division, my first step was to ascertain the predominant letters, as well as the least frequent. Counting all, I constructed a table, thus:

Of the character 8 there are 33

;	"	26
4	"	19
‡)	"	16
*	"	13
5	"	12
6	"	11
†1	"	8
0	"	6
92	"	5
:3	"	4
?	"	3
¶	"	2
]—.	"	1

"Now, in English, the letter which most frequently occurs is *e*. Afterwards the succession runs thus: *a o i d h n r s t u y c f g l m w b k p q x z*. *E* predominates, however, so remarkably that an individual sentence of any length is rarely seen, in which it is not the prevailing character.

"Here, then, we have, in the very beginning, the groundwork for something more than a mere guess. The general use which may be made of the table is obvious—but, in this particular cipher, we shall only very partially require its aid. As our predominant character is 8, we will commence by assuming it as the *e* of the natural alphabet. To verify the supposition, let us observe if the 8 be seen often in couples—for *e* is doubled with great frequency in English—in such words, for example, as *meet*, *fleet*, *speed*, *seen*, *been*, *agree*, etc. In the present instance we see it doubled no less than five times, although the cryptograph is brief.

"Let us assume 8, then, as *e*. Now of all words in the language, *the* is most usual; let us see, therefore, whether there

are not repetitions of any three characters, in the same order of collocation, the last of them being 8. If we discover repetitions of such letters, so arranged, they will most probably represent the word *the*. On inspection, we find no less than seven such arrangements, the characters being ;48. We may, therefore, assume that the semicolon represents *t*, that 4 represents *h*, and that 8 represents *e*—the last being now well confirmed. Thus a great step has been taken.

"But, having established a single word, we are enabled to establish a vastly important point; that is to say, several commencements and terminations of other words. Let us refer, for example, to the last instance but one, in which the combination ;48 occurs—not far from the end of the cipher. We know that the semicolon immediately ensuing is the commencement of a word, and, of the six characters succeeding this *the*, we are cognizant of no less than five. Let us set these characters down, thus, by the letters we know them to represent, leaving a space for the unknown—

t eeth.

"Here we are enabled, at once, to discard the '*th*,' as forming no portion of the word commencing with the first *t*: since, by experiment of the entire alphabet for a letter adapted to the vacancy, we perceive that no word can be formed of which this *th* can be a part. We are thus narrowed into

t ee,

and, going through the alphabet, if necessary, as before, we arrive at the word *tree* as the sole possible reading. We thus gain another letter, *r*, represented by (, with the words *the tree* in juxtaposition.

"Looking beyond these words, for a short distance, we again see the combination ;48, and employ it by way of *termination* to what immediately precedes. We have thus this arrangement:

the tree ;4(‡?34 the,

or, substituting the natural letters, where known, it reads thus:

the tree thr ‡?3h the.

"Now, if, in place of the unknown characters, we leave blank spaces, or substitute dots, we read thus:

the tree thr . . . h the,

when the word *through* makes itself evident at once. But this discovery gives us three new letters, *o*, *u*, and *g*, represented by ‡, †, and 3.

"Looking now, narrowly, through the cipher for combinations of known characters, we find, not very far from the beginning, this arrangement:

83(88, or egree,

which, plainly, is the conclusion of the word *degree*, and gives us another letter, *d*, represented by †.

"Four letters beyond the word *degree*, we perceive the combination

;46(;88\*

"Translating the known characters, and representing the unknown by dots, as before, we read thus:

th . rtee ,

an arrangement immediately suggestive of the word *thirteen*, and again furnishing us with two new characters, *i* and *n*, represented by 6 and \*.

"Referring, now, to the beginning of the cryptograph, we find the combination,

53‡‡‡.

"Translating as before, we obtain good,

which assures us that the first letter is *A*, and that the first two words are *A good*.

"To avoid confusion, it is now time that we arrange our key, as far as discovered, in a tabular form. It will stand thus:

5 represents a

‡	"	d
8	"	e
3	"	g
4	"	h
6	"	i
*	"	n
‡	"	o
(	"	r
;	"	t

"We have, therefore, no less than ten of the most important letters represented, and it will be unnecessary to proceed with the details of the solution. I have said enough to convince you that ciphers of this nature are readily soluble, and to give you some insight into the rationale of their development. But be assured that the specimen before us appertains to the very simplest species of cryptograph. It now only remains to give you the full translation of the characters upon the parchment, as unriddled. Here it is:

*"A good glass in the bishop's hostel in the devil's seat twenty-one degrees and thirteen minutes northeast and by north main branch seventh limb east side shoot from the left eye of the death's-head a bee line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out."*

"But," said I, "the enigma seems still in as bad a condition as ever. How is it possible to extort a meaning from all this jargon about 'devil's seats,' 'death's-heads,' and 'bishop's hostels'?"

"I confess," replied Legrand, "that the matter still wears a serious aspect, when regarded with a casual glance. My first endeavor was to divide the sentence into the natural division intended by the cryptographist."

"You mean, to punctuate it?"

"Something of that kind."

"But how is it possible to effect this?"

"I reflected that it had been a *point* with the writer to run his words together without division, so as to increase the difficulty of solution. Now, a not over-acute man, in pursuing such an

object, would be nearly certain to overdo the matter. When, in the course of his composition, he arrived at a break in his subject which would naturally require a pause, or a point, he would be exceedingly apt to run his characters, at this place, more than usually close together. If you will observe the MS., in the present instance, you will easily detect five such cases of unusual crowding. Acting on this hint, I made the division thus:

*"A good glass in the Bishop's hostel in the devil's seat—twenty-one degrees and thirteen minutes—northeast and by north—main branch seventh limb east side—shoot from the left eye of the death's-head—a bee-line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out."*

"Even this division," said I, "leaves me still in the dark."

"It left me also in the dark," replied Legrand, "for a few days; during which I made diligent inquiry, in the neighborhood of Sullivan's Island, for any building which went by the name of the 'Bishop's Hotel'; for, of course, I dropped the obsolete word 'hostel.' Gaining no information on the subject, I was on the point of extending my sphere of search, and proceeding in a more systematic manner, when one morning it entered into my head, quite suddenly, that this 'Bishop's Hostel' might have some reference to an old family, of the name of Bessop, which, time out of mind, had held possession of an ancient manor house, about four miles to the northward of the island. I accordingly went over to the plantation, and reinstituted my inquiries among the older negroes of the place. At length one of the most aged of the women said that she had heard of such a place as *Bessop's Castle*, and thought that she could guide me to it, but that it was not a castle, nor a tavern, but a high rock.

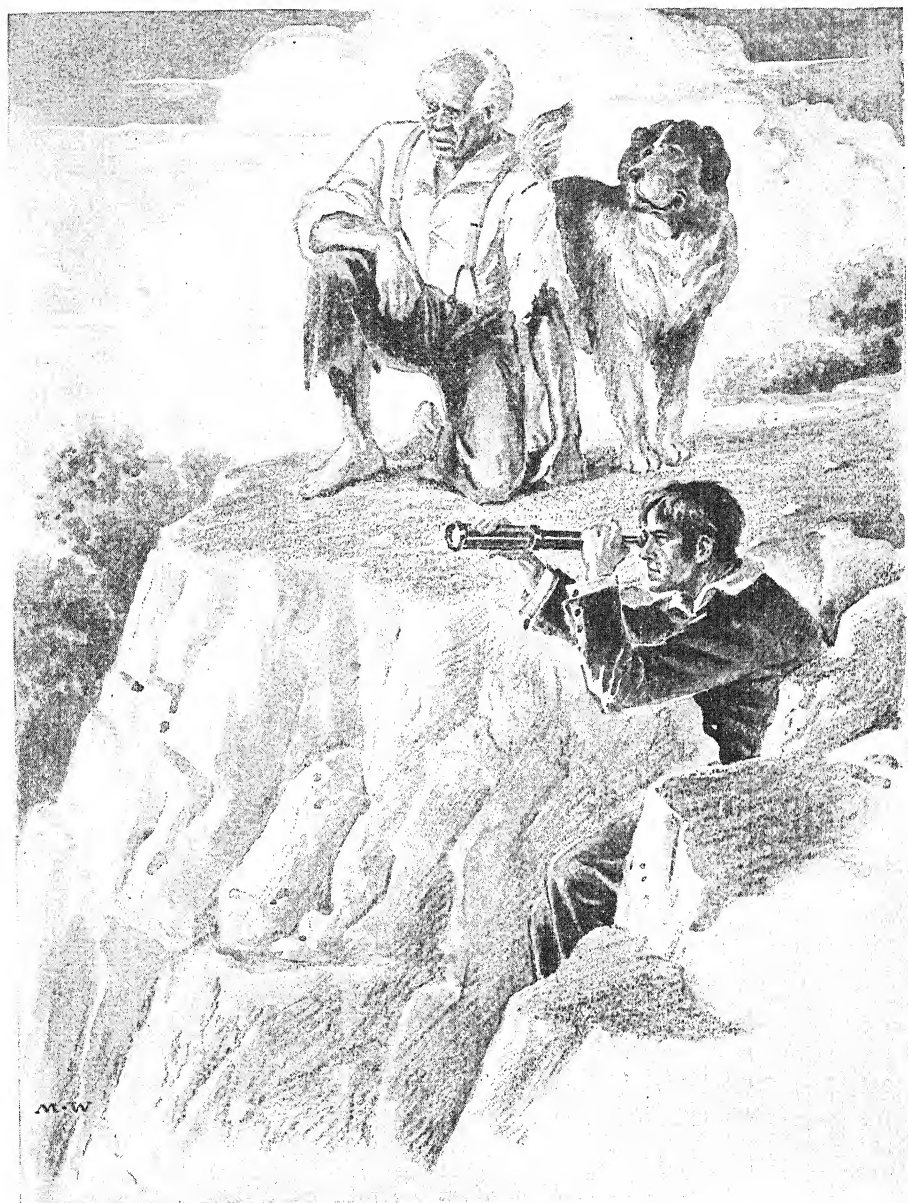
"I offered to pay her well for her trouble, and, after some demur, she consented to accompany me to the spot. We

found it without much difficulty, when, dismissing her, I proceeded to examine the place. The 'castle' consisted of an irregular assemblage of cliffs and rocks—one of the latter being quite remarkable for its height as well as for its insulated and artificial appearance. I clambered to its apex, and then felt much at a loss as to what should be next done.

"While I was busied in reflection, my eyes fell on a narrow ledge in the eastern face of the rock, perhaps a yard below the summit upon which I stood. This ledge projected about eighteen inches, and was not more than a foot wide, while a niche in the cliff just above it gave it a rude resemblance to one of the hollow-backed chairs used by our ancestors. I made no doubt that here was the 'devil's seat' alluded to in the MS., and now I seemed to grasp the full secret of the riddle.

"The 'good glass,' I knew, could have reference to nothing but a telescope; for the word 'glass' is rarely employed in any other sense by seamen. Now here, I at once saw, was a telescope to be used, and a definite point of view, *admitting no variation*, from which to use it. Nor did I hesitate to believe that the phrases 'twenty-one degrees and thirteen minutes,' and 'northeast and by north,' were intended as directions for the leveling of the glass. Greatly excited by these discoveries, I hurried home, procured a telescope, and returned to the rock.

"I let myself down to the ledge, and found that it was impossible to retain a seat on it unless in one particular position. This fact confirmed my preconceived idea. I proceeded to use the glass. Of course, the 'twenty-one degrees and thirteen minutes' could allude to nothing but elevation above the visible horizon, since the horizontal direction was clearly indicated by the words, 'northeast and by north.' This latter direction I at once established by means of a pocket-compass; then, pointing the glass as nearly at an angle of twenty-one



I made it out to be a skull

degrees of elevation as I could do it by guess, I moved it cautiously up or down, until my attention was arrested by a circular rift or opening in the foliage of a large tree that overtopped its fellows in the distance. In the center of this rift I

perceived a white spot, but could not at first distinguish what it was. Adjusting the focus of the telescope, I again looked, and now made it out to be a human skull.

"On this discovery I was so sanguine



as to consider the enigma solved; for the phrase 'main branch, seventh limb, east side,' could refer only to the position of the skull on the tree, while 'shoot from the left eye of the death's-head' admitted, also, of but one interpretation, in regard to a search for buried treasure. I perceived that the design was to drop a bullet from the left eye of the skull, and that a bee-line, or in other words, a straight line, drawn from the nearest point of the trunk through 'the shot' (or the spot where the bullet fell), and thence extended to a distance of fifty feet, would indicate a definite point—and beneath this point I thought it at least *possible* that a deposit of value lay concealed."

"All this," I said, "is exceedingly clear, and, although ingenious, still simple and explicit. When you left the Bishop's Hotel, what then?"

"Why, having carefully taken the bearings of the tree, I turned homeward. The instant that I left 'the devil's seat,' however, the circular rift vanished; nor could I get a glimpse of it afterwards, turn as I would. What seems to me the chief ingenuity in this whole business, is the fact (for repeated experiment has convinced me it *is* a fact) that the circular opening in question is visible from no other attainable point of view than that afforded by the narrow ledge on the face of the rock.

"In this expedition to the 'Bishop's Hotel' I had been attended by Jupiter, who had no doubt observed, for some weeks past, the abstraction of my demeanor, and took especial care not to leave me alone. But on the next day, getting up very early, I contrived to give him the slip, and went into the hills in search of the tree. After much toil I found it. When I came home at night my valet proposed to give me a flogging. With the rest of the adventure I believe you are as well acquainted as myself."

"I suppose," said I, "you missed the

spot, in the first attempt at digging, through Jupiter's stupidity in letting the bug fall through the right instead of through the left eye of the skull."

"Precisely. This mistake made a difference of about two inches and a half in the 'shot'—that is to say, in the position of the peg nearest the tree; and had the treasure been *beneath* the 'shot,' the error would have been of little moment; but the 'shot,' together with the nearest point of the tree, were merely two points for the establishment of a line of direction; of course the error, however trivial in the beginning, increased as we proceeded with the line, and, by the time we had gone fifty feet, threw us quite off the scent. But for my deep-seated convictions that treasure was here somewhere actually buried, we might have had all our labor in vain."

"I presume the fancy of *the skull*—of letting fall a bullet through the skull's eye—was suggested to Kidd by the piratical flag. No doubt he felt a kind of poetical consistency in recovering his money through this ominous insignium."

"Perhaps so; still, I cannot help thinking that common-sense had quite as much to do with the matter as poetical consistency. To be visible from the devil's seat, it was necessary that the object, if small, should be *white*; and there is nothing like your human skull for retaining and even increasing its whiteness under exposure to all vicissitudes of weather."

"But your grandiloquence, and your conduct in swinging the beetle—how excessively odd! I was sure you were mad. And why did you insist on letting fall the bug, instead of a bullet, from the skull?"

"Why, to be frank, I felt somewhat annoyed by your evident suspicions touching my sanity, and so resolved to punish you quietly, in my own way, by a little bit of sober mystification. For

this reason I swung the beetle, and for this reason I let it fall from the tree. An observation of yours about its great weight suggested the latter idea."

"Yes, I perceive; and now there is only one point which puzzles me. What are we to make of the skeletons found in the hole?"

"That is a question I am no more able to answer than yourself. There seems, however, only one plausible way of accounting for them—and yet it is dread-

ful to believe in such atrocity as my suggestion would imply. It is clear that Kidd—if Kidd indeed secreted this treasure, which I doubt not—it is clear that he must have had assistance in the labor. But, the worst of this labor concluded, he may have thought it expedient to remove all participants in his secret. Perhaps a couple of blows with a mattock were sufficient, while his coadjutors were busy in the pit; perhaps it required a dozen—who shall tell?"

### STUDY AIDS

*Plot Study.* 1. What two distinct parts did you note in the story? Which of these was the more interesting to you? Give reasons for your answer.

2. Which paragraphs serve as an introduction? What information do these paragraphs give you? The island is lonely, yet inhabited; is this detail essential to the story? Who is the most important character? What did he like best to do? Who accompanied him on his excursions?

3. Is it essential that Poe should make Legrand certain that there had been no figure on the "paper" when he made his drawing? Explain all the steps by which Legrand brought to light the cryptograph on the parchment. Is the presence of the parchment in Legrand's pocket satisfactorily accounted for? Do you think all the details connected with the bringing to light of the original designs and figures upon the parchment are probable? Explain how Legrand determined that the figure 8 of the cryptograph represented the letter *c*. What is the most interesting point in Legrand's account of how he solved the mystery?

4. The conclusion relates the events following the discovery and verification of the cryptograph, and explains some of the mystifying incidents connected with the discovery of the treasure; when you first read the story, what details and incidents

puzzled you? Are they all satisfactorily explained?

*Other Interesting Points.* 1. In a good short story there are no unnecessary details. Account for Poe's emphasis on the chilliness of the weather in the description of the first visit; recount the circumstances by which he leads naturally to the necessity for paper; the friend is chilly and retains his seat by the fire (show that Poe planned this detail); the dog enters and caresses him (show the necessity for this detail).

2. A good story-teller holds interest by arousing curiosity and creating suspense; note in the second visit all the details by which Poe accomplishes these objects. Does it make this part of the story more interesting, or less so, to have the friend and Jupiter (and the reader) left in doubt as to what is in Legrand's mind? What is the most interesting point in the account of the expedition? What devices does Poe use to heighten interest at this important point, from the howlings of the dog to the finding of the treasure?

3. Much of the story is made up of conversation; which do you like the better, stories that contain much dialogue or those that are mainly narration? Is the dialogue in this story lifelike?

4. For other stories by Poe see the reading list on page 89.

## A BACKWARD GLANCE

*The Short Story.* In reading the brief stories of adventure in Unit I, you have found yourself in many different situations, and you have experienced a variety of feelings. Looking back over these recent experiences, you might find it interesting and profitable to inquire how writers, like magicians, weave their spell. How do they hold you through page after page? Their skill consists in more than muttering the familiar phrase, "Once upon a time."

Part of the story-teller's magic lies in the setting—the time and the place of the story—he chooses. Neither time nor place need be unusual. The narrow confines of a compartment in an English railway car may become the scene of a highly entertaining story. On the sandy road of some sparsely settled backwoods may occur an event that grips attention. But in a general way things remote from our everyday surroundings are the ones most likely to quicken our imagination. "Barker's Luck" takes us to the mining days of 1849 in California. "The Specter Bridegroom" presents the glamour of medieval German castles.

Another important part of the story-teller's magic lies in the characters whom he introduces. If the characters are life-like and if they are persons about whom we have very strong feelings, the events themselves have a heightened interest. If Barker did not seem to us like a real human being, we should not eagerly follow his meetings with various persons in Boomville as he faces the danger of being swindled out of every cent. If we did not feel sympathetic toward Davy Allen, we should not care at all about his trial and the outcome of it.

The main reason for reading a story, however, lies in the events and the plot. We sit beside Davy in Tom Belcher's store with misgiving, listening to every question of the judge, weighing every possibility as to the outcome. The element of an author's art that arouses the eager desire to learn what is going to happen next is called *suspense*.

A conflict, or struggle, between two characters creates suspense. We take sides; we wish wholeheartedly that one side may win. Nobody wants Old Man Thornycroft to win at Belcher's store.

Another method of creating suspense is through mystery, for a mystery keeps us wondering. Who is the "specter bridegroom"? we ask as, under the dimly lighted archway, he solemnly whispers, "My engagement is with no bride—the worms!" In "The Gold Bug" we pause after the exciting search for the treasure; a great mystery challenges our curiosity. "How *could* Legrand move with such certainty in finding this fabulous fortune?"

The story-teller, we see, develops suspense through the use of swiftly moving events, conflict, and mystery.

Setting, characters, and suspense are tools used by all writers of fiction. The selections you have read so far in this book belong to the type of fiction called "the short story." One characteristic of the short story is its definite movement toward a climax. For example, "A Raid on the Oyster Pirates" develops only *one* definite exploit; from the very beginning your interest centers around the question, "Can these insolent thieves be caught?" All the events lead directly up to the climax—the capture of the pirates. The question has been answered, and the story ends.

This type of fiction—the short story—in which a single situation is developed and brought to its conclusion, is well illustrated in "The Gold Bug." Poe's description of the true short story—one so written as to leave on the reader a single impression—has influenced writers in many lands.

*Review Questions.* The seven selections you have read in this unit are typical of the many short stories you have read and will read in books and magazines, for fiction of this kind is one of the most popular fields of literature.

1. Which of these seven stories appealed to you as having the most interesting *setting*? (In answering all questions be prepared to give your reasons.)

2. Which *character* among all those presented in these stories do you think you will remember longest?

3. Which of the seven *plots* seemed to you the most interesting? The most ingenious?

4. In which story was the *suspense* held to the latest point?

5. In your extension reading (based on the list at the end of each selection or on the list on this page) did you find any story that seemed even more thrilling or more skillfully written than the ones in Unit I? If so, make a report of it to the class, briefly summarizing the setting, characters, and suspense.

### SOME OTHER SHORT STORIES

"The Lost Speech," by Honoré Willsie Morrow, contains interesting facts in the life of Abraham Lincoln. (In *Modern American Short Stories*, edited by Thomas R. Cook.)

"Marjorie Daw" by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. This humorous story with a surprising ending will serve to introduce you to *Marjorie Daw and Other People*.

"The Last Galley," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, tells a story about Julius Caesar. (In *The Last Galley*.)

"Gallegher," by Richard Harding Davis, is a thrilling detective story about a newspaper reporter. (In *Gallegher and Other Stories*.)

"Son of His Father" appears in *Land and Sea Tales for Boys and Girls* by Rudyard Kipling, one of the greatest short-story writers that England has produced.

"The Lady or the Tiger?," by Frank R. Stockton, is a typical short story, strong in suspense. (In *The Lady or the Tiger?*)

"The Cattle Rustler," by Will James, like the other stories in his collection *Sun-up: Tales of the Cow Camps*, gains in reality by its use of the actual language of the western cowboy.

"The Pit and the Pendulum," "The Purloined Letter," and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," by Edgar Allan Poe, are thrilling detective stories. (In Poe's *Complete Works*.)

"The Outcasts of Poker Flat," by Bret Harte, gives a good picture of life among the "forty-niners." (In *The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Stories*.)

"Lijah," by Edgar Valentine Smith, makes skillful use of dialogue and dialect. (In *Recent Short Stories*, edited by Pendleton and Wilkins.)

"The Necklace," by Guy de Maupassant, is a classic example of the French short story. (In *French Short Stories*, edited by Schweikert.)

"The Story of the Other Wise Man," by Henry van Dyke, is of high literary quality and is one of the best stories of our time. (In *The Blue Flower*.)

"Lord of the Air," in *Kindred of the Wild* by Charles G. D. Roberts, will interest you if you like Jack London.

"Youth," by Joseph Conrad, is longer than most short stories, but it is one of the finest tales of modern times. (In the volume of stories entitled *Youth*.)

"A Prisoner in the Caucasus" provides a good beginning for your acquaintance with the great Russian writer, Count Leo Tolstoy. (In *Ivan the Fool and Other Tales*.)

"Steel Against Steel," by Konrad Berco-vici, is a thrilling tale of gypsy life. (In *Singing Winds*.)

"The Blackjack Bargainer," by O. Henry, is one of fourteen stories of adventure and heroism by fourteen different authors in *Boy Scouts' Book of Good Turn Stories*.

"When Morgan Captured Panama," by Ramon Wilke Kessler, appears in a collection from various authors that lives up to its alluring title, *Treasure Trove of Pirate Stories*.

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## UNIT II

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# A Longer Tale of Adventure

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### STEVENSON'S *TREASURE ISLAND*

#### AN INTRODUCTION

The short stories in Unit I have given you glimpses of several different kinds of life—glimpses that may have been too brief to satisfy you completely. You may have wished to follow the main character in some story through another episode in his career. You were sorry the story ended, and wished for more of the same kind. This desire can be satisfied in longer fiction. You can live tensely during the hero's moments of peril, feel the thrill of the swiftly passing events; then, after a delightful sense of relief when the hero has safely passed many difficulties, you can look forward to still other difficulties that he must overcome. Or perhaps your curiosity is aroused by some mystery, and you read on, chapter after chapter, always eager to find out what is going to happen next. The delights that you found in reading short stories are increased by being prolonged until the whole story may become even more vivid than many of your own experiences.

Of all the absorbing pieces of longer fiction, one of the very best is *Treasure Island*. It takes you into far times and into strange places that you can never visit in person. Only in imagination can anyone go back nearly two centuries to the days when the black flag of the pirate struck terror into the captain of a merchant vessel. But back to those days *Treasure Island* takes you, bring

ing you face to face with ruthless treasure seekers and a stout-hearted lad. More than that, you see the boy waging one unequal battle after another till the last chapter. You are constantly asking yourself, "How can Jim possibly escape this new danger?" And months after you have closed the book, your mind will return to the seafaring man with one leg and the lad whose boyish impulses more than once brought him into deadly peril. They are live characters, whose various actions are so natural that you can't help believing in them.

There actually were pirates two centuries ago. They boarded merchant vessels, plundered the cargo, and doubtless often buried their gold in hidden spots. One of the chief resorts of these lawless men was the West Indies, where harbors were plentiful, affording them a safe retreat from pursuers. A famous center of their activity was Turtle Island, or Tortuga, off the coast of Hispaniola, or, as it is now called, Santo Domingo. Some such island is used by Stevenson as the scene of his story. The map of it is reproduced on page 143. Who made this map? How did our young hero get it? How did he and his friends use it? Was the treasure really on the island? All these questions you will be eager to see answered as you watch the pirates scheming and fighting before your very eyes.

# TREASURE ISLAND

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

## TO THE HESITATING PURCHASER

*If sailor tales to sailor tunes,  
Storm and adventure, heat and cold,  
If schooners, islands, and maroons,  
And buccaneers and buried gold,  
And all the old romance, retold  
Exactly in the ancient way,  
Can please, as me they pleased of old,  
The wiser youngsters of today—*

*So be it, and fall on! If not,  
If studious youth no longer crave,  
His ancient appetites forgot,  
Kingston, or Ballantyne the brave,  
Or Cooper<sup>1</sup> of the wood and wave—  
So be it, also! And may I  
And all my pirates share the grave  
Where these and their creations lie!*

## PART I

### THE OLD BUCCANEER

#### CHAPTER I

##### THE OLD SEA DOG AT THE "ADMIRAL BENBOW"

SQUIRE TRELAWNEY, Dr. Livesey, and the rest of these gentlemen having asked me to write down the whole particulars about Treasure Island, from the beginning to the end, keeping nothing back but the bearings of the island, and that only because there is still treasure not yet lifted, I take up my pen in the year of grace 17—, and go back to the time when my father kept the "Admiral Benbow" inn, and the brown old seaman, with the saber cut, first took up his lodging under our roof.

I remember him as if it were yesterday, as he came plodding to the inn door, his sea-chest following behind him in a handbarrow; a tall, strong, heavy, nut-brown man; his tarry pigtail falling over the shoulders of his soiled blue coat; his hands ragged and scarred, with black, broken nails; and the saber cut across one cheek, a dirty, livid white. I remember him looking round the cove

and whistling to himself as he did so, and then breaking out in that old sea-song that he sang so often afterwards:

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—  
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

in the high, old tottering voice that seemed to have been tuned and broken at the capstan bars.<sup>2</sup> Then he rapped on the door with a bit of stick like a handspike that he carried, and when my father appeared, called roughly for a glass of rum. This, when it was brought to him, he drank slowly, like a connoisseur, lingering on the taste, and still looking about him at the cliffs and up at our signboard.

"This is a handy cove," says he, at length; "and a pleasant sittuated grogshop. Much company, mate?"

My father told him no, very little company, the more was the pity.

"Well, then," said he, "this is the berth for me. Here you, matey," he cried to the man who trundled the barrow; "bring up alongside and help up my chest. I'll stay here a bit," he continued.

<sup>1</sup> Kingston, Ballantyne, and Cooper. William Kingston, Robert Ballantyne, and James Fenimore Cooper all wrote adventure stories.

<sup>2</sup> broken . . . bars, worn out from singing as he hoisted the anchor by turning the capstan.

"I'm a plain man; rum and bacon and eggs is what I want, and that head up there for to watch ships off. What you mought call me? You mought call me captain. Oh, I see what you're at—there"; and he threw down three or four gold pieces on the threshold. "You can tell me when I've worked through that," says he, looking as fierce as a commander.

And, indeed, bad as his clothes were, and coarsely as he spoke, he had none of the appearance of a man who sailed before the mast;\* but seemed like a mate or skipper, accustomed to be obeyed or to strike. The man who came with the barrow told us the mail had set him down the morning before at the "Royal George"; that he had inquired what inns there were along the coast, and hearing ours well spoken of, I suppose, and described as lonely, had chosen it from the others for his place of residence. And that was all we could learn of our guest.

He was a very silent man by custom. All day he hung round the cove, or upon the cliffs, with a brass telescope; all evening he sat in a corner of the parlor next the fire, and drank rum and water very strong. Mostly he would not speak when spoken to; only look up sudden and fierce, and blow through his nose like a foghorn; and we and the people who came about our house soon learned to let him be. Every day, when he came back from his stroll, he would ask if any seafaring men had gone by along the road. At first we thought it was the want of company of his own kind that made him ask this question; but at last we began to see he was desirous to avoid them. When a seaman put up at the "Admiral Benbow" (as now and then some did, making by the coast road for Bristol), he would look in at him through the curtained door before he entered the parlor; and he was

\* sailed before the mast, had been a sailor.

always sure to be as silent as a mouse when any such was present. For me, at least, there was no secret about the matter; for I was, in a way, a sharer in his alarms. He had taken me aside one day, and promised me a silver fourpenny on the first of every month if I would only keep my "weather-eye open for a seafaring man with one leg," and let him know the moment he appeared. Often enough, when the first of the month came round, and I applied to him for my wage, he would only blow through his nose at me, and stare me down; but before the week was out he was sure to think better of it, bring me my fourpenny piece, and repeat his orders to look out for "the seafaring man with one leg."

How that personage haunted my dreams, I need scarcely tell you. On stormy nights, when the wind shook the four corners of the house, and the surf roared along the cove and up the cliffs, I would see him in a thousand forms, and with a thousand diabolical expressions. Now the leg would be cut off at the knee, now at the hip; now he was a monstrous kind of creature who had never had but the one leg, and that in the middle of his body. To see him leap and run and pursue me over hedge and ditch was the worst of nightmares. And altogether I paid pretty dear for my monthly four-penny piece, in the shape of these abominable fancies.

But though I was so terrified by the idea of the seafaring man with one leg, I was far less afraid of the captain himself than anybody else who knew him. There were nights when he took a deal more rum and water than his head would carry; and then he would sometimes sit and sing his wicked old, wild sea-songs, minding nobody; but sometimes he would call for glasses round, and force all the trembling company to listen to his stories or bear a chorus to his singing. Often I have heard the





I was, in a way, a sharer in his alarms

house shaking with "Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum"; all the neighbors joining in for dear life, with the fear of death upon them, and each singing louder than the other, to avoid remark. For in these fits he was the most overriding companion ever known; he would slap his hand on the table for silence all round; he would fly up in a passion of anger at a question, or sometimes because none was put, and so he judged the company was not following

his story. Nor would he allow anyone to leave the inn till he had drunk himself sleepy and reeled off to bed.

His stories were what frightened people worst of all. Dreadful stories they were; about hanging, and walking the plank,<sup>4</sup> and storms at sea, and the Dry Tortugas,<sup>5</sup> and wild deeds and places on

<sup>4</sup>walking the plank, being forced to walk blindfolded off a plank extending from the side of the ship.

<sup>5</sup>Dry Tortugas, part of the West Indies islands.

the Spanish Main.<sup>6</sup> By his own account he must have lived his life among some of the wickedest men that God ever allowed upon the sea; and the language in which he told these stories shocked our plain country people almost as much as the crimes that he described. My father was always saying the inn would be ruined, for people would soon cease coming there to be tyrannized over and put down, and sent shivering to their beds; but I really believe his presence did us good. People were frightened at the time, but on looking back they rather liked it; it was a fine excitement in a quiet country life; and there was even a party of the younger men who pretended to admire him, calling him a "true sea dog," and a "real old salt," and such-like names, and saying there was the sort of man that made England terrible at sea.

In one way, indeed, he bade fair to ruin us; for he kept on staying week after week, and at last month after month, so that all the money had been long exhausted, and still my father never plucked up the heart to insist on having more. If ever he mentioned it, the captain blew through his nose so loudly that you might say he roared, and stared my poor father out of the room. I have seen him wringing his hands after such a rebuff, and I am sure the annoyance and the terror he lived in must have greatly hastened his early and unhappy death.

All the time he lived with us the captain made no change whatever in his dress but to buy some stockings from a hawker. One of the cocks of his hat having fallen down, he let it hang from that day forth, though it was a great annoyance when it blew. I remember the appearance of his coat, which he patched himself upstairs in his room, and which,

before the end, was nothing but patches. He never wrote or received a letter, and he never spoke with any but the neighbors, and with these, for the most part, only when drunk on rum. The great sea-chest none of us had ever seen open.

He was only once crossed, and that was toward the end, when my poor father was far gone in a decline that took him off. Dr. Livesey came late one afternoon to see the patient, took a bit of dinner from my mother, and went into the parlor to smoke a pipe until his horse should come down from the hamlet, for we had no stabling at the old "Benbow." I followed him in, and I remember observing the contrast the neat, bright doctor, with his powder as white as snow,<sup>7</sup> and his bright black eyes and pleasant manners, made with the coltish country folk, and above all, with that filthy, heavy, bleared scarecrow of a pirate of ours, sitting far gone in rum, with his arms on the table. Suddenly he—the captain, that is—began to pipe up his eternal song:

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

Drink and the devil had done for the rest—

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

At first I had supposed "the dead man's chest" to be that identical big box of his upstairs in the front room, and the thought had been mingled in my nightmares with that of the one-legged seafaring man. But by this time we had all long ceased to pay any particular notice to the song; it was new, that night, to nobody but Dr. Livesey, and on him I observed it did not produce an agreeable effect, for he looked up for a moment quite angrily before he went on with his talk to old Taylor, the gardener, on a new cure for the rheumatics. In the meantime, the captain gradually brightened up at his own music, and at last

<sup>6</sup> *Spanish Main*, that part of the Caribbean Sea adjacent to the northeast coast of South America.

<sup>7</sup> *powder . . . snow*, an allusion to the custom of powdering the hair or wig.

flapped his hand upon the table before him in a way we all knew to mean—silence. The voices stopped at once, all but Dr. Livesey's; he went on as before, speaking clear and kind, and drawing briskly at his pipe between every word or two. The captain glared at him for a while, flapped his hand again, glared still harder, and at last broke out with a villainous, low oath: "Silence, there, between decks!"

"Were you addressing me, sir?" says the doctor; and when the ruffian had told him, with another oath, that this was so, "I have only one thing to say to you, sir," replies the doctor, "that if you keep on drinking rum, the world will soon be quit of a very dirty scoundrel!"

The old fellow's fury was awful. He sprang to his feet, drew and opened a sailor's clasp-knife, and, balancing it open on the palm of his hand, threatened to pin the doctor to the wall.

The doctor never so much as moved. He spoke to him, as before, over his shoulder, and in the same tone of voice; rather high, so that all in the room might hear, but perfectly calm and steady:

"If you do not put that knife this instant in your pocket, I promise upon my honor, you shall hang at next assizes."<sup>s</sup>

Then followed a battle of looks between them; but the captain soon knuckled under, put up his weapon, and resumed his seat, grumbling like a beaten dog.

"And now, sir," continued the doctor, "since I now know there's such a fellow in my district, you may count I'll have an eye upon you day and night. I'm not a doctor only; I'm a magistrate; and if I catch a breath of complaint against you, if it's only for a piece of incivility like tonight's, I'll take effectual means to have you hunted down and routed out of this. Let that suffice."

<sup>s</sup> *assizes*, periodical superior court sessions of any county.

Soon after, Dr. Livesey's horse came to the door, and he rode away; but the captain held his peace that evening, and for many evenings to come.

## CHAPTER II

### BLACK DOG APPEARS AND DISAPPEARS

IT WAS not very long after this that there occurred the first of the mysterious events that rid us at last of the captain, though not, as you will see, of his affairs. It was a bitter cold winter, with long, hard frosts and heavy gales; and it was plain from the first that my poor father was little likely to see the spring. He sank daily, and my mother and I had all the inn upon our hands; and were kept busy enough, without paying much regard to our unpleasant guest.

It was one January morning, very early—a pinching, frosty morning—the cove all gray with hoarfrost, the ripple lapping softly on the stones, the sun still low and only touching the hilltops and shining far to seaward. The captain had risen earlier than usual, and set out down the beach, his cutlass swinging under the broad skirts of the old blue coat, his brass telescope under his arm, his hat tilted back upon his head. I remember his breath hanging like smoke in his wake as he strode off, and the last sound I heard of him, as he turned the big rock, was a loud snort of indignation, as though his mind was still running upon Dr. Livesey.

Well, mother was upstairs with father; and I was laying the breakfast-table against the captain's return, when the parlor door opened, and a man stepped in on whom I had never set my eyes before. He was a pale, tallowy creature, wanting two fingers of the left hand; and, though he wore a cutlass, he did not look much like a fighter. I had always my eye open for seafaring men, with one leg or two, and I remember

this one puzzled me. He was not sailorly, and yet he had a smack of the sea about him, too.

I asked him what was for his service, and he said he would take rum; but as I was going out of the room to fetch it he sat down upon a table and motioned me to draw near. I paused where I was with my napkin in my hand.

"Come here, sonny," says he. "Come nearer here." I took a step nearer.

"Is this here table for my mate Bill?" he asked with a kind of leer.

I told him I did not know his mate Bill; and this was for a person who stayed in our house, whom we called the captain.

"Well," said he, "my mate Bill would be called the captain, as like as not. He has a cut on one cheek, and a mighty pleasant way with him, particularly in drink, has my mate Bill. We'll put it, for argument like, that your captain has a cut on one cheek—and we'll put it, if you like, that that cheek's the right one. Ah, well, I told you. Now, is my mate Bill in this here house?"

I told him he was out walking.

"Which way, sonny? Which way is he gone?"

And when I had pointed out the rock and told him how the captain was likely to return, and how soon, and answered a few other questions, "Ah," said he, "this'll be as good as drink to my mate Bill."

The expression of his face as he said these words was not at all pleasant, and I had my own reasons for thinking that the stranger was mistaken, even supposing he meant what he said. But it was no affair of mine, I thought; and, besides, it was difficult to know what to do. The stranger kept hanging about just inside the inn door, peering round the corner like a cat waiting for a mouse. Once I stepped out myself into the road, but he immediately called me back, and, as I did not obey quick enough for his fancy, a most horrible change came over

his tallowy face, and he ordered me in, with an oath that made me jump. As soon as I was back again, he returned to his former manner, half fawning, half sneering, patted me on the shoulder, told me I was a good boy, and he had taken quite a fancy to me. "I have a son of my own," said he, "as like you as two blocks, and he's all the pride of my 'art. But the great thing for boys is discipline, sonny—discipline. Now, if you had sailed along of Bill, you wouldn't have stood there to be spoke to twice—not you. That was never Bill's way, nor the way of sich as sailed with him. And here, sure enough, is my mate Bill, with a spyglass under his arm, bless his old 'art, to be sure. You and me'll just go back into the parlor, sonny, and get behind the door, and we'll give Bill a little surprise—bless his 'art, I say again."

So saying, the stranger backed along with me into the parlor, and put me behind him in the corner, so that we were both hidden by the open door. I was very uneasy and alarmed, as you may fancy, and it rather added to my fears to observe that the stranger was certainly frightened himself. He cleared the hilt of his cutlass and loosened the blade in the sheath; and all the time we were waiting there he kept swallowing as if he felt what we used to call a lump in the throat.

At last in strode the captain, slammed the door behind him, without looking to the right or left, and marched straight across the room to where his breakfast awaited him.

"Bill," said the stranger, in a voice that I thought he had tried to make bold and big. The captain spun round on his heel and fronted us; all the brown had gone out of his face, and even his nose was blue; he had the look of a man who sees a ghost, or the evil one, or something worse, if anything can be; and, upon my word, I felt sorry to see him, all in a moment, turn so old and sick.

"Come, Bill, you know me; you know

an old shipmate, Bill, surely," said the stranger.

The captain made a sort of gasp.

"Black Dog!" he said.

"And who else?" returned the other, getting more at his ease. "Black Dog as ever was, come for to see his old shipmate Billy, at the 'Admiral Benbow' inn. Ah, Bill, Bill, we have seen a sight of times, us two, since I lost them two talons," holding up his mutilated hand.

"Now, look here," said the captain; "you've run me down; here I am; well, then, speak up; what is it?"

"That's you, Bill," returned Black Dog; "you're in the right of it, Billy. I'll have a glass of rum from this dear child here, as I've took such a liking to; and we'll sit down, if you please, and talk square, like old shipmates."

When I returned with the rum, they were already seated on either side of the captain's breakfast table—Black Dog next to the door, and sitting sideways, so as to have one eye on his old shipmate, and one, as I thought, on his retreat.

He bade me go, and leave the door wide open. "None of your keyholes for me, sonny," he said; and I left them together, and retired into the bar.

For a long time, though I certainly did my best to listen, I could hear nothing but a low gabbling; but at last the voices began to grow higher, and I could pick up a word or two, mostly oaths, from the captain.

"No, no, no, no; and an end of it!" he cried once. And again, "If it comes to swinging,<sup>1</sup> swing all, say I."

Then all of a sudden there was a tremendous explosion of oaths and other noises—the chair and table went over in a lump, a clash of steel followed, and then a cry of pain, and the next instant I saw Black Dog in full flight, and the captain hotly pursuing, both with drawn cutlasses, and the former streaming blood from the left shoulder. Just at the

door the captain aimed at the fugitive one last tremendous cut, which would certainly have split him to the chine<sup>2</sup> had it not been intercepted by our big signboard of Admiral Benbow. You may see the notch on the lower side of the frame to this day.

That blow was the last of the battle. Once out upon the road, Black Dog, in spite of his wound, showed a wonderful clean pair of heels, and disappeared over the edge of the hill in half a minute. The captain, for his part, stood staring at the signboard like a bewildered man. Then he passed his hand over his eyes several times, and at last turned back into the house.

"Jim," says he, "rum"; and as he spoke, he reeled a little, and caught himself with one hand against the wall.

"Are you hurt?" cried I.

"Rum," he repeated. "I must get away from here. Rum! rum!"

I ran to fetch it; but I was quite unsteadied by all that had fallen out, and I broke one glass and fouled the tap, and while I was still getting in my own way, I heard a loud fall in the parlor, and, running in, beheld the captain lying full length upon the floor. At the same instant my mother, alarmed by the cries and fighting, came running downstairs to help me. Between us we raised his head. He was breathing very loud and hard; but his eyes were closed, and his face a horrible color.

"Dear, deary me," cried my mother, "what a disgrace upon the house! And your poor father sick!"

In the meantime, we had no idea what to do to help the captain, nor any other thought but that he had got his death-hurt in the scuffle with the stranger. I got the rum, to be sure, and tried to put it down his throat; but his teeth were tightly shut, and his jaws as strong as iron. It was a happy relief for us when the door opened and Dr. Livesey came in, on his visit to my father.

<sup>1</sup> *swinging*, hanging.

<sup>2</sup> *chine*, backbone.

"Oh, doctor," we cried, "what shall we do? Where is he wounded?"

"Wounded? A fiddle-stick's end!" said the doctor. "No more wounded than you or I. The man has had a stroke, as I warned him. Now, Mrs. Hawkins, just you run upstairs to your husband, and tell him, if possible, nothing about it. For my part, I must do my best to save this fellow's trebly worthless life; and Jim here will get me a basin."

When I got back with the basin, the doctor had already ripped up the captain's sleeve, and exposed his great sinewy arm. It was tattooed in several places. "Here's luck," "A fair wind," and "Billy Bones his fancy," were very neatly and clearly executed on the forearm; and up near the shoulder there was a sketch of a gallows and a man hanging from it—done, as I thought, with great spirit.

"Prophetic," said the doctor, touching this picture with his finger. "And now, Master Billy Bones, if that be your name, we'll have a look at the color of your blood. Jim," he said, "are you afraid of blood?"

"No, sir," said I.

"Well, then," said he, "you hold the basin"; and with that he took his lancet and opened a vein.

A great deal of blood was taken before the captain opened his eyes and looked mistily about him. First he recognized the doctor with an unmistakable frown; then his glance fell upon me, and he looked relieved. But suddenly his color changed, and he tried to raise himself, crying:

"Where's Black Dog?"

"There is no Black Dog here," said the doctor, "except what you have on your own back. You have been drinking rum; you have had a stroke, precisely as I told you; and I have just, very much against my own will, dragged you headforemost out of the grave. Now, Mr. Bones—"

"That's not my name," he interrupted.

"Much I care," returned the doctor. "It's the name of a buccaneer of my acquaintance; and I call you by it for the sake of shortness, and what I have to say to you is this: one glass of rum won't kill you, but if you take one you'll take another and another, and I stake my wig if you don't break off short, you'll die—do you understand that?—die, and go to your own place, like the man in the Bible.<sup>3</sup> Come, now, make an effort. I'll help you to your bed for once."

Between us, with much trouble, we managed to hoist him upstairs, and laid him on his bed, where his head fell back on the pillow as if he were almost fainting.

"Now, mind you," said the doctor, "I clear my conscience—the name of rum for you is death."

And with that he went off to see my father, taking me with him by the arm.

"This is nothing," he said, as soon as he had closed the door. "I have drawn blood enough to keep him quiet a while; he should lie for a week where he is—that is the best thing for him and you; but another stroke would settle him."

## CHAPTER III

### THE BLACK SPOT

ABOUT noon I stopped at the captain's door with some cooling drinks and medicines. He was lying very much as we had left him, only a little higher, and he seemed both weak and excited.

"Jim," he said, "you're the only one here that's worth anything; and you know I've always been good to you. Never a month but I've given you a silver fourpenny for yourself. And now you see, mate, I'm pretty low, and deserted by all; and Jim, you'll bring me one noggin<sup>1</sup> of rum now, won't you, matey?"

<sup>3</sup> the man in the Bible, Judas (Acts i, 25).  
Chapter III. <sup>1</sup>noggin, small mug.



"The doctor—" I began.

But he broke in, cursing the doctor, in a feeble voice, but heartily. "Doctors is all swabs,"<sup>2</sup> he said; "and that doctor there, why, what do he know about seafaring men? I been in places as hot as pitch, and mates dropping round with Yellow Jack,<sup>3</sup> and the blessed land a-heaving like the sea with earthquakes—what do the doctor know of lands like that?—and I lived on rum, I tell you. It's been meat and drink, and man and wife, to me; and if I'm not to have my rum now I'm a poor old hulk on a lee shore,<sup>4</sup> my blood'll be on you, Jim, and that doctor swab"; and he ran on again for a while with curses. "Look, Jim, how my fingers fidges," he continued, in the pleading tone. "I can't keep 'em still, not I. I haven't had a drop this blessed day. That doctor's a fool, I tell you. If I don't have a drain o' rum, Jim, I'll have the horrors; I seen some on 'em already. I seen old Flint in the corner there, behind you; as plain as print, I seen him; and if I get the horrors, I'm a man that has lived rough, and I'll raise Cain. Your doctor hisself said one glass wouldn't hurt me. I'll give you a golden guinea for a noggin, Jim."

He was growing more and more excited, and this alarmed me for my father, who was very low that day, and needed quiet; besides, I was reassured by the doctor's words, now quoted to me, and rather offended by the offer of a bribe.

"I want none of your money," said I, "but what you owe my father. I'll get you one glass, and no more."

When I brought it to him, he seized it greedily and drank it out.

"Aye, aye," said he, "that's some better, sure enough. And now, matey, did that doctor say how long I was to lie here in this old berth?"

"A week at least," said I.

"Thunder!" he cried. "A week! I can't do that; they'd have the black spot on me by then. The lubbers is going about to get the wind of me<sup>5</sup> this blessed moment; lubbers as couldn't keep what they got, and want to nail what is another's. Is that seamanly behavior, now, I want to know? But I'm a saving soul. I never wasted good money of mine, nor lost it neither; and I'll trick 'em again. I'm not afraid on 'em. I'll shake out another reef, matey, and daddle 'em again."

As he was thus speaking, he had risen from bed with great difficulty, holding to my shoulder with a grip that almost made me cry out, and moving his legs like so much dead weight. His words, spirited as they were in meaning, contrasted sadly with the weakness of the voice in which they were uttered. He paused when he had got into a sitting position on the edge.

"That doctor's done me," he murmured. "My ears is singing. Lay me back."

Before I could do much to help him, he had fallen back again to his former place, where he lay for a while silent.

"Jim," he said, at length, "you saw that seafaring man today?"

"Black Dog?" I asked.

"Ah! Black Dog," says he. "*He's* a bad 'un; but there's worse that put him on. Now, if I can't get away nohow, and they tip me the black spot, mind you, it's my old sea-chest they're after; you get on a horse—you can, can't you? Well, then, you get on a horse, and go to—well, yes, I will!—to that eternal Doctor swab, and tell him to pipe all hands<sup>6</sup>—magistrates and sich—and he'll lay 'em aboard' at the 'Admiral Benbow'—all old Flint's crew, man and boy, all on 'em that's left. I was first mate, I was, old Flint's first mate, and I'm the on'y one as knows the place. He gave it

<sup>2</sup> *swabs*, sailors' slang for "useless persons."

<sup>3</sup> *Yellow Jack*, yellow fever. <sup>4</sup> *lee shore*, the shore toward which the wind is blowing; therefore to be on a lee shore is to be in a dangerous position.

<sup>5</sup> *going about to get the wind of me*, trying to take advantage of me. <sup>6</sup> *pipe all hands*, summon everybody. <sup>7</sup> *lay 'em aboard*, capture them all.



me at Savannah, when he lay a-dying, like as if I was to now, you see. But you won't peach<sup>s</sup> unless they get the black spot on me, or unless you see that Black Dog again, or a seafaring man with one leg, Jim—him above all."

"But what is the black spot, captain?" I asked.

"That's a summons, mate. I'll tell you if they get that. But you keep your weather-eye open, Jim, and I'll share with you equals, upon my honor."

He wandered a little longer, his voice growing weaker; but soon after I had given him his medicine, which he took like a child, with the remark, "If ever a seaman wanted drugs, it's me," he fell at last into a heavy, swoon-like sleep, in which I left him. What I should have done had all gone well, I do not know. Probably I should have told the whole story to the doctor; for I was in mortal fear lest the captain should repent of his confessions and make an end of me. But as things fell out, my poor father died quite suddenly that evening, which put all other matters on one side. Our natural distress, the visits of the neighbors, the arranging of the funeral, and all the work of the inn to be carried on in the meanwhile, kept me so busy that I had scarcely time to think of the captain, far less to be afraid of him.

He got downstairs next morning, to be sure, and had his meals as usual, though he ate little, and had more, I am afraid, than his usual supply of rum, for he helped himself out of the bar, scowling and blowing through his nose, and no one dared to cross him. On the night before the funeral he was as drunk as ever; and it was shocking, in that house of mourning, to hear him singing away at his ugly old sea-song; but, weak as he was, we were all in fear of death for him, and the doctor was suddenly taken up with a case many miles away, and was never near the house after my fa-

<sup>s</sup> *peach*, blab or tell.

ther's death. I have said the captain was weak; and indeed he seemed rather to grow weaker than regain his strength. He clambered up and down stairs, and went from the parlor to the bar and back again, and sometimes put his nose out of doors to smell the sea, holding on to the walls as he went for support, and breathing hard and fast like a man on a steep mountain. He never particularly addressed me, and it is my belief he had as good as forgotten his confidences; but his temper was more flighty, and, allowing for his bodily weakness, more violent than ever. He had an alarming way now when he was drunk, of drawing his cutlass and laying it bare before him on the table. But, with all that, he minded people less, and seemed shut up in his own thoughts and rather wandering. Once, for instance, to our extreme wonder, he piped up to a different air, a kind of country love-song, that he must have learned in his youth before he had begun to follow the sea.

So things passed until, the day after the funeral, and about three o'clock of a bitter, foggy, frosty afternoon, I was standing at the door for a moment, full of sad thoughts about my father, when I saw someone drawing slowly near along the road. He was plainly blind, for he tapped before him with a stick, and wore a great green shade over his eyes and nose; and he was hunched, as if with age or weakness, and wore a huge old tattered sea-cloak with a hood, that made him appear positively deformed. I never saw in my life a more dreadful looking figure. He stopped a little from the inn, and, raising his voice in an odd singsong, addressed the air in front of him:

"Will any kind friend inform a poor blind man, who has lost the precious sight of his eyes in the gracious defense of his native country, England, and God bless King George!—where or in what part of this country he may now be?"

"You are at the 'Admiral Benbow,' Black Hill Cove, my good man," said I.

"I hear a voice," said he—"a young voice. Will you give me your hand, my kind young friend, and lead me in?"

I held out my hand, and the horrible, soft-spoken, eyeless creature gripped it in a moment like a vise. I was so much startled that I struggled to withdraw; but the blind man pulled me close up to him with a single action of his arm.

"Now, boy," he said, "take me in to the captain."

"Sir," said I, "upon my word I dare not."

"Oh," he sneered, "that's it! Take me in straight, or I'll break your arm."

And he gave it, as he spoke, a wrench that made me cry out.

"Sir," said I, "it is for yourself I mean. The captain is not what he used to be. He sits with a drawn cutlass. Another gentleman—"

"Come, now, march," interrupted he; and I never heard a voice so cruel, and cold, and ugly as that blind man's. It cowed me more than the pain; and I began to obey him at once, walking straight in at the door and toward the parlor, where our sick old buccaneer was sitting, dazed with rum. The blind man clung close to me, holding me in one iron fist, and leaning almost more of his weight on me than I could carry. "Lead me straight up to him, and when I'm in view cry out, 'Here's a friend for you, Bill.' If you don't, I'll do this"; and with that he gave me a twitch that I thought would have made me faint. Between this and that, I was so utterly terrified of the blind beggar that I forgot my terror of the captain, and as I opened the parlor door, cried out the words he had ordered in a trembling voice.

The poor captain raised his eyes, and at one look the rum went out of him, and left him staring sober. The expres-

sion of his face was not so much of terror as of mortal sickness. He made a movement to rise, but I do not believe he had enough force left in his body.

"Now, Bill, sit where you are," said the beggar. "If I can't see, I can hear a finger stirring. Business is business. Hold out your left hand. Boy, take his left hand by the wrist, and bring it near to my right."

We both obeyed him to the letter, and I saw him pass something from the hollow of the hand that held his stick into the palm of the captain's, which closed upon it instantly.

"And now that's done," said the blind man; and at the words he suddenly left hold of me, and, with incredible accuracy and nimbleness, skipped out of the parlor and into the road, where, as I still stood motionless, I could hear his stick go tap-tap-tapping into the distance.

It was some time before either I or the captain seemed to gather our senses; but at length, and about at the same moment, I released his wrist, which I was still holding, and he drew in his hand and looked sharply into the palm.

"Ten o'clock!" he cried. "Six hours. We'll do them yet"; and he sprang to his feet.

Even as he did so, he reeled, put his hand to his throat, stood swaying for a moment, and then, with a peculiar sound, fell from his whole height face foremost to the floor.

I ran to him at once, calling to my mother. But haste was all in vain. The captain had been struck dead by thundering apoplexy. It is a curious thing to understand, for I had certainly never liked the man, though of late I had begun to pity him, but as soon as I saw that he was dead, I burst into a flood of tears. It was the second death I had known, and the sorrow of the first was still fresh in my heart.



We both obeyed him to the letter

#### CHAPTER IV

##### THE SEA-CHEST

I LOST no time, of course, in telling my mother all that I knew, and perhaps should have told her long before, and we saw ourselves at once in a difficult and dangerous position. Some of the man's money—if he had any—was certainly due to us; but it was not likely that our captain's shipmates, above all the two specimens seen by me, Black Dog and the blind beggar, would be inclined to give up their booty in payment of the dead man's debts. The captain's order to mount at once and ride

for Dr. Livesey would have left my mother alone and unprotected, which was not to be thought of. Indeed, it seemed impossible for either of us to remain much longer in the house; the fall of coals in the kitchen grate, the very ticking of the clock, filled us with alarms. The neighborhood, to our ears, seemed haunted by approaching footsteps; and what between the dead body of the captain on the parlor floor, and the thought of that detestable blind beggar hovering near at hand, and ready to return, there were moments when, as the saying goes, I jumped in my skin for terror. Something must speedily be re-

solved upon; and it occurred to us at last to go forth together and seek help in the neighboring hamlet. No sooner said than done. Bareheaded as we were, we ran out at once in the gathering evening and the frosty fog.

The hamlet lay not many hundred yards away, though out of view, on the other side of the next cove; and what greatly encouraged me, it was in an opposite direction from that whence the blind man had made his appearance, and whither he had presumably returned. We were not many minutes on the road, though we sometimes stopped to lay hold of each other and hearken. But there was no unusual sound—nothing but the low wash of the ripple and the croaking of the inmates of the wood.

It was already candle-light when we reached the hamlet, and I shall never forget how much I was cheered to see the yellow shine in doors and windows; but that, as it proved, was the best of the help we were likely to get in that quarter. For—you would have thought men would have been ashamed of themselves—no soul would consent to return with us to the "Admiral Benbow." The more we told of our troubles, the more—man, woman, and child—they clung to the shelter of their houses. The name of Captain Flint, though it was strange to me, was well enough known to some there, and carried a great weight of terror. Some of the men who had been to field-work on the far side of the "Admiral Benbow" remembered, besides, to have seen several strangers on the road, and, taking them to be smugglers, to have bolted away; and one at least had seen a little lugger<sup>1</sup> in what we called Kitt's Hole. For that matter, anyone who was a comrade of the captain's was enough to frighten them to death. And the short and the long of the matter was, that while we could get

several who were willing enough to ride to Dr. Livesey's, which lay in another direction, not one would help us defend the inn.

They say cowardice is infectious; but then argument is, on the other hand, a great emboldener; and so when each had said his say, my mother made them a speech. She would not, she declared, lose money that belonged to her fatherless boy; "if none of the rest of you dare," she said, "Jim and I dare. Back we will go, the way we came, and small thanks to you big, hulking, chicken-hearted men. We'll have that chest open, if we die for it. And I'll thank you for that bag, Mrs. Crossley, to bring back our lawful money in."

Of course I said I would go with my mother; and of course they all cried out at our foolhardiness; but even then not a man would go along with us. All they would do was to give me a loaded pistol, lest we were attacked; and to promise to have horses ready saddled, in case we were pursued on our return; while one lad was to ride forward to the doctor's in search of armed assistance.

My heart was beating finely when we two set forth in the cold night upon this dangerous venture. A full moon was beginning to rise and peered redly through the upper edges of the fog, and this increased our haste, for it was plain, before we came forth again, that all would be as bright as day, and our departure exposed to the eyes of any watchers. We slipped along the hedges, noiseless and swift, nor did we see or hear anything to increase our terrors, till, to our relief, the door of the "Admiral Benbow" had closed behind us.

I slipped the bolt at once, and we stood and panted for a moment in the dark, alone in the house with the dead captain's body. Then my mother got a candle in the bar, and, holding each other's hands, we advanced into the parlor. He lay as we had left him, on his

<sup>1</sup> *lugger*, a sailing boat of that time.

back, with his eyes open, and one arm stretched out.

"Draw down the blind, Jim," whispered my mother; "they might come and watch outside. And now," said she, when I had done so, "we have to get the key off *that*; and who's to touch it, I should like to know!" and she gave a kind of sob as she said the words.

I went down on my knees at once. On the floor close to his hand there was a little round of paper, blackened on the one side. I could not doubt that this was the *black spot*; and, taking it up, I found written on the other side, in a very good, clear hand, this short message: "You have till ten tonight."

"He had till ten, mother," said I; and just as I said it, our old clock began striking. This sudden noise startled us shockingly; but the news was good, for it was only six.

"Now, Jim," she said, "that key."

I felt in his pockets, one after another. A few small coins, a thimble, and some thread and big needles, a piece of pigtail tobacco bitten away at the end, his gully<sup>2</sup> with the crooked handle, a pocket compass, and a tinder box, were all that they contained, and I began to despair.

"Perhaps it's round his neck," suggested my mother.

Overcoming a strong repugnance, I tore open his shirt at the neck, and there, sure enough, hanging to a bit of tarry string, which I cut with his own gully, we found the key. At this triumph we were filled with hope, and hurried upstairs, without delay, to the little room where he had slept so long, and where his box had stood since the day of his arrival.

It was like any other seaman's chest on the outside, the initial "B" burned on the top of it with a hot iron, and the corners somewhat smashed and broken as by long, rough usage.

"Give me the key," said my mother;

<sup>2</sup> *gully*, a kind of sheath-knife.

and though the lock was very stiff, she had turned it and thrown back the lid in a twinkling.

A strong smell of tobacco and tar rose from the interior, but nothing was to be seen on the top except a suit of very good clothes, carefully brushed and folded. They had never been worn, my mother said. Under that, the miscellany began—a quadrant,<sup>3</sup> a tin cannikin, several sticks of tobacco, two brace of very handsome pistols, a piece of bar silver, an old Spanish watch, and some other trinkets of little value and mostly of foreign make, a pair of compasses mounted with brass, and five or six curious West Indian shells. I have often wondered since why he should have carried about these shells with him in his wandering, guilty, and hunted life.

In the meantime, we had found nothing of any value but the silver and the trinkets, and neither of these were in our way.<sup>4</sup> Underneath there was an old boat-cloak, whitened with sea salt on many a harbor-bar. My mother pulled it up with impatience, and there lay before us the last things in the chest, a bundle tied up in oilcloth, and looking like papers, and a canvas bag, that gave forth, at touch, the jingle of gold.

"I'll show these rogues that I'm an honest woman," said my mother. "I'll have my dues, and not a farthing over. Hold Mrs. Crossley's bag." And she began to count over the amount of the captain's store from the sailor's bag into the one that I was holding.

It was a long, difficult business, for the coins were of all countries and sizes—doubloons, and louis d'ors, and guineas, and pieces of eight,<sup>5</sup> and I know not what besides, all shaken together at ran-

<sup>3</sup> *quadrant*, an instrument for measuring altitudes. <sup>4</sup> *in our way*, of interest or value to us.

<sup>5</sup> *doubloons . . . pieces of eight*. *Doubloon*, a Spanish gold coin; *louis d'or*, a French gold coin; *guinea*, an English gold coin; *pieces of eight*, Spanish silver coins.

dom. The guineas, too, were about the scarcest, and it was with these only that my mother knew how to make her count.

When we were about halfway through, I suddenly put my hand upon her arm; for I had heard in the silent, frosty air a sound that brought my heart into my mouth—the tap-tapping of the blind man’s stick upon the frozen road. It grew nearer and nearer, while we sat holding our breath. Then it struck sharp on the inn door, and then we could hear the handle being turned, and the bolt rattling as the wretched being tried to enter; and then there was a long time of silence both within and without. At last the tapping recommenced, and, to our indescribable joy and gratitude, died slowly away again until it ceased to be heard.

“Mother,” said I, “take the whole and let’s be going”; for I was sure the bolted door must have seemed suspicious, and would bring the whole hornet’s nest about our ears, though how thankful I was that I had bolted it, none could tell who had never met that terrible blind man.

But my mother, frightened as she was, would not consent to take a fraction more than was due to her, and was obstinately unwilling to be content with less. It was not yet seven, she said, by a long way; she knew her rights, and she would have them; and she was still arguing with me, when a little low whistle sounded a good way off upon the hill. That was enough, and more than enough, for both of us.

“I’ll take what I have,” she said, jumping to her feet.

“And I’ll take this to square the count,” said I, picking up the oilskin packet.

Next moment we were both groping downstairs, leaving the candle by the empty chest; and the next we had opened the door and were in full re-

treat. We had not started a moment too soon. The fog was rapidly dispersing; already the moon shone quite clear on the high ground on either side; and it was only in the exact bottom of the dell and round the tavern door that a thin veil still hung unbroken to conceal the first steps of our escape. Far less than halfway to the hamlet, very little beyond the bottom of the hill, we must come forth into the moonlight. Nor was this all; for the sound of several footsteps running came already to our ears, and as we looked back in their direction, a light tossing to and fro and still rapidly advancing, showed that one of the newcomers carried a lantern.

“My dear,” said my mother suddenly, “take the money and run on. I am going to faint.”

This was certainly the end for both of us, I thought. How I cursed the cowardice of the neighbors; how I blamed my poor mother for her honesty and her greed, for her past foolhardiness and present weakness! We were just at the little bridge, by good fortune; and I helped her, tottering as she was, to the edge of the bank, where, sure enough, she gave a sigh and fell on my shoulder. I do not know how I found the strength to do it at all, and I am afraid it was roughly done; but I managed to drag her down the bank and a little way under the arch. Farther I could not move her, for the bridge was too low to let me do more than crawl below it. So there we had to stay—my mother almost entirely exposed, and both of us within earshot of the inn.

## CHAPTER V

### THE LAST OF THE BLIND MAN

MY CURIOSITY, in a sense, was stronger than my fear; for I could not remain where I was, but crept back to the bank again, whence, shelter-

ing my head behind a bush of broom, I might command the road before our door. I was scarcely in position ere my enemies began to arrive, seven or eight of them, running hard, their feet beating out of time along the road, and the man with the lantern some paces in front. Three men ran together, hand in hand; and I made out, even through the mist, that the middle man of this trio was the blind beggar. The next moment his voice showed me that I was right.

"Down with the door!" he cried.

"Aye, aye, sir!" answered two or three; and a rush was made upon the "Admiral Benbow," the lantern-bearer following; and then I could see them pause, and hear speeches passed in a lower key, as if they were surprised to find the door open. But the pause was brief, for the blind man again issued his commands. His voice sounded louder and higher, as if he were afire with eagerness and rage.

"In, in, in!" he shouted, and cursed them for their delay.

Four or five of them obeyed at once, two remaining on the road with the formidable beggar. There was a pause, then a cry of surprise, and then a voice shouting from the house:

"Bill's dead!"

But the blind man swore at them again for their delay.

"Search him, some of you shirking lubbers, and the rest of you aloft and get the chest," he cried.

I could hear their feet rattling up our old stairs, so that the house must have shook with it. Promptly afterwards, fresh sounds of astonishment arose; the window of the captain's room was thrown open with a slam and a jingle of broken glass; and a man leaned out into the moonlight, head and shoulders, and addressed the blind beggar on the road below him.

"Pew," he cried, "they've been before

us. Someone's turned the chest out aloft and aloft."<sup>1</sup>

"Is it there?" roared Pew.

"The money's there."

The blind man cursed the money.

"Flint's fist,<sup>2</sup> I mean," he cried.

"We don't see it here nohow," returned the man.

"Here, you below there, is it on Bill?" cried the blind man again.

At that, another fellow, probably he who had remained below to search the captain's body, came to the door of the inn. "Bill's been overhauled a'ready," said he; "nothin's left."

"It's these people of the inn—it's that boy. I wish I had put his eyes out!" cried the blind man, Pew. "They were here no time ago—they had the door bolted when I tried it. Scatter, lads, and find 'em."

"Sure enough, they left their glim<sup>3</sup> here," said the fellow from the window.

"Scatter and find 'em! Rout the house out!" reiterated Pew, striking with his stick upon the road.

Then there followed a great to-do through all our old inn, heavy feet pounding to and fro, furniture thrown over, doors kicked in, until the very rocks re-echoed, and the men came out again, one after another, on the road, and declared that we were nowhere to be found. And just then the same whistle that had alarmed my mother and myself over the dead captain's money was once more clearly audible through the night, but this time twice repeated. I had thought it to be the blind man's trumpet, so to speak, summoning his crew to the assault; but I now found that it was a signal from the hillside toward the hamlet, and, from its effect upon the buccaneers, a signal to warn them of approaching danger.

<sup>1</sup> *alow and aloft*, below and above, i.e., thoroughly.

<sup>2</sup> *Flint's fist*, his writing or drawing, i.e., the map.

<sup>3</sup> *glim*, light.



"There's Dirk again," said one. "Twice! We'll have to budge, mates."

"Budge, you skulk!" cried Pew. "Dirk was a fool and a coward from the first—you wouldn't mind him. They must be close by; they can't be far; you have your hands on it. Scatter and look for them, dogs! Oh, shiver my soul," he cried, "if I had eyes!"

This appeal seemed to produce some effect, for two of the fellows began to look here and there among the lumber, but half-heartedly, I thought, and with half an eye to their own danger all the time, while the rest stood irresolute on the road.

"You have your hands on thousands, you fools, and you hang a leg! You'd be as rich as kings if you could find it, and you know it's here, and you stand there skulking. There wasn't one of you dared face Bill, and I did it—a blind man! And I'm to lose my chance for you! I'm to be a poor, crawling beggar, sponging for rum, when I might be rolling in a coach! If you had the pluck of a weevil in a biscuit, you would catch them still."

"Hang it, Pew, we've got the doubloons!" grumbled one.

"They might have hid the blessed thing," said another.

"Take the Georges,<sup>4</sup> Pew, and don't stand here squalling."

Squalling was the word for it, Pew's anger rose so high at these objections; till at last, his passion completely taking the upper hand, he struck at them right and left in his blindness, and his stick sounded heavily on more than one.

These, in their turn, cursed back at the blind miscreant, threatened him in horrid terms, and tried in vain to catch the stick and wrest it from his grasp.

This quarrel was the saving of us; for while it was still raging, another sound came from the top of the hill on the side

of the hamlet—the tramp of horses galloping. Almost at the same time a pistol-shot, flash and report, came from the hedge side. And that was plainly the last signal of danger, for the buccaneers turned at once and ran, separating in every direction, one seaward toward the cove, one slant across the hill, and so on, so that in half a minute not a sign of them remained but Pew. Him they had deserted, whether in sheer panic or out of revenge for his ill words and blows, I know not; but there he remained behind, tapping up and down the road in a frenzy, and groping and calling for his comrades. Finally he took the wrong turn, and ran a few steps past me, toward the hamlet, crying:

"Johnny, Black Dog, Dirk," and other names, "you won't leave old Pew, mates—not old Pew!"

Just then the noise of horses topped the rise, and four or five riders came in sight in the moonlight, and swept at full gallop down the slope.

At this Pew saw his error, turned with a scream, and ran straight for the ditch, into which he rolled. But he was on his feet again in a second, and made another dash, now utterly bewildered, right under the nearest of the coming horses.

The rider tried to save him, but in vain. Down went Pew with a cry that rang high into the night; and the four hoofs trampled and spurned him and passed by. He fell on his side, then gently collapsed upon his face, and moved no more.

I leaped to my feet and hailed the riders. They were pulling up, at any rate, horrified at the accident; and I soon saw what they were. One, tailing out behind the rest, was a lad that had gone from the hamlet to Dr. Livesey's; the rest were revenue officers, whom he had met by the way, and with whom he had had the intelligence to return at once. Some news of the lugger in Kitt's Hole had found its way to Supervisor Dance

<sup>4</sup> *Georges*, pieces of English money stamped with an image of St. George.

and set him forth that night in our direction, and to that circumstance my mother and I owed our preservation from death.

Pew was dead, stone dead. As for my mother, when we had carried her up to the hamlet, a little cold water and salts and that soon brought her back again, and she was none the worse for her terror, though she still continued to deplore the balance of the money. In the meantime, the supervisor rode on, as fast as he could, to Kitt's Hole; but his men had to dismount and grope down the dingle,<sup>5</sup> leading, and sometimes supporting, their horses, and in continual fear of ambushes; so it was no great matter for surprise that when they got down to the Hole, the lugger was already under way, though still close in. He hailed her. A voice replied, telling him to keep out of the moonlight, or he would get some lead in him, and at the same time a bullet whistled close by his arm. Soon after, the lugger doubled the point and disappeared. Mr. Dance stood there, as he said, "like a fish out of water," and all he could do was to dispatch a man to B—to warn the cutter.<sup>6</sup> "And that," said he, "is just about as good as nothing. They've got off clean, and there's an end. Only," he added, "I'm glad I trod on Master Pew's corns"; for by this time he had heard my story.

I went back with him to the "Admiral Benbow," and you cannot imagine a house in such a state of smash; the very clock had been thrown down by these fellows in their furious hunt after my mother and myself; and though nothing had actually been taken away except the captain's money-bag and a little silver from the till, I could see at once that we were ruined. Mr. Dance could make nothing of the scene.

"They got the money, you say? Well,

<sup>5</sup> *dingle*, a brushy gully.

<sup>6</sup> *cutter*, a small patrol boat.

then, Hawkins, what in fortune were they after? More money, I suppose?"

"No, sir; not money, I think," replied I. "In fact, sir, I believe I have the thing in my breast-pocket; and, to tell you the truth, I should like to get it put in safety."

"To be sure, boy; quite right," said he. "I'll take it, if you like."

"I thought, perhaps, Dr. Livesey—" I began.

"Perfectly right," he interrupted, very cheerily, "perfectly right—a gentleman and a magistrate. And, now I come to think of it, I might as well ride round there myself and report to him or squire. Master Pew's dead, when all's done; not that I regret it, but he's dead, you see, and people will make it out against an officer of his Majesty's revenue, if make it out they can. Now, I'll tell you, Hawkins: if you like, I'll take you along."

I thanked him heartily for the offer, and we walked back to the hamlet, where the horses were. By the time I had told mother of my purpose they were all in the saddle.

"Dogger," said Mr. Dance, "you have a good horse; take up this lad behind you."

As soon as I was mounted, holding on to Dogger's belt, the supervisor gave the word, and the party struck out at a bouncing trot on the road to Dr. Livesey's house.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE CAPTAIN'S PAPERS

WE RODE hard all the way, till we drew up before Dr. Livesey's door. The house was all dark to the front.

Mr. Dance told me to jump down and knock, and Dogger gave me a stirrup to descend by. The door was opened almost at once by the maid.

"Is Dr. Livesey in?" I asked.

No, she said; he had come home in

the afternoon, but had gone up to the Hall to dine and pass the evening with the squire.

"So there we go, boys," said Mr. Dance.

This time, as the distance was short, I did not mount, but ran with Dogger's stirrup-leather to the lodge gates, and up the long, leafless, moonlit avenue to where the white line of the Hall buildings looked on either hand on great old gardens. Here Mr. Dance dismounted, and, taking me along with him, was admitted at a word into the house.

The servant led us down a matted passage, and showed us at the end into a great library, all lined with bookcases, and busts upon the top of them, where the squire and Dr. Livesey sat, pipe in hand, on either side of a bright fire.

I had never seen the squire so near at hand. He was a tall man, over six feet high, and broad in proportion, and he had a bluff, rough-and-ready face, all roughened and reddened and lined in his long travels. His eyebrows were very black, and moved readily, and this gave him a look of some temper, not bad, you would say, but quick and high.

"Come in, Mr. Dance," said he, very stately and condescending.

"Good-evening, Dance," says the doctor, with a nod. "And good-evening to you, friend Jim. What good wind brings you here?"

The supervisor stood up straight and stiff, and told his story like a lesson; and you should have seen how the two gentlemen leaned forward and looked at each other, and forgot to smoke in their surprise and interest. When they heard how my mother went back to the inn, Dr. Livesey fairly slapped his thigh, and the squire cried "Bravo!" and broke his long pipe against the grate. Long before it was done, Mr. Trelawney (that, you will remember, was the squire's name) had got up from his seat, and was striding about the room, and the

doctor, as if to hear the better, had taken off his powdered wig, and sat there, looking very strange indeed with his own close-cropped, black poll.

At last Mr. Dance finished the story.

"Mr. Dance," said the squire, "you are a very noble fellow. And as for riding down that black, atrocious miscreant, I regard it as an act of virtue, sir, like stamping on a cockroach. This lad Hawkins is a trump, I perceive. Hawkins, will you ring that bell? Mr. Dance must have some ale."

"And so, Jim," said the doctor, "you have the thing that they were after, have you?"

"Here it is, sir," said I, and gave him the oilskin packet.

The doctor looked it all over, as if his fingers were itching to open it; but, instead of doing that, he put it quietly in the pocket of his coat.

"Squire," said he, "when Dance has had his ale, he must, of course, be off on his Majesty's service; but I mean to keep Jim Hawkins here to sleep at my house, and, with your permission, I propose we should have up the cold pie, and let him sup."

"As you will, Livesey," said the squire; "Hawkins has earned better than cold pie."

So a big pigeon pie was brought in and put on a side-table, and I made a hearty supper, for I was as hungry as a hawk, while Mr. Dance was further complimented, and at last dismissed.

"And now, squire," said the doctor.

"And now, Livesey," said the squire, in the same breath.

"One at a time, one at a time," laughed Dr. Livesey. "You have heard of this Flint, I suppose?"

"Heard of him!" cried the squire. "Heard of him, you say! He was the bloodthirstiest buccaneer that sailed. Blackbeard<sup>1</sup> was a child to Flint. The

<sup>1</sup> *Blackbeard*, an infamous pirate (Edward Teach).

Spaniards were so prodigiously afraid of him that, I tell you, sir, I was sometimes proud he was an Englishman. I've seen his topsails with these eyes off Trinidad,<sup>2</sup> and the cowardly son of a rum-puncheon that I sailed with put back—put back, sir, into Port of Spain.”<sup>3</sup>

“Well, I've heard of him myself, in England,” said the doctor. “But the point is, had he money?”

“Money!” cried the squire. “Have you heard the story? What were these villains after but money? What do they care for but money? For what would they risk their rascal carcasses but money?”

“That we shall soon know,” replied the doctor. “But you are so confoundedly hot-headed and exclamatory that I cannot get a word in. What I want to know is this: Supposing that I have here in my pocket some clue to where Flint buried his treasure, will that treasure amount to much?”

“Amount, sir!” cried the squire. “It will amount to this: if we have the clue you talk about, I fit out a ship in Bristol dock, and take you and Hawkins here along, and I'll have that treasure if I search a year.”

“Very well,” said the doctor. “Now, then, if Jim is agreeable, we'll open the packet”; and he laid it before him on the table.

The bundle was sewn together, and the doctor had to get out his instrument-case, and cut the stitches with his medical scissors. It contained two things—a book and a sealed paper.

“First of all we'll try the book,” observed the doctor.

The squire and I were both peering over his shoulder as he opened it, for Dr. Livesey had kindly motioned me to come round from the side-table, where I had been eating, to enjoy the sport of the search. On the first page there were

only some scraps of writing, such as a man with a pen in his hand might make for idleness or practice. One was the same as the tattoo mark, “Billy Bones his<sup>4</sup> fancy”; then there was “Mr. W. Bones, mate.” “No more rum.” “Off Palm Key he got itt”; and some other snatches, mostly single words and unintelligible. I could not help wondering who it was that had “got itt,” and what “itt” was that he got. A knife in his back as like as not.

“Not much instruction there,” said Dr. Livesey, as he passed on.

The next ten or twelve pages were filled with a curious series of entries. There was a date at one end of the line, and at the other a sum of money, as in common account-books, but instead of explanatory writing, only a varying number of crosses between the two. On the 12th of June, 1745, for instance, a sum of seventy pounds had plainly become due to someone, and there was nothing but six crosses to explain the cause. In a few cases, to be sure, the name of a place would be added, as “Offe Caraccas”;<sup>5</sup> or a mere entry of latitude and longitude, as “62° 17' 20", 19° 2' 40".

The record lasted over nearly twenty years, the amount of the separate entries growing larger as time went on, and at the end a grand total had been made out after five or six wrong additions, and these words appended, “Bones, his pile.”

“I can't make head or tail of this,” said Dr. Livesey.

“The thing is as clear as noonday,” cried the squire. “This is the black-hearted hound's account book. These crosses stand for the names of ships or towns that they sank or plundered. The sums are the scoundrel's share, and where he feared an ambiguity you see he added something clearer. ‘Offe Ca-

<sup>2</sup> *Trinidad*, a British island off Venezuela.  
<sup>3</sup> *Port of Spain*, town of Trinidad.

<sup>4</sup> *Bones his*, an old way of writing the possessive, “Bones's.”

<sup>5</sup> *Caraccas*, the capital city of Venezuela

raccas,' now; you see, here was some unhappy vessel boarded off that coast. God help the poor souls that manned her—coral long ago."

"Right!" said the doctor. "See what it is to be a traveler. Right! And the amounts increase, you see, as he rose in rank."

There was little else in the volume but a few bearings of places noted in the blank leaves toward the end, and a table for reducing French, English, and Spanish moneys to a common value.

"Thrifty man!" cried the doctor. "He wasn't the one to be cheated."

"And now," said the squire, "for the other."

The paper had been sealed in several places with a thimble by way of seal; the very thimble, perhaps, that I had found in the captain's pocket. The doctor opened the seals with great care, and there fell out the map of an island, with latitude and longitude, soundings, names of hills, and bays and inlets, and every particular that would be needed to bring a ship to a safe anchorage upon its shores. It was about nine miles long and five across, shaped, you might say, like a fat dragon standing up, and had two fine land-locked harbors, and a hill in the center part marked "The Spyglass." There were several additions of a later date; but, above all, three crosses of red ink—two on the north part of the island, one on the southwest, and, besides this last, in the same red ink, and in a small, neat hand, very different from the captain's tottery characters, these words: "Bulk of treasure here."

Over on the back the same hand had written this further information:

Tall tree, Spyglass shoulder, bearing a point to the N. of N.N.E.

Skeleton Island E.S.E. and by E.

Ten feet.

The bar silver is in the north cache; you can find it by the trend of the east hum-

mock, ten fathoms south of the black crag with the face on it.

The arms are easy found, in the sand hill, N. point of north inlet cape bearing E. and a quarter N.

J. F.

That was all; but brief as it was, and, to me, incomprehensible, it filled the squire and Dr. Livesey with delight.

"Livesey," said the squire, "you will give up this wretched practice at once. Tomorrow I start for Bristol. In three weeks' time—three weeks!—two weeks—ten days—we'll have the best ship, sir, and the choicest crew in England. Hawkins shall come as cabin-boy. You'll make a famous cabin-boy, Hawkins. You, Livesey, are ship's doctor; I am admiral. We'll take Redruth, Joyce, and Hunter. We'll have favorable winds, a quick passage, and not the least difficulty in finding the spot, and money to eat—to roll in—to play duck and drake with ever after."

"Trelawney," said the doctor, "I'll go with you; and, I'll go bail for it, so will Jim, and be a credit to the undertaking. There's only one man I'm afraid of."

"And who's that?" cried the squire. "Name the dog, sir!"

"You," replied the doctor; "for you cannot hold your tongue. We are not the only men who know of this paper. These fellows who attacked the inn to-night—bold, desperate blades, for sure—and the rest who stayed aboard that lugger, and more, I dare say, not far off, are; one and all, through thick and thin, bound that they'll get that money. We must none of us go alone till we get to sea. Jim and I shall stick together in the meanwhile; you'll take Joyce and Hunter when you ride to Bristol, and, from first to last, not one of us must breathe a word of what we've found."

"Livesey," returned the squire, "you are always in the right of it. I'll be as silent as the grave."

## STUDY AIDS FOR PART I

*Steps in the Story.* Your chief curiosity in Part I is no doubt centered on that mysterious figure, the old buccaneer, who at the very beginning appears from nowhere. The following questions will help you follow the clues in the successive chapters.

CHAPTER I. Why does the old buccaneer select the Admiral Benbow Inn? Whom does he most wish to avoid among his former shipmates? Contrast the appearance of the Captain and Dr. Livesey.

CHAPTER II. What does Black Dog reveal about the old buccaneer's past? What effect does Black Dog have on him? How did the doctor happen to call him Mr. Bones?

CHAPTER III. What about his past does Billy Bones reveal in his talk with Jim? Why does the blind man call on him? What does Billy Bones immediately plan to do?

CHAPTER IV. What effect does the name of Captain Flint have on the people in the hamlet? In searching for the key to the chest, what qualities does Jim show? Why does he take the oilskin packet?

CHAPTER V. What does Blind Pew chiefly want from the chest? Why? Why does Jim wish to

give the packet to Dr. Livesey? CHAPTER VI. What does Squire Trelawney know about Captain Flint? What do he and the doctor learn about Billy Bones from his account book? What does the Squire propose to do?

Who is the narrator? Notice how realistic the story is made by being told in the first person.

*Summing up Part I.* Write a paragraph or two about the life of Billy Bones, so far as it is revealed in Part I: his arrival at the "Admiral Benbow"; the "seafaring man with one leg"; his former shipmates, Black Dog and Blind Pew; his chest; his papers. In your last sentence summarize Squire Trelawney's plan.

*What Lies Ahead.* Before reading Part II, stop a minute or two to think what probably lies ahead in the story. What do you expect to happen next? Is Squire Trelawney likely to find any difficulties in the way of his undertaking? Are you afraid he may talk too much? What behavior of Jim Hawkins shows that he will be useful in the enterprise?

## PART II

## THE SEA COOK

## CHAPTER VII

## I GO TO BRISTOL

IT WAS longer than the squire imagined ere we were ready for the sea, and none of our first plans—not even Dr. Livesey's of keeping me beside him—could be carried out as we intended. The doctor had to go to London for a physician to take charge of his practice; the squire was hard at work at Bristol; and I lived on at the Hall under the charge of old Redruth, the gamekeeper, almost a prisoner, but full of sea-dreams and the most charming anticipations of strange islands and adventures. I brooded by the hour together

over the map, all the details of which I well remembered. Sitting by the fire in the housekeeper's room, I approached that island in my fancy, from every possible direction; I explored every acre of its surface; I climbed a thousand times to that tall hill they call the Spyglass, and from the top enjoyed the most wonderful and changing prospects. Sometimes the isle was thick with savages, with whom we fought; sometimes full of dangerous animals that hunted us; but in all my fancies nothing occurred to me so strange and tragic as our actual adventures.

So the weeks passed on, till one fine day there came a letter addressed to Dr.

Livesey, with this addition, "To be opened, in the case of his absence, by Tom Redruth or young Hawkins." Obeying this order, we found, or rather, I found—for the gamekeeper was a poor hand at reading anything but print—the following important news:

*Old Anchor Inn, Bristol, March 1, 17—*

DEAR LIVESEY—As I do not know whether you are at the Hall or still in London, I send this in double to both places.

The ship is bought and fitted. She lies at anchor, ready for sea. You never imagined a sweeter schooner—a child might sail her—two hundred tons; name, *Hispaniola*.

I got her through my old friend, Blandly, who has proved himself throughout the most surprising trump. The admirable fellow literally slaved in my interest, and so, I may say, did everyone in Bristol, as soon as they got wind of the port we sailed for—treasure, I mean.

"Redruth," said I, interrupting the letter, "Dr. Livesey will not like that. The squire has been talking, after all."

"Well, who's a better right?" growled the gamekeeper. "A pretty rum go if squire ain't to talk for Dr. Livesey, I should think."

At that I gave up all attempt at commentary, and read straight on:

Blandly himself found the *Hispaniola*, and by the most admirable management got her for the merest trifle. There is a class of men in Bristol monstrously prejudiced against Blandly. They go the length of declaring that this honest creature would do anything for money, that the *Hispaniola* belonged to him, and that he sold it me absurdly high—the most transparent calumnies. None of them dare, however, to deny the merits of the ship.

So far there was not a hitch. The work-people, to be sure—riggers and what not—were most annoyingly slow; but time cured that. It was the crew that troubled me.

I wished a round score of men—in case of natives, buccaneers, or the odious French—and I had the worry of the deuce itself

to find so much as half a dozen, till the most remarkable stroke of fortune brought me the very man that I required.

I was standing on the dock, when, by the merest accident, I fell in talk with him. I found he was an old sailor, kept a public-house, knew all the seafaring men in Bristol, had lost his health ashore, and wanted a good berth as cook to get to sea again. He had hobbled down there that morning, he said, to get a smell of the salt.

I was monstrously touched—so would you have been—and, out of pure pity, I engaged him on the spot to be ship's cook. Long John Silver, he is called, and has lost a leg; but that I regarded as a recommendation, since he lost it in his country's services, under the immortal Hawke.<sup>1</sup> He has no pension, Livesey. Imagine the abominable age we live in!

Well, sir, I thought I had only found a cook, but it was a crew I had discovered. Between Silver and myself we got together in a few days a company of the toughest old salts imaginable—not pretty to look at, but fellows, by their faces, of the most indomitable spirit. I declare we could fight a frigate.

Long John even got rid of two out of the six or seven I had already engaged. He showed me in a moment that they were just the sort of fresh water swabs we had to fear in an adventure of importance.

I am in the most magnificent health and spirits, eating like a bull, sleeping like a tree, yet I shall not enjoy a moment till I hear my old tarpaulins<sup>2</sup> tramping round the capstan. Seaward ho! Hang the treasure! It's the glory of the sea that has turned my head. So now, Livesey, come post; do not lose an hour if you respect me.

Let young Hawkins go at once to see his mother, with Redruth for a guard; and then both come full speed to Bristol.

JOHN TRELAWNEY

*Postscript*—I did not tell you that Blandly, who, by the way, is to send a consort after us if we don't turn up by the end of August, had found an admirable fellow for sailing master—a stiff man,

<sup>1</sup> *Hawke*. In 1760, about the time of this story, Edward Hawke, a British admiral who had just defeated the French, was the hero of the day. <sup>2</sup> *tarpaulins*, sailors.



which I regret, but, in all other respects, a treasure. Long John Silver unearthed a very competent man for a mate, a man named Arrow. I have a boatswain who pipes,<sup>3</sup> Livesey; so things shall go man-of-war fashion on board the good ship *Hispaniola*.

I forgot to tell you that Silver is a man of substance; I know of my own knowledge that he has a banker's account, which has never been overdrawn. He leaves his wife to manage the inn; and as she is a woman of color, a pair of old bachelors like you and I may be excused for guessing that it is the wife, quite as much as the health, that sends him back to roving. J. T.

P. P. S.—Hawkins may stay one night with his mother. J. T.

You can fancy the excitement into which that letter put me. I was half beside myself with glee; and if ever I despised a man, it was old Tom Redruth, who could do nothing but grumble and lament. Any of the under-game-keepers would gladly have changed places with him; but such was not the squire's pleasure, and the squire's pleasure was like law among them all. Nobody but old Redruth would have dared so much as even to grumble.

The next morning he and I set out on foot for the "Admiral Benbow," and there I found my mother in good health and spirits. The captain, who had so long been a cause of so much discomfort, was gone where the wicked cease from troubling. The squire had had everything repaired, and the public rooms and the sign repainted, and had added some furniture—above all a beautiful armchair for mother in the bar. He had found her a boy as an apprentice also, so that she should not want help while I was gone.

It was on seeing that boy that I understood, for the first time, my situation. I had thought up to that moment of the adventures before me, not at all of the home that I was leaving; and now, at

<sup>3</sup> pipes, can give orders with a whistle.

sight of this clumsy stranger, who was to stay here in my place beside my mother, I had my first attack of tears. I am afraid I led that boy a dog's life; for as he was new to the work, I had a hundred opportunities of setting him right and putting him down, and I was not slow to profit by them.

The night passed, and the next day, after dinner, Redruth and I were afoot again, and on the road. I said good-bye to mother and the cove where I had lived since I was born, and the dear old "Admiral Benbow"—since he was repainted, no longer quite so dear. One of my last thoughts was of the captain, who had so often strode along the beach with his cocked hat, his saber-cut cheek, and his old brass telescope. Next moment we had turned the corner, and my home was out of sight.

The mail picked us up about dusk at the "Royal George" on the heath. I was wedged in between Redruth and a stout old gentleman, and in spite of the swift motion and the cold night air, I must have dozed a great deal from the very first, and then slept like a log up hill and down dale through stage<sup>4</sup> after stage; for when I was awakened, at last, it was by a punch in the ribs, and I opened my eyes, to find that we were standing still before a large building in a city street, and that the day had already broken a long time.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"Bristol," said Tom. "Get down."

Mr. Trelawney had taken up his residence at an inn far down the docks, to superintend the work upon the schooner. Thither we had now to walk, and our way, to my great delight lay along the quays and beside the great multitude of ships of all sizes and rigs and nations. In one, sailors were singing at their work; in another, there were men aloft, high over my head, hanging to threads

<sup>4</sup> stage, the road between stations where the horses were changed.

that seemed no thicker than a spider's. Though I had lived by the shore all my life, I seemed never to have been near the sea till then. The smell of the tar and salt was something new. I saw the most wonderful figureheads, that had been far over the ocean. I saw, besides, many old sailors, with rings in their ears, and whiskers curled in ringlets, and tarry pigtails, and their swaggering, clumsy sea-walk; and if I had seen as many kings or archbishops, I could not have been more delighted.

And I was going to sea myself; to sea in a schooner, with a piping boatswain, and pigtailed, singing seamen; to sea bound for an unknown island, and to seek for buried treasures!

While I was still in this delightful dream, we came suddenly in front of a large inn, and met Squire Trelawney, all dressed out like a sea-officer, in stout blue cloth, coming out of the door with a smile on his face, and a capital imitation of a sailor's walk.

"Here you are," he cried, "and the doctor came last night from London. Bravo! The ship's company complete!"

"Oh, sir," cried I, "when do we sail?"

"Sail!" says he. "We sail tomorrow!"

## CHAPTER VIII

### AT THE SIGN OF THE "SPYGLASS"

WHEN I had done breakfasting, the squire gave me a note addressed to John Silver, at the sign of the "Spyglass," and told me I should easily find the place by following the line of the docks, and keeping a bright lookout for a little tavern with a large brass telescope for sign. I set off, overjoyed at this opportunity to see more of the ships and seamen, and picked my way among a great crowd of people and carts and bales, for the dock was now at its busiest, until I found the tavern in question.

It was a bright enough little place of

entertainment. The sign was newly painted; the windows had neat red curtains; the floor was cleanly sanded. There was a street on either side, and an open door on both, which made the large, low room pretty clear to see in, in spite of clouds of tobacco smoke.

The customers were mostly seafaring men; and they talked so loudly that I hung at the door, almost afraid to enter.

As I was waiting, a man came out of a side room, and, at a glance, I was sure he must be Long John. His left leg was cut off close by the hip, and under the left shoulder he carried a crutch, which he managed with wonderful dexterity, hopping about upon it like a bird. He was very tall and strong, with a face as big as a ham—plain and pale, but intelligent and smiling. Indeed, he seemed in the most cheerful spirits, whistling as he moved about among the tables, with a merry word or a slap on the shoulder for the more favored of his guests.

Now, to tell you the truth, from the very first mention of Long John in Squire Trelawney's letter, I had taken a fear in my mind that he might prove to be the very one-legged sailor whom I had watched for so long at the old "Benbow." But one look at the man before me was enough. I had seen the captain, and Black Dog, and the blind man Pew, and I thought I knew what a buccaneer was like—a very different creature, according to me, from this clean and pleasant-tempered landlord.

I plucked up courage at once, crossed the threshold, and walked right up to the man where he stood, propped on his crutch, talking to a customer.

"Mr. Silver, sir?" I asked, holding out the note.

"Yes, my lad," said he; "such is my name, to be sure. And who may you be?" And then as he saw the squire's letter, he seemed to me to give something almost like a start.

"Oh!" said he, quite loud, and offer-



"Oh", I cried, "stop him! it's Black Dog"

ing his hand, "I see. You are our new cabin-boy; pleased I am to see you."

And he took my hand in his large, firm grasp.

Just then one of the customers at the far side rose suddenly and made for the door. It was close by him, and he was out in the street in a moment. But his hurry had attracted my notice, and I

recognized him at a glance. It was the tallow-faced man, wanting two fingers, who had come first to the "Admiral Benbow."

"Oh," I cried, "stop him! it's Black Dog!"

"I don't care two coppers who he is," cried Silver. "But he hasn't paid his score. Harry, run and catch him."

One of the others who was nearest the door leaped up, and started in pursuit.

"If he were Admiral Hawke, he shall pay his score," cried Silver; and then, relinquishing my hand—"Who did you say he was?" he asked. "Black what?"

"Dog, sir," said I. "Has Mr. Trelawney not told you of the buccaneers? He was one of them."

"So?" cried Silver. "In my house! Ben, run and help Harry. One of those swabs, was he? Was that you drinking with him, Morgan? Step up here."

The man whom he called Morgan—an old, gray-haired, mahogany-faced sailor—came forward pretty sheepishly, rolling his quid.

"Now, Morgan," said Long John, very sternly, "you never clapped your eyes on that Black—Black Dog before, did you, now?"

"Not I, sir," said Morgan, with a salute.

"You didn't know his name, did you?"

"No, sir."

"By the powers, Tom Morgan, it's as good for you!" exclaimed the landlord. "If you had been mixed up with the like of that, you would never have put another foot in my house, you may lay to that. And what was he saying to you?"

"I don't rightly know, sir," answered Morgan.

"Do you call that a head on your shoulders, or a blessed dead-eye?" cried Long John. "Don't rightly know, don't you! Perhaps you don't happen to rightly know who you was speaking to, perhaps? Come now, what was he jawing—v'yages, cap'ns, ships? Pipe up! What was it?"

"We was a-talking of keel-hauling,"<sup>1</sup> answered Morgan.

"Keel-hauling, was you? And a mighty suitable thing, too, and you may

lay to that. Get back to your place for a lubber, Tom."

And then, as Morgan rolled back to his seat, Silver added to me in a confidential whisper, that was very flattering, as I thought:

"He's quite an honest man, Tom Morgan, on'y stupid. And now," he ran on again, aloud, "let's see—Black Dog? No, I don't know the name, not I. Yet I kind of think I've—yes, I've seen the swab. He used to come here with a blind beggar, he used."

"That he did, you may be sure," said I. "I knew that blind man, too. His name was Pew."

"It was!" cried Silver, now quite excited. "Pew! That were his name for certain. Ah, he looked a shark, he did! If we run down this Black Dog, now, there'll be news for Cap'n Trelawney! Ben's a good runner; few seamen run better than Ben. He should run him down, hand over hand, by the powers! He talked o' keel-hauling, did he? I'll keel-haul him!"

All the time he was jerking out these phrases he was stumping up and down the tavern on his crutch, slapping tables with his hand, and giving such a show of excitement as would have convinced an Old Bailey<sup>2</sup> judge or a Bow Street runner.<sup>3</sup> My suspicions had been thoroughly reawakened on finding Black Dog at the "Spyglass," and I watched the cook narrowly. But he was too deep, and too ready, and too clever for me, and by the time the two men had come back out of breath, and confessed that they had lost the track in a crowd, and been scolded like thieves, I would have gone bail for the innocence of Long John Silver.

"See here, now, Hawkins," said he, "here's a blessed hard thing on a man like me, now, ain't it? There's Cap'n

<sup>1</sup> *keel-hauling*, punishing a person by hauling him under the keel with ropes.

<sup>2</sup> *Old Bailey*, the principal criminal court of London. <sup>3</sup> *Bow Street runner*, a London policeman of the Bow Street police station.

Trelawney—what's he to think? Here I have this confounded son of a Dutchman sitting in my own house, drinking of my own rum! Here you comes and tells me of it plain; and here I let him give us all the slip before my blessed dead-lights! Now, Hawkins, you do me justice with the cap'n. You're a lad, you are, but you're as smart as paint. I see that when you first came in. Now, here it is: What could I do, with this old timber I hobble on? When I was an A B<sup>4</sup> master mariner, I'd have come up alongside of him, hand over hand, and broached him to in a brace of old shakes,<sup>5</sup> I would; but now—"

And then, all of a sudden, he stopped, and his jaw dropped as though he had remembered something.

"The score," he burst out. "Three goes o' rum! Why, shiver my timbers, if I hadn't forgotten my score!"

And, falling on a bench, he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. I could not help joining; and we laughed together, peal after peal, until the tavern rang again.

"Why, what a precious old sea-calf I am!" he said, at last wiping his cheeks. "You and me should get on well, Hawkins, for I'll take my davy<sup>6</sup> I should be rated ship's boy. But, come now, stand by to go about.<sup>7</sup> This won't do. Dooty is dooty, messmates. I'll put on my old cocked hat and step along of you to Cap'n Trelawney, and report this here affair. For, mind you, it's serious, young Hawkins; and neither you nor me's come out of it with what I should make so bold as to call credit. Nor you neither, says you; not smart—none of the pair of us smart. But dash my buttons! that was a good 'un about my score."

And he began to laugh again, and that so heartily that, though I did not

see the joke as he did, I was again obliged to join him in his mirth.

On our little walk along the quays, he made himself the most interesting companion, telling me about the different ships that we passed by, their rig, tonnage, and nationality, explaining the work that was going forward—how one was discharging, another taking in cargo, and a third making ready for sea; and every now and then telling me some little anecdote of ships or seamen, or repeating a nautical phrase till I had learned it perfectly. I began to see that here was one of the best of possible ship-mates.

When we got to the inn, the squire and Dr. Livesey were seated together, finishing a quart of ale with a toast in it, before they should go aboard the schooner on a visit of inspection.

Long John told the story from first to last, with a great deal of spirit and the most perfect truth. "That was how it were, now, weren't it, Hawkins?" he would say, now and again, and I could always bear him entirely out.

The two gentlemen regretted that Black Dog had got away; but we all agreed there was nothing to be done, and after he had been complimented, Long John took up his crutch and departed.

"All hands aboard by four this afternoon," shouted the squire after him.

"Aye, aye, sir," cried the cook, in the passage.

"Well, squire," said Dr. Livesey, "I don't put much faith in your discoveries, as a general thing; but I will say this, John Silver suits me."

"The man's a perfect trump," declared the squire.

"And now," added the doctor, "Jim may come on board with us, may he not?"

"To be sure he may," says squire. "Take your hat, Hawkins, and we'll see the ship."

<sup>4</sup> A B, able-bodied seaman. <sup>5</sup> broached . . . shakes, made him stop in a hurry. <sup>6</sup> davy, affidavit, or sworn statement. <sup>7</sup> stand by to go about, be ready to turn the ship on another tack. Silver is changing the subject.

## CHAPTER IX

## POWDER AND ARMS

THE *Hispaniola* lay some way out, and we went under the figureheads and round the sterns of many other ships, and their cables sometimes grated underneath our keel, and sometimes swung above us. At last, however, we got alongside, and were met and saluted as we stepped aboard by the mate, Mr. Arrow, a brown old sailor, with earrings in his ears and a squint. He and the squire were very thick and friendly, but I soon observed that things were not the same between Mr. Trelawney and the captain. This last was a sharp-looking man, who seemed angry with everything on board, and was soon to tell us why, for we had hardly got down into the cabin when a sailor followed us.

"Captain Smollett, sir, axing to speak with you," said he.

"I am always at the captain's orders. Show him in," said the squire.

The captain, who was close behind his messenger, entered at once, and shut the door behind him.

"Well, Captain Smollett, what have you to say? All well, I hope; all ship-shape and seaworthy?"

"Well, sir," said the captain, "better speak plain, I believe, even at the risk of offense. I don't like this cruise; I don't like the men; and I don't like my officer. That's short and sweet."

"Perhaps, sir, you don't like the ship?" inquired the squire, very angry, as I could see.

"I can't speak as to that, sir, not having seen her tried," said the captain. "She seems a clever craft; more I can't say."

"Possibly, sir, you may not like your employer, either?" says the squire. But here Dr. Livesey cut in.

"Stay a bit," said he, "stay a bit. No use of such questions as that but to produce ill-feeling. The captain has said

too much or he has said too little, and I'm bound to say that I require an explanation of his words. You don't, you say, like this cruise. Now, why?"

"I was engaged, sir, on what we call sealed orders, to sail this ship for that gentleman where he should bid me," said the captain. "So far so good. But now I find that every man before the mast knows more than I do. I don't call that fair, now, do you?"

"No," said Dr. Livesey, "I don't."

"Next," said the captain, "I learn we are going after treasure—hear it from my own hands, mind you. Now, treasure is ticklish work; I don't like treasure voyages on any account; and I don't like them, above all, when they are secret, and when (begging your pardon, Mr. Trelawney) the secret has been told to the parrot."

"Silver's parrot?" asked the squire.

"It's a way of speaking," said the captain. "Blabbed, I mean. It's my belief neither of you gentlemen know what you are about; but I'll tell you my way of it—life or death, and a close run."

"That is all clear, and, I daresay, true enough," replied Dr. Livesey. "We take the risk; but we are not so ignorant as you believe us. Next, you say you don't like the crew. Are they not good seamen?"

"I don't like them, sir," returned Captain Smollett. "And I think I should have had the choosing of my own hands, if you go to that."

"Perhaps you should," replied the doctor. "My friend should, perhaps, have taken you along with him; but the slight, if there be one, was unintentional. And you don't like Mr. Arrow?"

"I don't, sir. I believe he's a good seaman; but he's too free with the crew to be a good officer. A mate should keep himself to himself—shouldn't drink with the men before the mast!"

"Do you mean he drinks?" cried the squire.



"No, sir," replied the captain; "only that he's too familiar."

"Well, now, and the short and long of it, captain?" asked the doctor. "Tell us what you want."

"Well, gentlemen, are you determined to go on this cruise?"

"Like iron," answered the squire.

"Very good," said the captain. "Then, as you've heard me very patiently, saying things that I could not prove, hear me a few words more. They are putting the powder and the arms in the forehold. Now, you have a good place under the cabin; why not put them there?—first point. Then you are bringing four of your own people with you, and they tell me some of them are to be berthed forward. Why not give them the berths here beside the cabin?—second point."

"Any more?" asked Mr. Trelawney.

"One more," said the captain. "There's been too much blabbing already."

"Far too much," agreed the doctor.

"I'll tell you what I've heard myself," continued Captain Smollett; "that you have a map of an island; that there's crosses on the map to show where treasure is; and that the island lies—" And then he named the latitude and longitude exactly.

"I never told that," cried the squire, "to a soul!"

"The hands know it, sir," returned the captain.

"Livesey, that must have been you or Hawkins," cried the squire.

"It doesn't matter much who it was," replied the doctor. And I could see that neither he nor the captain paid much regard to Mr. Trelawney's protestations. Neither did I, to be sure, he was so loose a talker; yet in this case I believe he was really right, and that nobody had told the situation of the island.

"Well, gentlemen," continued the captain, "I don't know who has this map; but I make it a point, it shall be kept secret even from me and Mr. Arrow.

Otherwise I would ask you to let me resign."

"I see," said the doctor. "You wish us to keep this matter dark, and to make a garrison of the stern part of the ship, manned with my friend's own people, and provided with all the arms and powder on board. In other words, you fear a mutiny."

"Sir," said Captain Smollett, "with no intention to take offense, I deny your right to put words into my mouth. No captain, sir, would be justified in going to sea at all if he had ground enough to say that. As for Mr. Arrow, I believe him thoroughly honest; some of the men are the same; all may be for what I know. But I am responsible for the ship's safety and the life of every man Jack aboard of her. I see things going, as I think, not quite right. And I ask you to take certain precautions, or let me resign my berth. And that's all."

"Captain Smollett," began the doctor, with a smile, "did ever you hear the fable of the mountain and the mouse? You'll excuse me, I daresay, but you remind me of that fable. When you came in here, I'll stake my wig you meant more than this."

"Doctor," said the captain, "you are smart. When I came in here, I meant to get discharged. I had no thought that Mr. Trelawney would hear a word."

"No more I would," cried the squire. "Had Livesey not been here, I should have seen you to the deuce. As it is, I have heard you. I will do as you desire; but I think the worse of you."

"That's as you please, sir," said the captain. "You'll find I do my duty."

And with that he took his leave.

"Trelawney," said the doctor, "contrary to all my notions, I believe you have managed to get two honest men on board with you—that man and John Silver."

"Silver, if you like," cried the squire; "but as for that intolerable humbug, I



declare I think his conduct unmanly, unsailorly, and downright un-English."

"Well," says the doctor, "we shall see."

When we came on deck, the men had begun already to take out the arms and powder, yo-ho-ing at their work, while the captain and Mr. Arrow stood by superintending.

The new arrangement was quite to my liking. The whole schooner had been overhauled; six berths had been made astern, out of what had been the after-part of the main hold; and this set of cabins was only joined to the galley and forecabin by a sparred passage on the port side. It had been originally meant that the captain, Mr. Arrow, Hunter, Joyce, the doctor, and the squire were to occupy these six berths. Now, Redruth and I were to get two of them, and Mr. Arrow and the captain were to sleep on deck in the companion<sup>1</sup> which had been enlarged on each side till you might almost have called it a round-house. Very low it was still, of course; but there was room to swing two hammocks, and even the mate seemed pleased with the arrangement. Even he, perhaps, had been doubtful as to the crew, but that is only guess; for as you shall hear, we had not long the benefit of his opinion.

We were all hard at work, changing the powder and the berths, when the last man or two, and Long John along with them, came off in a shore-boat.

The cook came up the side like a monkey for cleverness, and, as soon as he saw what was doing, "So ho, mates!" says he, "what's this?"

"We're a-changing of the powder, Jack," answers one.

"Why, by the powers," cried Long John, "if we do, we'll miss the morning tide!"

"My orders!" said the captain shortly.

"You may go below, my man. Hands will want supper."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the cook; and, touching his forelock, he disappeared at once in the direction of his galley.

"That's a good man, captain," said the doctor.

"Very likely, sir," replied Captain Smollett. "Easy with that, men—easy," he ran on, to the fellows who were shifting the powder; and then suddenly observing me examining the swivel we carried amidships, a long brass nine<sup>2</sup>—"Here, you ship's boy," he cried, "out o' that! Off with you to the cook and get some work."

And then as I was hurrying off I heard him say, quite loudly, to the doctor:

"I'll have no favorites on my ship."

I assure you I was quite of the squire's way of thinking, and hated the captain deeply.

## CHAPTER X

### THE VOYAGE

ALL that night we were in a great bustle getting things stowed in their places, and boatfuls of the squire's friends, Mr. Blandly and the like, coming off to wish him a good voyage and a safe return. We never had a night at the "Admiral Benbow" when I had half the work; and I was dog-tired when, a little before dawn, the boatswain sounded his pipe, and the crew began to man the capstan bars. I might have been twice as weary, yet I would not have left the deck; all was so new and interesting to me—the brief commands, the shrill note of the whistle, the men bustling to their places in the glimmer of the ship's lanterns.

"Now, Barbecue, tip us a stave,"<sup>1</sup> cried one voice.

<sup>2</sup> long brass nine, that is, the swivel cannon, which threw a nine-pound shot.

Chapter X. <sup>1</sup> tip . . . stave, sing us a chantey, or song.

<sup>1</sup> companion, here used for companionway, the passageway occupied by steps leading from the deck to the cabins below.

"The old one," cried another.

"Aye, aye, mates," said Long John, who was standing by, with his crutch under his arm, and at once broke out in the air and words I knew so well:

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—  
and then the whole crew bore chorus:

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

and at the third "ho!" drove the bars before them with a will.

Even at that exciting moment it carried me back to the old "Admiral Benbow" in a second; and I seemed to hear the voice of the captain piping in the chorus. But soon the anchor was short up; soon it was hanging dripping at the bows; soon the sails began to draw, and the land and shipping to flit by on either side; and before I could lie down to snatch an hour of slumber, the *Hispaniola* had begun her voyage to the Isle of Treasure.

I am not going to relate that voyage in detail. It was fairly prosperous. The ship proved to be a good ship, the crew were capable seamen, and the captain thoroughly understood his business. But before we came the length of Treasure Island, two or three things had happened which require to be known.

Mr. Arrow, first of all, turned out even worse than the captain had feared. He had no command among the men, and people did what they pleased with him. But that was by no means the worst of it, for after a day or two at sea he began to appear on deck with hazy eye, red cheeks, stuttering tongue, and other marks of drunkenness. Time after time he was ordered below in disgrace. Sometimes he fell and cut himself; sometimes he lay all day long in his little bunk at one side of the companion; sometimes for a day or two he would be almost sober and attend to his work at least passably.

In the meantime we could never

make out where he got the drink. That was the ship's mystery. Watch him as we pleased, we could do nothing to solve it; and when we asked him to his face, he would only laugh, if he were drunk, and if he were sober, deny solemnly that he ever tasted anything but water.

He was not only useless as an officer, and a bad influence amongst the men, but it was plain that at this rate he must soon kill himself outright; so nobody was much surprised, nor very sorry, when one dark night, with a head sea, he disappeared entirely and was seen no more.

"Overboard!" said the captain. "Well, gentlemen, that saves the trouble of putting him in irons."

But there we were, without a mate; and it was necessary, of course, to advance one of the men. The boatswain, Job Anderson, was the likeliest man aboard, and, though he kept his old title, he served in a way as mate. Mr. Trelawney had followed the sea, and his knowledge made him very useful, for he often took a watch himself in easy weather. And the coxswain, Israel Hands, was a careful, wily, old, experienced seaman, who could be trusted at a pinch with almost anything. He was a great confidant of Long John Silver, and so the mention of his name leads me on to speak of our ship's cook, Barbecue, as the men called him.

Aboard ship he carried his crutch by a lanyard<sup>2</sup> round his neck, to have both hands as free as possible. It was something to see him wedge the foot of the crutch against a bulkhead, and, propped against it, yielding to every movement of the ship, get on with his cooking, like someone safe ashore. Still more strange was it to see him in the heaviest of weather cross the deck. He had a line or two rigged up to help him across the widest spaces—Long John's earrings,

<sup>2</sup> lanyard, a short piece of tarred line.

they were called; and he would hand himself from one place to another, now using the crutch, now trailing it alongside by the lanyard, as quickly as another man could walk. Yet some of the men who had sailed with him before expressed their pity to see him so reduced.

"He's no common man, Barbecue," said the coxswain to me. "He had good schooling in his young days, and can speak like a book when so minded; and brave—a lion's nothing alongside of Long John! I seen him grapple four, and knock their heads together—him unarmed."

All the crew respected and even obeyed him. He had a way of talking to each, and doing everybody some particular service. To me he was unweariedly kind; and always glad to see me in the galley, which he kept as clean as a new pin; the dishes hanging up burnished, and his parrot in a cage in one corner.

"Come away, Hawkins," he would say; "come and have a yarn with John. Nobody more welcome than yourself, my son. Sit you down and hear the news. Here's Cap'n Flint—I calls my parrot Cap'n Flint, after the famous buccaneer—here's Cap'n Flint predicting success to our v'yage. Wasn't you, Cap'n?"

And the parrot would say, with great rapidity, "Pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight!" till you wondered that it was not out of breath, or till John threw his handkerchief over the cage.

"Now, that bird," he would say, "is, maybe, two hundred years old, Hawkins—they lives forever mostly; and if anybody's seen more wickedness, it must be the devil himself. She's sailed with England, the great Cap'n England, the pirate. She's been at Madagascar,<sup>3</sup> and at Malabar, and Surinam, and Providence, and Portobello. She was at the

fishing up of the wrecked plate ships.<sup>4</sup> It's there she learned 'Pieces of eight,' and little wonder; three hundred and fifty thousand of 'em, Hawkins! She was at the boarding of the *Viceroy of the Indies* out of Goa,<sup>5</sup> she was; and to look at her you would think she was a babby.<sup>6</sup> But you smelt powder—didn't you, Cap'n?"

"Stand by to go about," the parrot would scream.

"Ah, she's a handsome craft, she is," the cook would say, and give her sugar from his pocket, and then the bird would peck at the bars and swear straight on, passing belief for wickedness. "There," John would add, "you can't touch pitch and not be mucked, lad. Here's this poor old innocent bird o' mine swearing blue fire, and none the wiser, you may lay to that. She would swear the same, in a manner of speaking, before chaplain." And John would touch his forelock with a solemn way he had, that made me think he was the best of men.

In the meantime, squire and Captain Smollett were still on pretty distant terms with one another. The squire made no bones about the matter; he despised the captain. The captain, on his part, never spoke but when he was spoken to, and then sharp and short and dry, and not a word wasted. He owned, when driven into a corner, that he seemed to have been wrong about the crew, that some of them were as brisk as he wanted to see, and all had behaved fairly well. As for the ship, he had taken a downright fancy to her. "She'll lie a point nearer the wind than a man has a right to expect of his own married wife, sir. But," he would add, "all I say is we're not home again, and I don't like the cruise."

The squire, at this, would turn away

<sup>3</sup> *Madagascar, Malabar, etc., places especially frequented by pirates.*

<sup>4</sup> *plate ships, boats carrying treasure.* <sup>5</sup> *Goa, on the west coast of South British India.* <sup>6</sup> *babby, a baby or innocent person.*

and march up and down the deck, chin in air.

"A trifle more of that man," he would say, "and I should explode."

We had some heavy weather, which only proved the qualities of the *Hispaniola*. Every man on board seemed well contented, and they must have been hard to please if they had been otherwise; for it is my belief there was never a ship's company so spoiled since Noah put to sea. Double grog was going on the least excuse; there was duff<sup>7</sup> on odd days, as, for instance, if the squire heard it was any man's birthday; and always a barrel of apples standing broached in the waist,<sup>8</sup> for anyone to help himself that had a fancy.

"Never knew good come of it," the captain said to Dr. Livesey. "Spoil foc's'le<sup>9</sup> hands, make devils. That's my belief."

But good did come of the apple barrel, as you shall hear; for if it had not been for that, we should have had no note of warning, and might all have perished by the hand of treachery.

This was how it came about.

We had run up the trades<sup>10</sup> to get the wind of the island we were after—I am not allowed to be more plain—and now we were running down for it with a bright lookout day and night. It was about the last day of our outward voyage, by the largest computation; some time that night, or, at latest, before noon of the morrow, we should sight the Treasure Island. We were heading S.S.W., and had a steady breeze abeam and a quiet sea. The *Hispaniola* rolled steadily, dipping her bowsprit now and then with a whiff of spray. All was drawing alow and aloft; everyone was in the bravest spirits, because we were now so near an end of the first part of our adventure.

<sup>7</sup> duff, a flour pudding. <sup>8</sup> broached in the waist, open on the central part of the deck.

<sup>9</sup> foc's'le, forecabin, the part of the ship where the crew bunked.

<sup>10</sup> trades, trade winds.

Now, just after sundown, when all my work was over, and I was on my way to my berth, it occurred to me that I should like an apple. I ran on deck. The watch was all forward looking out for the island. The man at the helm was watching the luff<sup>11</sup> of the sail, and whistling away gently to himself; and that was the only sound excepting the swish of the sea against the bows and around the sides of the ship.

In I got bodily into the apple barrel, and found there was scarce an apple left; but, sitting down there in the dark, what with the sound of the waters and the rocking movement of the ship, I had either fallen asleep, or was on the point of doing so, when a heavy man sat down with rather a clash close by. The barrel shook as he leaned his shoulders against it, and I was just about to jump up when the man began to speak. It was Silver's voice, and, before I had heard a dozen words, I would not have shown myself for all the world, but lay there, trembling and listening, in the extreme of fear and curiosity; for from these dozen words I understood that the lives of all the honest men aboard depended upon me alone.

## CHAPTER XI

WHAT I HEARD IN THE APPLE BARREL

"NO, not I," said Silver. "Flint was cap'n; I was quartermaster, along of my timber leg. The same broadside I lost my leg, old Pew lost his dead-lights. It was a master surgeon, him that ampytated me—out of college and all—Latin by the bucket, and what not; but he was hanged like a dog, and sun-dried like the rest, at Corso Castle. That was Roberts' men, that was, and comed of changing names to their ships—*Royal Fortune* and so on. Now, what a ship was christened, so let her stay, I says. So it was with the *Cassandra*, as

<sup>11</sup> luff, the forward edge of the sail.

brought us all safe home from Malabar, after England took the *Viceroy of the Indies*; so it was with the old *Walrus*, Flint's old ship, as I have seen amuck with the red blood and fit to sink with gold."

"Ah!" cried another voice, that of the youngest hand on board, and evidently full of admiration, "he was the flower of the flock, was Flint!"

"Davis was a man too, by all accounts," said Silver. "I never sailed along of him; first with England, then with Flint, that's my story; and now here on my own account, in a manner of speaking. I laid by nine hundred safe, from England, and two thousand after Flint. That ain't bad for a man before the mast—all safe in bank. 'Tain't earning now, it's saving does it, you may lay to that. Where's all England's men now? I dunno. Where's Flint's? Why, most on 'em aboard here, and glad to get the duff—been begging before that, some on 'em. Old Pew, as had lost his sight, and might have thought shame, spends twelve hundred pound in a year, like a lord in Parliament. Where is he now? Well, he's dead now and under hatches;<sup>1</sup> but for two years before that, shiver my timbers! the man was starving. He begged, and he stole, and he cut throats, and starved at that, by the powers!"

"Well, it ain't much use, after all," said the young seaman.

"'Tain't much use for fools, you may lay to it—that, nor nothing," cried Silver. "But now, you look here; you're young, you are, but you're as smart as paint. I see that when I set my eyes on you, and I'll talk to you like a man."

You may imagine how I felt when I heard this abominable old rogue addressing another in the very same words of flattery as he had used to myself. I think, if I had been able, that I would have killed him through the barrel. Meantime, he ran on, little supposing he was overheard.

<sup>1</sup> under hatches, buried.

"Here it is about gentlemen of fortune. They lives rough, and they risk swinging, but they eat and drink like fighting-cocks, and when a cruise is done, why, it's hundreds of pounds instead of hundreds of farthings in their pockets. Now, the most goes for rum and a good flog, and to sea again in their shirts. But that's not the course I lay. I puts it all away, some here, some there, and none too much anywheres, by reason of suspicion. I'm fifty, mark you; once back from this cruise, I set up gentleman in earnest. Time enough, too, says you. Ah, but I've lived easy in the meantime; never denied myself o' nothing heart desires, and slep' soft and ate dainty all my days but when at sea. And how did I begin? Before the mast, like you!"

"Well," said the other, "but all the other money's gone now, ain't it? You daren't show face in Bristol after this."

"Why, where might you suppose it was?" asked Silver, derisively.

"At Bristol in banks and places," answered his companion.

"It were," said the cook; "it were when we weighed anchor. But my old missus has it all by now. And the 'Spy-glass' is sold, lease and goodwill and rigging; and the old girl's off to meet me. I would tell you where, for I trust you; but it 'ud make jealousy among the mates."

"And can you trust your missis?" asked the other.

"Gentlemen of fortune," returned the cook, "usually trusts little among themselves, and right they are, you may lay to it. But I have a way with me, I have. When a mate brings a slip on his cable—one as knows me, I mean—it won't be in the same world with old John. There was some that was feared of Pew, and some that was feared of Flint; but Flint his own self was feared of me. Feared he was, and proud. They was the roughest crew afloat, was Flint's; the devil himself would have been feared

to go to sea with them. Well, now, I tell you, I'm not a boasting man, and you seen yourself how easy I keep company; but when I was quartermaster, *lambs* wasn't the word for Flint's old buccaneers. Ah, you may be sure of yourself in old John's ship."

"Well, I tell you now," replied the lad, "I didn't half a quarter like the job till I had this talk with you, John; but there's my hand on it now."

"And a brave lad you were, and smart, too," answered Silver, shaking hands so heartily that all the barrel shook, "and a finer figurehead for a gentleman of fortune I never clapped my eyes on."

By this time I had begun to understand the meaning of their terms. By a "gentleman of fortune" they plainly meant neither more nor less than a common pirate, and the little scene that I had overheard was the last act in the corruption of one of the honest hands—perhaps the last one left aboard. But on this point I was soon to be relieved, for Silver giving a little whistle, a third man strolled up and sat down by the party.

"Dick's square," said Silver.

"Oh, I know'd Dick was square," returned the voice of the coxswain, Israel Hands. "He's no fool, is Dick." And he turned his quid and spat. "But, look here," he went on, "here's what I want to know, Barbecue: how long are we a-going to stand off and on like a blessed bumboat? I've had a'most enough o' Cap'n Smollett; he's hazed me<sup>2</sup> long enough, by thunder! I want to go into that cabin, I do. I want their pickles and wines, and that."

"Israel," said Silver, "your head ain't much account, nor ever was. But you're able to hear, I reckon; leastways, your ears is big enough. Now, here's what I say; you'll berth forward, and you'll live hard, and you'll speak soft, and you'll keep sober, till I give the word; and you may lay to that, my son."

<sup>2</sup> *hazed me*, made me do unnecessary things

"Well, I don't say no, do I?" growled the coxswain. "What I say is, when? That's what I say."

"When! by the powers!" cried Silver. "Well, now, if you want to know, I'll tell you when. The last moment I can manage; and that's when. Here's a first-rate seaman, Cap'n Smollett, sails the blessed ship for us. Here's this squire and doctor with a map and such—I don't know where it is, do I? No more do you, says you. Well, then, I mean this squire and doctor shall find the stuff, and help us to get it aboard, by the powers. Then we'll see. If I was sure of you all, sons of double Dutchmen, I'd have Cap'n Smollett navigate us half-way back again before I struck."

"Why, we're all seamen aboard here, I should think," said the lad Dick.

"We're all foc's'le hands, you mean," snapped Silver. "We can steer a course, but who's to set one? That's what all you gentlemen split on, first and last. If I had my way, I'd have Cap'n Smollett work us back into the trades at least; then we'd have no blessed miscalculations and a spoonful of water a day. But I know the sort you are. I'll finish with 'em at the island, as soon's the blunt's<sup>3</sup> on board, and a pity it is. But you're never happy till you're drunk. Split my sides, I've a sick heart to sail with the likes of you!"

"Easy all, Long John," cried Israel. "Who's a-crossin' of you?"

"Why, how many tall ships, think ye, now, have I seen laid aboard? and how many brisk lads drying in the sun at Execution Dock?"<sup>4</sup> cried Silver, "and all for this same hurry and hurry and hurry. You hear me? I seen a thing or two at sea, I have. If you would on'y lay your course, and a p'int to windward, you would ride in carriages, you would. But not you! I know you. You'll have

<sup>3</sup> *blunt*, a slang term for "money." <sup>4</sup> *Execution Dock*, a dock in London where pirates were hanged.

your mouthful of rum tomorrow, and go hang."

"Everybody know'd you was a kind of a chapling;<sup>5</sup> John; but there's others as could hand and steer as well as you," said Israel. "They liked a bit o' fun, they did. They wasn't so high and dry, no-how, but took their fling, like jolly companions every one."

"So?" says Silver. "Well, and where are they now? Pew was that sort, and he died a beggar-man. Flint was, and he died of rum at Savannah. Ah, they was a sweet crew, they was! on'y, where are they?"

"But," asked Dick, "when we do lay 'em athwart, what are we to do with 'em, anyhow?"

"There's the man for me!" cried the cook, admiringly. "That's what I call business. Well, what would you think? Put 'em ashore like maroons? That would have been England's way. Or cut 'em down like that much pork? That would have been Flint's or Billy Bones's."

"Billy was the man for that," said Israel. "'Dead men don't bite,' says he. Well, he's dead now hisself; he knows the long and short on it now; and if ever a rough hand come to port, it was Billy."

"Right you are," said Silver, "rough and ready. But mark you here: I'm an easy man—I'm quite the gentleman, says you; but this time it's serious. Dooty is dooty, mates. I give my vote—death. When I'm in Parlyment, and riding in my coach, I don't want none of these sea-lawyers in the cabin a-coming home, unlooked for, like the devil at prayers. Wait is what I say; but when the time comes, why let her rip!"

"John," cries the coxswain, "you're a man!"

"You'll say so, Israel, when you see," said Silver. "Only one thing I claim—I claim Trelawney. I'll wring his calf's

<sup>5</sup> *chapling*, chaplain.

head off his body with these hands. Dick!" he added, breaking off, "you just jump up, like a sweet lad, and get me an apple, to wet my pipe like."

You may fancy the terror I was in! I should have leaped out and run for it, if I had found the strength; but my limbs and heart alike misgave me. I heard Dick begin to rise, and then someone seemingly stopped him, and the voice of Hands exclaimed:

"Oh, stow that!<sup>6</sup> Don't you get sucking of that bilge,<sup>7</sup> John. Let's have a go of the rum."

"Dick," said Silver, "I trust you. I've a gauge on the keg, mind. There's the key; you fill a pannikin and bring it up."

Terrified as I was, I could not help thinking to myself that this must have been how Mr. Arrow got the strong waters that destroyed him.

Dick was gone but a little while, and during his absence Israel spoke straight on in the cook's ear. It was but a word or two that I could catch, and yet I gathered some important news; for, besides other scraps that tended to the same purpose, this whole clause was audible: "Not another man of them'll jine." Hence there were still faithful men on board.

When Dick returned, one after another of the trio took the pannikin and drank—one "To luck"; another with a "Here's to old Flint"; and Silver himself saying, in a kind of song, "Here's to ourselves, and hold your luff,<sup>8</sup> plenty of prizes and plenty of duff."

Just then a sort of brightness fell upon me in the barrel, and, looking up, I found the moon had risen, and was silencing the mizzen-top and shining white on the luff of the foresail; and almost at the same time the voice of the lookout shouted "Land ho!"

<sup>6</sup> *stow that*, none of that. <sup>7</sup> *sucking of that bilge*, eating anything so tame as an apple (bilge water is the foul water at the bottom of the ship). <sup>8</sup> *hold your luff*, hold to your purpose.



## CHAPTER XII

## COUNCIL OF WAR

THERE was a great rush of feet across the deck. I could hear people tumbling up from the cabin and the foc's'le; and, slipping in an instant outside my barrel, I dived behind the fore-sail, made a double toward the stern, and came out upon the open deck in time to join Hunter and Dr. Livesey in the rush for the weather bow.

There all hands were already congregated. A belt of fog had lifted almost simultaneously with the appearance of the moon. Away to the southwest of us we saw two low hills, about a couple of miles apart, and rising behind one of them a third and higher hill, whose peak was still buried in the fog. All three seemed sharp and conical in figure.

So much I saw, almost in a dream, for I had not yet recovered from my horrid fear of a minute or two before. And then I heard the voice of Captain Smollett issuing orders. The *Hispaniola* was laid a couple of points nearer the wind, and now sailed a course that would just clear the island on the east.

"And now, men," said the captain when all was sheeted home,<sup>1</sup> "has any-one of you ever seen that land ahead?"

"I have, sir," said Silver. "I've watered there with a trader I was cook in."

"The anchorage is on the south, behind an islet, I fancy?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir; Skeleton Island they calls it. It were a main place for pirates once, and a hand we had on board knowed all their names for it. That hill to the nor'ard they call the Foremast Hill; there are three hills in a row running south'ard—fore, main, and mizzen, sir. But the main—that's the big 'un with the cloud on it—they usually calls the Spyglass, by reason of a lookout they

kept when they was in anchorage cleaning; for it's there they cleaned their ships, sir, asking your pardon."

"I have a chart here," says Captain Smollett. "See if that's the place."

Long John's eyes burned in his head as he took the chart; but, by the fresh look of the paper, I knew he was doomed to disappointment. This was not the map we found in Billy Bones's chest, but an accurate copy, complete in all things—names and heights and soundings—with the single exception of the red crosses and the written notes. Sharp as must have been his annoyance, Silver had had the strength of mind to hide it.

"Yes, sir," said he, "this is the spot to be sure; and very prettily drawn out. Who might have done that, I wonder? The pirates were too ignorant, I reckon. Aye, here it is: 'Capt. Kidd's Anchorage'—just the name my shipmate called it. There's a strong current runs along the south, and then away nor'ard up the west coast. Right you was, sir," says he, "to haul your wind and keep the weather of the island. Leastways, if such was your intention as to enter and careen,<sup>2</sup> and there ain't no better place for that in these waters."

"Thank you, my man," says Captain Smollett. "I'll ask you later on, to give us a help. You may go."

I was surprised at the coolness with which John avowed his knowledge of the island; and I own I was half-frightened when I saw him drawing nearer to myself. He did not know, to be sure, that I had overheard his council from the apple barrel, and yet I had, by this time, taken such a horror of his cruelty, duplicity, and power that I could scarce conceal a shudder when he laid his hand upon my arm.

"Ah," says he, "this here is a sweet spot, this island—a sweet spot for a lad to get ashore on. You'll bathe, and you'll

<sup>1</sup> sheeted home, the sails were properly trimmed.

<sup>2</sup> careen, haul the ship on to a beach to clean the bottom.

climb trees, and you'll hunt goats, you will; and you'll get aloft on them hills like a goat yourself. Why, it makes me young again. I was going to forget my timber leg, I was. It's a pleasant thing to be young, and have ten toes, and you may lay to that. When you want to go a bit of exploring, you just ask old John, and he'll put up a snack for you to take along."

And clapping me in the friendliest way upon the shoulder, he hobbled off forward and went below.

Captain Smollett, the squire, and Dr. Livesey were talking together on the quarter-deck, and, anxious as I was to tell them my story, I durst not interrupt them openly. While I was still casting about in my thoughts to find some probable excuse, Dr. Livesey called me to his side. He had left his pipe below, and being a slave to tobacco, had meant that I should fetch it; but as soon as I was near enough to speak and not to be overheard, I broke out immediately: "Doctor, let me speak. Get the captain and squire down to the cabin, and then make some pretense to send for me. I have terrible news."

The doctor changed countenance a little, but next moment he was master of himself.

"Thank you, Jim," said he, quite loudly, "that was all I wanted to know," as if he had asked me a question.

And with that he turned on his heel and rejoined the other two. They spoke together for a little, and though none of them started, or raised his voice, or so much as whistled, it was plain enough that Dr. Livesey had communicated my request; for the next thing that I heard was the captain giving an order to Job Anderson, and all hands were piped on deck.

"My lads," said Captain Smollett, "I've a word to say to you. This land that we have sighted is the place we have been sailing for. Mr. Trelawney, being a very

open-handed gentleman, as we all know, has just asked me a word or two, and as I was able to tell him that every man on board had done his duty, allow an' aloft, as I never ask to see it done better, why, he and I and the doctor are going below to the cabin to drink *your* health and luck, and you'll have grog served out for you to drink *our* health and luck. I'll tell you what I think of this: I think it handsome. And if you think as I do, you'll give a good sea cheer for the gentleman that does it."

The cheer followed—that was a matter of course; but it rang out so full and hearty that I confess I could hardly believe these same men were plotting for our blood.

"One more cheer for Cap'n Smollett," cried Long John, when the first had subsided.

And this also was given with a will.

On the top of that the three gentlemen went below, and not long after, word was sent forward that Jim Hawkins was wanted in the cabin.

I found them all three seated round the table, a bottle of Spanish wine and some raisins before them, and the doctor smoking away, with his wig on his lap, and that, I knew, was a sign that he was agitated. The stern window was open, for it was a warm night, and you could see the moon shining behind on the ship's wake.

"Now, Hawkins," said the squire, "you have something to say. Speak up."

I did as I was bid, and, short as I could make it, told the whole details of Silver's conversation. Nobody interrupted me till I was done, nor did any one of the three of them make so much as a movement, but they kept their eyes upon my face from first to last.

"Jim," said Dr. Livesey, "take a seat."

And they made me sit down at the table beside them, poured me out a glass of wine, filled my hands with raisins, and all three, one after the other, and

each with a bow, drank my good health, and their service to me, for my luck and courage.

"Now, captain," said the squire, "you were right, and I was wrong. I own myself an ass, and I await your orders."

"No more an ass than I, sir," returned the captain. "I never heard of a crew that meant to mutiny but what showed signs before, for any man that had an eye in his head to see the mischief and take steps according. But this crew," he added, "beats me."

"Captain," said the doctor, "with your permission, that's Silver. A very remarkable man."

"He'd look remarkably well from a yardarm,<sup>3</sup> sir," returned the captain. "But this is talk; this don't lead to anything. I see three or four points, and with Mr. Trelawney's permission, I'll name them."

"You, sir, are the captain. It is for you to speak," says Mr. Trelawney, grandly.

"First point," began Mr. Smollett. "We must go on, because we can't turn back. If I gave the word to go about, they would rise at once. Second point, we have time before us—at least, until this treasure's found. Third point, there are faithful hands. Now, sir, it's got to come to blows sooner or later; and what I propose is, to take time by the forelock, as the saying is, and come to blows some fine day when they least expect it. We can count, I take it, on your own home servants, Mr. Trelawney?"

<sup>3</sup> from a yardarm. The captain suggests hanging.

"As upon myself," declared the squire. "Three," reckoned the captain, "ourselves make seven, counting Hawkins here. Now, about the honest hands?"

"Most likely Trelawney's own men," said the doctor; "those he had picked up for himself, before he lit on Silver."

"Nay," replied the squire, "Hands was one of mine."

"I did think I could have trusted Hands," added the captain.

"And to think that they're all Englishmen!" broke out the squire. "Sir, I could find it in my heart to blow the ship up."

"Well, gentlemen," said the captain, "the best that I can say is not much. We must lay to, if you please, and keep a bright lookout. It's trying on a man, I know. It would be pleasanter to come to blows. But there's no help for it till we know our men. Lay to, and whistle for a wind, that's my view."

"Jim here," said the doctor, "can help us more than anyone. The men are not shy with him, and Jim is a noticing lad."

"Hawkins, I put prodigious faith in you," added the squire.

I began to feel pretty desperate at this, for I felt altogether helpless; and yet, by an odd train of circumstances, it was indeed through me that safety came.

In the meantime, talk as we pleased, there were only seven out of the twenty-six on whom we knew we could rely; and out of these seven one was a boy, so that the grown men on our side were six to their nineteen.

## STUDY AIDS FOR PART II

*Steps in the Story.* In Part II you have become acquainted with a very famous character—Long John Silver. Not only is he famous among characters in fiction, but he is tremendously important in the events of this book. You should watch his every move; the following questions may help

you. CHAPTER VII. How does Long John win the interest and confidence of Squire Trelawney? CHAPTER VIII. What impression of Silver does Jim get from the Squire's letter? What is Jim's first impression on meeting him? What incident arouses Jim's suspicions? How does Long

John quiet these suspicions? CHAPTER IX. What fears does Captain Smollett entertain about the coming voyage? What precautions does he take? What impression does Long John make on Dr. Livesey? CHAPTER X. Of whom does Long John's song remind Jim? How does the parrot reveal Long John's intimate knowledge of pirates? CHAPTER XI. What boyish act of Jim's puts him in unexpected danger? What does Jim learn of Long John's past? Of Blind Pew's, Billy Bones's, and Flint's past? What is Silver's purpose in talking to Dick? What are Silver's plans? What fear does he mention? CHAPTER XII. How

does Silver's conduct toward the Captain and Jim show his self-control and leadership? What is your present feeling about Silver?

*Summing up Part II.* Write a short paragraph, telling, as if you were Jim Hawkins, the different steps by which you found out who John Silver really was. Where did you feel most surprised? Terrified? Relieved?

*What Lies Ahead.* Before reading Part III, think about these questions: What has Captain Smollett resolved to do? What dangers lie ahead of him and his party? Is their chance of winning good or poor?

## PART III

### MY SHORE ADVENTURE

#### CHAPTER XIII

##### HOW MY SHORE ADVENTURE BEGAN

THE appearance of the island when I came on deck next morning was altogether changed. Although the breeze had now utterly ceased, we had made a great deal of way during the night, and were now lying becalmed about half a mile to the southeast of the low eastern coast. Gray-colored woods covered a large part of the surface. This even tint was indeed broken up by streaks of yellow sandbreak in the lower lands, and by many tall trees of the pine family, out-topping the others—some singly, some in clumps; but the general coloring was uniform and sad. The hills ran up clear above the vegetation in spires of naked rock. All were strangely shaped, and the Spyglass, which was by three or four hundred feet the tallest on the island, was likewise the strangest in configuration, running up sheer from almost every side, and then suddenly cut off at the top like a pedestal to put a statue on.

The *Hispaniola* was rolling scuppers under in the ocean swell. The booms

were tearing at the blocks, the rudder was banging to and fro, and the whole ship creaking, groaning, and jumping like a manufactory. I had to cling tight to the backstay, and the world turned giddily before my eyes; for though I was a good enough sailor when there was way on,<sup>1</sup> this standing still and being rolled about like a bottle was a thing I never learned to stand without a qualm or so, above all in the morning, on an empty stomach.

Perhaps it was this—perhaps it was the look of the island, with its gray, melancholy woods, and wild stone spires, and the surf that we could both see and hear foaming and thundering on the steep beach—at least, although the sun shone bright and hot, and the shore birds were fishing and crying all around us, and you would have thought anyone would have been glad to get to land after being so long at sea, my heart sank, as the saying is, into my boots; and from that first look onward, I hated the very thought of Treasure Island.

We had a dreary morning's work be-

<sup>1</sup> when . . . way on, when the ship was moving ahead.

fore us, for there was no sign of any wind, and the boats had to be got out and manned, and the ship warped<sup>2</sup> three or four miles round the corner of the island, and up the narrow passage to the haven behind Skeleton Island. I volunteered for one of the boats, where I had, of course, no business. The heat was sweltering, and the men grumbled fiercely over their work. Anderson was in command of my boat, and instead of keeping the crew in order, he grumbled as loud as the worst.

"Well," he said, with an oath, "it's not forever."

I thought this was a very bad sign; for, up to that day, the men had gone briskly and willingly about their business; but the very sight of the island had relaxed the cords of discipline.

All the way in, Long John stood by the steersman and conned<sup>3</sup> the ship. He knew the passage like the palm of his hand; and though the man in the chains<sup>4</sup> got everywhere more water than was down in the chart, John never hesitated once.

"There's a strong scour<sup>5</sup> with the ebb," he said, "and this here passage has been dug out, in a manner of speaking, with a spade."

We brought up just where the anchor was in the chart, about a third of a mile from each shore, the mainland on one side, and Skeleton Island on the other. The bottom was clean sand. The plunge of our anchor sent up clouds of birds wheeling and crying over the woods; but in less than a minute they were down again, and all was once more silent.

The place was entirely landlocked, buried in woods, the trees coming right down to high-water mark, the shores mostly flat, and the hilltops standing round at a distance in a sort of amphi-

theater, one here, one there. Two little rivers, or, rather, two swamps, emptied out into this pond, as you might call it; and the foliage round that part of the shore had a kind of poisonous brightness. From the ship, we could see nothing of the house or stockade, for they were quite buried among trees; and if it had not been for the chart on the companion, we might have been the first that had ever anchored there since the island arose out of the seas.

There was not a breath of air moving, nor a sound but that of the surf booming half a mile away along the beaches and against the rocks outside. A peculiar stagnant smell hung over the anchorage—a smell of sodden leaves and rotting tree trunks. I observed the doctor sniffing and sniffing, like someone tasting a bad egg.

"I don't know about treasure," he said, "but I'll stake my wig there's fever here."

If the conduct of the men had been alarming in the boat, it became truly threatening when they had come aboard. They lay about the deck growling together in talk. The slightest order was received with a black look, and grudgingly and carelessly obeyed. Even the honest hands must have caught the infection, for there was not one man aboard to mend another. Mutiny, it was plain, hung over us like a thundercloud.

And it was not only we of the cabin party who perceived the danger. Long John was hard at work going from group to group, spending himself in good advice, and as for example no man could have shown a better. He fairly outstripped himself in willingness and civility; he was all smiles to everyone. If an order were given, John would be on his crutch in an instant, with the cheeriest "Aye, aye, sir!" in the world; and when there was nothing else to do, he kept up one song after another,

<sup>2</sup>warped, towed by the men rowing in the small boats. <sup>3</sup>conned, piloted. <sup>4</sup>man in the chains, man sounding for depth of water.

<sup>5</sup>scour, current moving the sand.

as if to conceal the discontent of the rest.

Of all the gloomy features of that gloomy afternoon, this obvious anxiety on the part of Long John appeared the worst.

We held a council in the cabin.

"Sir," said the captain, "if I risk another order, the whole ship'll come about our ears by the run. You see, sir, here it is. I get a rough answer, do I not? Well, if I speak back, pikes<sup>6</sup> will be going in two shakes; if I don't, Silver will see there's something under that,<sup>7</sup> and the game's up. Now, we've only one man to rely on."

"And who is that?" asked the squire.

"Silver, sir," returned the captain; "he's as anxious as you and I to smother things up. This is a tiff; he'd soon talk 'em out of it if he had the chance, and what I propose to do is to give him the chance. Let's allow the men an afternoon ashore. If they all go, why, we'll fight the ship. If they none of them go, well, then, we hold the cabin, and God defend the right. If some go, you mark my words, sir, Silver'll bring 'em aboard again as mild as lambs."

It was so decided; loaded pistols were served out to all the sure men; Hunter, Joyce, and Redruth were taken into our confidence, and received the news with less surprise and a better spirit than we had looked for, and then the captain went on deck and addressed the crew.

"My lads," said he, "we've had a hot day, and are all tired and out of sorts. A turn ashore'll hurt nobody—the boats are still in the water; you can take the gigs, and as many as please can go ashore for the afternoon. I'll fire a gun half an hour before sundown."

I believe the silly fellows must have thought they would break their shins over treasure as soon as they were landed; for they all came out of their

sulks in a moment, and gave a cheer that started the echo in a far-away hill, and sent the birds once more flying and squalling round the anchorage.

The captain was too bright to be in the way. He whipped out of sight in a moment, leaving Silver to arrange the party; and I fancy it was as well he did so. Had he been on deck, he could no longer so much as have pretended not to understand the situation. It was as plain as day. Silver was the captain, and a mighty rebellious crew he had of it. The honest hands—and I was soon to see it proved that there were such on board—must have been very stupid fellows. Or, rather, I suppose the truth was this, that all hands were disaffected by the example of the ringleaders—only some more, some less; and a few, being good fellows in the main, could neither be led nor driven any further. It is one thing to be idle and skulk, and quite another to take a ship and murder a number of innocent men.

At last, however, the party was made up. Six fellows were to stay on board, and the remaining thirteen, including Silver, began to embark.

Then it was that there came into my head the first of the mad notions that contributed so much to save our lives. If six men were left by Silver, it was plain our party could not take and fight the ship; and since only six were left, it was equally plain that the cabin party had no present need of my assistance. It occurred to me at once to go ashore. In a jiffy I had slipped over the side, and curled up in the foresheets<sup>8</sup> of the nearest boat; and almost at the same moment she shoved off.

No one took notice of me, only the bow oar<sup>9</sup> saying, "Is that you, Jim? Keep your head down." But Silver, from the other boat, looked sharply over

<sup>6</sup> *pikes*, general term here for "weapons."  
<sup>7</sup> *something under that*, some reason for that.

<sup>8</sup> *foresheets*, the bow or forward end. <sup>9</sup> *bow oar*, the rower in the forward part of the boat.

and called out to know if that were me; and from that moment I began to regret what I had done.

The crews raced for the beach; but the boat I was in, having some start, and being at once the lighter and the better manned, shot far ahead of her consort, and the bow had struck among the shore-side trees, and I had caught a branch and swung myself out, and plunged into the nearest thicket, while Silver and the rest were still a hundred yards behind.

"Jim, Jim!" I heard him shouting.

But you may suppose I paid no heed; jumping, ducking, and breaking through, I ran straight before my nose, till I could run no longer.

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE FIRST BLOW

I WAS so pleased at having given the slip to Long John that I began to enjoy myself and look around me with some interest on the strange land that I was in.

I had crossed a marshy tract, full of willows, bulrushes, and odd, outlandish swampy trees; and I had now come out upon the skirts of an open piece of undulating, sandy country, about a mile long, dotted with a few pines, and a great number of contorted trees, not unlike the oak in growth, but pale in the foliage, like willows. On the far side of the open stood one of the hills, with two quaint, craggy peaks, shining vividly in the sun.

I now felt for the first time the joy of exploration. The isle was uninhabited; my shipmates I had left behind, and nothing lived in front of me but dumb brutes and fowls. I turned hither and thither among the trees. Here and there were flowering plants, unknown to me; here and there I saw snakes, and one raised his head from a ledge of rock and

hissed at me with a noise not unlike the spinning of a top. Little did I suppose that he was a deadly enemy, and that the noise was the famous rattle.

Then I came to a long thicket of these oak-like trees—live, or evergreen, oaks, I heard afterwards they should be called—which grew low along the sand like brambles, the boughs curiously twisted, the foliage compact like thatch. The thicket stretched down from the top of one of the sandy knolls, spreading and growing taller as it went, until it reached the margin of the broad, reedy fen, through which the nearest of the little rivers soaked its way into the anchorage. The marsh was steaming in the strong sun, and the outline of the Spyglass trembled through the haze.

All at once there began to go a sort of bustle among the bulrushes; a wild duck flew up with a quack, another followed, and soon over the whole surface of the marsh a great cloud of birds hung screaming and circling in the air. I judged at once that some of my shipmates must be drawing near along the borders of the fen. Nor was I deceived; for soon I heard the very distant and low tones of a human voice, which, as I continued to give ear, grew steadily louder and nearer.

This put me in a great fear, and I crawled under cover of the nearest live-oak, and squatted there, hearkening, as silent as a mouse.

Another voice answered; and then the first voice, which I now recognized to be Silver's, once more took up the story, and ran on for a long while in a stream, only now and again interrupted by the other. By the sound they must have been talking earnestly, and almost fiercely; but no distinct word came to my hearing.

At last the speakers seemed to have paused, and perhaps to have sat down; for not only did they cease to draw any nearer, but the birds themselves began



to grow more quiet, and to settle again to their places in the swamp.

And now I began to feel that I was neglecting my business; that since I had been so foolhardy as to come ashore with these desperadoes, the least I could do was to overhear them at their councils; and that my plain and obvious duty was to draw as close as I could manage, under the favorable ambush of the crouching trees.

I could tell the direction of the speakers pretty exactly, not only by the sound of their voices, but by the behavior of the few birds that still hung in alarm above the heads of the intruders.

Crawling on all fours, I made steadily but slowly toward them; till at last, raising my head to an aperture among the leaves, I could see clear down into a little green dell beside the marsh, and closely set about with trees, where long John Silver and another of the crew stood face to face in conversation.

The sun beat full upon them. Silver had thrown his hat beside him on the ground, and his great, smooth, blond face, all shining with heat, was lifted to the other man's in a kind of appeal.

"Mate," he was saying, "it's because I thinks gold dust of you—gold dust, and you may lay to that! If I hadn't took to you like pitch, do you think I'd have been here a-warning of you? All's up—you can't make nor mend; it's to save your neck that I'm a-speaking, and if one of the wild 'uns knew it, where 'd I be, Tom—now, tell me, where 'ud I be?"

"Silver," said the other man—and I observed he was not only red in the face, but spoke as hoarse as a crow, and his voice shook, too, like a taut rope—"Silver," says he, "you're old, and you're honest, or has the name for it; and you've money, too, which lots of poor sailors hasn't; and you're brave, or I'm mistaken. And will you tell me you'll let yourself be led away with that kind of a

mess of swabs? not you! As sure as God sees me, I'd sooner lose my hand. If I turn agin my dooty—"

And then all of a sudden he was interrupted by a noise. I had found one of the honest hands—well, here, at that same moment, came news of another. Far away out in the marsh there arose, all of a sudden, a sound like the cry of anger, then another on the back of it; and then one horrid, long-drawn scream. The rocks of the Spyglass echoed it a score of times; the whole troop of marsh-birds rose again, darkening heaven, with a simultaneous whirr; and long after that death yell was still ringing in my brain, silence had re-established its empire, and only the rustle of the redescending birds and the boom of distant surges disturbed the languor of the afternoon.

Tom had leaped at the sound, like a horse at the spur; but Silver had not winked an eye. He stood where he was, resting lightly on his crutch, watching his companion like a snake about to spring.

"John," said the sailor, stretching out his hand.

"Hands off!" cried Silver, leaping back a yard, as it seemed to me with the speed and security of a trained gymnast.

"Hands off, if you like, John Silver," said the other. "It's a black conscience that can make you feared of me. But, in heaven's name, tell me what was that?"

"That?" returned Silver, smiling away, but wavier than ever, his eye a mere pin-point in his big face, but gleaming like a crumb of glass. "That! Oh, I reckon that'll be Alan."

And at this poor Tom flashed out like a hero.

"Alan!" he cried. "Then rest his soul for a true seaman! And as for you, John Silver, long you've been a mate of mine, but you're mate of mine no more. If I die like a dog, I die in my dooty. You've

killed Alan, have you? Kill me, too, if you can. But I defies you."

And with that, this brave fellow turned his back directly on the cook, and set off walking for the beach. But he was not destined to go far. With a cry, John seized the branch of a tree, whipped the crutch out of his armpit, and sent that uncouth missile hurtling through the air. It struck poor Tom point foremost, and with stunning violence, right between the shoulders in the middle of his back. His hands flew up, he gave a sort of gasp, and fell.

Whether he were injured much or little, none could ever tell. Like enough, to judge from the sound, his back was broken on the spot. But he had no time given him to recover. Silver, agile as a monkey, even without leg or crutch, was on the top of him next moment, and had twice buried his knife up to the hilt in that defenseless body. From my place of ambush, I could hear him pant aloud as he struck the blows.

I do not know what it rightly is to faint, but I do know that for the next little while the whole world swam away from before me in a whirling mist; Silver, and the birds, and the tall Spyglass hilltop, going round and round topsyturvy before my eyes, and all manner of bells ringing and distant voices shouting in my ear.

When I came again to myself, the monster had pulled himself together, his crutch under his arm, his hat upon his head. Just before him Tom lay motionless upon the sward; but the murderer minded him not a whit, cleansing his bloodstained knife the while upon a wisp of grass. Everything else was unchanged, the sun still shining mercilessly on the steaming marsh and the tall pinnacle of the mountain, and I could scarce persuade myself that murder had been actually done, and a human life cruelly cut short a moment since, before my eyes.

But now John put his hand into his pocket, brought out a whistle, and blew upon it several modulated blasts, that rang far across the heated air. I could not tell, of course, the meaning of the signal; but it instantly awoke my fears. More men would be coming. I might be discovered. They had already slain two of the honest people; after Tom and Alan, might not I come next?

Instantly I began to extricate myself and crawl back again, with what speed and silence I could manage, to the more open portion of the wood. As I did so, I could hear hails coming and going between the old buccaneer and his comrades, and this sound of danger lent me wings.

As soon as I was clear of the thicket, I ran as I never ran before, scarce minding the direction of my flight, so long as it led me from the murderers; and as I ran, fear grew and grew upon me, until it turned into a kind of frenzy.

Indeed, could anyone be more entirely lost than I? When the gun fired, how should I dare to go down to the boats among those fiends, still smoking from their crime? Would not the first of them who saw me wring my neck like a snipe's? Would not my absence itself be an evidence to them of my alarm, and therefore of my fatal knowledge? It was all over, I thought. Good-by to the *Hispaniola*; good-by to the squire, the doctor, and the captain! There was nothing left for me but death by starvation, or death by the hands of the mutineers.

All this while, as I say, I was still running, and without taking any notice, I had drawn near to the foot of the little hill with the two peaks, and had got into a part of the island where the live-oaks grew more widely apart, and seemed more like forest trees in their bearing and dimensions. Mingled with these were a few scattered pines, some fifty, some nearer seventy, feet high.

The air, too, smelt more freshly than down beside the marsh.

And here a fresh alarm brought me to a standstill with a thumping heart.

## CHAPTER XV

### THE MAN OF THE ISLAND

FROM the side of the hill, which was here steep and stony, a spout of gravel was dislodged, and fell rattling and bounding through the trees. My eyes turned instinctively in that direction, and I saw a figure leap with great rapidity behind the trunk of a pine. What it was, whether bear or man or monkey, I could in nowise tell. It seemed dark and shaggy; more I knew not. But the terror of this new apparition brought me to a stand.

I was now, it seemed, cut off upon both sides; behind me the murderers, before me this lurking nondescript. And immediately I began to prefer the dangers that I knew to those I knew not. Silver himself appeared less terrible in contrast with this creature of the woods, and I turned on my heel, and, looking sharply behind me over my shoulder, began to retrace my steps in the direction of the boats.

Instantly the figure reappeared, and making a wide circuit, began to head me off. I was tired, at any rate; but had I been as fresh as when I rose, I could see it was in vain for me to contend in speed with such an adversary. From trunk to trunk the creature flitted like a deer, running manlike on two legs, but unlike any man that I have ever seen, stooping almost double as it ran. Yet a man it was; I could no longer be in doubt about that.

I began to recall what I had heard of cannibals. I was within an ace of calling for help. But the mere fact that he was a man, however wild, had somewhat reassured me, and my fear of Silver began to revive in proportion. I

stood still, therefore, and cast about for some method of escape; and as I was so thinking, the recollection of my pistol flashed into my mind. As soon as I remembered I was not defenseless, courage glowed again in my heart; and I set my face resolutely for this man of the island, and walked briskly toward him.

He was concealed by this time, behind another tree trunk; but he must have been watching me closely, for as soon as I began to move in his direction, he reappeared and took a step to meet me. Then he hesitated, drew back, came forward again, and at last, to my wonder and confusion, threw himself on his knees and held out his clasped hands in supplication.

At that I once more stopped.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Ben Gunn," he answered, and his voice sounded hoarse and awkward, like a rusty lock. "I'm poor Ben Gunn, I am; and I haven't spoke with a Christian these three years."

I could now see that he was a white man like myself, and that his features were even pleasing. His skin, wherever it was exposed, was burnt by the sun; even his lips were black; and his fair eyes looked quite startling in so dark a face. Of all the beggar-men that I have seen or fancied, he was the chief for raggedness. He was clothed with tatters of old ship's canvas and old sea cloth; and this extraordinary patchwork was all held together by a system of the most various and incongruous fastenings, brass buttons, bits of stick, and loops of tarry gaskin.<sup>1</sup> About his waist he wore an old brass-buckled leather belt, which was the one thing solid in his whole accouterment.

"Three years!" I cried. "Were you shipwrecked?"

"Nay, mate," said he—"marooned."

I had heard the word, and I knew it stood for a horrible kind of punishment

<sup>1</sup> *gaskin*, a narrow band.

common enough among the buccaneers, in which the offender is put ashore with a little powder and shot, and left behind on some desolate and distant island.

"Marooned three years agone," he continued, "and lived on goats since then, and berries, and oysters. Whichever a man is, says I, a man can do for himself. But, mate, my heart is sore for Christian diet. You mightn't happen to have a piece of cheese about you, now? No? Well, many's the long night I've dreamed of cheese—toasted, mostly—and woke up again, and here I were."

"If ever I can get aboard again," said I, "you shall have cheese by the stone."<sup>2</sup>

All this time he had been feeling the stuff of my jacket, smoothing my hands, looking at my boots, and generally, in the intervals of his speech, showing a childish pleasure in the presence of a fellow creature. But at my last words he perked up into a kind of startled slyness.

"If ever you can get aboard again, says you?" he repeated. "Why, now, who's to hinder you?"

"Not you, I know," was my reply.

"And right you was," he cried. "Now you—what do you call yourself, mate?"

"Jim," I told him.

"Jim, Jim," says he, quite pleased apparently. "Well, now, Jim, I've lived that rough as you'd be ashamed to hear of. Now, for instance, you wouldn't think I had had a pious mother—to look at me?" he asked.

"Why, no, not in particular," I answered.

"Ah, well," said he, "but I had—remarkable pious. And I was a civil, pious boy, and could rattle off my catechism that fast, as you couldn't tell one word from another. And here's what it come to, Jim, and it begun with chuck-farthen<sup>3</sup> on the blessed gravestones! That's

<sup>2</sup> *stone*, a British unit of weight, fourteen pounds.

<sup>3</sup> *chuck-farthen*, pitching pennies, a kind of gambling game.

what it begun with, but it went further'n that; and so my mother told me, and predicked the whole, she did, the pious woman! But it were Providence that put me here. I've thought it all out in this here lonely island, and I'm back on piety. You don't catch me tasting rum so much; but just a thimbleful for luck, of course, the first chance I have. I'm bound I'll be good, and I see the way, too. And, Jim"—looking all round him, and lowering his voice to a whisper—"I'm rich."

I now felt sure that the poor fellow had gone crazy in his solitude, and I suppose I must have shown the feeling in my face; for he repeated the statement hotly:

"Rich! rich! I says. And I'll tell you what: I'll make a man of you, Jim. Ah, Jim, you'll bless your stars, you will, you was the first that found me!"

And at this there came suddenly a lowering shadow over his face, and he tightened his grasp upon my hand, and raised a forefinger threateningly before my eyes.

"Now, Jim, you tell me true: that ain't Flint's ship?" he asked.

At this I had a happy inspiration. I began to believe that I had found an ally, and I answered him at once.

"It's not Flint's ship, and Flint is dead; but I'll tell you true, as you ask me—there are some of Flint's hands aboard; worse luck for the rest of us."

"Not a man—with one—leg?" he gasped.

"Silver?" I asked.

"Ah, Silver!" says he; "that were his name."

"He's the cook; and the ringleader, too."

He was still holding me by the wrist, and at that he gave it quite a wring.

"If you was sent by Long John," he said, "I'm as good as pork, and I know it. But where was you, do you suppose?"

I had made my mind up in a moment,



"Not a man ~ with one ~ leg?" he gasped

and by way of answer told him the whole story of our voyage, and the predicament in which we found ourselves. He heard me with the keenest interest, and when I had done, he patted me on the head.

"You're a good lad, Jim," he said, "and you're all in a clove hitch,<sup>4</sup> ain't you? Well, you just put your trust in Ben Gunn—Ben Gunn's the man to do it.

<sup>4</sup> *clove hitch*, a tight place.

Would you think it likely, now, that your squire would prove a liberal-minded one in case of help—him being in a clove hitch, as you remark?"

I told him the squire was the most liberal of men.

"Aye, but you see," returned Ben Gunn, "I didn't mean giving me a gate to keep, and a shuit of livery clothes, and such! that's not my mark, Jim. What I mean is, would he be likely to

come down to the toon of, say one thousand pounds out of money that's as good as a man's own already?"

"I am sure he would," said I. "As it was, all hands were to share."

"And a passage home?" he added, with a look of great shrewdness.

"Why," I cried, "the squire's a gentleman. And, besides, if we got rid of the others, we should want you to help work the vessel home."

"Ah," said he, "so you would." And he seemed very much relieved.

"Now, I'll tell you what," he went on. "So much I'll tell you, and no more. I were in Flint's ship when he buried the treasure; he and six along—six strong seamen. They were ashore nigh on a week, and us standing off and on in the old *Walrus*. One fine day up went the signal, and here come Flint by himself in a little boat, and his head done up in a blue scarf. The sun was getting up, and mortal white he looked about the cutwater.<sup>5</sup> But, there he was, you mind, and the six all dead—dead and buried. How he done it, not a man aboard us could make out. It was battle, murder, and sudden death, leastways—him against six. Billy Bones was the mate; Long John, he was quartermaster; and they asked him where the treasure was. 'Ah,' says he, 'you can go ashore, if you like, and stay,' he says; 'but as for the ship, she'll beat up for more, by thunder!' That's what he said.

"Well, I was in another ship three years back, and we sighted this island. 'Boys,' said I, 'here's Flint's treasure; let's land and find it.' The cap'n was displeased at that; but my messmates were all of a mind, and landed. Twelve days they looked for it, and every day they had the worst word for me, until one fine morning all hands went aboard. 'As for you, Benjamin Gunn,' says they, 'here's a musket,' they says, 'and a spade,

and pickax. You can stay here, and find Flint's money for yourself,' they says.

"Well, Jim, three years have I been here, and not a bite of Christian diet from that day to this. But now, you look here; look at me. Do I look like a man before the mast? No, says you. Nor I wasn't, neither, I says."

And with that he winked and pinched me hard.

"Just you mention them words to your squire, Jim"—he went on: "Nor he weren't, neither—that's the words. Three years he were the man of this island, light and dark, fair and rain; and sometimes he would, maybe, think upon a prayer (says you), and sometimes he would, maybe, think of his old mother, so be as she's alive (you'll say); but the most part of Gunn's time (this is what you'll say)—the most part of his time was took up with another matter. And then you'll give him a nip, like I do."

And he pinched me again in the most confidential manner.

"Then," he continued—"then you'll up, and you'll say this: Gunn is a good man (you'll say), and he puts a precious sight more confidence—a precious sight, mind that—in a gen'loman born than in these gen'lemen of fortune, having been one hisself."

"Well," I said, "I don't understand one word that you've been saying. But that's neither here nor there; for how am I to get on board?"

"Ah," said he, "that's the hitch, for sure. Well, there's my boat, that I made with my two hands. I keep her under the white rock. If the worst come to the worst, we might try that after dark. Hi!" he broke out, "what's that?"

For just then, although the sun had still an hour or two to run, all the echoes of the island awoke and bellowed to the thunder of a cannon.

"They have begun to fight!" I cried. "Follow me."

And I began to run toward the an-

<sup>5</sup> *cutwater*, the fore part of a ship's prow; hence, here, the man's mouth or face.

chorage, my terrors all forgotten; while, close at my side, the marooned man in his goatskins trotted easily and lightly.

"Left, left," says he; "keep to your left hand, mate Jim! Under the trees with you! There's where I killed my first goat. They don't come down here now; they're all mastheaded<sup>6</sup> on them mountings for the fear of Benjamin Gunn. Ah! and there's the cetemery"—cemetery, he must have meant. "You see the mounds? I come here and prayed, nows and thens, when I thought

<sup>6</sup> *they're all mastheaded*, etc., they have taken to the mountains for safety.

maybe a Sunday would be about doo. It weren't quite a chapel, but it seemed more solemn-like; and then, says you, Ben Gunn was shorthanded—no chapling, nor so much as a Bible and a flag, you says."

So he kept talking as I ran, neither expecting nor receiving any answer.

The cannon-shot was followed, after a considerable interval, by a volley of small arms.

Another pause, and then, not a quarter of a mile in front of me, I beheld the Union Jack flutter in the air above a wood.

### STUDY AIDS FOR PART III

*Steps in the Story.* CHAPTER XIII. Why do the men act more mutinously now? Why does Silver try to keep them in good humor? Why does the Captain plan the trip to shore? Why does Jim go along? Why is he afraid of Silver? CHAPTER XIV. Why does Jim try to overhear Silver's talk? What is Silver's purpose in talking to Tom? Why does he kill Tom? What peril does Jim foresee? What peril actually confronts him? CHAPTER XV. What causes Jim to trust Ben Gunn? What has been Gunn's past history? Does he know exactly where the treasure was buried? What does he hope from Jim?

*Summing up Part III.* Write a short paragraph, bringing out Jim Hawkins's feelings from the time he went ashore till he saw the Union Jack fluttering above the trees. Include only the high spots.

*The Characters.* 1. Does Stevenson present his characters by describing them directly or through their action and conversation? Apply your answer to Jim, Billy Bones, John Silver. 2. Stevenson creates suspense by telling only a little at a time about Captain Flint. What story of him can you piece together, beginning with the mention of his name in Chapter III? 3. As you look over the following list of characters in *Treasure Island*, which two stand out most prominently? What incidents do the various names recall to you?

#### I. "HONEST HANDS"—ALSO CALLED "THE CABIN PARTY"

Captain Smollett, Captain of the *Hispaniola*  
Squire Trelawney, Owner of the ship  
Dr. Livesey, Ship's doctor  
Jim Hawkins, Cabin-boy and narrator of the story

Hunter  
Joyce  
Redruth } Servants of the Squire  
Abraham Gray, Carpenter's mate  
(See log, Chapter XVIII, page 150)

#### II. "GENTLEMEN OF FORTUNE"

Billy Bones, Flint's first mate	} Members of Captain Flint's Pirate Crew in Former Days
Black Dog	
Blind Pew	
John Silver, Flint's quartermaster, Cook on the <i>Hispaniola</i>	
Israel Hands, Coxswain on the <i>Hispaniola</i>	
Ben Gunn—Left alone on Treasure Island	
Job Anderson, Boatswain acting as mate after Mr. Arrow's death	
O'Brien—Man with red cap	
Dick Johnson	
Tom Alan	

*The Map of Treasure Island.* Stevenson says that the map was, if not the whole plot, at least most of it. Show how the map figures prominently in the story beginning with Chapter vi.



The copy of Flint's map or chart on page 143 will help you to visualize the locations and the relative positions of places mentioned in Part III, such as: (1) The place where the *Hispaniola* was becalmed. (2) Skeleton Island. (3) The channel through which the *Hispaniola* was towed. (4) The place where it was anchored. (5) The place where you think Jim leaped ashore. (6) The open space where he paused. (7)

The hill with "two quaint, craggy peaks." (8) The point where Jim first saw Ben Gunn. (9) The cemetery. (10) The white rock where Ben Gunn's boat was hidden.

*What Lies Ahead.* Before reading in Part IV, what explanation do you have for "the thunder of a cannon"? For the "volley of small arms"? What are you now most eager to learn about?

## PART IV

### THE STOCKADE

#### CHAPTER XVI

NARRATIVE CONTINUED BY THE  
DOCTOR: HOW THE SHIP  
WAS ABANDONED

IT WAS about half-past one—three bells in the sea phrase—that the two boats went ashore from the *Hispaniola*. The captain, the squire, and I were talking matters over in the cabin. Had there been a breath of wind, we should have fallen on the six mutineers who were left aboard with us, slipped our cable, and away to sea. But the wind was wanting; and, to complete our helplessness, down came Hunter with the news that Jim Hawkins had slipped into a boat and was gone ashore with the rest.

It never occurred to us to doubt Jim Hawkins; but we were alarmed for his safety. With the men in the temper they were in, it seemed an even chance if we should see the lad again. We ran on deck. The pitch was bubbling in the seams; the nasty stench of the place turned me sick; if ever a man smelled fever and dysentery, it was in that abominable anchorage. The six scoundrels were sitting grumbling under a sail in the forecabin; ashore we could see the gigs<sup>1</sup> made fast, and a man sit-

ting in each, hard by where the river runs in. One of them was whistling "Lillibullero."<sup>2</sup>

Waiting was a strain; and it was decided that Hunter and I should go ashore with the jolly-boat,<sup>3</sup> in quest of information.

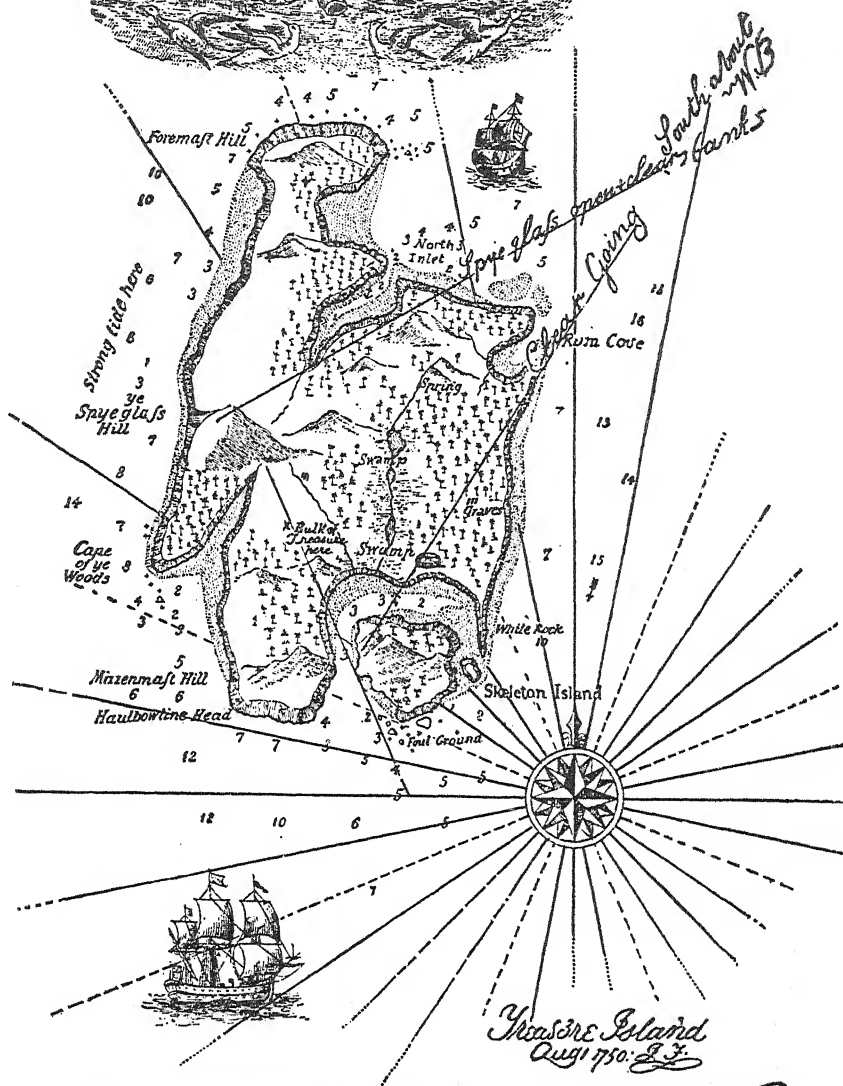
The gigs had leaned to their right; but Hunter and I pulled straight in, in the direction of the stockade upon the chart. The two who were left guarding their boats seemed in a bustle at our appearance; "Lillibullero" stopped off, and I could see the pair discussing what they ought to do. Had they gone and told Silver, all might have turned out differently; but they had their orders, I suppose, and decided to sit quietly where they were and hark back again to "Lillibullero."

There was a slight bend in the coast, and I steered so as to put it between us; even before we landed, we had thus lost sight of the gigs. I jumped out, and came as near running as I durst, with a big silk handkerchief under my hat for coolness' sake, and a brace of pistols ready primed for safety.

I had not gone a hundred yards when I came on the stockade.

<sup>1</sup> *Lillibullero*, a song very popular at that time. <sup>2</sup> *jolly-boat*, a ship's-boat of medium size.

<sup>3</sup> *gig*, a light ship's-boat.



Given by above J. F. & M. W. Bones Maite & J. Walrus  
Savannah this twenty July 1754 W. B.

Facsimile of Chart: latitude and  
longitude struck out by J. Hawkins

This was how it was: a spring of clear water rose almost at the top of a knoll. Well, on the knoll, and inclosing the spring, they had clapped a stout log-house, fit to hold two score people on a pinch, and loop-holed for musketry on every side. All round this they had cleared a wide space, and then the thing was completed by a paling six feet high, without door or opening, too strong to pull down without time and labor, and too open to shelter the besiegers. The people in the log-house had them in every way; they stood quiet in shelter and shot the others like partridges. All they wanted was a good watch and food, for, short of a complete surprise, they might have held the place against a regiment.

What particularly took my fancy was the spring. For, though we had a good enough place of it in the cabin of the *Hispaniola*, with plenty of arms and ammunition, and things to eat, and excellent wines, there had been one thing overlooked—we had no water. I was thinking this over, when there came ringing over the island the cry of a man at the point of death. I was not new to violent death—I have served his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland,<sup>4</sup> and got a wound myself at Fontenoy—but I knew my pulse went dot and carry one. "Jim Hawkins is gone," was my first thought.

It is something to have been an old soldier, but more still to have been a doctor. There is no time to dilly-dally in our work. And so now I made up my mind instantly, and with no time lost returned to the shore, and jumped on board the jolly-boat.

By good fortune Hunter pulled a good oar. We made the water fly; and the boat was soon alongside, and I aboard the schooner.

<sup>4</sup> *Duke of Cumberland*, a son of King George II, who commanded the English in a battle with the French at Fontenoy in Belgium, in 1745.

I found them all shaken, as was natural. The squire was sitting down, as white as a sheet, thinking of the harm he had led us to, the good soul! and one of the six fore-castle hands was little better.

"There's a man," says Captain Smollett, and nodding toward him, "new to this work. He came nigh-hand fainting, doctor, when he heard the cry. Another touch of the rudder and that man would join us."

I told my plan to the captain, and between us we settled on the details of its accomplishment.

We put old Redruth in the gallery between the cabin and the fore-castle, with three or four loaded muskets and a mattress for protection. Hunter brought the boat round under the stern-port, and Joyce and I set to work loading her with powder tins, muskets, bags of biscuits, kegs of pork, a cask of cognac, and my invaluable medicine chest.

In the meantime, the squire and the captain stayed on deck, and the latter hailed the coxswain, who was the principal man aboard.

"Mr. Hands," he said, "here are two of us with a brace of pistols each. If any one of you six make a signal of any description, that man's dead."

They were a good deal taken aback; and, after a little consultation, one and all tumbled down the fore companion, thinking, no doubt, to take us on the rear. But when they saw Redruth waiting for them in the sparred gallery, they went about ship at once, and a head popped out again on deck.

"Down, dog!" cries the captain.

And the head popped back again; and we heard no more, for the time, of these six very faint-hearted seamen.

By this time, tumbling things in as they came, we had the jolly-boat loaded as much as we dared. Joyce and I got out through the stern-port, and we made

for shore again, as fast as oars could take us.

This second trip fairly aroused the watchers along the shore. "Lillibullero" was dropped again; and just before we lost sight of them behind the little point, one of them whipped ashore and disappeared. I had half a mind to change my plan and destroy the boats, but I feared that Silver and the others might be close at hand, and all might very well be lost by trying for too much.

We had soon touched land in the same place as before, and set to provisioning the block-house. All three made the first journey, heavily laden, and tossed our stores over the palisade. Then, leaving Joyce to guard them—one man, to be sure, but with half a dozen muskets—Hunter and I returned to the jolly-boat and loaded ourselves once more. So we proceeded without pausing to take breath, till the whole cargo was bestowed, when the two servants took up their position in the block-house, and I, with all my power, sculled<sup>5</sup> back to the *Hispaniola*.

That we should have risked a second boat load seems more daring than it really was. They had the advantage of numbers, of course, but we had the advantage of arms. Not one of the men ashore had a musket, and before they could get within range for pistol shooting, we flattered ourselves we should be able to give a good account of a half-dozen at least.

The squire was waiting for me at the stern window, all his faintness gone from him. He caught the painter<sup>6</sup> and made it fast, and we fell to loading the boat for our very lives. Pork, powder, and biscuit was the cargo, with only a musket and a cutlass apiece for the squire and me and Redruth and the captain. The rest of the arms and pow-

der we dropped overboard in two fathoms and a half of water, so that we could see the bright steel shining far below us in the sun, on the clean, sandy bottom.

By this time the tide was beginning to ebb, and the ship was swinging round to her anchor. Voices were heard faintly halloaing in the direction of the two gigs; and though this reassured us for Joyce and Hunter, who were well to the eastward, it warned our party to be off.

Redruth retreated from his place in the gallery, and dropped into the boat, which we then brought round to the ship's counter, to be handier for Captain Smollett.

"Now, men," said he, "do you hear me?"

There was no answer from the fore-castle.

"It's to you, Abraham Gray—it's to you I am speaking."

Still no reply.

"Gray," resumed Mr. Smollett, a little louder, "I am leaving this ship, and I order you to follow your captain. I know you are a good man at bottom, and I daresay not one of the lot of you's as bad as he makes out. I have my watch here in my hand; I give you thirty seconds to join me in."

There was a pause.

"Come, my fine fellow," continued the captain, "don't hang so long in stays. I'm risking my life, and the lives of these good gentlemen, every second."

There was a sudden scuffle, a sound of blows, and out burst Abraham Gray with a knife-cut on the side of the cheek, and came running to the captain, like a dog to the whistle.

"I'm with you, sir," said he.

And the next moment he and the captain had dropped aboard of us, and we had shoved off and given way.

We were clear out of the ship; but not yet ashore in our stockade.

<sup>5</sup> *sculled*, propelled with a single oar over the stern. <sup>6</sup> *painter*, a small line made fast to the bow of the boat.

## CHAPTER XVII

NARRATIVE CONTINUED BY THE DOCTOR:  
THE JOLLY-BOAT'S LAST TRIP

THIS fifth trip was quite different from any of the others. In the first place, the little gallipot<sup>1</sup> of a boat that we were in was gravely overloaded. Five grown men, and three of them—Trelawney, Redruth, and the captain—over six feet high, was already more than she was meant to carry. Add to that the powder, pork, and bread-bags. The gunwale<sup>2</sup> was lipping astern.<sup>3</sup> Several times we shipped a little water, and my breeches and the tails of my coat were all soaking wet before we had gone a hundred yards.

The captain made us trim the boat,<sup>4</sup> and we got her to lie a little more evenly. All the same, we were afraid to breathe.

In the second place, the ebb was now making—a strong, rippling current running westward through the basin, and then south'ard and seaward down the straits by which we had entered in the morning. Even the ripples were a danger to our overloaded craft; but the worst of it was that we were swept out of our true course, and away from our proper landing-place behind the point. If we let the current have its way, we should come ashore beside the gigs, where the pirates might appear at any moment.

"I cannot keep her head for the stockade, sir," said I to the captain. I was steering, while he and Redruth, two fresh men, were at the oars. "The tide keeps washing her down. Could you pull a little stronger?"

"Not without swamping the boat," said he. "You must bear up, sir, if you please—bear up until you see you're gaining."

I tried, and found by experiment that the tide kept sweeping us westward un-

<sup>1</sup> gallipot, pot. <sup>2</sup> gunwale, the upper edge of a boat's side. <sup>3</sup> lipping astern, touching the water.

<sup>4</sup> trim the boat, rearrange the cargo.

til I had laid her head due east, or just about right angles to the way we ought to go.

"We'll never get ashore at this rate," said I.

"If it's the only course that we can lie, sir, we must even lie it," returned the captain. "We must keep upstream. You see, sir," he went on, "if once we dropped to leeward<sup>5</sup> of the landing-place, it's hard to say where we should get ashore, besides the chance of being boarded by the gigs; whereas, the way we go the current must slacken, and then we can dodge back along the shore."

"The current's less a'ready, sir," said the man Gray, who was sitting in the fore-sheets; "you can ease her off a bit."

"Thank you, my man," said I, quite as if nothing had happened; for we had all quietly made up our minds to treat him like one of ourselves.

Suddenly the captain spoke up again, and I thought his voice was a little changed. "The gun!" said he.

"I have thought of that," said I, for I made sure he was thinking of a bombardment of the fort. "They could never get the gun ashore, and if they did, they could never haul it through the woods."

"Look astern, doctor," replied the captain.

We had entirely forgotten the long nine; and there, to our horror, were the five rogues busy about her, getting off her jacket, as they called the stout tarpaulin cover under which she sailed. Not only that, but it flashed into my mind at the same moment that the round-shot and the powder for the gun had been left behind, and a stroke with an ax would put it all into the possession of the evil ones aboard.

"Israel was Flint's gunner," said Gray, hoarsely.

At any risk, we put the boat's head direct for the landing-place. By this

<sup>5</sup> leeward, the opposite direction from which the wind is blowing.

time we had got so far out of the run of the current that we kept steerage way<sup>6</sup> even at our necessarily gentle rate of rowing, and I could keep her steady for the goal. But the worst of it was that, with the course I now held, we turned our broadside instead of our stern to the *Hispaniola*, and offered a target like a barn door.

I could hear, as well as see, that brandy-faced rascal, Israel Hands, plumping down a round-shot on the deck.

"Who's the best shot?" asked the captain.

"Mr. Trelawney, out and away," said I.

"Mr. Trelawney, will you please pick me off one of these men, sir? Hands, if possible," said the captain.

Trelawney was as cool as steel. He looked to the priming of his gun.

"Now," cried the captain, "easy with that gun, sir, or you'll swamp the boat. All hands stand by to trim her when he aims."

The squire raised his gun, the rowing ceased, and we leaned over to the other side to keep the balance, and all was so nicely contrived that we did not ship a drop.

They had the gun, by this time, slewed round upon the swivel, and Hands, who was at the muzzle with the rammer, was, in consequence, the most exposed. However, we had no luck; for just as Trelawney fired, down he stooped, the ball whistled over him, and it was one of the other four who fell.

The cry he gave was echoed, not only by his companions on board, but by a great number of voices from the shore, and looking in that direction I saw the other pirates trooping out from among the trees and tumbling into their places in the boats.

"Here come the gigs, sir," said I.

"Give way, then," cried the captain. "We mustn't mind if we swamp her now. If we can't get ashore, all's up."

"Only one of the gigs is being manned, sir," I added, "the crew of the other most likely going round by shore to cut us off."

"They'll have a hot run, sir," returned the captain. "Jack ashore, you know. It's not them I mind; it's the round-shot.<sup>7</sup> Carpet bowls!<sup>8</sup> My lady's maid couldn't miss. Tell us, squire, when you see the match, and we'll hold water."<sup>9</sup>

In the meanwhile we had been making headway at a good pace for a boat so overloaded, and we had shipped but little water in the process. We were now close in; thirty or forty strokes, and we should beach her; for the ebb had already disclosed a narrow belt of sand below the clustering trees. The gig was no longer to be feared; the little point had already concealed it from our eyes. The ebb-tide, which had so cruelly delayed us, was now making reparation, and delaying our assailants. The one source of danger was the gun.

"If I durst," said the captain, "I'd stop and pick off another man."

But it was plain that they meant nothing should delay their shot. They had never so much as looked at their fallen comrade, though he was not dead, and I could see him trying to crawl away.

"Ready!" cried the squire.

"Hold!" cried the captain, quick as an echo.

And he and Redruth backed with a great heave that sent her stern bodily under water. The report fell in at the same instant of time. This was the first that Jim had heard, the sound of the squire's shot not having reached him. Where the ball passed, not one of us precisely knew; but I fancy it must have been over our heads, and that the wind

<sup>7</sup> round-shot, i.e., from the cannon on the ship.

<sup>8</sup> carpet bowls, very easy, like bowling on a carpet.

<sup>9</sup> hold water, stop the boat with the oars

<sup>6</sup> steerage way, sufficient motion so that the boat would steer.

of it may have contributed to our disaster.

At any rate, the boat sank by the stern, quite gently, in three feet of water, leaving the captain and myself, facing each other, on our feet. The other three took complete headers, and came up again, drenched and bubbling.

So far there was no great harm. No lives were lost, and we could wade ashore in safety. But there were all our stores at the bottom, and, to make things worse, only two guns out of five remained in a state for service. Mine I had snatched from my knees and held over my head, by a sort of instinct. As for the captain, he had carried his over his shoulder by a bandoleer,<sup>10</sup> and, like a wise man, lock uppermost. The other three had gone down with the boat.

To add to our concern, we heard voices already drawing near us in the woods along shore; and we had not only the danger of being cut off from the stockade in our half-crippled state, but the fear before us whether, if Hunter and Joyce were attacked by half a dozen, they would have the sense and conduct to stand firm. Hunter was steady, that we knew; Joyce was a doubtful case—a pleasant, polite man for a valet, and to brush one's clothes, but not entirely fitted for a man of war.

With all this in our minds, we waded ashore as fast as we could, leaving behind us the poor jolly-boat, and a good half of all our powder and provisions.

## CHAPTER XVIII

NARRATIVE CONTINUED BY THE  
DOCTOR: END OF THE FIRST  
DAY'S FIGHTING

WE MADE our best speed across the strip of wood that now divided us from the stockade; and at every step we took, the voices of the buccaneers rang nearer. Soon we could hear

<sup>10</sup> *bandoleer*, a belt slung over the shoulder.

their footfalls as they ran, and the cracking of the branches as they breasted across a bit of thicket.

I began to see we should have a brush<sup>1</sup> for it in earnest, and looked to my priming.

"Captain," said I, "Trelawney is the dead shot. Give him your gun; his own is useless."

They exchanged guns, and Trelawney, silent and cool as he had been since the beginning of the bustle, hung a moment on his heel to see that all was fit for service. At the same time, observing Gray to be unarmed, I handed him my cutlass. It did all our hearts good to see him spit in his hand, knit his brows, and make the blade sing through the air. It was plain from every line of his body that our new hand was worth his salt.

Forty paces farther we came to the edge of the wood and saw the stockade in front of us. We struck the enclosure about the middle of the south side, and, almost at the same time, seven mutineers—Job Anderson, the boatswain, at their head—appeared in full cry at the southwestern corner.

They paused, as if taken aback; and before they recovered, not only the squire and I, but Hunter and Joyce from the block-house, had time to fire. The four shots came in rather a scattering volley; but they did the business: one of the enemy actually fell, and the rest without hesitation, turned and plunged into the trees.

After reloading, we walked down the outside of the palisade to see to the fallen enemy. He was stone dead—shot through the heart.

We began to rejoice over our good success, when just at that moment a pistol cracked in the bush, a ball whistled close past my ear, and poor Tom Redruth stumbled and fell his length on the ground. Both the squire and I

<sup>1</sup> *brush*, contest, encounter.



returned the shot; but as we had nothing to aim at, it is probable we only wasted powder. Then we reloaded, and turned our attention to poor Tom.

The captain and Gray were already examining him; and I saw with half an eye that all was over.

I believe the readiness of our return volley had scattered the mutineers once more, for we were suffered without further molestation to get the poor old gamekeeper hoisted over the stockade, and carried, groaning and bleeding, into the log-house.

Poor old fellow, he had not uttered one word of surprise, complaint, fear, or even acquiescence, from the very beginning of our troubles till now, when we had laid him down in the log-house to die. He had lain like a Trojan<sup>2</sup> behind his mattress in the gallery; he had followed every order silently, doggedly, and well; he was the oldest of our party by a score of years; and now, sullen, old, serviceable servant, it was he that was to die.

The squire dropped down beside him on his knees and kissed his hand, crying like a child.

"Be I going, doctor?" he asked.

"Tom, my man," said I, "you're going home."

"I wish I had had a lick at them with the gun first," he replied.

"Tom," said the squire, "say you forgive me, won't you?"

"Would that be respectful like, from me to you, squire?" was the answer. "Howsoever, so be it, amen!"

After a little while of silence, he said he thought somebody might read a prayer. "It's the custom, sir," he added, apologetically. And not long after, without another word, he passed away.

In the meantime the captain, whom I had observed to be wonderfully swol-

len about the chest and pockets, had turned out a great many various stores—the British colors, a Bible, a coil of stoutish rope, pen, ink, the log-book, and pounds of tobacco. He had found a longish fir-tree lying felled and trimmed in the enclosure, and, with the help of Hunter, he had set it up at the corner of the log-house where the trunks crossed and made an angle. Then, climbing on the roof, he had with his own hand bent and run up the colors.

This seemed mightily to relieve him. He re-entered the log-house, and set about counting up the stores, as if nothing else existed. But he had an eye on Tom's passage<sup>3</sup> for all that; and as soon as all was over, he came forward with another flag, and reverently spread it on the body.

"Don't you take on, sir," he said, shaking the squire's hand.

"All's well with him; no fear for a hand that's been shot down in his duty to captain and owner. It mayn't be good divinity, but it's a fact."

Then he pulled me aside.

"Dr. Livesey," he said, "in how many weeks do you and squire expect the consort?"

I told him it was a question, not of weeks, but of months; that if we were not back by the end of August, Blandly was to send to find us; but neither sooner nor later. "You can calculate for yourself," I said.

"Why, yes," returned the captain, scratching his head, "and making a large allowance, sir, for all the gifts of Providence, I should say we were pretty close-hauled."<sup>4</sup>

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"It's a pity, sir, we lost that second load. That's what I mean," replied the captain. "As for powder and shot, we'll do. But the rations are short, very short—so short, Dr. Livesey, that we're, per-

<sup>2</sup> *Trojan*. The Trojans, from their long resistance to the Greeks, in the Trojan War, became noted for their endurance.

<sup>3</sup> *passage*, dying. <sup>4</sup> *pretty close-hauled*, likely to be short of food.

haps, as well without that extra mouth." And he pointed to the dead body under the flag.

Just then, with a roar and a whistle, a round-shot passed high above the roof of the log-house and plumped far beyond us in the wood.

"Oho!" said the captain. "Blaze away! You've little enough powder already, my lads."

At the second trial, the aim was better, and the ball descended inside the stockade, scattering a cloud of sand, but doing no further damage.

"Captain," said the squire, "the house is quite invisible from the ship. It must be the flag they are aiming at. Would it not be wiser to take it in?"

"Strike my colors!" cried the captain. "No, sir, not I"; and, as soon as he said the words, I think we all agreed with him. For it was not only a piece of stout, seamanly, good feeling; it was good policy besides, and showed our enemies that we despised their cannonade.

All through the evening they kept thundering away. Ball after ball flew over or fell short, or kicked up the sand in the enclosure; but they had to fire so high that the shot fell dead and buried itself in the soft sand. We had no ricochet to fear; and though one popped in through the roof of the log-house and out again through the floor, we soon got used to that sort of horse-play, and minded it no more than cricket.

"There is one thing good about all this," observed the captain; "the wood in front of us is likely clear. The ebb has made a good while; our stores should be uncovered. Volunteers to go and bring in pork."

Gray and Hunter were the first to come forward. Well armed, they stole out of the stockade; but it proved a useless mission. The mutineers were bolder than we fancied, or they put

more trust in Israel's gunnery. For four or five of them were busy carrying off our stores, and wading out with them to one of the gigs that lay close by, pulling an oar or so to hold her steady against the current. Silver was in the stern-sheets in command; and every man of them was now provided with a musket from some secret magazine of their own.

The captain sat down to his log, and here is the beginning of the entry:

"Alexander Smollett, master; David Livesey, ship's doctor; Abraham Gray, carpenter's mate; John Trelawney, owner; John Hunter and Richard Joyce, owner's servants, landsmen—being all that is left faithful of the ship's company—with stores for ten days at short rations, came ashore this day, and flew British colors on the log-house in Treasure Island. Thomas Redruth, owner's servant, landsman, shot by the mutineers; James Hawkins, cabin-boy—"

And at the same time I was wondering over poor Jim Hawkins's fate.

A hail on the land side.

"Somebody hailing us," said Hunter, who was on guard.

"Doctor! squire! captain! Hulloo, Hunter, is that you?" came the cries.

And I ran to the door in time to see Jim Hawkins, safe and sound, come climbing over the stockade.

## CHAPTER XIX

NARRATIVE RESUMED BY JIM HAWKINS:  
THE GARRISON IN THE STOCKADE

AS SOON as Ben Gunn saw the colors, he came to a halt, stopped me by the arm, and sat down.

"Now," said he, "there's your friends, sure enough."

"Far more likely it's the mutineers," I answered.

"That!" he cried. "Why, in a place like this, where nobody puts in but gentlemen of fortune, Silver would fly

the Jolly Roger,<sup>1</sup> you don't make no doubt of that. No; that's your friends. There's been blows, too, and I reckon your friends has had the best of it; and here they are ashore in the old stockade, as was made years and years ago by Flint. Ah, he was the man to have a headpiece, was Flint! Barring rum, his match were never seen. He were afraid of none, not he; on'y Silver—Silver was that genteel!"

"Well," said I, "that may be so, and so be it; all the more reason that I should hurry on and join my friends."

"Nay, mate," returned Ben, "not you. You're a good boy, or I'm mistook; but you're on'y a boy, all told. Now, Ben Gunn is fly.<sup>2</sup> Rum wouldn't bring me there, where you're going—not rum wouldn't, till I see your born gen'lleman, and gets it on his word of honor. And you won't forget my words: 'A precious sight (that's what you'll say), a precious sight more confidence'—and then nips him."

And he pinched me the third time with the same air of cleverness.

"And when Ben Gunn is wanted, you know where to find him, Jim. Just where you found him today. And him that comes is to have a white thing in his hand; and he's to come alone. Oh! and you'll say this: 'Ben Gunn,' says you, 'has reasons of his own.'"

"Well," said I, "I believe I understand. You have something to propose, and you wish to see the squire or the doctor; and you're to be found where I found you. Is that all?"

"And when? says you," he added. "Why, from about noon observation to about six bells."<sup>3</sup>

"Good," said I, "and now may I go?"

"You won't forget?" he inquired anxiously. "Precious sight, and reasons of his own, says you. Reasons of his own;

that's the mainstay; as between man and man. Well, then"—still holding me—"I reckon you can go, Jim. And, Jim, if you was to see Silver, you wouldn't go for to sell Ben Gunn? Wild horses wouldn't draw it from you? No, says you. And if them pirates camp ashore, Jim, what would you say but there'd be widders in the morning?"

Here he was interrupted by a loud report, and a cannon ball came tearing through the trees and pitched in the sand, not a hundred yards from where we two were talking. The next moment each of us had taken to his heels in a different direction.

For a good hour to come frequent reports shook the island, and balls kept crashing through the woods. I moved from hiding-place to hiding-place, always pursued, or so it seemed to me, by these terrifying missiles. But toward the end of the bombardment, though still I durst not venture in the direction of the stockade, where the balls fell oftenest, I had begun, in a manner, to pluck up my heart again; and after a long detour to the east, crept down among the shore-side trees.

The sun had just set, the sea breeze was rustling and tumbling in the woods, and ruffling the gray surface of the anchorage; the tide, too, was far out, and great tracts of sand lay uncovered; the air, after the heat of the day, chilled me through my jacket.

The *Hispaniola* still lay where she had anchored; but, sure enough, there was the Jolly Roger—the black flag of piracy—flying from her peak. Even as I looked, there came another red flash and another report, that sent the echoes clattering, and one more round-shot whistled through the air. It was the last of the cannonade.

I lay for some time, watching the bustle which succeeded the attack. Men were demolishing something with axes on the beach near the stockade; the

<sup>1</sup> *Jolly Roger*, the black pirate flag.

<sup>2</sup> *fly*, knowing or wide awake. <sup>3</sup> *six bells*, three o'clock in the afternoon.

poor jolly-boat, I afterwards discovered. Away, near the mouth of the river, a great fire was glowing among the trees, and between that point and the ship one of the gigs kept coming and going, the men, whom I had seen so gloomy, shouting at the oars like children. But there was a sound in their voices which suggested rum.

At length I thought I might return toward the stockade. I was pretty far down on the low, sandy spit that incloses the anchorage to the east, and is joined at half-water to Skeleton Island; and now, as I rose to my feet, I saw, some distance farther down the spit, and rising from among low bushes, an isolated rock, pretty high, and peculiarly white in color. It occurred to me that this might be the white rock of which Ben Gunn had spoken, and that some day or other a boat might be wanted, and I should know where to look for one.

Then I skirted among the woods until I had regained the rear, or shoreward side, of the stockade, and was soon warmly welcomed by the faithful party.

I had soon told my story, and began to look about me. The log-house was made of unsquared trunks of pine—roof, walls, and floor. The latter stood in several places as much as a foot or a foot and a half above the surface of the sand. There was a porch at the door, and under this porch the little spring welled up into an artificial basin of a rather odd kind—no other than a great ship's kettle of iron, with the bottom knocked out, and sunk "to her bearings," as the captain said, among the sand.

Little had been left besides the framework of the house; but in one corner there was a stone slab laid down by way of hearth, and an old rusty iron basket to contain the fire.

The slopes of the knoll and all the inside of the stockade had been cleared

of timber to build the house, and we could see by the stumps what a fine and lofty grove had been destroyed. Most of the soil had been washed away or buried in drift after the removal of the trees; only where the streamlet ran down from the kettle a thick bed of moss and some ferns and little creeping bushes were still green among the sand. Very close around the stockade—too close for defense, they said—the wood still flourished high and dense, all of fir on the land side, but toward the sea with a large admixture of live-oaks.

The cold evening breeze of which I have spoken, whistled through every chink of the rude building, and sprinkled the floor with a continual rain of fine sand. There was sand in our eyes, sand in our teeth, sand in our suppers, sand dancing in the spring at the bottom of the kettle, for all the world like porridge beginning to boil. Our chimney was a square hole in the roof; it was but a little part of the smoke that found its way out, and the rest eddied about the house, and kept us coughing and wiping the eye.

Add to this that Gray, the new man, had his face tied up in a bandage for a cut he had got in breaking away from the mutineers; and poor old Tom Redruth, still unburied, lay along the wall, stiff and stark, under the Union Jack.

If we had been allowed to sit idle, we should all have fallen in the blues, but Captain Smollett was never the man for that. All hands were called up before him, and he divided us into watches. The doctor, and Gray, and I, for one; the squire, Hunter, and Joyce, upon the other. Tired as we all were, two were sent out for fire-wood; two more were set to dig a grave for Redruth; the doctor was named cook; I was put sentry at the door; and the captain himself went from one to another, keeping up our spirits and lending a hand wherever it was wanted.

From time to time the doctor came to the door for a little air and to rest his eyes, which were almost smoked out of his head; and whenever he did so, he had a word for me.

"That man Smollett," he said once, "is a better man than I am. And when I say that, it means a deal, Jim."

Another time he came and was silent for a while. Then he put his head on one side and looked at me.

"Is this Ben Gunn a man?" he asked.

"I do not know, sir," said I. "I am not very sure whether he's sane."

"If there's any doubt about the matter, he is," returned the doctor. "A man who has been three years biting his nails on a desert island, Jim, can't expect to appear as sane as you or me. It doesn't lie in human nature. Was it cheese you said he had a fancy for?"

"Yes, sir, cheese," I answered.

"Well, Jim," says he, "just see the good that comes of being dainty in your food. You've seen my snuff-box, haven't you? And you never saw me take snuff; the reason being that in my snuff-box I carry a piece of Parmesan cheese—a cheese made in Italy, very nutritious. Well, that's for Ben Gunn."

Before supper was eaten, we buried old Tom in the sand and stood round him for a while bareheaded in the breeze. A good deal of firewood had been got in, but not enough for the captain's fancy; and he shook his head over it, and told us we "must get back to this tomorrow rather livelier." Then, when we had eaten our pork, and each had a stiff glass of brandy grog, the three chiefs got together in a corner to discuss our prospects.

It appears they were at their wits' end what to do, the stores being so low that we must have been starved into surrender long before help came. But our best hope, it was decided, was to kill off the buccaneers until they hauled down their flag or ran away with the *Hispani-*

*ola*. From nineteen they were already reduced to fifteen, two others were wounded, and one, at least—the man shot beside the gun—severely wounded, if he were not dead. Every time we had a crack at them, we were to take it, saving our own lives, with the extremest care. And, besides that, we had two able allies—rum and the climate.

As for the first, though we were about half a mile away, we could hear them roaring and singing late into the night; and as for the second, the doctor staked his wig that, camped where they were in the marsh, and unprovided with remedies, the half of them would be on their backs before a week.

"So," he added, "if we are not all shot down first, they'll be glad to be packing in the schooner. It's always a ship, and they can get to buccaneering again, I suppose."

"First ship that ever I lost," said Captain Smollett.

I was dead tired, as you may fancy, and when I got to sleep, which was not till after a great deal of tossing, I slept like a log of wood.

The rest had long been up, and had already breakfasted and increased the pile of firewood by about half as much again, when I was awakened by a bustle and the sound of voices.

"Flag of truce!" I heard someone say; and then, immediately after, with a cry of surprise, "Silver himself!" And, at that, up I jumped, and, rubbing my eyes, ran to a loophole in the wall.

## CHAPTER XX

### SILVER'S EMBASSY

SURE enough, there were two men just outside the stockade, one of them waving a white cloth; the other, no less a person than Silver himself, standing placidly by.

It was still quite early, and the coldest morning that I think I ever was abroad

in; a chill that pierced into the marrow. The sky was bright and cloudless overhead, and the tops of the trees shone rosily in the sun. But where Silver stood with his lieutenant all was still in shadow, and they waded knee deep in a low, white vapor, that had crawled during the night out of the morass. The chill and the vapor taken together told a poor tale of the island. It was plainly a damp, feverish, unhealthy spot.

"Keep indoors, men," said the captain. "Ten to one this is a trick."

Then he hailed the buccaneer.

"Who goes? Stand, or we fire."

"Flag of truce," cried Silver.

The captain was in the porch, keeping himself carefully out of the way of a treacherous shot, should any be intended. He turned and spoke to us:

"Doctor's watch on the lookout. Dr. Livesey, take the north side, if you please; Jim, the east; Gray, west. The watch below, all hands to load muskets. Lively, men, and careful."

And then he turned again to the mutineers.

"And what do you want with your flag of truce?" he cried.

This time it was the other man who replied.

"Cap'n Silver, sir, to come on board and make terms," he shouted.

"Cap'n Silver! Don't know him. Who's he?" cried the captain. And we could hear him adding to himself: "Cap'n, is it? My heart, and here's promotion!"

Long John answered for himself.

"Me, sir. These poor lads have chosen me cap'n, after your desertion, sir"—laying a particular emphasis upon the word "desertion." "We're willing to submit, if we can come to terms, and no bones about it. All I ask is your word, Cap'n Smollett, to let me safe and sound out of this here stockade, and one minute to get out o' shot before a gun is fired."

"My man," said Captain Smollett, "I have not the slightest desire to talk to you. If you wish to talk to me, you can come, that's all. If there's any treachery, it'll be on your side, and the Lord help you."

"That's enough, cap'n," shouted Long John, cheerily. "A word from you's enough. I know a gentleman, and you may lay to that."

We could see the man who carried the flag of truce attempting to hold Silver back. Nor was that wonderful, seeing how cavalier had been the captain's answer. But Silver laughed at him aloud, and slapped him on the back, as if the idea of alarm had been absurd. Then he advanced to the stockade, threw over his crutch, got a leg up, and with great vigor and skill succeeded in surmounting the fence and dropping safely to the other side.

I will confess that I was far too much taken up with what was going on to be of the slightest use as sentry; indeed, I had already deserted my eastern loophole, and crept up behind the captain, who had now seated himself on the threshold, with his elbows on his knees, his head in his hands, and his eyes fixed on the water, as it bubbled out of the old iron kettle in the sand. He was whistling to himself, "Come, Lasses and Lads."

Silver had terrible hard work getting up the knoll. What with the steepness of the incline, the thick tree stumps, and the soft sand, he and his crutch were as helpless as a ship in stays. But he stuck to it like a man in silence, and at last arrived before the captain, whom he saluted in the handsomest style. He was tricked out in his best; an immense blue coat, thick with brass buttons, hung as low as to his knees, and a fine laced hat was set on the back of his head.

"Here you are, my man," said the captain, raising his head. "You had better sit down."

"You ain't a-going to let me inside, cap'n?" complained Long John. "It's a main cold morning, to be sure, sir, to sit outside upon the sand."

"Why, Silver," said the captain, "if you had pleased to be an honest man, you might have been sitting in your galley. It's your own doing. You're either my ship's cook—and then you were treated handsome—or Cap'n Silver, a common mutineer and pirate, and then you can go hang!"

"Well, well, cap'n," returned the sea cook, sitting down as he was bidden on the sand, "you'll have to give me a hand up again, that's all. A sweet, pretty place you have of it here. Ah, there's Jim! The top of the morning to you, Jim—Doctor, here's my service. Why, there you all are together like a happy family, in a manner of speaking."

"If you have anything to say, my man, better say it," said the captain.

"Right you were, Cap'n Smollett," replied Silver. "Dooty is dooty, to be sure. Well, now, you look here, that was a good lay<sup>1</sup> of yours last night. I don't deny it was a good lay. Some of you pretty handy with a hand-spike-end. And I'll not deny neither but what some of my people was shook—maybe all was shook; maybe I was shook myself; maybe that's why I'm here for terms. But you mark me, cap'n, it won't do twice, by thunder! We'll have to do sentry-go, and ease off a point or so on the rum. Maybe you think we were all a sheet in the wind's eye.<sup>2</sup> But I'll tell you I was sober; I was on'y dog tired; and if I'd awoke a second sooner, I'd a caught you at the act, I would. He wasn't dead when I got round to him, not he."

"Well?" says Captain Smollett, as cool as can be.

All that Silver said was a riddle to him, but you would never have guessed

it from his tone. As for me, I began to have an inkling. Ben Gunn's last words came back to my mind. I began to suppose that he had paid the buccaneers a visit while they all lay drunk together round their fire, and I reckoned up with glee that we had only fourteen enemies to deal with.

"Well, here it is," said Silver. "We want that treasure, and we'll have it—that's our point! You would just as soon save your lives, I reckon; and that's yours. You have a chart, haven't you?"

"That's as may be," replied the captain.

"Oh, well, you have, I know that," returned Long John. "You needn't be so husky<sup>3</sup> with a man; there ain't a particle of service in that, and you may lay to it. What I mean is, we want your chart. Now, I never meant you no harm, myself."

"That won't do with me, my man," interrupted the captain. "We know exactly what you meant to do, and we don't care; for now, you see, you can't do it."

And the captain looked at him calmly, and proceeded to fill a pipe.

"If Abe Gray—" Silver broke out.

"Avast<sup>4</sup> there!" cried Mr. Smollett. "Gray told me nothing, and I asked him nothing; and what's more, I would see you and him and this whole island blown clean out of the water into blazes first. So there's my mind for you, my man, on that."

This little whiff of temper seemed to cool Silver down. He had been growing nettled before, but now he pulled himself together.

"Like enough," said he. "I would set no limits to what gentlemen might consider shipshape, or might not, as the case were. And, seein' as how you are about to take a pipe, Cap'n, I'll make so free as to do likewise."

And he filled a pipe and lighted it;

<sup>3</sup> husky, rough, harsh. <sup>4</sup> Avast, Stop!

<sup>1</sup> lay, plan of action. <sup>2</sup> a sheet in the wind's eye, a bit drunk.



and the two men sat silently smoking for quite a while, now looking each other in the face, now stopping their tobacco, now leaning forward to spit. It was as good as the play to see them.

"Now," resumed Silver, "here it is. You give us the chart to get the treasure by, and drop shooting poor seamen, and stoving of their heads in while asleep. You do that, and we'll offer you a choice. Either you come aboard along of us, once the treasure's shipped, and then I'll give you my affy-davy, upon my word of honor, to clap you somewhere safe ashore. Or, if that ain't to your fancy, some of my hands being rough, and having old scores, on account of hazing, then you can stay here, you can. We'll divide stores with you, man for man; and I'll give my affy-davy, as before, to speak the first ship I sight, and send 'em here to pick you up. Now you'll own that's talking. Handsomer you couldn't look to get, not you. And I hope"—raising his voice—"that all hands in this here block-house will overhaul my words, for what is spoke to one is spoke to all."

Captain Smollett rose from his seat, and knocked out the ashes of his pipe in the palm of his left hand.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"Every last word, by thunder!" answered John. "Refuse that, and you've seen the last of me but musket-balls."

"Very good," said the captain. "Now you'll hear me. If you'll come up one by one, unarmed, I'll engage to clap you all in irons and take you home to a fair trial in England. If you won't, my name is Alexander Smollett, I've flown my sovereign's colors, and I'll see you all to Davy Jones.<sup>5</sup> You can't find the treasure. You can't sail the ship—there's not a man among you fit to sail the ship.

<sup>5</sup> *Davy Jones*, in sailor superstition, the spirit of the sea, who takes charge of all drowned sailors.

You can't fight us—Gray, there, got away from five of you. Your ship's in irons,<sup>6</sup> Master Silver; you're on a lee shore,<sup>7</sup> and so you'll find. I stand here and tell you so; and they're the last good words you'll get from me; for, in the name of heaven, I'll put a bullet in your back when next I meet you. Tramp, my lad. Bundle out of this, please, hand over hand, and double quick."

Silver's face was a picture; his eyes started in his head with wrath. He shook the fire out of his pipe.

"Give me a hand up!" he cried.

"Not I," returned the captain.

"Who'll give me a hand up?" he roared.

Not a man among us moved. Growling the foulest imprecations, he crawled along the sand till he got hold of the porch and could hoist himself again upon his crutch. Then he spat into the spring.

"There!" he cried, "that's what I think of ye. Before an hour's out, I'll stove in your old block-house like a rum punch-con. Laugh, by thunder, laugh! Before an hour's out, ye'll laugh upon the other side. Them that die'll be the lucky ones."

And with a dreadful oath he stumbled off, plowed down the sand, was helped across the stockade, after four or five failures, by the man with the flag of truce, and disappeared in an instant afterwards among the trees.

## CHAPTER XXI

### THE ATTACK

AS SOON as Silver disappeared, the captain, who had been closely watching him, turned toward the interior of the house, and found not a man

<sup>6</sup> *in irons*, incapable of turning so as to sail in the other direction. <sup>7</sup> *lee shore*, a shore that the wind blows toward.

of us at his post but Gray. It was the first time we had ever seen him angry.

"Quarters!" he roared. And then, as we all slunk back to our places, "Gray," he said, "I'll put your name in the log; you've stood by your duty like a seaman. Mr. Trelawney, I'm surprised at you, sir. Doctor, I thought you had worn the king's coat! If that was how you served at Fontenoy, sir, you'd have been better in your berth."

The doctor's watch were all back at their loopholes, the rest were busy loading the spare muskets, and every one with a red face, you may be certain, and a flea in his ear, as the saying is.

The captain looked on for a while in silence. Then he spoke.

"My lads," said he, "I've given Silver a broadside.<sup>1</sup> I pitched it in red-hot on purpose; and before the hour's out, as he said, we shall be boarded. We're outnumbered, I needn't tell you that, but we fight in shelter; and, a minute ago, I should have said we fought with discipline. I've no manner of doubt that we can drub<sup>2</sup> them, if you choose."

Then he went the rounds, and saw, as he said, that all was clear.

On the two short sides of the house, east and west, there were only two loopholes; on the south side where the porch was, two again; and on the north side, five. There was a round score of muskets for the seven of us; the firewood had been built into four piles—tables, you might say—one about the middle of each side, and on each of these tables some ammunition and four loaded muskets were laid ready to the hand of the defenders. In the middle, the cutlasses lay ranged.

"Toss out the fire," said the captain; "the chill is past, and we mustn't have smoke in our eyes."

The iron fire basket was carried bodily

<sup>1</sup> a broadside, plenty to think about. <sup>2</sup> drub, beat.

out by Mr. Trelawney, and the embers smothered among the sand.

"Hawkins hasn't had his breakfast. Hawkins, help yourself, and back to your post to eat it," continued Captain Smollett. "Lively, now, my lad, you'll want it before you've done. Hunter, serve out a round of brandy to all hands."

And while this was going on, the captain completed, in his own mind, the plan of the defense.

"Doctor, you will take the door," he resumed. See and don't expose yourself; keep within, and fire through the porch. Hunter, take the east side, there. Joyce, you stand by the west, my man. Mr. Trelawney, you are the best shot—you and Gray will take this long north side, with the five loopholes; it's there the danger is. If they can get up to it, and fire in upon us through our own ports, things would begin to look dirty. Hawkins, neither you nor I are much account at the shooting; we'll stand by to load and bear a hand."

As the captain had said, the chill was past. As soon as the sun had climbed above our girdle of trees, it fell with all its force upon the clearing, and drank up the vapors at a draught. Soon the sand was baking, and the resin melting in the logs of the block-house. Jackets and coats were flung aside; shirts thrown open at the neck, and rolled up to the shoulders; and we stood there each at his post, in a fever of heat and anxiety.

An hour passed away.

"Hang them!" said the captain. "This is as dull as the doldrums.<sup>3</sup> Gray, whistle for a wind."

And just at that moment came the first news of the attack.

"If you please, sir," said Joyce, "if I see anyone, am I to fire?"

"I told you so!" cried the captain.

<sup>3</sup> doldrums, extremely calm weather.

"Thank you, sir," returned Joyce, with the same quiet civility.

Nothing followed for a time; but the remark had set us all on the alert, straining ears and eyes, the musketeers with their pieces balanced in their hands, the captain out in the middle of the block-house, with his mouth very tight and a frown on his face.

So some seconds passed, till suddenly Joyce whipped up his musket and fired. The report had scarcely died away ere it was repeated and repeated from without in a scattering volley, shot behind shot, like a string of geese, from every side of the enclosure. Several bullets struck the log-house, but not one entered; and, as the smoke cleared away and vanished, the stockade and the woods around it looked as quiet and empty as before. Not a bough waved, not the gleam of a musket-barrel betrayed the presence of our foes.

"Did you hit your man?" asked the captain.

"No, sir," replied Joyce. "I believe not, sir."

"Next best thing to tell the truth," muttered Captain Smollett. "Load his gun, Hawkins. How many should you say there were on your side, doctor?"

"I know precisely," said Dr. Livesey. "Three shots were fired on this side. I saw the three flashes—two close together—one farther to the west."

"Three!" repeated the captain. "And how many on yours, Mr. Trelawney?"

But this was not so easily answered. There had come many from the north—seven, by the squire's computation; eight or nine, according to Gray. From the east and west only a single shot had been fired. It was plain, therefore, that the attack would be developed from the north, and that on the other three sides we were only to be annoyed by a show of hostilities. But Captain Smollett made no change in his arrangements. If

the mutineers succeeded in crossing the stockade, he argued, they would take possession of any unprotected loophole, and shoot us down like rats in our own stronghold.

Nor had we much time left to us for thought. Suddenly, with a loud huzza, a little cloud of pirates leaped from the woods on the north side, and ran straight on the stockade. At the same moment, the fire was once more opened from the woods, and a rifle ball sang through the doorway, and knocked the doctor's musket into bits.

The boarders swarmed over the fence like monkeys. Squire and Gray fired again and yet again; three men fell, one forwards, into the enclosure, two back on the outside. But of these, one was evidently more frightened than hurt, for he was on his feet again in a crack, and instantly disappeared among the trees.

Two had bit the dust,\* one had fled, four had made good their footing inside our defenses; while from the shelter of the woods seven or eight men, each evidently supplied with several muskets, kept up a hot, though useless, fire on the log-house.

The four who had boarded made straight before them for the building, shouting as they ran, and the men among the trees shouted back to encourage them. Several shots were fired; but such was the hurry of the marksmen that not one appears to have taken effect. In a moment the four pirates had swarmed up the mound and were upon us.

The head of Job Anderson, the boat-swain, appeared at the middle loophole.

"At 'em, all hands—all hands!" he roared, in a voice of thunder.

At the same moment, another pirate grasped Hunter's musket by the muzzle, wrenched it from his hands, plucked it through the loophole, and, with one

\* *bit the dust*, fallen in death.



I leaped in a trice upon one side

(See page 160)

stunning blow, laid the poor fellow senseless on the floor. Meanwhile a third, running unharmed all round the house, appeared suddenly in the doorway, and fell with his cutlass on the doctor.

Our position was utterly reversed. A moment since, we were firing, under cover, at an exposed enemy; now it was we who lay uncovered, and could not return a blow.

The log-house was full of smoke, to which we owed our comparative safety. Cries and confusion, the flashes and reports of pistol shots, and one loud groan rang in my ears.

"Out, lads, out, and fight 'em in the open! Cutlasses!" cried the captain.

I snatched a cutlass from the pile, and someone, at the same time snatching another, gave me a cut across the knuckles which I hardly felt. I dashed out of the door into the clear sunlight. Someone was close behind, I knew not whom. Right in front, the doctor was pursuing his assailant down the hill, and, just as my eyes fell upon him, beat down his guard, and sent him sprawling on his back, with a great slash across the face.

"Round the house, lads! round the house!" cried the captain; and even in the hurly-burly I perceived a change in his voice.

Mechanically I obeyed, turned eastwards, and with my cutlass raised, ran round the corner of the house. Next moment I was face to face with Anderson. He roared aloud, and his hanger<sup>5</sup> went up above his head, flashing in the sunlight. I had not time to be afraid, but, as the blow still hung impending, leaped in a trice upon one side, and missing my foot in the soft sand, rolled headlong down the slope.

When I had first sallied from the door, the other mutineers had been already swarming up the palisade to make an end of us. One man in a red night-

cap, with his cutlass in his mouth, had even got upon the top, and thrown a leg across. Well, so short had been the interval that when I found my feet again, all was in the same posture, the fellow with the red nightcap still half-way over, another still just showing his head above the top of the stockade. And yet, in this breath of time, the fight was over, and the victory was ours.

Gray, following close behind me, had cut down the big boatswain ere he had time to recover from his last blow. Another had been shot at a loophole in the very act of firing into the house, and now lay in agony, the pistol still smoking in his hand. A third, as I had seen, the doctor had disposed of at a blow. Of the four who had scaled the palisade, one only remained unaccounted for, and he, having left his cutlass on the field, was now clambering out again with the fear of death upon him.

"Fire—fire from the house!" cried the doctor.

"And you, lads, back into cover."

But his words were unheeded, no shot was fired, and the last boarder made good his escape, and disappeared with the rest into the wood. In three seconds nothing remained of the attacking party but the five who had fallen, four on the inside, and one on the outside, of the palisade.

The doctor and Gray and I ran full speed for shelter. The survivors would soon be back where they had left their muskets, and at any moment the fire might recommence.

The house was by this time somewhat cleared of smoke, and we saw at a glance the price we had paid for victory. Hunter lay beside his loophole, stunned; Joyce by his, shot through the head, never to move again; while right in the center, the squire was supporting the captain, one as pale as the other.

"The captain's wounded," said Mr. Trelawney.

<sup>5</sup> *hanger*, short sword.

"Have they run?" asked Mr. Smollett.

"All that could, you may be bound," returned the doctor; "but there's five of them will never run again."

"Five!" cried the captain. "Come, that's better. Five against three leaves us four to nine. That's better odds than we

had at starting. We were seven to nineteen then, or thought we were, and that's as bad to bear."<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup>The mutineers were soon only eight in number, for the man shot by Mr. Trelawney on board the schooner died, the same evening, of his wound, but this was, of course, not known till after by the faithful party. (Note by Stevenson.)

## STUDY AIDS FOR PART IV

*Steps in the Story.* Notice that the doctor, not Jim, is the narrator in chapters xvi, xvii, and xviii. Give a reason for this. Do you notice any difference in the style of writing?

In addition to the question on each chapter given below, ask two others that seem to you important. If they are important, your classmates should be able to answer them. CHAPTER XVI. Why do the honest men transfer to the stockade? CHAPTER XVII. What is the chief danger the doctor has to fear at the end of the chapter? CHAPTER XVIII. What dangers does the captain see ahead? CHAPTER XIX. Why doesn't Ben Gunn go with Jim to the stockade? CHAPTER XX. What is John Silver's purpose in going to the stockade? CHAPTER XXI. What does Silver's attack really accomplish?

*Summing up Part IV.* Write three short paragraphs to which you might give these titles: (1) Dr. Livesey's account to Jim of the transfer to the stockade. (2) Jim's account of the Ben Gunn incident to Dr. Livesey. (3) Long John Silver's account to his followers of his embassy to Captain Smollett. Try to make each paragraph reflect the feelings and character of the narrator.

*The Characters.* What kind of boy are you discovering Jim Hawkins to be? Relate incidents in which Jim is the central figure, and which are turning-points in the story. What qualities does he display in these adventures?

*What Lies Ahead.* Before reading Part V, how would you answer this question: Is the captain going to be able to hold the stockade?

## PART V

### MY SEA ADVENTURE

#### CHAPTER XXII

##### HOW MY SEA ADVENTURE BEGAN

THERE was no return of the mutineers—not so much as another shot out of the woods. They had "got their rations for that day," as the captain put it, and we had the place to ourselves and a quiet time to overhaul the wounded and get dinner. Squire and I cooked outside in spite of the danger, and even outside we could hardly tell

what we were at, for horror of the loud groans that reached us from the doctor's patients. Out of the eight men who had fallen in action, only three still breathed—that one of the pirates who had been shot at the loophole, Hunter, and Captain Smollett; and, of these, the first two were as good as dead; the mutineer, indeed, died under the doctor's knife, and Hunter, do what we could, never recovered consciousness in this world. He lingered all day, breathing

loudly like the old buccaneer at home in his apoplectic fit; but the bones of his chest had been crushed by the blow, and his skull fractured in falling, and some time in the following night, without sign or sound, he went to his Maker.

As for the captain, his wounds were grievous indeed, but not dangerous. No organ was fatally injured. Anderson's ball—for it was Job that shot him first—had broken his shoulder blade and touched the lung, not badly; the second had only torn and displaced some muscles in the calf. He was sure to recover, the doctor said, but, in the meantime and for weeks to come, he must not walk nor move his arm, nor so much as speak when he could help it.

My own accidental cut across the knuckles was a flea bite. Dr. Livesey patched it up with plaster and pulled my ears for me into the bargain.

After dinner the squire and the doctor sat by the captain's side a while in consultation; and when they had talked to their hearts' content, it being then a little past noon, the doctor took up his hat and pistols, girt on a cutlass, put the chart in his pocket, and with a musket over his shoulder, crossed the palisade on the north side, and set off briskly through the trees.

Gray and I were sitting together at the far end of the block-house, to be out of earshot of our officers consulting; and Gray took his pipe out of his mouth and fairly forgot to put it back again, so thunderstruck he was at this occurrence.

"Why, in the name of Davy Jones," said he, "is Dr. Livesey mad?"

"Why, no," says I. "He's about the last of this crew for that, I take it."

"Well, shipmate," said Gray, "mad he may not be; but if *he's* not, you mark my words, I am."

"I take it," replied I, "the doctor has his idea; and if I am right, he's going now to see Ben Gunn."

I was right, as appeared later; but, in the meantime, the house being stifling hot, and the little patch of sand inside the palisade ablaze with midday sun, I began to get another thought into my head, which was not by any means so right. What I began to do was to envy the doctor, walking in the cool shadow of the woods, with the birds about him, and the pleasant smell of the pines, while I sat grilling, with my clothes stuck to the hot resin, and so much blood about me, and so many poor dead bodies lying all around, that I took a disgust of the place that was almost as strong as fear.

All the time I was washing out the block-house, and then washing up the things from dinner, this disgust and envy kept growing stronger and stronger, till at last, being near a bread-bag, and no one then observing me, I took the first step toward my escape, and filled both pockets of my coat with biscuit.

I was a fool, if you like, and certainly I was going to do a foolish, overbold act; but I was determined to do it with all the precautions in my power. These biscuits, should anything befall me, would keep me, at least from starving till far on in the next day.

The next thing I laid hold of was a brace of pistols, and as I already had a powderhorn and bullets, I felt myself well supplied with arms.

As for the scheme I had in my head, it was not a bad one in itself. I was to go down the sandy spit that divides the anchorage on the east from the open sea, find the white rock I had observed last evening, and ascertain whether it was there or not that Ben Gunn had hidden his boat; a thing quite worth doing, as I still believe. But as I was certain I should not be allowed to leave the inclosure, my only plan was to take French leave, and slip out when nobody was watching; and that was so bad a



way of doing it as made the thing itself wrong. But I was only a boy, and I had made my mind up.

Well, as things at last fell out, I found an admirable opportunity. The squire and Gray were busy helping the captain with his bandages; the coast was clear; I made a bolt for it over the stockade and into the thickest of the trees, and before my absence was observed I was out of cry of my companions.

This was my second folly, far worse than the first, as I left but two sound men to guard the house; but like the first, it was a help toward saving all of us.

I took my way straight for the east coast of the island, for I was determined to go down the sea side of the spit to avoid all chance of observation from the anchorage. It was already late in the afternoon, although still warm and sunny. As I continued to thread the tall woods, I could hear from far before me not only the continuous thunder of the surf, but a certain tossing of foliage and grinding of boughs which showed me the sea breeze had set in higher than usual. Soon cool draughts of air began to reach me; and a few steps farther I came forth into the open borders of the grove, and saw the sea lying blue and sunny to the horizon, and the surf tumbling and tossing its foam along the beach.

I have never seen the sea quiet round Treasure Island. The sun might blaze overhead, the air be without a breath, the surface smooth and blue, but still these great rollers would be running along all the external coast, thundering and thundering by day and night; and I scarce believe there is one spot in the island where a man would be out of earshot of their noise.

I walked along beside the surf with great enjoyment, till, thinking I was now got far enough to the south, I took the cover of some thick bushes, and

crept warily up to the ridge of the spit.

Behind me was the sea, in front the anchorage. The sea breeze, as though it had the sooner blown itself out by its unusual violence, was already at an end; it had been succeeded by light, variable airs from the south and southeast, carrying great banks of fog; and the anchorage, under lee<sup>1</sup> of Skeleton Island, lay still and leaden as when first we entered it. The *Hispaniola*, in that unbroken mirror, was exactly portrayed from the truck to the water-line, the Jolly Roger hanging from her peak.

Alongside lay one of the gigs, Silver in the stern-sheets<sup>2</sup>—him I could always recognize—while a couple of men were leaning over the stern bulwarks, one of them with a red cap—the very rogue that I had seen some hours before stride-legs upon the palisade. Apparently they were talking and laughing, though at that distance—upwards of a mile—I could, of course, hear no word of what was said. All at once there began the most horrid, unearthly screaming, which at first startled me badly, though I had soon remembered the voice of Captain Flint, and even thought I could make out the bird by her bright plumage as she sat perched upon her master's wrist.

Soon after the jolly-boat shoved off and pulled for shore, and the man with the red cap and his comrade went below by the cabin companion.

Just about the same time the sun had gone down behind the Spyglass, and as the fog was collecting rapidly, it began to grow dark in earnest. I saw I must lose no time if I were to find the boat that evening.

The white rock, visible enough above the brush, was still some eighth of a mile farther down the spit, and it took me a goodish while to get up with it,

<sup>1</sup> under lee, on the side protected from the wind. <sup>2</sup> stern-sheets, the after part of the boat.

crawling, often on all-fours, among the scrub. Night had almost come when I laid my hand on its rough sides. Right below it there was an exceedingly small hollow of green turf, hidden by banks and a thick underwood about knee-deep, that grew there very plentifully; and in the center of the dell, sure enough, a little tent of goatskins, like what the gypsies carry about with them in England.

I dropped into the hollow, lifted the side of the tent, and there was Ben Gunn's boat—homemade if ever anything was homemade: a rude, lopsided framework of tough wood, and stretched upon that a covering of goat-skin, with the hair inside. The thing was extremely small, even for me, and I could hardly imagine that it could have floated with a full-sized man. There was one thwart,<sup>3</sup> set as low as possible, a kind of stretcher<sup>4</sup> in the bows, and a double paddle for propulsion.

I had not then seen a coracle, such as the ancient Britons made, but I have seen one since, and I can give you no fairer idea of Ben Gunn's boat than by saying it was like the first and the worst coracle ever made by man. But the advantage of the coracle it certainly possessed, for it was exceedingly light and portable.

Well, now that I had found the boat, you would have thought I had had enough of truantry for once; but, in the meantime, I had taken another notion, and become so obstinately fond of it that I would have carried it out, I believe, in the teeth of Captain Smollett himself. This was to slip out under cover of the night, cut the *Hispaniola* adrift, and let her go ashore where she fancied. I had quite made up my mind that the mutineers, after their repulse of the morning, had nothing nearer their hearts than to up anchor and away to sea; this, I thought, it would be a fine

thing to prevent; and now that I had seen how they left their watchmen unprovided with a boat, I thought it might be done with little risk.

Down I sat to wait for darkness, and made a hearty meal of biscuit. It was a night out of ten thousand for my purpose. The fog had now buried all heaven. As the last rays of daylight dwindled and disappeared, absolute blackness settled down on Treasure Island. And when, at last, I shouldered the coracle, and groped my way stumbling out of the hollow where I had supped, there were but two points visible on the whole anchorage.

One was the great fire on shore, by which the defeated pirates lay carousing in the swamp. The other, a mere blur of light upon the darkness, indicated the position of the anchored ship. She had swung round to the ebb—her bow was now toward me—the only lights on board were in the cabin; and what I saw was merely a reflection on the fog of the strong rays that flowed from the stern window.

The ebb had already run some time, and I had to wade through a long belt of swampy sand, where I sank several times above the ankle, before I came to the edge of the retreating water, and wading a little way in, with some strength and dexterity, set my coracle, keel downward, on the surface.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### THE EBB TIDE RUNS

THE coracle—as I had ample reason to know before I was done with her—was a very safe boat for a person of my height and weight, both buoyant and clever in a seaway; but she was the most cross-grained, lopsided craft to manage. Do as you pleased, she always made more leeway<sup>1</sup> than anything else,

<sup>3</sup> thwart, seat. <sup>4</sup> stretcher, brace.

<sup>1</sup> leeway, side drift.

and turning round and round was the maneuver she was best at. Even Ben Gunn himself has admitted that she was "queer to handle till you knew her way."

Certainly I did not know her way. She turned in every direction but the one I was bound to go; the most part of the time we were broadside on, and I am very sure I never should have made the ship at all but for the tide. By good fortune, paddle as I pleased, the tide was still sweeping me down; and there lay the *Hispaniola* right in the fairway,<sup>2</sup> hardly to be missed.

First she loomed before me like a blot of something yet blacker than darkness, then her spars and hull began to take shape, and the next moment, as it seemed (for, the farther I went, the brisker grew the current of the ebb), I was alongside of her hawser,<sup>3</sup> and had laid hold.

The hawser was as taut as a bowstring, and the current so strong she pulled upon her anchor. All round the hull, in the blackness, the rippling current bubbled and chattered like a little mountain stream. One cut with my sea-gully, and the *Hispaniola* would go humming down the tide.

So far so good; but it next occurred to my recollection that a taut hawser, suddenly cut, is a thing as dangerous as a kicking horse. Ten to one, if I were so foolhardy as to cut the *Hispaniola* from her anchor, I and the coracle would be knocked clean out of the water.

This brought me to a full stop, and if fortune had not again particularly favored me, I should have had to abandon my design. But the light airs which had begun blowing from the southeast and south had hauled round after night-fall into the southwest. Just while I was

meditating, a puff came, caught the *Hispaniola*, and forced her up into the current; and to my great joy, I felt the hawser slacken in my grasp, and the hand by which I held it dip for a second under water.

With that I made my mind up, took out my gully, opened it with my teeth, and cut one strand after another, till the vessel swung only by two. Then I lay quiet, waiting to sever these last when the strain should be once more lightened by a breath of wind.

All this time I had heard the sound of loud voices from the cabin; but, to say truth, my mind had been so entirely taken up with other thoughts that I had scarcely given ear. Now, however, when I had nothing else to do, I began to pay more heed.

One I recognized for the coxswain's, Israel Hands, that had been Flint's gunner in former days. The other was, of course, my friend of the red nightcap. Both men were plainly the worst of drink, and they were still drinking; for, even while I was listening, one of them, with a drunken cry, opened the stern window and threw out something, which I divined to be an empty bottle. But they were not only tipsy; it was plain that they were furiously angry. Oaths flew like hailstones, and every now and then there came forth such an explosion as I thought was sure to end in blows. But each time the quarrel passed off, and the voices grumbled lower for a while, until the next crisis came, and, in its turn, passed away without result.

On shore, I could see the glow of the great camp fire burning warmly through the shore-side trees. Someone was singing, a dull, old, droning sailor's song, with a droop and a quaver at the end of every verse, and seemingly no end to it at all but the patience of the singer. I had heard it on the voyage more than once, and remembered these words:

<sup>2</sup> fairway, navigable part of the harbor.

<sup>3</sup> hawser, a large rope for towing or securing a ship.

But one man of her crew alive,  
What put to sea with seventy-five.

And I thought it was a ditty rather too dolefully appropriate for a company that had met such cruel losses in the morning. But, indeed, from what I saw, all these buccaneers were as callous as the sea they sailed on.

At last the breeze came; the schooner sidled and drew nearer in the dark; I felt the hawser slacken once more, and with a good, tough effort, cut the last fibers through.

The breeze had but little action on the coracle, and I was almost instantly swept against the bows of the *Hispaniola*. At the same time the schooner began to turn upon her heel, spinning slowly, end for end, across the current.

I wrought like a fiend, for I expected every moment to be swamped; and since I found I could not push the coracle directly off, I now shoved straight astern. At length I was clear of my dangerous neighbor; and just as I gave the last impulsion, my hands came across a light cord that was trailing overboard across the stern bulwarks. Instantly I grasped it.

Why I should have done so I can hardly say. It was at first mere instinct; but once I had it in my hands and found it fast, curiosity began to get the upper hand, and I determined I should have one look through the cabin window. I pulled in hand over hand on the cord, and, when I judged myself near enough, rose at infinite risk to about half my height, and thus commanded the roof and a slice of the interior of the cabin.

By this time the schooner and her little consort were gliding pretty swiftly through the water; indeed, we had already fetched up level with the camp fire. The ship was talking, as sailors say, loudly, treading the innumerable ripples with an incessant weltering splash; and until I got my eye above the window-sill I could not comprehend why the

watchmen had taken no alarm. One glance, however, was sufficient; and it was only one glance that I durst take from that unsteady skiff. It showed me Hands and his companion locked together in deadly wrestle, each with a hand upon the other's throat.

I dropped upon the thwart again, none too soon, for I was near overboard. I could see nothing for the moment but these two furious, encrimsoned faces, swaying together under the smoky lamp; and I shut my eyes to let them grow once more familiar with the darkness.

The endless ballad had come to an end at last, and the whole diminished company about the camp fire had broken into the chorus I had heard so often:

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

Drink and the devil had done for the rest—

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

I was just thinking how busy drink and the devil were at that very moment in the cabin of the *Hispaniola*, when I was surprised by a sudden lurch of the coracle. At the same moment she yawed<sup>4</sup> sharply and seemed to change her course. The speed in the meantime had strangely increased.

I opened my eyes at once. All round me were little ripples, combing over with a sharp, bristling sound and slightly phosphorescent. The *Hispaniola* herself, a few yards in whose wake I was still being whirled along, seemed to stagger in her course, and I saw her spars toss a little against the blackness of the night; nay, as I looked longer, I made sure she also was wheeling to the southward.

I glanced over my shoulder, and my heart jumped against my ribs. There, right behind me, was the glow of the camp fire. The current had turned at right angles, sweeping round along with it the tall schooner and the little dancing coracle; ever quickening, ever bubbling higher, ever muttering louder, it went

<sup>4</sup>yawed, turned to one side.

spinning through the narrows for the open sea.

Suddenly the schooner in front of me gave a violent yaw, turning, perhaps, through twenty degrees; and almost at the same moment one shout followed another from on board; I could hear feet pounding on the companion ladder; and I knew that the two drunkards had at last been interrupted in their quarrel and awakened to a sense of their disaster.

I lay down flat in the bottom of that wretched skiff, and devoutly recommended my spirit to its Maker. At the end of the straits, I made sure we must fall into some bar of raging breakers, where all my troubles would be ended speedily; and though I could, perhaps, bear to die, I could not bear to look upon my fate as it approached.

So I must have lain for hours, continually beaten to and fro upon the billows, now and again wetted with flying sprays, and never ceasing to expect death at the next plunge. Gradually weariness grew upon me; a numbness, an occasional stupor, fell upon my mind even in the midst of my terrors; until sleep at last supervened, and in my sea-tossed coracle I lay and dreamed of home and the old "Admiral Benbow."

## CHAPTER XXIV

### THE CRUISE OF THE CORACLE

IT WAS broad day when I awoke, and found myself tossing at the southwest end of Treasure Island. The sun was up, but was still hid from me behind the great bulk of the Spyglass, which on this side descended almost to the sea in formidable cliffs.

Haulbowline Head and Mizzenmast Hill were at my elbow; the hill bare and dark, the head bound with cliffs forty or fifty feet high, and fringed with great masses of fallen rock. I was scarce a

quarter of a mile to seaward, and it was my first thought to paddle in and land.

That notion was soon given over. Among the fallen rocks the breakers spouted and bellowed; loud reverberations, heavy sprays flying and falling, succeeded one another from second to second; and I saw myself, if I ventured nearer, dashed to death upon the rough shore, or spending my strength in vain to scale the beetling<sup>1</sup> crags.

Nor was that all; for crawling together on flat tables of rock, or letting themselves drop into the sea with loud reports, I beheld huge, slimy monsters—soft snails, as it were, of incredible bigness—two or three score of them together, making the rocks to echo with their barkings.

I have understood since that they were sea lions, and entirely harmless. But the look of them, added to the difficulty of the shore and the high running of the surf, was more than enough to disgust me of that landing-place. I felt willing rather to starve at sea than to confront such perils.

In the meantime I had a better chance, as I supposed, before me. North of Haulbowline Head, the land runs in a long way, leaving, at low tide, a long stretch of yellow sand. To the north of that, again, there comes another cape—Cape of the Woods, as it was marked upon the chart—buried in tall, green pines, which descended to the margin of the sea.

I remembered what Silver had said about the current that sets northward along the whole west coast of Treasure Island; and seeing from my position that I was already under its influence, I preferred to leave Haulbowline Head behind me, and reserve my strength for an attempt to land upon the kindlier-looking Cape of the Woods.

There was a great smooth swell upon the sea. The wind blowing steady and

<sup>1</sup> *beetling*, projecting.

gentle from the south, there was no contrariety between that and the current, and the billows rose and fell unbroken.

Had it been otherwise, I must long ago have perished; but as it was, it is surprising how easily and securely my little and light boat could ride. Often, as I still lay at the bottom, and kept no more than an eye above the gunwale, I would see a big blue summit heaving close above me; yet the coracle would but bounce a little, dance as if on springs, and subside on the other side into the trough as lightly as a bird.

I began after a little to grow very bold, and sat up to try my skill at paddling. But even a small change in the disposition of the weight will produce violent changes in the behavior of a coracle. And I had hardly moved before the boat, giving up at once her gentle, dancing movement, ran straight down a slope of water so steep that it made me giddy, and struck her nose, with a spout of spray, deep into the side of the next wave.

I was drenched and terrified, and fell instantly back into my old position, whereupon the coracle seemed to find her head again, and led me as softly as before among the billows. It was plain she was not to be interfered with, and at that rate, since I could in no way influence her course, what hope had I left of reaching land?

I began to be horribly frightened, but I kept my head, for all that. First, moving with all care, I gradually baled out the coracle with my seacup; then getting my eye once more above the gunwale, I set myself to study how it was she managed to slip so quietly through the rollers.

I found each wave, instead of the big, smooth, glossy mountain it looks from shore, or from a vessel's deck, was for all the world like any range of hills on the dry land, full of peaks and smooth places and valleys. The coracle, left

to herself, turning from side to side, threaded, so to speak, her way through these lower parts, and avoided the steep slopes and higher, toppling summits of the wave.

"Well, now," thought I to myself, "it is plain I must lie where I am, and not disturb the balance; but it is plain, also, that I can put the paddle over the side, and from time to time, in smooth places, give her a shove or two toward land." No sooner thought upon than done. There I lay on my elbows, in the most trying attitude, and every now and again gave a weak stroke or two to turn her head to shore.

It was very tiring, and slow work, yet I did visibly gain ground; and, as we drew near the Cape of the Woods, though I saw I must infallibly miss that point, I had still made some hundred yards of easting. I was, indeed, close in. I could see the cool, green tree-tops swaying together in the breeze, and I felt sure I should make the next promontory without fail.

It was high time, for I now began to be tortured with thirst. The glow of the sun from above, its thousandfold reflection from the waves, the sea-water that fell and dried upon me, caking my very lips with salt, combined to make my throat burn and my brain ache. The sight of the trees so near at hand had almost made me sick with longing; but the current had soon carried me past the point; and, as the next reach of sea opened out, I beheld a sight that changed the nature of my thoughts.

Right in front of me, not half a mile away, I beheld the *Hispaniola* under sail. I made sure, of course, that I should be taken; but I was so distressed for want of water that I scarce knew whether to be glad or sorry at the thought; and, long before I had come to a conclusion, surprise had taken entire possession of my mind, and I could do nothing but stare and wonder.

The *Hispaniola* was under her mainsail and two jibs, and the beautiful white canvas shone in the sun like snow or silver. When I first sighted her, all her sails were drawing;<sup>2</sup> she was lying a course about northwest; and I presumed the men on board were going round the island on their way back to the anchorage. Presently she began to fetch more and more to the westward, so that I thought they had sighted me and were going about in chase. At last, however, she fell right into the wind's eye, was taken dead aback,<sup>3</sup> and stood there a while helpless, with her sails shivering.

"Clumsy fellows," said I; "they must still be drunk as owls." And I thought how Captain Smollett would have set them skipping.

Meanwhile the schooner gradually fell off, and filled again upon another tack, sailed swiftly for a minute or so, and brought up once more dead in the wind's eye. Again and again was this repeated. To and fro, up and down, north, south, east, and west, the *Hispaniola* sailed by swoops and dashes, and at each repetition ended as she had begun, with idly-flapping canvas. It became plain to me that nobody was steering. And, if so, where were the men? Either they were dead drunk, or had deserted her, I thought, and perhaps if I could get on board, I might return the vessel to her captain.

The current was bearing coracle and schooner southward at an equal rate. As for the latter's sailing, it was so wild and intermittent, and she hung each time so long in irons, that she certainly gained nothing, if she did not even lose. If only I dared to sit up and paddle, I made sure that I could overhaul<sup>4</sup> her. The scheme had an air of adventure that inspired me, and the thought of the wa-

ter-breaker<sup>5</sup> beside the fore-companion doubled my growing courage.

Up I got, was welcomed almost instantly by another cloud of spray, but this time stuck to my purpose; and set myself, with all my strength and caution, to paddle after the unsteered *Hispaniola*. Once I shipped a sea so heavy that I had to stop and bail, with my heart fluttering like a bird; but gradually I got into the way of the thing, and guided my coracle among the waves, with only now and then a blow upon her bows and a dash of foam in my face.

I was now gaining rapidly on the schooner; I could see the brass glisten on the tiller as it banged about; and still no soul appeared upon decks. I could not choose but suppose she was deserted. If not, the men were lying drunk below, where I might batten<sup>6</sup> them down, perhaps, and do what I chose with the ship.

For some time she had been doing the worst thing possible for me—standing still. She headed nearly due south, yawing, of course, all the time. Each time she fell off, her sails partly filled, and these brought her, in a moment, right to the wind again. I have said this was the worst thing possible for me; for, helpless as she looked in this situation, with the canvas cracking like cannon, and the blocks trundling and banging on the deck, she still continued to run away from me, not only with the speed of the current, but by the whole amount of her leeway, which was naturally great.

But now, at last, I had my chance. The breeze fell, for some seconds, very low, and the current gradually turning her, the *Hispaniola* revolved slowly round her center, and at last presented me her stern, with the cabin window still gaping open, and the lamp over the table still burning on into the day. The

<sup>2</sup> drawing, filled by wind. <sup>3</sup> taken dead aback, stopped by the wind. <sup>4</sup> overhaul, overtake.

<sup>5</sup> water-breaker, a small cask filled with water. <sup>6</sup> batten, fasten down the hatches (covers for openings in the deck).



mainsail hung drooped like a banner. She was stock-still but for the current.

For the last little while I had even lost; but now redoubling my efforts, I began once more to overhaul the chase.

I was not a hundred yards from her when the wind came again in a clap; she filled on the port tack,<sup>7</sup> and was off again, stooping and skimming like a swallow.

My first impulse was one of despair, but my second was toward joy. Round she came, till she was broad side on to me—round still till she had covered a half, and then two-thirds, and then three-quarters of the distance that separated us. I could see the waves boiling white under her forefoot. Immensely tall she looked to me from my low station in the coracle.

And then, of a sudden, I began to comprehend. I had scarce time to think—scarce time to act and save myself. I was on the summit of one swell when the schooner came stooping over the next. The bowsprit<sup>8</sup> was over my head. I sprang to my feet, and leaped, stamping the coracle under water. With one hand I caught the jib-boom, while my foot was lodged between the stay and the brace;<sup>9</sup> and as I still clung there panting, a dull blow told me that the schooner had charged down upon and struck the coracle, and that I was left without retreat on the *Hispaniola*.

## CHAPTER XXV

### I STRIKE THE JOLLY ROGER

I HAD scarce gained a position on the bowsprit, when the flying jib flapped and filled upon the other tack, with a report like a gun. The schooner trembled to her keel under the reverse, but next

moment, the other sails still drawing, the jib flapped back again, and hung idle.

This had nearly tossed me off into the sea; and now I lost no time, crawled back along the bowsprit, and tumbled head foremost on the deck.

I was on the lee side of the forecabin, and the mainsail, which was still drawing, concealed from me a certain portion of the after-deck. Not a soul was to be seen. The planks, which had not been swabbed<sup>1</sup> since the mutiny, bore the print of many feet; and an empty bottle, broken by the neck, tumbled to and fro like a live thing in the scuppers.

Suddenly the *Hispaniola* came right into the wind. The jibs behind me cracked aloud; the rudder slammed to; the whole ship gave a sickening heave and shudder, and at the same moment the main-boom swung in-board, the sheet groaning in the blocks,<sup>2</sup> and showed me the lee after-deck.

There were the two watchmen, sure enough: red-cap on his back, as stiff as a handspike, with his arms stretched out like those of a crucifix, and his teeth showing through his open lips; Israel Hands propped against the bulwarks, his chin on his chest, his hands lying open before him on the deck, his face as white, under its tan, as a tallow candle.

For a while the ship kept bucking and sidling like a vicious horse, the sails filling, now on one tack, now on another, and the boom swinging to and fro till the mast groaned aloud under the strain. Now and again, too, there would come a cloud of light sprays over the bulwark, and a heavy blow of the ship's bows against the swell; so much heavier weather was made of it by this great rigged ship than by my homemade lop-sided coracle, now gone to the bottom of the sea.

At every jump of the schooner, red-cap slipped to and fro; but—what was

<sup>7</sup> on the port tack, with the wind coming over the left side.

<sup>8</sup> bowsprit. This and the jib-boom (four lines below) are spars extending from the fore part of the vessel. <sup>9</sup> the stay and the brace, ropes for different purposes.

<sup>1</sup> swabbed, mopped. <sup>2</sup> blocks, pulleys.

ghastly to behold—neither his attitude nor his fixed, teeth-disclosing grin was anyway disturbed by this rough usage. At every jump, too, Hands appeared still more to sink into himself and settle down upon the deck, his feet sliding ever the farther out, and the whole body canting toward the stern, so that his face became, little by little, hid from me; and at last I could see nothing beyond his ear and the frayed ringlet of one whisker.

At the same time, I observed, around both of them, splashes of dark blood upon the planks, and began to feel sure that they had killed each other in their drunken wrath.

While I was thus looking and wondering, in a calm moment, when the ship was still, Israel Hands turned partly round, and, with a low moan, writhed himself back to the position in which I had seen him first. The moan, which told of pain and deadly weakness, and the way in which his jaw hung open, went right to my heart. But when I remembered the talk I had overheard from the apple barrel, all pity left me.

I walked aft until I reached the mainmast.

"Come aboard, Mr. Hands," I said ironically.

He rolled his eyes round heavily; but he was too far gone to express surprise. All he could do was to utter one word, "Brandy."

It occurred to me there was no time to lose; and, dodging the boom as it once more lurched across the deck, I slipped aft, and down the companion stairs into the cabin.

It was such a scene of confusion as you can hardly fancy. All the lock-fast places had been broken open in quest of the chart. The floor was thick with mud, where ruffians had sat down to drink or consult after wading in the marshes round their camp. The bulkheads, all painted in clear white, and beaded round with gilt, bore a pattern

of dirty hands. Dozens of empty bottles clinked together in corners to the rolling of the ship. One of the doctor's medical books lay open on the table, half of the leaves gutted out, I suppose, for pipelights. In the midst of all this the lamp still cast a smoky glow, obscure and brown as umber.

I went into the cellar; all the barrels were gone, and of the bottles a most surprising number had been drunk out and thrown away. Certainly, since the mutiny began, not a man of them could ever have been sober.

Foraging about, I found a bottle with some brandy left, for Hands; and for myself I routed out some biscuit, some pickled fruits, a great bunch of raisins, and a piece of cheese. With these I came on deck, put down my own stock behind the rudder-head, and well out of the coxswain's reach, went forward to the water breaker, and had a good, deep drink of water, and then, and not till then, gave Hands the brandy.

He must have drunk a gill before he took the bottle from his mouth.

"Aye," said he, "by thunder, but I wanted some o' that!"

I had sat down already in my own corner and begun to eat.

"Much hurt?" I asked him.

He grunted, or, rather, I might say, barked.

"If that doctor was aboard," he said, "I'd be right enough in a couple of turns; but I don't have no manner of luck, you see, and that's what's the matter with me. As for that swab, he's good and dead, he is," he added, indicating the man with the red cap. "He warn't no seaman, anyhow. And where mought you have come from?"

"Well," said I, "I've come aboard to take possession of this ship, Mr. Hands; and you'll please regard me as your captain until further notice."

He looked at me sourly enough, but said nothing. Some of the color had

come back into his cheeks, though he still looked very sick, and still continued to slip out and settle down as the ship banged about.

"By-the-by," I continued, "I can't have these colors, Mr. Hands; and, by your leave, I'll strike 'em.<sup>3</sup> Better none than these."

And, again dodging the boom, I ran to the color lines, handed down their cursed black flag and chucked it overboard.

"God save the king!" said I, waving my cap; "and there's an end to Captain Silver!"

He watched me keenly and slyly, his chin all the while on his breast. "I reckon," he said at last—"I reckon, Cap'n Hawkins, you'll kind of want to get ashore, now. S'pose we talks."

"Why, yes," says I, "with all my heart, Mr. Hands. Say on." And I went back to my meal with a good appetite.

"This man," he began, nodding feebly at the corpse—"O'Brien were his name—a rank Irishman—this man and me got the canvas on her, meaning for to sail her back. Well, *he's* dead now, he is—as dead as bilge; and who's to sail this ship, I don't see. Without I gives you a hint, you ain't that man, as far's I can tell. Now, look here, you gives me food and drink, and a old scarf or ankecher to tie my wound up, you do; and I'll tell you how to sail her; and that's about square all round, I take it."

"I'll tell you one thing," says I; "I'm not going back to Captain Kidd's anchorage. I mean to get into North Inlet, and beach her quietly there."

"To be sure you did," he cried. "Why, I ain't sich an infernal lubber, after all. I can see, can't I? I've tried my fling, I have, and I've lost, and it's you has the wind of me. North Inlet? Why, I have no ch'ice, not I! I'd help you sail her up to Execution Dock, by thunder! so I would."

<sup>3</sup> strike 'em, haul them down.

Well, as it seemed to me, there was some sense in this. We struck our bargain on the spot. In three minutes I had the *Hispaniola* sailing easily before the wind along the coast of Treasure Island, with good hopes of turning the northern point ere noon, and beating down again as far as North Inlet before high water, when we might beach her safely, and wait till the subsiding tide permitted us to land.

Then I lashed the tiller and went below to my own chest, where I got a soft silk handkerchief of my mother's. With this, and with my aid, Hands bound up the great bleeding stab he had received in the thigh, and after he had eaten a little and had a swallow or two more of the brandy, he began to pick up visibly, sat straighter up, spoke louder and clearer, and looked in every way another man.

The breeze served us admirably. We skimmed before it like a bird, the coast of the island flashing by, and the view changing every minute. Soon we were past the highlands and bowling beside low, sandy country, sparsely dotted with dwarf pines, and soon we were beyond that again, and had turned the corner of the rocky hill that ends the island on the north.

I was greatly elated with my new command, and pleased with the bright sunshiny weather and these different prospects of the coast. I had now plenty of water and good things to eat, and my conscience, which had smitten me hard for my desertion, was quieted by the great conquest I had made. I should, I think, have had nothing left me to desire but for the eyes of the coxswain as they followed me derisively about the deck, and the odd smile that appeared continually on his face. It was a smile that had in it something both of pain and weakness—a haggard, old man's smile; but there was, besides that, a grain of derision, a shadow of treachery,

in his expression as he craftily watched, and watched, and watched me at my work.

## CHAPTER XXVI

## ISRAEL HANDS

THE wind, serving us to a desire, now hauled into the west. We could run so much the easier from the north-east corner of the island to the mouth of the North Inlet. Only, as we had no power to anchor, and dared not beach her till the tide had flowed a good deal farther, time hung on our hands. The coxswain told me how to lay the ship to; after a good many trials I succeeded, and we both sat in silence, over another meal.

"Cap'n," said he, at length, with that same uncomfortable smile, "here's my old shipmate, O'Brien; s'pose you was to heave him overboard. I ain't partic'lar as a rule, and I don't take no blame for settling his hash; but I don't reckon him ornamental, now, do you?"

"I'm not strong enough, and I don't like the job; and there he lies, for me," said I.

"This here's an unlucky ship—this *Hispaniola*, Jim," he went on, blinking. "There's a power of men been killed in this *Hispaniola*—a sight o' poor seamen dead and gone since you and me took ship to Bristol. I never seen sich dirty luck, not I. There was this here O'Brien, now—he's dead, ain't he? Well, now, I'm no scholar, and you're a lad as can read and figure; and to put it straight, do you take it as a dead man is dead for good, or do he come alive again?"

"You can kill the body, Mr. Hands, but not the spirit; you must know that already," I replied. "O'Brien there is in another world, and may be watching us."

"Ah!" says he. "Well, that's unfortunate—appears as if killing parties was a waste of time. Howsomer, sperrits

don't reckon for much, by what I've seen. I'll chance it with the sperrits, Jim. And now, you've spoke up free, and I'll take it kind if you'd step down into that there cabin and get me a—well, a—shiver my timbers! I can't hit the name on't; well, you get me a bottle of wine, Jim—this here brandy's too strong for my head."

Now, the coxswain's hesitation seemed to be unnatural; and as for the notion of his preferring wine to brandy, I entirely disbelieved it. The whole story was a pretext. He wanted me to leave the deck—so much was plain; but with what purpose I could in no way imagine. His eyes never met mine; they kept wandering to and fro, up and down, now with a look to the sky, now with a fitting glance upon the dead O'Brien. All the time he kept smiling, and putting his tongue out in the most guilty, embarrassed manner, so that a child could have told that he was bent on some deception. I was prompt with my answer, however, for I saw where my advantage lay; and that with a fellow so densely stupid I could easily conceal my suspicions to the end.

"Some wine?" I said. "Far better. Will you have white or red?"

"Well, I reckon it's about the blessed same to me, shipmate," he replied; "so it's strong, and plenty of it, what's the odds?"

"All right," I answered. "I'll bring you port, Mr. Hands. But I'll have to dig for it."

With that I scuttled down the companion with all the noise I could, slipped off my shoes, ran quietly along the sparred gallery, mounted the fore-castle ladder, and popped my head out of the fore companion. I knew he would not expect to see me there; yet I took every precaution possible; and certainly the worst of my suspicions proved too true.

He had risen from his position to his hands and knees; and, though his leg

obviously hurt him pretty sharply when he moved—for I could hear him stifle a groan—yet it was at a good, rattling rate that he trailed himself across the deck. In half a minute he had reached the port scuppers, and picked, out of a coil of rope, a long knife, or rather a short dirk, discolored to the hilt with blood. He looked upon it for a moment, thrusting forth his under jaw, tried the point upon his hand, and then, hastily concealing it in the bosom of his jacket, trundled back again into his old place against the bulwark.

This was all that I required to know. Israel could move about; he was now armed; and if he had been at so much trouble to get rid of me, it was plain that I was meant to be the victim. What he would do afterwards—whether he would try to crawl right across the island from North Inlet to the camp among the swamps, or whether he would fire Long Tom, trusting that his own comrades might come first to help him, was, of course, more than I could say.

Yet I felt sure that I could trust him in one point, since in that our interests jumped together, and that was in the disposition of the schooner. We both desired to have her stranded safe enough, in a sheltered place, and so that, when the time came, she could be got off again with as little labor and danger as might be; and until that was done, I considered that my life would certainly be spared.

While I was thus turning the business over in my mind, I had not been idle with my body. I had stolen back to the cabin, slipped once more into my shoes, and laid my hand at random on a bottle of wine, and now, with this for an excuse, I made my reappearance on the deck.

Hands lay as I had left him, all fallen together in a bundle, and with his eyelids lowered, as though he were too weak to bear the light. He looked up, however,

at my coming, knocked the neck off the bottle, like a man who had done the same thing often, and took a good swig, with his favorite toast of "Here's luck!" Then he lay quiet for a little, and then, pulling out a stick of tobacco, begged me to cut him a quid.

"Cut me a junk o' that," says he, "for I haven't no knife, and hardly strength enough, so be as I had. Ah, Jim, Jim, I reckon I've missed stays!<sup>1</sup> Cut me a quid, as'll likely be the last, lad; for I'm for my long home, and no mistake."

"Well," said I, "I'll cut you some tobacco; but if I was you and thought myself so badly, I would go to my prayers, like a Christian man."

"Why?" said he. "Now, you tell me why?"

"Why?" I cried. "You were asking me just now about the dead. You've broken your trust; you've lived in sin and lies and blood; there's a man you killed lying at your feet this moment; and you ask me why! For God's mercy, Mr. Hands, that's why."

I spoke with a little heat, thinking of the bloody dirk he had hidden in his pocket, and designed, in his ill thoughts, to end me with. He, for his part, took a great draft of the wine, and spoke with the most unusual solemnity.

"For thirty years," he said, "I've sailed the seas, and seen good and bad, better and worse, fair weather and foul, provisions running out, knives going, and what not. Well, now I tell you, I never seen good come o' goodness yet. Him as strikes first is my fancy; dead men don't bite; them's my views—amen, so be it. And now, you look here," he added, suddenly changing his tone, "we've had about enough of this foolery. The tide's made good enough by now. You just take my orders, Cap'n Hawkins, and we'll sail slap in and be done with it."

All told, we had scarce two miles to run; but the navigation was delicate,

<sup>1</sup> missed stays, failed.

the entrance to this northern anchorage was not only narrow and shoal, but lay east and west, so that the schooner must be nicely handled to be got in. I think I was a good, prompt subaltern, and I am very sure that Hands was an excellent pilot; for we went about and about, and dodged in, shaving the banks, with a certainty and a neatness that were a pleasure to behold.

Scarcely had we passed the heads before the land closed around us. The shores of North Inlet were as thickly wooded as those of the southern anchorage; but the space was longer and narrower, and more like, what in truth it was, the estuary of a river. Right before us, at the southern end, we saw the wreck of a ship in the last stages of dilapidation. It had been a great vessel of three masts, but had lain so long exposed to the injuries of the weather that it was hung about with great webs of dripping seaweed, and on the deck of it shore bushes had taken root, and now flourished thick with flowers. It was a sad sight, but it showed us that the anchorage was calm.

"Now," said Hands, "look there; there's a pet bit for to beach a ship in. Fine flat sand, never a catspaw,<sup>2</sup> trees all around of it, and flowers a-blowing like a garding on that old ship."

"And once beached," I inquired, "how shall we get her off again?"

"Why, so," he replied: "you take a line ashore there on the other side at low water; take a turn about one o' them big pines; bring it back, take a turn round the capstan, and lie-to for the tide. Come high water, all hands take a pull upon the line, and off she comes as sweet as natur'. And now, boy, you stand by. We're near the bit now, and she's too much way on her. Starboard a little—so—steady—starboard—larboard a little—steady—steady!"

<sup>2</sup> *catspaw*, a light current of air that ripples the surface of calm water.

So he issued his commands, which I breathlessly obeyed, till, all of a sudden, he cried, "Now, my hearty, luff!"<sup>3</sup> And I put the helm hard up, and the *Hispaniola* swung round rapidly, and ran stem on for the low, wooded shore.

The excitement of these last maneuvers had somewhat interfered with the watch I had kept hitherto, sharply enough, upon the coxswain. Even then I was still so much interested, waiting for the ship to touch, that I had quite forgot the peril that hung over my head, and stood craning over the starboard bulwarks and watching the ripples spreading wide before the bows. I might have fallen without a struggle for my life, had not a sudden disquietude seized upon me, and made me turn my head. Perhaps I had heard a creak, or seen his shadow moving with the tail of my eye; perhaps it was an instinct like a cat's; but, sure enough, when I looked round, there was Hands, already halfway toward me, with the dirk in his right hand.

We must both have cried out aloud when our eyes met; but while mine was the shrill cry of terror, his was a roar of fury like a charging bull's. At the same instant he threw himself forward, and I leaped sideways toward the bows. As I did so, I let go of the tiller, which sprang sharp to leeward; and I think this saved my life, for it struck Hands across the chest, and stopped him, for the moment, dead.

Before he could recover, I was safe out of the corner where he had me trapped, with all the deck to dodge about. Just forward of the mainmast, I stopped, drew a pistol from my pocket, took a cool aim, though he had already turned and was once more coming directly after me, and drew the trigger. The hammer fell, but there followed neither flash nor sound; the priming was useless with sea water. I cursed myself for my neglect.

<sup>3</sup> *luff*, head into the wind.

Why had not I, long before, reprimed and reloaded my only weapons? Then I should not have been, as now, a mere fleeing sheep before this butcher.

Wounded as he was, it was wonderful how fast he could move, his grizzled hair tumbling over his face, and his face itself as red as a red ensign with his haste and fury. I had no time to try my other pistol, nor, indeed, much inclination, for I was sure it would be useless. One thing I saw plainly: I must not simply retreat before him, or he would speedily hold me boxed into the bows, as a moment since he had so nearly boxed me in the stern. Once so caught, and nine or ten inches of the blood-stained dirk would be my last experience on this side of eternity. I placed my palms against the main-mast, which was of a goodish bigness, and waited, every nerve upon the stretch.

Seeing that I meant to dodge, he also paused; and a moment or two passed in feints on his part, and corresponding movements upon mine. It was such a game as I had often played at home about the rocks of Black Hill Cove; but never before, you may be sure, with such a wildly beating heart as now. Still, as I say, it was a boy's game, and I thought I could hold my own at it, against an elderly seaman with a wounded thigh. Indeed, my courage had begun to rise so high that I allowed myself a few darting thoughts on what would be the end of the affair; and while I saw certainly that I could spin it out for long, I saw no hope of any ultimate escape.

Well, while things stood thus, suddenly the *Hispaniola* struck, staggered, ground for an instant in the sand, and then, swift as a blow, canted over to the port side, till the deck stood at an angle of forty-five degrees, and about a punch-eon of water splashed into the scupper holes, and lay, in a pool, between the deck and bulwark.

We were both of us capsized in a

second, and both of us rolled, almost together, into the scuppers; the dead red-cap, with his arms still spread out, tumbling stiffly after us. So near were we, indeed, that my head came against the coxswain's foot with a crack that made my teeth rattle. Blow and all, I was the first afoot again; for Hands had got involved with the dead body. The sudden canting of the ship had made the deck no place for running on; I had to find some new way of escape, and that upon the instant, for my foe was almost touching me. Quick as thought I sprang into the mizzen shrouds, rattled up hand over hand, and did not draw a breath till I was seated on the crosstrees.

I had been saved by being prompt; the dirk had struck not half a foot below me, as I pursued my upward flight; and there stood Israel Hands with his mouth open and his face upturned to mine, a perfect statue of surprise and disappointment.

Now that I had a moment to myself, I lost no time in changing the priming of my pistol, and then, having one ready for service, and to make assurance doubly sure, I proceeded to draw the load of the other, and recharge it afresh from the beginning.

My new employment struck Hands all of a heap; he began to see the dice going against him; and after an obvious hesitation, he also hauled himself heavily into the shrouds, and, with the dirk in his teeth, began slowly and painfully to mount. It cost him no end of time and groans to haul his wounded leg behind him; and I had quietly finished my arrangements before he was much more than a third of the way up. Then, with a pistol in either hand, I addressed him.

"One more step, Mr. Hands," said I, "and I'll blow your brains out! Dead men don't bite, you know," I added with a chuckle.





It cost him no end of time and groans

He stopped instantly. I could see by the working of his face that he was trying to think, and the process was so slow and laborious that, in my new-found security, I laughed aloud. At last, with

a swallow or two, he spoke, his face still wearing the same expression of extreme perplexity. In order to speak he had to take the dagger from his mouth, but, in all else, he remained unmoved.

"Jim," says he, "I reckon we're fouled,<sup>4</sup> you and me, and we'll have to sign articles. I'd have had you but for that there lurch; but I don't have no luck, not I; and I reckon I'll have to strike,<sup>5</sup> which comes hard, you see, for a master mariner to a ship's youngster like you, Jim."

I was drinking in his words, and smiling away, as conceited as a cock upon a wall, when, all in a breath, back went his right hand over his shoulder. Something sang like an arrow through the air; I felt a blow and then a sharp pang, and there I was pinned by the shoulder to the mast. In the horrid pain and surprise of the moment—I scarce can say it was by my own volition, and I am sure it was without a conscious aim—both my pistols went off, and both escaped out of my hands. They did not fall alone; with a choked cry, the coxswain loosed his grasp upon the shrouds, and plunged head first into the water.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### "PIECES OF EIGHT"

OWING to the cant<sup>4</sup> of the vessel, the masts hung far out over the water, and from my perch on the cross-trees I had nothing below me but the surface of the bay. Hands, who was not so far up, was, in consequence, nearer to the ship, and fell between me and the bulwarks. He rose once to the surface in a lather of foam and blood, and then sank again for good. As the water settled, I could see him lying huddled together on the clean, bright sand in the shadow of the vessel's sides. A fish or two whipped past his body. Sometimes, by the quivering of the water, he appeared to move a little, as if he were trying to rise. But he was dead enough, for all that, being both shot and drowned,

<sup>4</sup> *we're fouled*, we have come into collision with each other, as boats might. <sup>5</sup> *strike*, haul down my flag; that is, give in.

Chapter XXVII. <sup>1</sup> *cant*, angle, tilt.

and was food for fish in the very place where he had designed my slaughter.

I was no sooner certain of this than I began to feel sick, faint, and terrified. The hot blood was running over my back and chest. The dirk, where it had pinned my shoulder to the mast, seemed to burn like a hot iron; yet it was not so much these real sufferings that distressed me, for these, it seemed to me, I could bear without a murmur; it was the horror I had upon my mind of falling from the crosstrees into that still, green water, beside the body of the coxswain.

I clung with both hands till my nails ached, and I shut my eyes as if to cover up the peril. Gradually my mind came back again, my pulses quieted down to a more natural time, and I was once more in possession of myself.

It was my first thought to pluck forth the dirk; but either it stuck too hard or my nerve failed me; and I desisted with a violent shudder. Oddly enough, that very shudder did the business. The knife, in fact, had come the nearest in the world to missing me altogether; it held me by a mere pinch of skin, and this the shudder tore away. The blood ran down the faster, to be sure; but I was my own master again, and only tacked to the mast by my coat and shirt.

These last I broke through with a sudden jerk, and then regained the deck by the starboard shrouds. For nothing in the world would I have again ventured, shaken as I was, upon the overhanging port shrouds, from which Israel had so lately fallen.

I went below, and did what I could for my wound; it pained me a good deal, and still bled freely; but it was neither deep nor dangerous, nor did it greatly gall me when I used my arm. Then I looked around me, and as the ship was now, in a sense, my own, I began to think of clearing it from its last passenger—the dead man, O'Brien.

He had pitched, as I have said, against the bulwarks, where he lay like some horrible, ungainly sort of puppet; life-size, indeed, but how different from life's color or life's comeliness! In that position, I could easily have my way with him; and as the habit of tragical adventures had worn off almost all my terror for the dead, I took him by the waist as if he had been a sack of bran, and with one good heave, tumbled him overboard. He went in with a sounding plunge; the red cap came off, and remained floating on the surface; and as soon as the splash subsided, I could see him and Israel lying side by side, both wavering with the tremulous movement of the water. O'Brien, though still quite a young man, was very bald. There he lay, with that bald head across the knees of the man who had killed him, and the quick fishes steering to and fro over both.

I was now alone upon the ship; the tide had just turned. The sun was within so few degrees of setting that already the shadow of the pines upon the western shore began to reach right across the anchorage, and fall in patterns on the deck. The evening breeze had sprung up, and though it was well ward off by the hill with the two peaks upon the east, the cordage had begun to sing a little softly to itself and the idle sails to rattle to and fro.

I began to see a danger to the ship. The jibs I speedily doused<sup>2</sup> and brought tumbling to the deck; but the mainsail was a harder matter. Of course, when the schooner canted over, the boom had swung outboard, and the cap of it and a foot or two of sail hung even under water. I thought this made it still more dangerous; yet the strain was so heavy that I half feared to meddle. At last I got my knife and cut the halyards. The peak dropped instantly, a great belly of loose canvas floated broad upon the wa-

ter; and since, pull as I liked, I could not budge the downhaul,<sup>3</sup> that was the extent of what I could accomplish. For the rest, the *Hispaniola* must trust to luck, like myself.

By this time the whole anchorage had fallen into shadow—the last rays, I remember, falling through a glade of the wood, and shining bright as jewels, on the flowery mantle of the wreck. It began to be chill; the tide was rapidly fleeing seaward, the schooner settling more and more on her beam-ends.

I scrambled forward and looked over. It seemed shallow enough, and holding the cut hawser in both hands for a last security, I let myself drop softly overboard. The water scarcely reached my waist; the sand was firm and covered with ripple marks, and I waded ashore in great spirits, leaving the *Hispaniola* on her side, with her mainsail trailing wide upon the surface of the bay. About the same time the sun went fairly down, and the breeze whistled low in the dusk among the tossing pines.

At least, and at last, I was off the sea, nor had I returned thence empty-handed. There lay the schooner, clear at last from buccaneers and ready for our own men to board and get to sea again. I had nothing nearer my fancy than to get home to the stockade and boast of my achievements. Possibly I might be blamed a bit for my truantry, but the recapture of the *Hispaniola* was a clenching answer, and I hoped that even Captain Smollett would confess I had not lost my time.

So thinking, and in famous spirits, I began to set my face homeward for the block-house and my companions. I remembered that the most easterly of the rivers which drain into Captain Kidd's anchorage ran from the two-peaked hill upon my left; and I bent my course in that direction that I might pass the

<sup>2</sup> doused, lowered.

<sup>3</sup> downhaul, the rope for hauling down the sail.

stream while it was small. The wood was pretty open, and keeping along the lower spurs, I had soon turned the corner of that hill, and not long after waded to the mid-calf across the water-course.

This brought me near to where I had encountered Ben Gunn, the maroon; and I walked more circumspectly, keeping an eye on every side. The dusk had come nigh hand<sup>4</sup> completely, and, as I opened out the cleft between the two peaks, I became aware of a wavering glow against the sky, where, as I judged, the man of the island was cooking his supper before a roaring fire. And yet I wondered, in my heart, that he should show himself so careless. For if I could see this radiance, might it not reach the eyes of Silver himself where he camped upon the shore among the marshes?

Gradually the night fell blacker; it was all I could do to guide myself even roughly toward my destination; the double hill behind me and the Spyglass on my right hand loomed faint and fainter; the stars were few and pale; and in the low ground where I wandered I kept tripping among bushes and rolling into sandy pits.

Suddenly a kind of brightness fell about me. I looked up; a pale glimmer of moonbeams had alighted on the summit of the Spyglass, and soon after I saw something broad and silvery moving low down behind the trees, and knew the moon had risen.

With this to help me, I passed rapidly over what remained to me of my journey; and, sometimes walking, sometimes running, impatiently drew near to the stockade. Yet, as I began to thread the grove that lies before it, I was not so thoughtless but that I slacked my pace and went a trifle warily. It would have been a poor end of my adventures to get stuck down by my own party in mistake.

The moon was climbing higher and

<sup>4</sup>*nigh hand*, almost.

higher; its light began to fall here and there in masses through the more open districts of the wood; and right in front of me a glow of a different color appeared among the trees. It was red and hot, and now and again it was a little darkened—as it were the embers of a bonfire smoldering.

For the life of me, I could not think what it might be.

At last I came right down upon the borders of the clearing. The western end was already steeped in moonshine; the rest, and the block-house itself, still lay in a black shadow, checkered with long, silvery streaks of light. On the other side of the house an immense fire had burned itself into clear embers and shed a steady, red reverberation, contrasted strongly with the mellow paleness of the moon. There was not a soul stirring, nor a sound besides the noises of the breeze.

I stopped, with much wonder in my heart, and perhaps a little terror also. It had not been our way to build great fires; we were, indeed, by the captain's orders, somewhat niggardly of firewood; and I began to fear that something had gone wrong while I was absent.

I stole round by the eastern end, keeping close in shadow, and at a convenient place, where the darkness was thickest, crossed the palisade.

To make assurance surer, I got upon my hands and knees, and crawled, without a sound, toward the corner of the house. As I drew nearer, my heart was suddenly and greatly lightened. It is not a pleasant noise in itself, and I have often complained of it at other times; but just then it was like music to hear my friends snoring together so loud and peaceful in their sleep. The sea cry of the watch, that beautiful "All's well," never fell more reassuringly on my ear.

In the meantime, there was no doubt of one thing; they kept an infamous bad

watch. If it had been Silver and his lads that were now creeping in on them, not a soul would have seen daybreak. That was what it was, thought I, to have the captain wounded; and again I blamed myself sharply for leaving them in that danger with so few to mount guard.

By this time I had got to the door and stood up. All was dark within, so that I could distinguish nothing by the eye. As for sounds, there was the steady drone of the snorers, and a small, occasional noise, a flickering or pecking that I could in no way account for.

With my arms before me I walked steadily in. I should lie down in my own place (I thought, with a silent chuckle) and enjoy their faces when they found me in the morning.

My foot struck something yielding—it was a sleeper's leg; and he turned and groaned, but without awaking.

And then, all of a sudden, a shrill voice broke forth out of the darkness:

"Pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight!" and so forth, without pause or change, like the clacking of a tiny mill.

Silver's green parrot, Captain Flint! It was she whom I had heard pecking at a piece of bark; it was she, keeping better watch than any human being, who thus announced my arrival with her wearisome refrain.

I had no time left me to recover. At the sharp, clipping tone of the parrot, the sleepers awoke and sprang up; and with a mighty oath, the voice of Silver cried:

"Who goes?"

I turned to run, struck violently against one person, recoiled, and ran full into the arms of a second, who, for his part, closed upon and held me tight.

"Bring a torch, Dick," said Silver, when my capture was thus assured.

And one of the men left the loghouse and presently returned with a lighted brand.

## STUDY AIDS FOR PART V

*Steps in the Story.* In addition to answering the single question on each chapter below, suggest two of your own so important that you think your classmates should be able to answer them. CHAPTER XXII. What feelings lead Jim to steal away from the stockade? CHAPTER XXIII. Why does Jim cut the hawser of the *Hispaniola*? CHAPTER XXIV. What reason does Jim have for going on board the *Hispaniola*? CHAPTER XXV. Why does Jim prefer to sail to North Inlet rather than to Captain Kidd's anchorage? CHAPTER XXVI. Is Jim's victory over Israel Hands the result of accident or is it due to clear causes? CHAPTER XXVII. What is the real climax of this Part?

*Summing up Part V.* In drawing up the summary of Part V, link one event to the next in a chain of cause and effect. Select

only the major events, probably not more than two to each chapter. Your first sentence will take Jim from the stockade, and your last will land him back in the stockade.

*The Characters.* 1. In this Part where does Jim show the greatest coolness in the face of danger? 2. What is the outstanding act of treachery on the part of Israel Hands?

*The Map.* On the map (page 143) point out where Jim put the coracle in the water, and show how the *Hispaniola* got to the ocean, where Jim boarded her, and so on to the beaching of the schooner.

*What Lies Ahead.* What do you think the pirates are going to do with Jim Hawkins? What do you suppose they have done with the Captain and his men? Do you think they have found the treasure?

## PART VI

## CAPTAIN SILVER

## CHAPTER XXVIII

## IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP

THE red glare of the torch, lighting up the interior of the block-house, showed me the worst of my apprehensions realized. The pirates were in possession of the house and stores: there was the cask of cognac, there were the pork and bread, as before; and, what tenfold increased my horror, not a sign of any prisoner. I could only judge that all had perished, and my heart smote me sorely that I had not been there to perish with them.

There were six of the buccaneers, all told; not another man was left alive. Five of them were on their feet, flushed and swollen, suddenly called out of the first sleep of drunkenness. The sixth had only risen upon his elbow: he was deadly pale, and the bloodstained bandage round his head told that he had recently been wounded, and still more recently dressed. I remembered the man who had been shot, and had run back among the woods in the great attack, and doubted not that this was he.

The parrot sat, preening her plumage, on Long John's shoulder. He himself, I thought, looked somewhat paler and more stern than I was used to. He still wore the fine broadcloth suit in which he had fulfilled his mission, but it was bitterly the worse for wear, daubed with clay and torn with the sharp briers of the wood.

"So," said he, "here's Jim Hawkins, shiver my timbers! dropped in, like, eh? Well, come, I take that friendly." And thereupon he sat down across the brandy cask, and began to fill a pipe.

"Give me a loan of the link,<sup>1</sup> Dick,"

<sup>1</sup> *link*, torch.

said he; and then, when he had a good light, "that'll do, lad," he added; "stick the glim in the wood heap; and you, gentlemen, bring yourselves to!—you needn't stand up for Mr. Hawkins; *he'll* excuse you, you may lay to that. And so, Jim"—stopping the tobacco—"here you were, and quite a pleasant surprise for poor old John. I see you were smart when first I set my eyes on you; but this here gets away from me clean, it do."

To all this, as may be well supposed, I made no answer. They had set me with my back against the wall; and I stood there, looking Silver in the face, pluckily enough, I hope, to all outward appearance, but with black despair in my heart.

Silver took a whiff or two of his pipe with great composure, and then ran on again.

"Now, you see, Jim, so be as you *are* here," says he, "I'll give you a piece of my mind. I've always liked you, I have, for a lad of spirit, and the picter of my own self when I was young and handsome. I always wanted you to jine and take your share, and die a gentleman, and now, my cock, you've got to. Cap'n Smollett's a fine seaman, as I'll own up to any day, but stiff on discipline. 'Dooty is dooty,' says he, and right he is. Just you keep clear of the cap'n. The doctor himself is gone dead again you—'ungrateful scamp' was what he said; and the short and the long of the whole story is about here: you can't go back to your own lot, for they won't have you; and without you start a third ship's company all by yourself, which might be lonely, you'll have to jine with Cap'n Silver."

So far so good. My friends, then, were

still alive, and though I partly believed the truth of Silver's statement, that the cabin party were incensed at me for my desertion, I was more relieved than distressed by what I heard.

"I don't say nothing as to your being in our hands," continued Silver, "though there you are, and you may lay to it I'm all for argyment; I never seen good come out o' threatening. If you like the service, well, you'll jine; and if you don't, Jim, why, you're free to answer no—free and welcome, shipmate; and if fairer can be said by mortal seaman, shiver my sides!"

"Am I to answer, then?" I asked, with a very tremulous voice. Through all this sneering talk, I was made to feel the threat of death that overhung me, and my cheeks burned, and my heart beat painfully in my breast.

"Lad," said Silver, "no one's a-pressing of you. Take your bearings. None of us won't hurry you, mate; time goes so pleasant in your company, you see."

"Well," says I, growing a bit bolder, "if I'm to choose, I declare I have a right to know what's what, and why you're here, and where my friends are."

"Wot's wot?" repeated one of the buccaneers, in a deep growl. "Ah, he'd be a lucky one as knowed that!"

"You'll, perhaps, batten down your hatches<sup>2</sup> till you're spoke, my friend," cried Silver truculently to this speaker. And then, in his first gracious tones, he replied to me: "Yesterday morning, Mr. Hawkins," said he, "in the dog-watch, down came Dr. Livesey with a flag of truce. Says he, 'Cap'n Silver, you're sold out. Ship's gone.' Well, maybe we'd been taking a glass, and a song to help it round. I won't say no. Leastways none of us had looked out. We looked out, and, by thunder! the old ship was gone. I never seen a pack o' fools look fishier; and you may lay to that, if I tells you that looked the

fishiest. 'Well,' says the doctor, 'let's bargain.' We bargained, him and I, and here we are: stores, brandy, block-house, the firewood you was thoughtful enough to cut, and, in a manner of speaking, the whole blessed boat, from crosstrees to keelson. As for them, they've tramped; I don't know where's they are."

He drew again quietly at his pipe.

"And lest you should take it into that head of yours," he went on, "that you was included in the treaty, here's the last word that was said: 'How many are you,' says I, 'to leave?' 'Four,' says he—'four, and one of us wounded. As for that boy, I don't know where he is, confound him,' says he, 'nor I don't much care. We're about sick of him.' These was his words."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Well, it's all that you're to hear, my son," returned Silver.

"And now I am to choose?"

"And now you are to choose, and you may lay to that," said Silver.

"Well," said I, "I'm not such a fool but I know pretty well what I have to look for. Let the worst come to the worst, it's little I care. I've seen too many die since I fell in with you. But there's a thing or two I have to tell you," I said, and by this time I was quite excited; "and the first is this: here you are, in a bad way: ship lost, treasure lost, men lost; your whole business gone to wreck; and if you want to know who did it—it was I—I was in the apple barrel the night we sighted land, and I heard you, John, and you, Dick Johnson, and Hands, who is now at the bottom of the sea, and told every word you said before the hour was out. And as for the schooner, it was I who cut her cable, and it was I that killed the men you had aboard of her, and it was I who brought her where you'll never see her more, not one of you. The laugh's on my side; I've had the top of this busi-

<sup>2</sup> *batten down your hatches, keep still.*



ness from the first; I no more fear you than I fear a fly. Kill me, if you please, or spare me. But one thing I'll say, and no more; if you spare me, bygones are bygones, and when you fellows are in court for piracy, I'll save you all I can. It is for you to choose. Kill another and do yourselves no good, or spare me and keep a witness to save you from the gallows."

I stopped, for, I tell you, I was out of breath, and, to my wonder, not a man of them moved, but all sat staring at me like as many sheep. And while they were still staring, I broke out again:

"And now, Mr. Silver," I said, "I believe you're the best man here, and if things go to the worst, I'll take it kind of you to let the doctor know the way I took it."

"I'll bear it in mind," said Silver, with an accent so curious that I could not, for the life of me, decide whether he were laughing at my request, or had been favorably affected by my courage.

"I'll put one to that," cried the old mahogany-faced seaman—Morgan by name—whom I had seen in Long John's public-house upon the quays of Bristol. "It was him that knowed Black Dog."

"Well, and see here," added the sea cook. "I'll put another again to that, by thunder! for it was this same boy that faked<sup>3</sup> the chart from Billy Bones. First and last, we've split upon<sup>4</sup> Jim Hawkins!"

"Then here goes!" said Morgan, with an oath.

And he sprang up, drawing his knife as if he had been twenty.

"Avast there!" cried Silver. "Who are you, Tom Morgan? Maybe you thought you was cap'n here, perhaps. By the powers, but I'll teach you better! Cross me, and you'll go where many a good man's gone before you, first and last,

these thirty year back—some to the yard-arm,<sup>5</sup> shiver my timbers! and some by the board,<sup>6</sup> and all to feed the fishes. There's never a man looked me between the eyes and seen a good day a'terwards, Tom Morgan, you may lay to that."

Morgan paused; but a hoarse murmur rose from the others.

"Tom's right," said one.

"I stood hazing long enough from one," added another. "I'll be hanged if I'll be hazed by you, John Silver."

"Did any of you gentlemen want to have it out with *me*?" roared Silver, bending far forward from his position on the keg, with his pipe still glowing in his right hand. "Put a name on what you're at; you ain't dumb, I reckon. Him that wants shall get it. Have I lived this many years, and a son of a rum puncheon cock his hat athwart my hawse<sup>7</sup> at the latter end of it? You know the way; you're all gentlemen o' fortune, by your account. Well, I'm ready. Take a cutlass, him that dares, and I'll see the color of his inside, crutch and all, before that pipe's empty."

Not a man stirred; not a man answered.

"That's your sort, is it?" he added, returning his pipe to his mouth. "Well, you're a gay lot to look at, anyway. Not much worth to fight, you ain't. P'r'aps you can understand King George's English. I'm cap'n here by 'lection. I'm cap'n here because I'm the best man by a long sea-mile. You won't fight, as gentlemen o' fortune should; then, by thunder, you'll obey, and you may lay to it! I like that boy, now; I never seen a better boy than that. He's more a man than any pair of rats like you in this here house, and what I say is this: let me see him that'll lay a hand on him—that's what I say, and you may lay to it."

<sup>3</sup> faked, stole. <sup>4</sup> we've split upon, our plans have been wrecked by.

<sup>5</sup> to the yardarm, by hanging. <sup>6</sup> by the board, by "walking the plank." <sup>7</sup> athwart my hawse, nautical slang equivalent to "in my face."

There was a long pause after this. I stood straight up against the wall, my heart still going like a sledge hammer, but with a ray of hope now shining in my bosom. Silver leaned back against the wall, his arms crossed, his pipe in the corner of his mouth, as calm as though he had been in church; yet his eye kept wandering furtively, and he kept the tail of it on his unruly followers. They, on their part, drew gradually together toward the far end of the block-house, and the low hiss of their whispering sounded in my ear continuously, like a stream.

One after another they would look up, and the red light of the torch would fall for a second on their nervous faces; but it was not toward me, it was toward Silver that they turned their eyes.

"You seem to have a lot to say," remarked Silver, spitting far into the air. "Pipe up and let me hear it, or lay to."

"Ax your pardon, sir," returned one of the men, "you're pretty free with some of the rules; maybe you'll kindly keep an eye upon the rest. This crew's dissatisfied; this crew don't vally bullying a marlinespike;<sup>8</sup> this crew has its rights like other crews, I'll make so free as that; and by your own rules, I take it we can talk together. I ax your pardon, sir, acknowledging you to be capturing at this present; but I claim my right, and steps outside for a council."

And with an elaborate sea-salute, this fellow, a long, ill-looking, yellow-eyed man of five-and-thirty, stepped coolly toward the door and disappeared out of the house. One after another, the rest followed his example; each making a salute as he passed; each adding some apology. "According to rules," said one. "Fo'c's'le council," said Morgan. And so with one remark or another, all marched out, and left Silver and me alone with the torch.

<sup>8</sup> *vally bullying a marlinespike, care a pin for bullying.*

The sea cook instantly removed his pipe.

"Now, look you here, Jim Hawkins," he said, in a steady whisper, that was no more than audible, "you're within half a plank of death, and, what's a long sight worse, of torture. They're going to throw me off. But, you mark, I stand by you through thick and thin. I didn't mean to; no, not till you spoke up. I was about desperate to lose that much blunt,<sup>9</sup> and be hanged into the bargain. But I see you was the right sort. I says to myself: You stand by Hawkins, John, and Hawkins'll stand by you. You're his last card, and, by the living thunder, John, he's yours! Back to back, says I. You save your witness, and he'll save your neck!"

I began dimly to understand.

"You mean all's lost?" I asked.

"Aye, by gum, I do!" he answered. "Ship gone, neck gone—that's the size of it. Once I looked into that bay, Jim Hawkins, and seen no schooner—well, I'm tough, but I gave out. As for that lot and their council, mark me, they're outright fools and cowards. I'll save your life—if so be as I can—from them. But, see here, Jim—tit for tat—you save Long John from swinging."

I was bewildered; it seemed a thing so hopeless he was asking—he, the old buccaneer, the ringleader throughout.

"What I can do, that I'll do," I said.

"It's a bargain!" cried Long John. "You speak up plucky, and, by thunder! I've a chance."

He hobbled to the torch, where it stood propped among the firewood, and took a fresh light to his pipe.

"Understand me, Jim," he said, returning. "I've a head on my shoulders, I have. I'm on squire's side now. I know you've got that ship safe somewhere. How you done it, I don't know, but safe it is. I guess Hands and O'Brien turned soft. I never much believed in

<sup>9</sup> *blunt, treasure.*

neither of *them*. Now you mark me. I ask no questions, nor I won't let others. I know when a game's up, I do; and I know a lad that's stanch. Ah, you that's young—you and me might have done a power of good together!"

He drew some cognac from the cask into a tin cannikin.

"Will you taste, messmate?" he asked; and when I had refused: "Well, I'll take a drain myself, Jim," said he. "I need a calker,<sup>10</sup> for there's trouble on hand. And, talking o' trouble, why did the doctor give me the chart, Jim?"

My face expressed a wonder so unaffected that he saw needlessness of further questions.

"Ah, well, he did, though," said he. "And there's something under that, no doubt—something, surely, under that, Jim—bad or good."

And he took another swallow of the brandy, shaking his great fair head like a man who looks forward to the worst.

## CHAPTER XXIX

### THE BLACK SPOT AGAIN

THE council of the buccaneers had lasted some time when one of them re-entered the house, and with a repetition of the same salute, which had in my eyes an ironical air, begged for a moment's loan of the torch: Silver briefly agreed; and this emissary retired again, leaving us together in the dark.

"There's a breeze coming, Jim," said Silver, who had, by this time, adopted quite a friendly and familiar tone.

I turned to the loophole nearest me and looked out. The embers of the great fire had so far burned themselves out, and now glowed so low and duskily that I understood why these conspirators desired a torch. About halfway down the slope to the stockade, they were collected in a group; one held the light; another was on his knees in their

<sup>10</sup> *calker*, a slang word for "drink."

midst, and I saw the blade of an open knife shine in his hand with varying colors, in the moon and torchlight. The rest were all somewhat stooping, as though watching the maneuvers of this last. I could just make out that he had a book as well as a knife in his hand; and was still wondering how anything so incongruous had come in their possession, when the kneeling figure rose once more to his feet, and the whole party began to move together toward the house.

"Here they come," said I; and I returned to my former position, for it seemed beneath my dignity that they should find me watching them.

"Well, let 'em come, lad—let 'em come," said Silver cheerily. "I've still a shot in my locker."

The door opened, and the five men, standing huddled together, just inside, pushed one of their number forward. In any other circumstances it would have been comical to see his slow advance, hesitating as he set down each foot, but holding his closed right hand in front of him.

"Step up, lad," cried Silver. "I won't eat you. Hand it over, lubber. I know the rules, I do; I won't hurt a depytation."

Thus encouraged, the buccaneer stepped forth more briskly, and having passed something to Silver, from hand to hand, slipped yet more smartly back again to his companions.

The sea cook looked at what had been given him. "The black spot! I thought so," he observed.

"Where might you have got the paper? Why, hillo! look here, now: this ain't lucky! You've gone and cut this out of a Bible. What fool's cut a Bible?"

"Ah, there!" said Morgan—"there! Wor did I say? No good'll come o' that, I said."

"Well, you've about fixed it now, among you," continued Silver. "You'll

all swing now, I reckon. What soft-headed lubber had a Bible?"

"It was Dick," said one.

"Dick, was it? Then Dick can get to prayers," said Silver. "He's seen his slice of luck, has Dick; and you may lay to that."

But here the long man with the yellow eyes struck in.

"Belay<sup>1</sup> that talk, John Silver," he said. "This crew has tipped you the black spot in full council, as in dooty bound; just you turn it over, as in dooty bound, and see what's wrote there. Then you can talk."

"Thanky, George," replied the sea cook. "You always was brisk for business, and has the rules by heart, George, as I'm pleased to see. Well, what is it, anyway? Ah! 'Deposed'—that's it, is it? Very pretty wrote, to be sure; like print, I swear. Your hand o' write, George? Why, you was gettin' quite a leadin' man in this here crew. You'll be cap'n next, I shouldn't wonder. Jest oblige me with that torch again, will you? This pipe don't draw."

"Come, now," said George, "you don't fool this crew no more. You're a funny man, by your account; but you're over now, and you'll maybe step down off that barrel, and help vote."

"I thought you said you knowed the rules," returned Silver, contemptuously. "Leastways, if you don't, I do; and I wait here—and I'm still your cap'n, mind—till you outs with your grievances, and I reply; in the meantime, your black spot ain't worth a biscuit. After that, we'll see."

"Oh," replied George, "you don't be under no kind of apprehension; *we're* all square, we are. First, you've made a hash of this cruise—you'll be a bold man to say no to that. Second, you let the enemy out o' this here trap for nothing. Why did they want out? I dunno; but it's pretty plain they wanted it.

<sup>1</sup> Belay, stop.

Third, you wouldn't let us go at them upon the march. Oh, we see through you, John Silver; you want to play booty,<sup>2</sup> that's what's wrong with you. And then, fourth, there's this here boy."

"Is that all?" asked Silver, quietly.

"Enough, too," retorted George. "We'll all swing and sun-dry for your bungling."

"Well, now, look here, I'll answer these four p'int's; one after another I'll answer 'em. I made a hash o' this cruise, did I? Well, now, you all know what I wanted; and you all know, if that had been done, that we'd 'a' been aboard the *Hispaniola* this night as ever was, every man of us alive, and fit, and full of good plum-duff, and the treasure in the hold of her, by thunder! Well, who crossed me? Who forced my hand, as was the lawful cap'n? Who tipped me the black spot the day we landed, and began this dance? Ah, it's a fine dance—I'm with you there—and looks mighty like a hornpipe in a rope's end at Execution Dock by London town, it does. But who done it? Why, it was Anderson, and Hands, and you, George Merry! And you're the last above board of that same meddling crew; and you have the Davy Jones's insolence to up and stand for cap'n over me—you, that sank the lot of us! By the powers! but this tops the stiffest yarn to nothing."

Silver paused, and I could see by the faces of George and his late comrades that these words had not been said in vain.

"That's for number one," cried the accused, wiping the sweat from his brow, for he had been talking with a vehemence that shook the house. "Why, I give you my word, I'm sick to speak to you. You've neither sense nor memory, and I leave it to fancy where your mothers was that let you come to sea.

<sup>2</sup> play booty, play dishonestly in order to get booty.

Seal! Gentlemen o' fortune! I reckon tailors is your trade."

"Go on, John," said Morgan. "Speak up to the others."

"Ah, the others!" returned John. "They're a nice lot, ain't they? You say this cruise is bungled. Ah! by gum, if you could understand how bad it's bungled, you would see! We're that near the gibbet that my neck's stiff with thinking on it. You've seen 'em, maybe, hanged in chains, birds about 'em, seamen p'inting 'em out as they go down with the tide. 'Who's that?' says one. 'That? Why, that's John Silver. I knowed him well,' says another. And you can hear the chains a-jangle as you go about and reach for the other buoy. Now, that's about where we are, every mother's son of us, thanks to him, and Hands, and Anderson, and other ruination fools of you. And if you want to know about number four, and that boy, why, shiver my timbers! isn't he a hostage? Are we a-going to waste a hostage? No, not us; he might be our last chance, and I shouldn't wonder. Kill that boy? Not me, mates! And number three? Ah, well, there's a deal to say to number three. Maybe you don't count it nothing to have a real college doctor come to see you every day—you, John, with your head broke—or you, George Merry, that had the ague shakes upon you not six hours ago, and has your eyes the color of lemon peel to this same moment on the clock? And maybe, perhaps, you didn't know there was a consort coming, either? But there is; and not so long till then; and we'll see who'll be glad to have a hostage when it comes to that. And as for number two, and why I made a bargain—well, you came crawling on your knees to me to make it—on your knees you came, you was that downhearted—and you'd have starved, too, if I hadn't—but that's a trifle! you look there—that's why!"

And he cast down upon the floor a

paper that I instantly recognized—none other than the chart on yellow paper, with the three red crosses, that I had found in the oilcloth at the bottom of the captain's chest. Why the doctor had given it to him was more than I could fancy.

But if it were inexplicable to me, the appearance of the chart was incredible to the surviving mutineers. They leaped upon it like cats upon a mouse. It went from hand to hand, one tearing it from another; and by the oaths and the cries and the childish laughter with which they accompanied their examination, you would have thought, not only they were fingering the very gold, but were at sea with it, besides, in safety.

"Yes," said one, "that's Flint sure enough. J. F., and a score below, with a clove-hitch to it; so he done ever."

"Mighty pretty," said George. "But how are we to get away with it, and us no ship?"

Silver suddenly sprang up, and supporting himself with a hand against the wall: "Now I give you warning, George," he cried. "One more word of your sauce, and I'll call you down and fight you. How? Why, do I know? You had ought to tell me that—you and the rest, that lost me my schooner, with your interference, burn you! But not you, you can't; you hain't got the invention of a cockroach. But civil you can speak, and shall, George Merry, you may lay to that."

"That's fair enow," said the old man Morgan.

"Fair! I reckon so," said the sea cook. "You lost the ship; I found the treasure. Who's the better man at that? And now I resign, by thunder! Elect whom you please to be your cap'n; I'm done with it."

"Silver!" they cried. "Barbecue for ever! Barbecue for cap'n!"

"So that's the toon, is it?" cried the cook. "George, I reckon you'll have to

wait another turn, friend; and lucky for you as I'm not a revengeful man. But that was never my way. And now, ship-mates, this black spot? 'Tain't much good now, is it? Dick's crossed his luck and spoiled his Bible, and that's about all."

"It'll do to kiss the book on still, won't it?" growled Dick, who was evidently uneasy at the curse he had brought upon himself.

"A Bible with a bit cut out!" returned Silver, derisively. "Not it. It don't bind no more'n a ballad-book."

"Don't it, though?" cried Dick, with a sort of joy. "Well, I reckon that's worth having, too."

"Here, Jim—here's a cur'osity for you," said Silver; and he tossed me the paper.

It was a round about the size of a crown piece. One side was blank, for it had been the last leaf; the other contained a verse or two of Revelation—these words among the rest, which struck sharply home upon my mind: "Without are dogs and murderers." The printed side had been blackened with wood ash, which already began to come off and soil my fingers; on the blank side had been written with the same material the one word "Deposed." I have that curiosity beside me at this moment; but not a trace of writing now remains beyond a single scratch, such as a man might make with his thumb-nail.

That was the end of the night's business. Soon after, with a drink all round, we lay down to sleep, and the outside of Silver's vengeance was to put George Merry up for sentinel, and threaten him with death if he should prove unfaithful.

It was long ere I could close an eye, and Heaven knows I had matter enough for thought in the man whom I had slain that afternoon, in my own most perilous position, and, above all, in the remarkable game that I saw Silver now

engaged upon—keeping the mutineers together with one hand, and grasping, with the other, after every means, possible and impossible, to make his peace and save his miserable life. He himself slept peacefully, and snored aloud; yet my heart was sore for him, wicked as he was, to think on the dark perils that environed, and the shameful gibbet that awaited him.

## CHAPTER XXX

### ON PAROLE

I WAS wakened—indeed, we were all wakened, for I could see even the sentinel shake himself together from where he had fallen against the door-post—by a clear, hearty voice hailing us from the margin of the wood:

"Block-house, ahoy!" it cried. "Here's the doctor."

And the doctor it was. Although I was glad to hear the sound, yet my gladness was not without admixture. I remembered with confusion my insubordinate and stealthy conduct; and when I saw where it had brought me—among what companions and surrounded by what dangers—I felt ashamed to look him in the face.

He must have risen in the dark, for the day had hardly come; and when I ran to a loophole and looked out, I saw him standing, like Silver once before, up to the midleg in creeping vapor.

"You, doctor! Top o' the morning to you, sir!" cried Silver, broad awake and beaming with good-nature in a moment. "Bright and early, to be sure; and it's the early bird, as the saying goes, that gets the rations. George, shake up your timbers, son, and help Dr. Livesey over the ship's side. All a-doin' well, your patients was—all well and merry."

So he pattered on, standing on the hilltop, with his crutch under his elbow, and one hand upon the side of the log-

house—quite the old John, in voice, manner, and expression.

"We've quite a surprise for you, too, sir," he continued. "We've a little stranger here—he! he! A noo boarder and lodger, sir, and looking fit and taut as a fiddle; slep' like a super-cargo, he did, right alongside of John—stem to stem we was, all night."

Dr. Livesey was by this time across the stockade and pretty near the cook; and I could hear the alteration in his voice as he said—

"Not Jim?"

"The very same Jim as ever was," says Silver.

The doctor stopped outright, although he did not speak, and it was some seconds before he seemed able to move on.

"Well, well," he said, at last, "duty first and pleasure afterwards, as you might have said yourself, Silver. Let us overhaul these patients of yours."

A moment afterwards he had entered the block-house, and with one grim nod to me, proceeded with his work among the sick. He seemed under no apprehension, though he must have known that his life, among these treacherous demons, depended on a hair; and he rattled on to his patients as if he were paying an ordinary professional visit in a quiet English family. His manner, I suppose, reacted on the men; for they behaved to him as if nothing had occurred—as if he was still ship's doctor, and they still faithful hands before the mast.

"You're doing well, my friend," he said to the fellow with the bandaged head, "and if ever any person had a close shave, it was you; your head must be as hard as iron. Well, George, how goes it? You're a pretty color, certainly; why, your liver, man, is upside down. Did you take that medicine? Did he take that medicine, men?"

"Aye, aye, sir, he took it, sure enough," returned Morgan.

"Because, you see, since I am mutineers' doctor, or prison doctor, as I prefer to call it," says Dr. Livesey, in his pleasantest way, "I make it a point of honor not to lose a man for King George (God bless him!) and the gal-lows."

The rogues looked at each other, but swallowed the home-thrust in silence.

"Dick don't feel well, sir," said one.

"Don't he?" replied the doctor. "Well, step up here, Dick, and let me see your tongue. No, I should be surprised if he did! The man's tongue is fit to frighten the French. Another fever."

"Ah, there," said Morgan, "that comed of sp'iling Bibles."

"That comed—as you call it—of being arrant asses," retorted the doctor, "and not having sense enough to know honest air from poison, and the dry land from a vile, pestiferous slough. I think it most probable—though, of course, it's only an opinion—that you'll all have the deuce to pay before you get that malaria out of your systems. Camp in a bog, would you? Silver, I'm surprised at you. You're less of a fool than many, take you all around; but you don't appear to me to have the rudiments of a notion of the rules of health."

"Well," he added, after he had dosed them round, and they had taken his prescriptions, with really laughable humility, more like charity school children than blood-guilty mutineers and pirates—"well, that's done for today. And now I should wish to have a talk with that boy, please." And he nodded his head in my direction carelessly.

George Merry was at the door, spitting and spluttering over some bad-tasting medicine; but at the first word of the doctor's proposal he swung round with a deep flush, and cried "No!" and swore. Silver struck the barrel with his open hand.

"Si-lence!" he roared, and looked about him positively like a lion. "Doc-



tor," he went on, in his usual tones, "I was a-thinking of that, knowing as how you had a fancy for the boy. We're all humbly grateful for your kindness, and, as you see, puts faith in you, and takes the drugs down like that much grog. And I take it, I've found a way as'll suit all. Hawkins, will you give me your word of honor as a young gentleman—for a young gentleman you are, although poor born—your word of honor not to slip your cable?"

I readily gave the pledge required.

"Then, doctor," said Silver, "you just step outside o' that stockade, and once you're there, I'll bring the boy down on the inside, and I reckon you can yarn through the spars. Good-day to you, sir, and all our dooties to the squire and Cap'n Smollett."

The explosion of disapproval, which nothing but Silver's black looks had restrained, broke out immediately the doctor had left the house. Silver was roundly accused of playing double—of trying to make a separate peace for himself—of sacrificing the interests of his accomplices and victims; and, in one word, of the identical, exact thing that he was doing. It seemed to me so obvious, in this case, that I could not imagine how he was to turn their anger. But he was twice the man the rest were; and his last night's victory had given him a huge preponderance on their minds. He called them all the fools and dolts you can imagine, said it was necessary I should talk to the doctor, fluttered the chart in their faces, asked them if they could afford to break the treaty the very day they were bound a-treasure-hunting.

"No, by thunder!" he cried, "it's us must break the treaty when the time comes; and till then I'll gammon<sup>1</sup> that doctor, if I have to ile his boots with brandy."

And then he bade them get the fire

<sup>1</sup> *gammon*, mislead, deceive.

lit, and stalked out upon his crutch, with his hand on my shoulder, leaving them in a disarray, and silenced by his volubility rather than convinced.

"Slow, lad, slow," he said. "They might round upon us in a twinkling of an eye, if we was seen to hurry."

Very deliberately, then, did we advance across the sand to where the doctor awaited us on the other side of the stockade, and as soon as we were within easy speaking distance, Silver stopped.

"You'll make a note of this here also, doctor," says he, "and the boy'll tell you how I saved his life, and were deposed for it, too, and you may lay to that. Doctor, when a man's steering as near the wind as me—playing chuck-farthing with the last breath in his body, like—you wouldn't think it too much, mayhap, to give him one good word? You'll please bear in mind it's not my life only now—it's that boy's into the bargain; and you'll speak me fair, doctor, and give me a bit o' hope to go on, for the sake of mercy."

Silver was a changed man, once he was out there and had his back to his friends and the block-house; his cheeks seemed to have fallen in, his voice trembled; never was a soul more dead in earnest.

"Why, John, you're not afraid?" asked Dr. Livesey.

"Doctor, I'm no coward; no, not I—not *so* much!" and he snapped his fingers. "If I was, I wouldn't say it. But I'll own up fairly, I've the shakes upon me for the gallows. You're a good man and a true; I never seen a better man! And you'll not forget what I done good, not any more than you'll forget the bad, I know. And I step aside—see here—and leave you and Jim alone. And you'll put that down for me, too, for it's a long stretch, is that!"

So saying, he stepped back a little way, till he was out of earshot, and there sat down upon a tree-stump and

began to whistle; spinning round now and again upon his seat so as to command a sight, sometimes of me and the doctor, and sometimes of his unruly ruffians as they went to and fro in the sand, between the fire—which they were busy rekindling—and the house, from which they brought forth pork and bread to make the breakfast.

"So, Jim," said the doctor sadly, "here you are. As you have brewed, so shall you drink, my boy. Heaven knows, I cannot find it in my heart to blame you; but this much I will say, be it kind or unkind: when Captain Smollett was well, you dared not have gone off; and when he was ill, and couldn't help it, by George, it was downright cowardly!"

I will own that I here began to weep. "Doctor," I said, "you might spare me. I have blamed myself enough; my life's forfeit anyway, and I should have been dead by now, if Silver hadn't stood for me; and, doctor, believe this, I can die—and I daresay I deserve it—but what I fear is torture. If they come to torture me—"

"Jim," the doctor interrupted, and his voice was quite changed, "Jim, I can't have this. Whip over, and we'll run for it."

"Doctor," said I, "I passed my word."

"I know, I know," he cried. "We can't help that, Jim, now. I'll take it on my shoulders, holus bolus, blame and shame, my boy; but stay here, I cannot let you. Jump! One jump, and you're out, and we'll run for it like antelopes."

"No," I replied, "you know right well you wouldn't do the thing yourself; neither you, nor squire, nor captain; and no more will I. Silver trusted me; I passed my word, and back I go. But, doctor, you did not let me finish. If they come to torture me, I might let slip a word of where the ship is; for I got the ship, part by luck and part by risking, and she lies in North Inlet, on the southern beach, and just below high

water. At half tide she must be high and dry."

"The ship!" exclaimed the doctor.

Rapidly I described to him my adventures, and he heard me out in silence.

"There is a kind of fate in this," he observed, when I had done. "Every step, it's you that saves our lives; and do you suppose by any chance that we are going to let you lose yours? That would be a poor return, my boy. You found out the plot; you found Ben Gunn—the best deed that ever you did, or will do, though you live to ninety. Oh, by Jupiter, and talking of Ben Gunn! why, this is the mischief in person. Silver!" he cried, "Silver!—I'll give you a piece of advice," he continued, as the cook drew near again; "don't you be in any great hurry after that treasure."

"Why, sir, I do my possible, which that ain't," said Silver. "I can only, asking your pardon, save my life and the boy's by seeking for that treasure; and you may lay to that."

"Well, Silver," replied the doctor, "if that is so, I'll go one step further: look out for squalls when you find it."

"Sir," said Silver, "as between man and man, that's too much and too little. What you're after, why you left the block-house, why you given me that there chart, I don't know, now, do I? and yet I done your bidding with my eyes shut and never a word of hope! But no, this here's too much. If you won't tell me what you mean plain out, just say so, and I'll leave the helm."

"No," said the doctor, musingly, "I've no right to say more; it's not my secret, you see, Silver, or, I give you my word, I'd tell it you. But I'll go as far with you as I dare go, and a step beyond; for I'll have my wig sorted<sup>2</sup> by the captain or I'm mistaken! And, first, I'll give you a bit of hope: Silver, if we both get alive

<sup>2</sup> have my wig sorted, be taken to task, reprimanded.

out of this wolf-trap, I'll do my best to save you, short of perjury."

Silver's face was radiant. "You couldn't say more, I'm sure, sir, not if you was my mother," he cried.

"Well, that's my first concession," added the doctor. "My second is a piece of advice: Keep the boy close beside you, and when you need help, halloo. I'm off to seek it for you, and that itself will show you if I speak at random. Good-by, Jim."

And Dr. Livesey shook hands with me through the stockade, nodded to Silver, and set off at a brisk pace into the wood.

## CHAPTER XXXI

### THE TREASURE HUNT—FLINT'S POINTER

"JIM," said Silver, when we were alone, "if I saved your life, you saved mine; and I'll not forget it. I seen the doctor waving you to run for it—with the tail of my eye, I did; and I seen you say no, as plain as hearing. Jim, that's one to you. This is the first glint of hope I had since the attack failed, and I owe it you. And now, Jim, we're to go in for this here treasure-hunting, with sealed orders,<sup>1</sup> too, and I don't like it; and you and me must stick close, back to back like, and we'll save our necks in spite o' fate and fortune."

Just then a man hailed us from the fire that breakfast was ready, and we were soon seated here and there about the sand over biscuit and fried junk.<sup>2</sup> They had lit a fire fit to roast an ox; and it was now grown so hot that they could only approach it from the windward, and even there not without precaution. In the same wasteful spirit, they had cooked, I suppose, three times more than we could eat; and one of

them, with an empty laugh, threw what was left into the fire, which blazed and roared again over this unusual fuel. I never in my life saw men so careless of the morrow; hand to mouth is the only word that can describe their way of doing; and what with wasted food and sleeping sentries, though they were bold enough for a brush and be done with it, I could see their entire unfitness for anything like a prolonged campaign.

Even Silver, eating away, with Captain Flint upon his shoulder, had not a word of blame for their recklessness. And this the more surprised me, for I thought he had never shown himself so cunning as he did then.

"Aye, mates," said he, "it's lucky you have Barbecue to think for you with this here head. I got what I wanted, I did. Sure enough, they have the ship. Where they have it, I don't know yet; but once we hit the treasure, we'll have to jump about and find out. And then, mates, us that has the boats, I reckon, has the upper hand."

Thus he kept running on, with his mouth full of the hot bacon; thus he restored their hope and confidence, and, I more than suspect, repaired his own at the same time.

"As for hostage," he continued, "that's his last talk, I guess, with them he loves so dear. I've got my piece o' news, and thanky to him for that; but it's over and done. I'll take him in a line when we go treasure-hunting, for we'll keep him like so much gold, in case of accidents, you mark, and in the meantime, once we got the ship and treasure both, and off to sea like jolly companions, why, then, we'll talk Mr. Hawkins over, we will, and we'll give him his share, to be sure, for all his kindness."

It was no wonder the men were in a good humor now. For my part, I was horribly cast down. Should the scheme he had now sketched prove feasible, Silver, already doubly a traitor, would

<sup>1</sup> with sealed orders, meaning, here, "without plans." <sup>2</sup> junk, hard salted beef.

not hesitate to adopt it. He had still a foot in either camp, and there was no doubt he would prefer wealth and freedom with the pirates to a bare escape from hanging, which was the best he had to hope on our side.

Nay, and even if things so fell out that he was forced to keep his faith with Dr. Livesey, even then what danger lay before us! What a moment that would be when the suspicions of his followers turned to certainty, and he and I should have to fight for dear life—he, a cripple, and I, a boy—against five strong and active seamen!

Add to this double apprehension, the mystery that still hung over the behavior of my friends, their unexplained desertion of the stockade; their inexplicable cession of the chart; or, harder still to understand, the doctor's last warning to Silver, "Look out for squalls when you find it"; and you will readily believe how little taste I found in my breakfast, and with how uneasy a heart I set forth behind my captors on the quest for treasure.

We made a curious figure, had anyone been there to see us; all in soiled sailor clothes, and all but me armed to the teeth. Silver had two guns slung about him—one before and one behind—besides the great cutlass at his waist, and a pistol in each pocket of his square-tailed coat. To complete his strange appearance, Captain Flint sat perched upon his shoulder and gabbling odds and ends of purposeless sea-talk. I had a line about my waist, and followed obediently after the sea cook, who held the loose end of the rope, now in his free hand, now between his powerful teeth. For all the world, I was led like a dancing bear.

The other men were variously burdened; some carrying picks and shovels—for that had been the very first necessary they brought ashore from the *Hispaniola*—others laden with pork,

bread, and brandy for the midday meal. All the stores, I observed, came from our stock; and I could see the truth of Silver's words the night before. Had he not struck a bargain with the doctor, he and his mutineers, deserted by the ship, must have been driven to subsist on clear water and the proceeds of their hunting. Water would have been little to their taste; a sailor is not usually a good shot; and, besides all that, when they were so short of eatables, it was not likely they would be very flush of powder.

Well, thus equipped, we all set out—even the fellow with the broken head, who should certainly have kept in shadow—and straggled one after another, to the beach, where the two gigs awaited us. Even these bore trace of the drunken folly of the pirates, one in a broken thwart, and both in their muddled and unbaled condition. Both were to be carried along with us for the sake of safety; and so, with our numbers divided between them, we set forth upon the bosom of the anchorage.

As we pulled over, there was some discussion on the chart. The red cross was, of course, far too large to be a guide; and the terms of the note on the back, as you will hear, admitted of some ambiguity. They ran, the reader may remember, thus:

Tall tree, Spyglass Shoulder, bearing a point to the N. of N.N.E.

Skeleton Island E.S.E. and by E.

Ten feet.

A tall tree was thus the principal mark. Now, right before us, the anchorage was bounded by a plateau from two to three hundred feet high, adjoining on the north the sloping southern shoulder of the Spyglass, and rising again toward the south into the rough, cliffy eminence called the Mizzenmast Hill. The top of the plateau was dotted

thickly with pine trees of varying height. Every here and there, one of a different species rose forty or fifty feet clear above its neighbors, and which of these was the particular "tall tree" of Captain Flint could only be decided on the spot, and by the readings of the compass.

Yet, although that was the case, every man on board the boats had picked a favorite of his own ere we were half-way over, Long John alone shrugging his shoulders and bidding them wait till they were there.

We pulled easily, by Silver's directions, not to weary the hands prematurely; and, after quite a long passage, landed at the mouth of the second river—that which runs down a woody cleft of the Spyglass. Thence, bending to our left, we began to ascend the slope toward the plateau.

At the first outset, heavy, miry ground and a matted, *marish*<sup>3</sup> vegetation greatly delayed our progress; but by little and little the hill began to steepen and become stony under foot, and the wood to change its character and to grow in a more open order. It was, indeed, a most pleasant portion of the island that we were now approaching. A heavy-scented broom and many flowering shrubs had almost taken the place of grass. Thickets of green nutmeg trees were dotted here and there with the red columns and the broad shadow of the pines; and the first mingled their spice with the aroma of the others. The air, besides, was fresh and stirring, and this, under the sheer sunbeams, was a wonderful refreshment to our senses.

The party spread itself abroad, in a fan shape, shouting and leaping to and fro. About the center, and a good way behind the rest, Silver and I followed—I tethered by my rope, he plowing, with deep pants, among the sliding gravel. From time to time, indeed, I had to lend him a hand, or he must have missed

his footing and fallen backward down the hill.

We had thus proceeded for about half a mile, and were approaching the brow of the plateau, when the man upon the farthest left began to cry aloud, as if in terror. Shout after shout came from him, and the others began to run in his direction.

"He can't 'a' found the treasure," said old Morgan, hurrying past us from the right, "for that's clean a-top."

Indeed, as we found when we also reached the spot, it was something very different. At the foot of a pretty big pine, and involved in a green creeper, which had even partly lifted some of the smaller bones, a human skeleton lay, with a few shreds of clothing, on the ground. I believe a chill struck for a moment to every heart.

"He was a seaman," said George Merry, who, bolder than the rest, had gone up close, and was examining the rags of clothing. "Leastways, this is good sea-cloth."

"Aye, aye," said Silver, "like enough; you wouldn't look to find a bishop here, I reckon. But what sort of a way is that for bones to lie? 'Tain't in natur'."

Indeed, on a second glance, it seemed impossible to fancy that the body was in a natural position. But for some disarray (the work, perhaps, of birds that had fed upon him, or of the slow-growing creeper that had gradually enveloped his remains) the man lay perfectly straight—his feet pointing in one direction, his hands, raised above his head like a diver's, pointing directly in the opposite.

"I've taken a notion into my old numskull," observed Silver. "Here's the compass; there's the tip-top p'int o' Skeleton Island, stickin' out like a tooth. Just take a bearing, will you, along the line of them bones."

It was done. The body pointed straight in the direction of the island,

<sup>3</sup> *marish*, marshy.



Shout after shout came from him

(See page 195)

and the compass read duly E.S.E. and by E.

"I thought so," cried the cook; "this here is a p'inter. Right up there is our line for the Pole Star and the jolly dollars. But, by thunder! if it don't make me cold inside to think of Flint. This is one of *his* jokes, and no mistake. Him and these six was alone here; he killed em, every man; and this one he hauled here and laid down by compass, shiver my timbers! They're long bones, and the hair's been yellow. Aye, that would be Allardyce. You mind Allardyce, Tom Morgan?"

"Aye, aye," returned Morgan, "I mind him; he owed me money, he did, and took my knife ashore with him."

"Speaking of knives," said another, "why don't we find his'n lying round? Flint warn't the man to pick a seaman's pocket; and the birds, I guess, would leave it be."

"By the powers, and that's true!" cried Silver.

"There ain't a thing left here," said Merry, still feeling round among the bones, "not a copper doit<sup>4</sup> nor a baccy box. It don't look nat'ral to me."

"No, by gum, it don't," agreed Silver; "not nat'ral, nor not nice, says you. Great guns! messmates, but if Flint was living, this would be a hot spot for you and me. Six they were, and six are we; and bones is what they are now."

"I saw him dead with these here dead-lights," said Morgan. "Billy took me in. There he laid, with penny-pieces on his eyes."

"Dead—aye, sure enough he's dead and gone below," said the fellow with the bandage; "but if ever sperrit walked, it would be Flint's. Dear heart, but he died bad, did Flint!"

"Aye, that he did," observed another; "now he raged, and now he hollered for the rum, and now he sang. 'Fifteen Men' were his only song, mates; and I tell

you true, I never rightly liked to hear it since. It was main<sup>5</sup> hot, and the windy was open, and I hear that old song comin' out as clear as clear—and the death-haul on the man already."

"Come, come," said Silver, "stow this talk. He's dead, and he don't walk, that I knows; leastways, he won't walk by day, and you may lay to that. Care killed a cat. Fetch ahead for the doubloons."<sup>6</sup>

We started, certainly; but in spite of the hot sun and the staring daylight, the pirates no longer ran separate and shouting through the wood, but kept side by side and spoke with bated breath. The terror of the dead buccaneer had fallen on their spirits.

## CHAPTER XXXII

### THE TREASURE-HUNT—THE VOICE AMONG THE TREES

PARTLY from the damping influence of this alarm, partly to rest Silver and the sick folk, the whole party sat down as soon as they had gained the brow of the ascent.

The plateau being somewhat tilted toward the west, this spot on which we had paused commanded a wide prospect on either hand. Before us, over the tree-tops, we beheld the Cape of the Woods fringed with surf; behind, we not only looked down upon the anchorage and Skeleton Island, but saw—clear across the spit and the eastern lowlands—a great field of open sea upon the east. Sheer above us rose the Spyglass, here dotted with single pines, there black with precipices. There was no sound but that of the distant breakers, mounting from all round, and the chirp of countless insects in the brush. Not a

<sup>5</sup> *main*, extremely. <sup>6</sup> *doubloon*, a Spanish gold coin originally worth about sixteen dollars.

<sup>4</sup> *doit*, cent.



man, not a sail upon the sea; the very largeness of the view increased the sense of solitude.

Silver, as he sat, took certain bearings with his compass.

"There are three 'tall trees,'" said he, "about in the right line from Skeleton Island. 'Spyglass Shoulder,' I take it, means that lower p'int there. It's child's play to find the stuff now. I've half a mind to dine first."

"I don't feel sharp," growled Morgan. "Thinking o' Flint—I think it were—as done me."

"Ah, well, my son, you praise your stars he's dead," said Silver.

"He were an ugly devil," cried a third pirate with a shudder; "that blue in the face, too!"

"That was how the rum took him," added Merry. "Blue! well, I reckon he was blue. That's a true word."

Ever since they had found the skeleton and got upon this train of thought, they had spoken lower and lower, and they had almost got to whispering by now, so that the sound of their talk hardly interrupted the silence of the wood. All of a sudden, out of the middle of the trees in front of us, a thin, high, trembling voice struck up the well-known air and words:

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—  
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

I never have seen men more dreadfully affected than the pirates. The color went from their six faces like enchantment; some leaped to their feet, some clawed hold of others; Morgan groveled on the ground.

"It's Flint, by——!" cried Merry.

The song had stopped as suddenly as it began—broken off, you would have said, in the middle of a note, as though someone had laid his hand upon the singer's mouth. Coming so far through the clear, sunny atmosphere among the

green tree-tops, I thought it had sounded airily and sweetly; and the effect on my companions was the stranger.

"Come," said Silver, struggling with his ashen lips to get the word out; "this won't do. Stand by to go about. This is a rum start, and I can't name the voice; but it's someone skylarking—someone that's flesh and blood, and you may lay to that."

His courage had come back as he spoke, and some of the color to his face along with it. Already the others had begun to lend an ear to this encouragement, and were coming a little to themselves, when the same voice broke out again—not this time singing, but in a faint distant hail, that echoed yet fainter among the clefts of the Spyglass.

"Darby M'Graw," it wailed—for that is the word that best describes the sound—"Darby M'Graw! Darby M'Graw!" again and again and again; and then rising a little higher, and with an oath that I leave out, "Fetch aft the rum, Darby!"

The buccaneers remained rooted to the ground, their eyes starting from their heads. Long after the voice had died away they still stared in silence, dreadfully, before them.

"That fixes it!" gasped one. "Let's go."

"They was his last words," moaned Morgan, "his last words above board."<sup>1</sup>

Dick had his Bible out, and was praying volubly. He had been well brought up, had Dick, before he came to sea and fell among bad companions.

Still, Silver was unconquered. I could hear his teeth rattle in his head; but he had not yet surrendered.

"Nobody in this here island ever heard of Darby," he muttered; "not one but us that's here." And then, making a great effort, "Shipmates," he cried, "I'm here to get that stuff, and I'll not

<sup>1</sup> *above board*, while alive.

be beat by man nor devil. I never was feared of Flint in his life, and, by the powers, I'll face him dead. There's seven hundred thousand pound not a quarter of a mile from here. When did ever a gentleman o' fortune show his stern to that much dollars, for a boozy old seaman with a blue mug—and him dead, too?"

But there was no sign of reawakening courage in his followers; rather, indeed, of growing terror at the irreverence of his words.

"Belay there, John!" said Merry. "Don't you cross a sperrit."

And the rest were all too terrified to reply. They would have run away severally had they dared; but fear kept them together, and kept them close by John, as if his daring helped them. He, on his part, had pretty well fought his weakness down.

"Sperrit? Well, maybe," he said. "But there's one thing not clear to me. There was an echo. Now, no man ever seen a sperrit with a shadow; well, then, what's he doing with an echo to him, I should like to know? That ain't in natur', surely?"

This argument seemed weak enough to me. But you can never tell what will affect the superstitious, and, to my wonder, George Merry was greatly relieved.

"Well, that's so," he said. "You've a head upon your shoulders, John, and no mistake. 'Bout ship, mates! This here crew is on a wrong tack, I do believe. And come to think on it, it was like Flint's voice, I grant you, but not just so clear-away like it, after all. It was liker somebody else's voice, now—it was liker—"

"By the powers, Ben Gunn!" roared Silver.

"Aye, and so it were," cried Morgan, springing on his knees. "Ben Gunn it were!"

"It don't make much odds, do it, now?" asked Dick. "Ben Gunn's not here in the body, any more'n Flint."

But the older hands greeted this remark with scorn.

"Why, nobody minds Ben Gunn," cried Merry; "dead or alive, nobody minds him."

It was extraordinary how their spirits had returned, and how the natural color had revived in their faces. Soon they were chatting together, with intervals of listening; and not long after, hearing no further sound, they shouldered the tools and set forth again, Merry walking first with Silver's compass to keep them on the right line with Skeleton Island. He had said the truth; dead or alive, nobody minded Ben Gunn.

Dick alone still held his Bible, and looked around him as he went, with fearful glances; but he found no sympathy, and Silver even joked him on his precautions.

"I told you," said he—"I told you, you had sp'iled your Bible. If it ain't no good to swear by, what do you suppose a sperrit would give for it? Not that!" and he snapped his big fingers, halting a moment on his crutch.

But Dick was not to be comforted; indeed, it was soon plain to me that the lad was falling sick; hastened by heat, exhaustion, and the shock of his alarm, the fever, predicted by Dr. Livesey, was evidently growing swiftly higher.

It was fine open walking here, upon the summit; our way lay a little downhill, for, as I have said, the plateau tilted toward the west. The pines, great and small, grew wide apart; and even between the clumps of nutmeg and azalea, wide open spaces baked in the hot sunshine.

Striking, as we did, pretty near northwest across the island, we drew, on the one hand, ever nearer under the shoulders of the Spyglass, and on the other,

looked ever wider over that western bay where I had once tossed and trembled in the coracle.

The first of the tall trees was reached, and by the bearing proved the wrong one. So with the second. The third rose nearly two hundred feet into the air above a clump of underwood; a giant of a vegetable, with a red column as big as a cottage, and a wide shadow around in which a company could have maneuvered. It was conspicuous far to sea both on the east and west, and might have been entered as a sailing mark upon the chart.

But it was not its size that now impressed my companions; it was the knowledge that seven hundred thousand pounds in gold lay somewhere buried below its spreading shadow. The thought of the money, as they drew nearer, swallowed up their previous terrors. Their eyes burned in their heads; their feet grew speedier and lighter; their whole soul was bound up in that fortune, that whole lifetime of extravagance and pleasure, that lay waiting there for each of them.

Silver hobbled, grunting, on his crutch; his nostrils stood out and quivered; he cursed like a madman when the flies settled on his hot and shiny countenance; he plucked furiously at the line that held me to him, and, from time to time, turned his eyes upon me with a deadly look. Certainly he took no pains to hide his thoughts; and certainly I read them like print. In the immediate nearness of the gold, all else had been forgotten; his promise and the doctor's warning were both things of the past; and I could not doubt that he hoped to seize upon the treasure, find and board the *Hispaniola* under cover of night, cut every honest throat about that island, and sail away as he had at first intended, laden with crimes and riches.

Shaken as I was with these alarms, it was hard for me to keep up with the rapid pace of the treasure-hunters. Now and again I stumbled; and it was then that Silver plucked so roughly at the rope and launched at me his murderous glances.

Dick, who had dropped behind us, and now brought up the rear, was babbling to himself both prayers and curses, as his fever kept rising. This also added to my wretchedness, and, to crown all, I was haunted by the thought of the tragedy that had once been acted on that plateau, when that ungodly buccaneer with the blue face—he who died at Savannah, singing and shouting for drink—had there, with his own hand, cut down his six accomplices. This grove, that was now so peaceful, must then have rung with cries, I thought; and even with the thought I could believe I heard it ringing still.

We were now at the margin of the thicket.

"Huzza, mates, all together!" shouted Merry; and the foremost broke into a run.

And suddenly, not ten yards farther, we beheld them stop. A low cry arose. Silver doubled his pace, digging away with the foot of his crutch like one possessed; and next moment he and I had come also to a dead halt.

Before us was a great excavation, not very recent, for the sides had fallen in and grass had sprouted on the bottom. In this were the shaft of a pick broken in two and the boards of several packing-cases strewn around. On one of these boards I saw, branded with a hot iron, the name *Walrus*—the name of Flint's ship.

All was clear to probation. The cache<sup>2</sup> had been found and rifled: the seven hundred thousand pounds were gone!

<sup>2</sup> *cache*, a hole for hiding treasure, provisions, etc.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

## THE FALL OF A CHIEFTAIN

THERE never was such an overturn in this world. Each of these six men was as though he had been struck. But with Silver the blow passed almost instantly. Every thought of his soul had been set full-stretch, like a racer, on that money; well, he was brought up in a single second, dead; and he kept his head, found his temper, and changed his plan before the others had had time to realize the disappointment.

"Jim," he whispered, "take that, and stand by for trouble."

And he passed me a double-barreled pistol.

At the same time he began quietly moving northward, and in a few steps had put the hollow between us two and the other five. Then he looked at me and nodded, as much as to say, "Here is a narrow corner," as, indeed, I thought it was. His looks were now quite friendly; and I was so revolted at these constant changes, that I could not forbear whispering, "So you've changed sides again."

There was no time left for him to answer in. The buccaneers, with oaths and cries, began to leap, one after another, into the pit, and to dig with their fingers, throwing the boards aside as they did so. Morgan found a piece of gold. He held it up with a perfect spout of oaths. It was a two-guinea piece, and it went from hand to hand among them for a quarter of a minute.

"Two guineas," roared Merry, shaking it at Silver. "That's your seven hundred thousand pounds, is it? You're the man for bargains, ain't you? You're him that never bungled nothing, you wooden-headed lubber!"

"Dig away, boys," said Silver, with the coolest insolence; "you'll find some pig-nuts, and I shouldn't wonder."

"Pig-nuts!" repeated Merry, in a scream. "Mates, do you hear that? I tell you, now, that man there knew it all along. Look in the face of him, and you'll see it wrote there."

"Ah, Merry," remarked Silver, "standing for cap'n again? You're a pushing lad, to be sure."

But this time everyone was entirely in Merry's favor. They began to scramble out of the excavation, darting furious glances behind them. One thing I observed, which looked well for us: they all got out upon the opposite side from Silver.

Well, there we stood, two on one side, five on the other, the pit between us, and nobody screwed up high enough to offer the first blow. Silver never moved; he watched them, very upright on his crutch, and looked as cool as ever I saw him. He was brave and no mistake.

At last, Merry seemed to think a speech might help matters.

"Mates," says he, "there's two of them alone there; one's the old cripple that brought us all here and blundered us down to this; the other's that cub that I mean to have the heart of. Now, mates—"

He was raising his arm and his voice, and plainly meant to lead a charge. But just then—crack! crack! crack! three musket-shots flashed out of the thicket. Merry tumbled head foremost into the excavation; the man with the bandage spun round like a teetotum, and fell all his length upon his side, where he lay dead, but still twitching; and the other three turned and ran for it with all their might.

Before you could wink, Long John had fired two barrels of a pistol into the struggling Merry; and as the man rolled up his eyes at him in the last agony, "George," said he, "I reckon I settled you."

At the same moment the doctor, Gray,

and Ben Gunn joined us, with smoking muskets, from among the nutmeg trees.

"Forward!" cried the doctor. "Double quick, my lads. We must head 'em off the boats."

And we set off at a great pace, sometimes plunging through the bushes to the chest.

I tell you, but Silver was anxious to keep up with us. The work that man went through, leaping on his crutch till the muscles of his chest were fit to burst, was work no sound man ever equaled; and so thinks the doctor. As it was, he was already thirty yards behind us, and on the verge of strangling, when we reached the brow of the slope.

"Doctor," he hailed, "see there! no hurry!"

Sure enough, there was no hurry. In a more open part of the plateau, we could see the three survivors still running in the same direction as they had started, right for Mizzenmast Hill. We were already between them and the boats; and so we four sat down to breathe, while Long John, mopping his face, came slowly up with us.

"Thank ye kindly, doctor," says he. "You came in in about the nick, I guess, for me and Hawkins. And so it's you, Ben Gunn!" he added. "Well, you're a nice one, to be sure."

"I'm Ben Gunn, I am," replied the maroon, wriggling like an eel in his embarrassment. "And," he added, after a long pause, "how do, Mr. Silver? Pretty well, I thank ye, says you."

"Ben, Ben," murmured Silver, "to think as you've done me!"

The doctor sent back Gray for one of the pickaxes, deserted, in their flight, by the mutineers; and then as we proceeded leisurely down hill to where the boats were lying, related, in a few words, what had taken place. It was a story that profoundly interested Silver; and Ben Gunn, the half-idiot maroon, was the hero from beginning to end.

Ben, in his long, lonely wanderings about the island, had found the skeleton—it was he that had rifled it; he had found the treasure; he had dug it up (it was the haft of his pickax that lay broken in the excavation); he had carried it on his back, in many weary journeys, from the foot of a tall pine to a cave he had on the two-pointed hill at the northeast angle of the island, and there it had lain stored in safety since two months before the arrival of the *Hispaniola*.

When the doctor had wormed this secret from him, on the afternoon of the attack, and when, next morning, he saw the anchorage deserted, he had gone to Silver, given him the chart, which was now useless—given him the stores, for Ben Gunn's cave was well supplied with goats' meat salted by himself—given anything and everything to get a chance of moving in safety from the stockade to the two-pointed hill, there to be clear of malaria and keep a guard upon the money.

"As for you, Jim," he said, "it went against my heart, but I did what I thought best for those who had stood by their duty; and if you were not one of these, whose fault was it?"

That morning, finding that I was to be involved in the horrid disappointment he had prepared for the mutineers, he had run all the way to the cave, and, leaving the squire to guard the captain, had taken Gray and the maroon, and started, making the diagonal across the island, to be at hand beside the pine. Soon, however, he saw that our party had the start of him; and Ben Gunn, being fleet of foot, had been dispatched in front to do his best alone. Then it had occurred to him to work upon the superstitions of his former shipmates; and he was so far successful that Gray and the doctor had come up and were already ambushed before the arrival of the treasure-hunters.

"Ah," said Silver, "it were fortunate for me that I had Hawkins here. You would have let old John be cut to bits and never given it a thought, doctor."

"Not a thought," replied Dr. Livesey, cheerily.

And by this time we had reached the gigs. The doctor, with the pickax, demolished one of them, and then we all got aboard the other and set out to go round by sea for North Inlet.

This was a run of eight or nine miles. Silver, though he was almost killed already with fatigue, was set to an oar, like the rest of us, and we were soon skimming swiftly over a smooth sea. Soon we passed out of the straits and doubled the southeast corner of the island, round which, four days ago, we had towed the *Hispaniola*.

As we passed the two-pointed hill, we could see the black mouth of Ben Gunn's cave, and a figure standing by it, leaning on a musket. It was the squire; and we waved a handkerchief and gave him three cheers, in which the voice of Silver joined as heartily as any.

Three miles farther, just inside the mouth of North Inlet, what should we meet but the *Hispaniola*, cruising by herself? The last flood had lifted her; and had there been much wind, or a strong tide current, as in the southern anchorage, we should never have found her more, or found her stranded beyond help. As it was, there was little amiss, beyond the wreck of the mainsail. Another anchor was got ready, and dropped in a fathom and a half of water. We all pulled round again to Rum Cove, the nearest point for Ben Gunn's treasure-house; and then Gray, single-handed, returned with the gig to the *Hispaniola*, where he was to pass the night on guard.

A gentle slope ran up from the beach to the entrance of the cave. At the top, the squire met us. To me he was cordial and kind, saying nothing of my esca-

pade, either in the way of blame or praise. At Silver's polite salute he somewhat flushed.

"John Silver," he said, "you're a prodigious villain and imposter—a monstrous impostor, sir. I am told I am not to prosecute you. Well, then, I will not. But the dead men, sir, hang about your neck like millstones."

"Thank you kindly, sir," replied Long John, again saluting.

"I dare you to thank me!" cried the squire. "It is a gross dereliction of my duty. Stand back."

And thereupon we all entered the cave. It was a large, airy place, with a little spring and a pool of clear water, overhung with ferns. The floor was sand. Before a big fire lay Captain Smollett; and in a far corner, only duski-ly flickered over by the blaze, I beheld great heaps of coin and quadrilaterals built of bars of gold. That was Flint's treasure that we had come so far to seek, and that had cost already lives of seventeen men from the *Hispaniola*. How many it had cost in the amassing, what blood and sorrow, what good ships scuttled<sup>1</sup> on the deep, what brave men walking the plank blindfold, what shot of cannon, what shame and lies and cruelty, perhaps no man alive could tell. Yet there were still three upon that island—Silver, and old Morgan, and Ben Gunn—who had each taken his share in these crimes, as each had hoped in vain to share in the reward.

"Come in, Jim," said the captain. "You're a good boy in your line, Jim; but I don't think you and me'll go to sea again. You're too much of the born favorite for me. Is that you, John Silver? What brings you here, man?"

"Come back to my dooty, sir," returned Silver.

"Ah!" said the captain; and that was all he said.

What a supper I had of it that night,

<sup>1</sup>scuttled, sunk by boring holes from inside.

with all my friends around me; and what a meal it was, with Ben Gunn's salted goat, and some delicacies and a bottle of old wine from the *Hispaniola*! Never, I am sure, were people gayer or happier. And there was Silver, sitting back almost out of the firelight, but eating heartily, prompt to spring forward when anything was wanted, even joining quietly in our laughter—the same bland, polite, obsequious seaman of the voyage out.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

### AND LAST

THE next morning we fell early to work, for the transportation of this great mass of gold near a mile by land to the beach, and thence three miles by boat to the *Hispaniola*, was a considerable task for so small a number of workmen. The three fellows still abroad upon the island did not greatly trouble us; a single sentry on the shoulder of the hill was sufficient to insure us against any sudden onslaught, and we thought, besides, they had had more than enough of fighting.

Therefore, the work was pushed on briskly. Gray and Ben Gunn came and went with the boat, while the rest, during their absences, piled treasure on the beach. Two of the bars, slung in a rope's-end, made a good load for a grown man—one that he was glad to walk slowly with. For my part, as I was not much use at carrying, I was kept busy all day in the cave, packing the minted money into bread-bags.

It was a strange collection, like Billy Bones's hoard for the diversity of coinage, but so much larger and so much more varied that I think I never had more pleasure than in sorting them. English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Georges, and Louises, doubloons and double guineas and moldores and sequins, the pictures of all the kings of

Europe for the last hundred years, strange Oriental pieces stamped with what looked like wisps of string or bits of spider's web, round pieces and square pieces, and pieces bored through the middle, as if to wear them round your neck—nearly every variety of money in the world must, I think, have found a place in that collection; and for number, I am sure they were like autumn leaves, so that my back ached with stooping and my fingers with sorting them out.

Day after day this work went on; by every evening a fortune had been stowed aboard, but there was another fortune waiting for the morrow; and all this time we heard nothing of the three surviving mutineers.

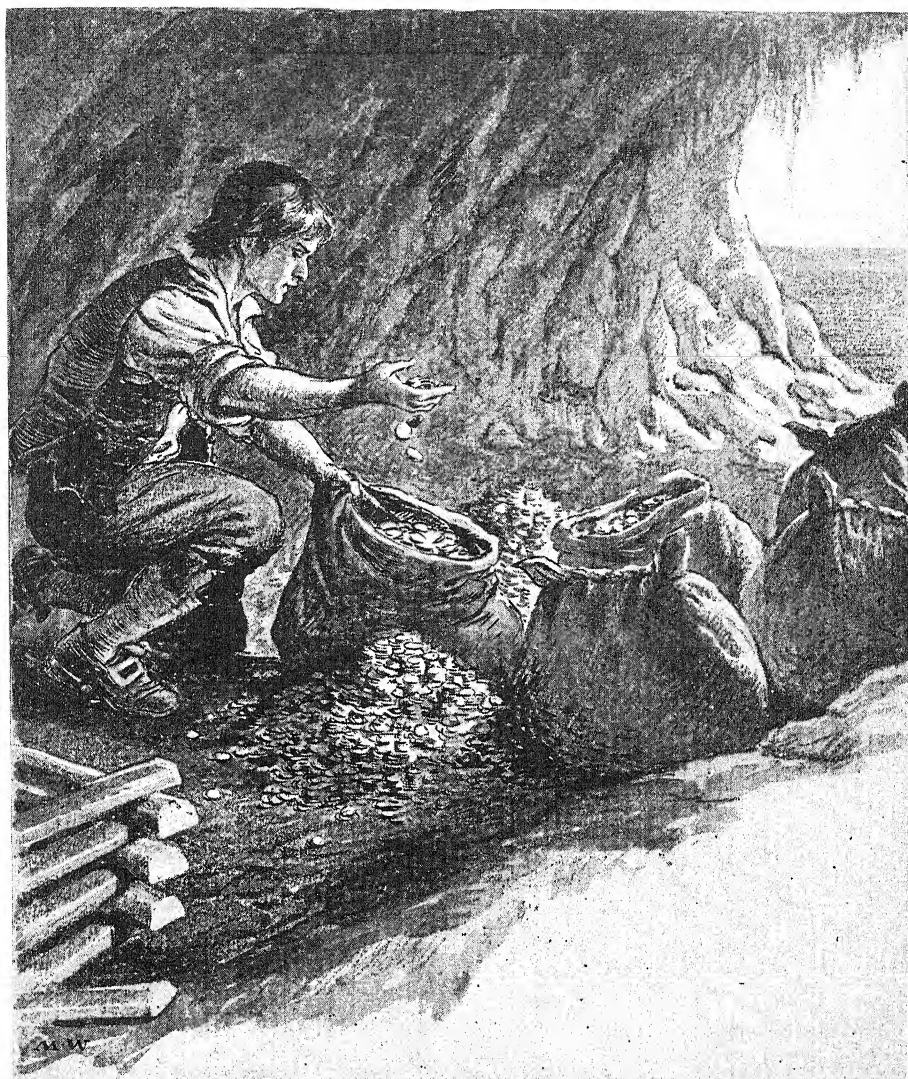
At last—I think it was on the third night—the doctor and I were strolling on the shoulder of the hill where it overlooks the lowlands of the isle, when, from out the thick darkness below, the wind brought us a noise between shrieking and singing. It was only a snatch that reached our ears, followed by the former silence.

"Heaven forgive them," said the doctor; "'tis the mutineers!"

"All drunk, sir," struck in the voice of Silver from behind us.

Silver, I should say, was allowed his entire liberty, and, in spite of daily rebuffs, seemed to regard himself once more as quite a privileged and friendly dependent. Indeed, it was remarkable how well he bore these slights, and with what unwearying politeness he kept on trying to ingratiate himself with all. Yet, I think, none treated him better than a dog; unless it was Ben Gunn, who was still terribly afraid of his old quartermaster, or myself, who had really something to thank him for; although for that matter, I suppose, I had reason to think even worse of him than anybody else, for I had seen him meditating a fresh treachery upon the plateau. Ac-





*My fingers ached with sorting them out*

cordingly, it was pretty gruffly that the doctor answered him.

"Drunk or raving," said he.

"Right you were, sir," replied Silver; "and precious little odds which, to you and me."

"I suppose you would hardly ask me to call you a humane man," returned the doctor, with a sneer, "and so my feelings may surprise you, Master Silver.

But if I were sure they were raving—as I am morally certain one, at least, of them is down with fever—I should leave this camp, and, at whatever risk to my own carcass, take them the assistance of my skill."

"Ask your pardon, sir, you would be very wrong," quoth Silver. "You would lose your precious life, and you may lay to that. I'm on your side now, hand and

glove; and I shouldn't wish for to see the party weakened, let alone yourself, seeing as I know what I owes you. But these men down there, they couldn't keep their word—no, not supposing they wished to; and what's more, they couldn't believe as you could."

"No," said the doctor. "You're the man to keep your word, we know that."

Well, that was about the last news we had of the three pirates. Only once we heard a gunshot a great way off, and supposed them to be hunting. A council was held, and it was decided that we must desert them on the island—to the huge glee, I must say, of Ben Gunn, and with the strong approval of Gray. We left a good stock of powder and shot, the bulk of the salt goat, a few medicines, and some other necessities, tools, clothing, a spare sail, a fathom or two of rope, and, by the particular desire of the doctor, a handsome present of tobacco.

That was about our last doing on the island. Before that, we had got the treasure stowed, and had shipped enough water and the remainder of the goat meat, in case of any distress; and at last, one fine morning, we weighed anchor, which was about all that we could manage, and stood out of North Inlet, the same colors flying that the captain had flown and fought under at the palisade.

The three fellows must have been watching us closer than we thought for, as we soon had proved. For, coming through the narrows, we had to lie very near the southern point, and there we saw all three of them kneeling together on a spit of sand, with their arms raised in supplication. It went to all our hearts, I think, to leave them in that wretched state; but we could not risk another mutiny; and to take them home for the gibbet would have been a cruel sort of kindness. The doctor hailed them and told them of the stores we had left, and where they were to find them. But they continued to call us by name, and appeal

to us, for God's sake to be merciful, and not leave them to die in such a place.

At last, seeing the ship still bore on her course, and was now swiftly drawing out of earshot, one of them—I know not which it was—leaped to his feet and with a hoarse cry, whipped his musket to his shoulder, and sent a shot whistling over Silver's head and through the mainsail.

After that, we kept under cover of the bulwarks, and when next I looked out, they had disappeared from the spit, and the spit itself had almost melted out of sight in the growing distance. That was, at least, the end of that; and before noon, to my inexpressible joy, the highest rock of Treasure Island had sunk into the blue round of sea.

We were so short of men that everyone on board had to bear a hand—only the captain lying on a mattress in the stern and giving his orders; for, though greatly recovered, he was still in want of quiet. We laid her head for the nearest port in Spanish America, for we could not risk the voyage home without fresh hands; and as it was, what with baffling winds and a couple of fresh gales, we were all worn out before we reached it.

It was just at sundown when we cast anchor in a most beautiful landlocked gulf, and were immediately surrounded by shore boats full of negroes, and Mexican Indians, and half-bloods, selling fruits and vegetables, and offering to dive for bits of money. The sight of so many good-humored faces (especially the blacks), the taste of the tropical fruits, and above all, the lights that began to shine in the town, made a most charming contrast to our dark and bloody sojourn on the island; and the doctor and the squire, taking me along with them, went ashore to pass the early part of the night. Here they met the captain of an English man-of-war, fell in talk with him, went on board his ship,

and, in short, had so agreeable a time that day was breaking when we came alongside the *Hispaniola*.

Ben Gunn was on deck alone, and, as soon as we came on board, he began, with wonderful contortions, to make us a confession. Silver was gone. The maroon had connived at his escape in a shore-boat some hours ago, and he now assured us he had only done so to preserve our lives, which would certainly have been forfeit if "that man with the one leg had stayed aboard." But this was not all. The sea cook had not gone empty-handed. He had cut through a bulkhead unobserved, and had removed one of the sacks of coin, worth, perhaps, three or four hundred guineas, to help him on his further wanderings.

I think we were all pleased to be so cheaply quit of him.

Well, to make a long story short, we got a few hands on board, made a good cruise home, and the *Hispaniola* reached Bristol just as Mr. Blandly was beginning to think of fitting out her consort. Five men only of those who had sailed returned with her. "Drink and the devil had done for the rest," with a vengeance; although, to be sure, we were not quite in so bad a case as that other ship they sang about:

With one man of her crew alive,  
What put to sea with seventy-five.

All of us had an ample share of the treasure, and used it wisely or foolishly,

according to our natures. Captain Smollett is now retired from the sea. Gray not only saved his money, but, being suddenly smitten with the desire to rise, also studied his profession; and he is now mate and part owner of a fine full-rigged ship; married besides, and the father of a family. As for Ben Gunn, he got a thousand pounds, which he spent or lost in three weeks, or, to be more exact, in nineteen days, for he was back begging on the twentieth. Then he was given a lodge to keep, exactly as he had feared upon the island; and he still lives, a great favorite, though something of a butt, with the country boys, and a notable singer in church on Sundays and saints' days.

Of Silver we have heard no more. That formidable seafaring man with one leg has at last gone clean out of my life; but I daresay he met his old negress, and perhaps still lives in comfort with her and Captain Flint. It is to be hoped so, I suppose, for his chances of comfort in another world are very small.

The bar silver and the arms still lie, for all that I know, where Flint buried them; and certainly they shall lie there for me. Oxen and wainropes would not bring me back again to that accursed island; and the worst dreams that ever I have are when I hear the surf booming about its coasts, or start upright in bed, with the sharp voice of Captain Flint still ringing in my ears: "Pieces of eight! pieces of eight!"

THE END

## STUDY AIDS FOR PART VI

*Steps in the Story.* In addition to the questions on Part VI given below, write others to bring out points that you think important. CHAPTER XXVIII. Why does Silver decide to save Jim Hawkins from the pirates? CHAPTER XXIX. What is Silver's most effective argument in protecting Jim from the pirates? CHAPTER XXX. What bargain does Silver make with Dr. Livesey? CHAPTER XXXI. How do you explain the feeling these men have for Captain Flint? CHAPTER XXXII. What is Silver's real plan for the future when the tree indicated on Flint's map is found? CHAPTER XXXIII. What saves Silver's life when he falls into the hands of the honest

men? CHAPTER XXXIV. What are your feelings about the escape of John Silver?

*Summing up Part VI.* Select the three or four points in Part VI where you felt most anxious for the life of Jim, and write a paragraph telling what you feared and what you hoped.

*The Characters.* 1. At how many points in this last Part is John Silver guilty of treachery? Is the control that he maintains over his followers in keeping with his character in earlier scenes of the book? 2. Where does Jim in this Part exhibit the greatest bravery? Where does he show a true sense of honor? Is this in keeping with his earlier conduct?

## A BACKWARD GLANCE

*The Book as a Whole.* Now that Jim has been brought safely to the end of his adventures, you can profitably look back over the whole story. You will have a truer judgment of the next novel you read if you study the reasons why *Treasure Island* is an extraordinarily gripping story. That is, a little thought will make you more alert to the different kinds of interest in any long piece of fiction. The questions below will guide your reflection about *Treasure Island*.

1. What was the most exciting incident in the book? Compare the choices made by different members of the class to see which incidents have the preference.

2. What mystery kept you looking forward most eagerly through the book for its solution?

3. One of the most absorbing elements in *Treasure Island* is the conflict that runs through it. There are sharp battles, such as Jim's effort to escape from Blind Pew and his pirate band in Chapter iv. There is the continued struggle for the map and the final possession of the treasure. It would be interesting to draw up a list of the sharp conflicts and of the persons who most frequently are pitted against each other in the long struggle.

4. Stevenson dedicated *Treasure Island* to his thirteen-year-old stepson, Lloyd

Osbourne; the boy's enthusiasm for the story was a great inspiration to the author. In a letter to a friend Stevenson wrote, "No women in the story; Lloyd's orders." Do the characters seem real and lifelike? Which character do you think you will remember longest? Mention specific traits and deeds that will keep him fresh in your memory.

5. In the Introduction to *Treasure Island*, page 90, you read: "The delights that you found in reading short stories are increased [in longer pieces of fiction] by being prolonged until the whole story may become even more vivid than many of your own experiences." Now that you have finished this famous sea tale, do you agree with the statement just quoted? Give reasons.

6. Which story in Unit I dealt with the same theme of buried treasure as Stevenson's tale? Compare *Treasure Island* with this short story in regard to the relative interest. Which one seemed the more like an account of actual events?

7. In your outside reading have you ever found another long piece of fiction which you can recommend to your classmates as an especially exciting or interesting tale of adventure? Try to present your choice by a short summary of the story that will persuade others to read the book.

## A READING LIST

If you have enjoyed *Treasure Island* as much as most readers do, you will be eager to continue your pleasure in other books. Those students who wish to follow the sea and the lure of hidden treasure should see which of the books of fiction in list I below are in the library. Those who wish to get better acquainted with Stevenson can find help in lists II and III. Those whose curiosity is turned toward the facts concerning ships and pirates and buried treasure will find a variety of information, delightfully given, in the books of list IV.

## I. STORIES OF THE SEA OR HIDDEN TREASURE

Finger, C. J.: *Courageous Companions*.

A young English lad meets every kind of adventure on the first voyage round the world with Magellan.

Hawes, C. B.: *Dark Frigate*. Philip Marsham, becoming a sailor, finds himself among pirates in the days of King Charles the First.

Janvier, Thomas A.: *Aztec Treasure House*. The discovery of an ancient treasure in the mountains of Mexico almost costs the lives of the daring explorers.

Kipling, Rudyard: *Captains Courageous*. A wealthy boy falls off an ocean liner and has to work like a common sailor on a fishing schooner before he gets back to land.

Lesterman, John: *Adventures of a Trafalgar Lad*. A sailor boy is captured by pirates, who put him in perils as great as those of Jim Hawkins.

London, Jack: *Sea Wolf*. This story of the Pacific may remind you of Israel Hands; the brutal captain fears nothing but death.

Marryat, Frederick: *Masterman Ready*. The landlubber meets a storm, a mutiny, a lonely isle, strife with natives—everything!

Masefield, John: *Jim Davis*. The young hero is captured by smugglers, and the whole book is filled with the salt air of the sea.

Meigs, C. L.: *Clearing Weather*. Just after the American Revolution the *Jocasta* sails for South America. You are kept in suspense to the end.

Morley, Frank: *East South East*. Young Farr leaves Baltimore in 1806; he has far from a quiet life hunting whales and treasure before he gets home again.

Nordhoff, C. B.: *Derelict*. This book takes you away to the South Seas during the World War, makes you a prisoner on a lonely island, but brings you peace at last.

Paine, R. D.: *Lost Ships and Lonely Seas*. Full of the daring and the mystery of sea life.

Russell, W. C.: *Wreck of the "Grosvenor"*. You will know you are with real sailors when you hear the characters in this story talk.

Sabatini, Rafael: *Captain Blood*. The thrilling tale of a slave who became a masterful buccaneer.

Shannon, Monica: *Tawnymore*. The hero, son of a buccaneer, saves a Spanish galleon loaded with treasure.

Smith, A. D. Howden: *Porto Bello Gold*. You meet Captain Flint and other characters in *Treasure Island* and see them bury their booty on Dead Man's Chest as well as on Treasure Island.

Stockton, F. R.: *Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine*. This is a rare book—a truly humorous tale of shipwreck and mystery.

## II. STEVENSON: BIOGRAPHY

Overton, Jacqueline M.: *The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson*. This interesting biography is only 180 pages long. If you become a Stevenson enthusiast, as many do, you can find more material in Graham Balfour's *Life*, in two volumes.

## III. STEVENSON: WORKS

*Admiral Guinea*. You might like to compare David Pew in this play with Blind Pew in *Treasure Island*.

*Black Arrow.* Among Dick's many spirited adventures he meets young Richard Crookback, who later becomes the infamous Richard III.

*Kidnapped.* David's uncle tries to get rid of him by putting him on a boat bound for America, but David falls in with Alan Stewart and makes his way back through the Highlands at the very time that Alan is accused of the famous Appian murder.

*David Balfour.* In *Kidnapped* David was very near the scene of the Appian murder. In this book he comes near being imprisoned while helping his friend to escape.

*Island Night's Entertainment.* These stories of the South Seas will show you the magic islands and the strange characters to be met there.

#### IV. TRUE ACCOUNTS OF SHIPS, PIRATES, AND BURIED TREASURE

Bone, D. W.: *Lookoutman.* If you wish to become thoroughly acquainted with boats and life at sea, this book will open your eyes.

Bullen, F. T.: *The Cruise of the Cachalot.* This famous yarn of the whaling days drew from Kipling the exclamation, "I've never read anything that equals it in its deep-sea wonder and mystery!"

Cartwright, C. E.: *Boys' Book of Ships.* This history not only covers the past but peeps into the future.

Clark, A. H.: *Clipper Ship Era.* What was the clipper? How did it gain its fame? Why did it disappear? The answers are all here.

Dana, R. H.: *Two Years Before the Mast.* This famous account of the hardships of sailors on American merchant ships in 1837 should be read by everybody.

Daniel, Hawthorne: *Ships of the Seven*

*Seas.* This volume begins with the dugout and ends with the most modern ocean liner—in short, something about all kinds of water craft.

Driscoll, C. B.: *Doubloons: a Story of Buried Treasure.* These accounts are all true.

Fabricius, J. W.: *Java Ho!* In 1618 the Dutch skipper, Boutekoe, sailed for the East Indies. This book tells of the perils encountered by four boys who went with him.

Fordyce, W. D.: *In Search of Gold.* The fascination of this metal through the centuries is here vividly discussed.

Holland, R. S.: *Historic Ships.* In this volume you learn of the most famous ships in history and their adventures.

London, Jack: *The Cruise of the "Snark."* The *Snark* was only 45 feet long. You'll be surprised at the deep sea voyages the famous author made in it.

Masters, David: *Boys' Book of Salvage.* Treasure sunk at sea is sought for in this book.

Slocum, Joshua: *Sailing Alone Around the World.* As the *Spray* was only a sloop, the captain naturally had many narrow escapes on his three-year voyage.

Stockton, Frank R.: *Buccaneers and Pirates of Our Coast.* A clear account of the whole roving era. All the famous pirates are here.

Thomas, Lowell: *Count Luckner, the Sea Devil.* A true account of one of the most amazing achievements of the World War.

Van Metre, T. W.: *Tramps and Liners.* From this book you can learn what makes ships go and how they are navigated.

Villiers, A. J.: *By Way of Cape Horn.* This voyage was carried through against every kind of hardship in a full-rigged sailing ship.

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## UNIT III

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# Brief Adventures Told in Drama

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### AN INTRODUCTION

The short story gave you the pleasure of following a single adventure to its conclusion. *Treasure Island* prolonged this interest over a succession of adventures. Now you come again to brief adventures, this time in the form of one-act plays.

In a play, or drama, the story is told in action and dialogue. Much can be told in action. If a boy dodges suddenly behind a corner in the hallway, it is a pretty safe inference that he is trying to keep from being seen. In a moment the monitor rounds the corner and demands of the would-be truant, "Why aren't you in study-hall?" He stammers out, "Study-hall? Why, why, wh—what period is this?" Even this brief action and this short dialogue have told a story—the vigilant hall monitor has caught his victim. A story writer would perhaps add a description of the two persons—their looks and dress. He might explain what is going on in the mind of each. A dramatist, however, gives you very little but dialogue and action.

The commonest basis for the plot of a drama is the desire of some person to accomplish a purpose; his desire is opposed by another person, and a conflict follows. Good questions to ask about any character who appears at the beginning of a play, therefore, are, "What is this person trying to do? Is anyone going to oppose him?" Often you will find two characters directly pitted against each other. The plot consists in the con-

flict between them. In such cases, you nearly always take sides, and your interest lies in seeing how your side may finally win. When one side or the other has won, the play is over.

The best way to understand a play is to see it acted out. The movements of the persons on the stage—how they stare or smile or shake a threatening fist—should be seen to make the story perfectly clear. Every speech should be heard—the tone of voice and speed of talk indicate surprise or anger, indifference or eagerness. For in drama the characters count even more than in the short story. The happenings must be clearly in keeping with the kinds of persons who are in the play. The outcome of the conflict must be true to these characters.

If the play is not acted out before you, you can act it out in your imagination. In your mind's eye, watch the movements of the persons in it and the expression on their faces. In your mind's ear, listen intently to the tone of their voices. In this way you can better comprehend the different characters as they proceed toward the solution of the plot. The two one-act plays that follow offer an opportunity for such use of your imagination.

The first play reveals the picturesque costumes of nearly three centuries ago, yet it shows clearly that human nature has changed but little in all the intervening years.



## MY LADY'S LACE\*

EDWARD KNOBLOCK

In reading this play you should keep in mind the customs of Holland, and indeed all European countries, centuries ago. The events are supposed to take place in 1660. In those days it was not the custom for young women to select their own husbands. Usually the match was arranged by the parents, and the dowry of the young woman or the wealth of the young man was the determining element. A son or daughter was expected to carry out the parental plans without protest. Mynheer Cornelis, who talks so sternly to his daughter in the following play, is therefore not to be considered a cruel or tyrannical father.

### CHARACTERS

MOEDER<sup>1</sup> KAATJE, *the lacemaker*

MYNHEER<sup>2</sup> CORNELIS

ANTJE, *his daughter*

JONKHEER<sup>3</sup> IAN, *suitor to ANTJE*

SCENE: *The garden of a small Dutch house of about 1660. The house, with a door leading into it, and a double window with red shutters, occupies two-thirds of the background, extending off to the right—where there is evidently a garden. This garden, on the right side, is railed in by a low wooden fence, over which hang lilac bushes. The other third of the background (to the left) is occupied by a stone wall about seven feet high, with a door in it that leads into a street. When the door is open, a canal-way is seen through it, with houses on the side opposite. A bench stands under the window by the house, and just under the lilac bush to the right, a square rustic table with a chair above it, and a stool in front of it. Close by the table there is also the traditional*

*lacemaker's pillow on its little wooden stand. The pillow is covered with many bobbins. A blue satin box containing various pieces of lace stands on the table.*

MOEDER KAATJE *is sitting in the garden, the pillow before her, busily making lace. She is a woman of about sixty, plainly dressed in the costume of the period, with a large white apron; a snowy cap frames in her honest, round red face. She works away in silence for a few minutes.*

*There is a sudden knock—in fact, a quick succession of knocks on the street door.*

MOEDER KAATJE *(rising)*. Yes, yes, yes! I come! I come! What's all this to do?

*[She goes to the door, opening it. A girl of seventeen, ANTJE, enters the garden quickly, closing the door behind her. She is a charming young person—dressed in the delightful "undress" costume of the period: a rich skirt trimmed with a silk border, and a loose satin jacket edged with fur. Over her head she has thrown a veil. When she takes it off, she reveals the daintiest of little caps, her ringlets falling over her ears on either side. She is evidently in great distress.]*

\* This play is fully protected by copyright, and no performance, representation, production, recitation, or public reading, or radio broadcasting may be given except by special arrangement with Samuel French, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y., or 811 West 7th Street, Los Angeles.

<sup>1</sup> Moeder, mother. <sup>2</sup> Mynheer, Mr. <sup>3</sup> Jonkheer, a title indicating noble birth.

MOEDER KAAATJE (*surprised*). Mejuffer<sup>4</sup> Antje!

ANTJE (*flinging herself on MOEDER KAAATJE's ample bosom*). Oh, nurse! Nurse! (*She bursts into tears.*)

MOEDER KAAATJE. Antje! My little Antje! What's this? In Heaven's name—tell me—my little child, my poppet!<sup>5</sup>

ANTJE. Oh, nurse! My father—my honored father—he desires to marry me to a loathsome man, a terrible man, a man I cannot suffer, and will never suffer as long as there's breath in my body.

MOEDER KAAATJE. Come! Come! Why's he so loathsome? So terrible? What's wrong with him?

ANTJE. The whole man's wrong, nurse. He is, indeed! Quite wrong! Quite wrong from top to toe.

MOEDER KAAATJE. There! There! Calm yourself, my pretty! Sit down. Here, so. Now explain, Antje.

ANTJE. Yes, but—

MOEDER KAAATJE. Yes, but—quietly! Quietly! Now. Dry your tears. Quietly! Quietly! Now tell me. Who is he? Where does he come from?

ANTJE. He comes from Amsterdam. And his name's Jonkheer Ian van der Bom. His father's an old friend of my father's. And they've written and arranged it all between them, with never so much as a word to me (MOEDER KAAATJE: Dear! Dear!). And Jonkheer Ian arrived in town last night and paid his respects at once to my father. And he supped at the house. And he's coming again today. And I—how can I escape him, the hateful creature, with his foolish face and foolish voice?

MOEDER KAAATJE. And prithee, what said he to you that was so foolish?

ANTJE. Not a word, thank Heaven. Not a word. I never gave him the opportunity. The moment I caught a glimpse of him from the top of the stairs

and heard his empty laugh—that was enough for me. I turned forthwith and ran back to my room and undressed and jumped into bed. And when my honored father sent for me, I pleaded a headache and a fainting fit.

MOEDER KAAATJE. Oh, did you, miss! Did you!

ANTJE. Yes, and later on, when the maid brought me some supper, I questioned her. He's a fool! A popinjay. Jonkheer Ian! Nothing else. A fop, who's been to Paris and has his mouth full of French words and windy sentiments! And his locks are curled and his hands sweet with musk.<sup>6</sup> I should kill him—kill him in a week—if my father marries me to him. I know I should, nurse!

MOEDER KAAATJE (*patting her hands*). Hush! Hush! Does Mynheer, your father, know you've come here to me?

ANTJE. No! Heaven forbid. I dressed as quietly as a mouse, and waited and waited till I saw my chance. And then out I ran, all the length of the bay and over the bridge, through the little back streets—to you.

MOEDER KAAATJE. My little Antje!

ANTJE. You'll help me, nurse, will you not? I've no one to go to but you. No mother but you, nurse. And my father listens to you. He knows what you say is wise and right. You will, nurse, you—

[*There is a knock on the street door.*]

ANTJE. Oh! Who is that?

MOEDER KAAATJE (*rising and going to the door*). Who should it be? Probably the milk. (*She opens the door. MYNHEER CORNELIS appears. He is an elderly, sturdy, Dutch gentleman, dressed in dark brown with a plain linen collar, black hat, and long black stick. His costume is very restrained and simple.*)

<sup>6</sup> musk, a kind of perfume.

<sup>4</sup> *Mejuffer*, Miss. <sup>5</sup> *poppet*, little doll (an affectionate way of speaking to her).

ANTJE (*at the sight of him*). Father! Not the milk, nurse.

MYNHEER (*equally surprised*). Antje! What are you doing here?

ANTJE. I—I came to see nurse, father.

MYNHEER. You sent me down word that your headache was no better.

ANTJE. I know, sir. I—Oh, nurse—speak for me.

MOEDER KAATJE. She's very unhappy, Mynheer. She does not wish to marry the Jonkheer van der Bom.

MYNHEER. Not wish to marry the Jonkheer? How's this? How's this? So that's what your headache's been? You've had no headache at all?

ANTJE. Indeed, honored father, I've had a headache besides. Truly, I have.

MYNHEER. Don't lie to me, Mejuffer. You've had no headache at all. And if you have, you're not to have one after this, d' you hear? I'll have no nonsense in my house. I know what's best for you. There's not a grander name in the whole of Holland than van der Bom. Not a one. And when he comes here presently—

ANTJE (*terrified*). He's coming here? Here?

MYNHEER. He's to meet me here at nine. He intends buying you a gift, a bridal gift. I told him you were fond of lace—and that Moeder Kaatje was the finest lacemaker of our town. But had I known she was harboring a rebellious child—

ANTJE. No, my father! No! 'Tis no fault of hers. I came here not a moment since. Fled here in my despair!

MYNHEER (*flaring up*). Fled here? Fled here? What sort of language is this? Have you ever been ill-treated by me in all your life? Or talked to roughly—eh? Or crossed in any way? Fled here, indeed! I'll have you pick your words, Mejuffer, or—(*waving his stick*)—by Heaven, I'll not be answerable for what I do.

MOEDER KAATJE (*coming between*

*them*). Mynheer! Mynheer! Remember! She's your daughter! Your dear wife's only child. Mynheer!

MYNHEER. Only child, or no child at all, I tell you she shall marry the man I choose.

MOEDER KAATJE. Mynheer! Mynheer! Forgive my boldness. One word only, I beg of you.

MYNHEER. Well? What is it?

MOEDER KAATJE. Pray consider! After all, 'tis Mejuffer who has to wed the Jonkheer—not you! How know you, sir, that he's the right man?

ANTJE. Yes, father. How know you he's the right man?

MOEDER KAATJE. How know you he is not merely after her money?

ANTJE. Yes, father! How know you that?

MYNHEER. Listen to them! The right man, indeed! After her money? Is not his father one of my oldest, most honored, friends?

ANTJE. The father perhaps. But what of the son?

MYNHEER. The son's his father's son. That's quite enough for me.

ANTJE. Enough for you, sir, perhaps. But not for me.

MYNHEER. And what more would you know of him, Mejuffer Impudence?

ANTJE. Everything, father. Everything.

MYNHEER. Everything, indeed! And how mean you to find out everything, pray?

ANTJE. How? (*After a pause.*) Father! Promise to let me do what I shall ask of you—and I'll promise to marry your man—if you still wish.

MYNHEER. I buy no cat in a bag. Speak your meaning.

ANTJE. I mean, let me try this Jonkheer. Put him to the test.

MYNHEER. Put him to the test? How?

ANTJE. He's coming here you say? He intends to buy lace?

MYNHEER. Yes. Well?

ANTJE. Let *me* sell him the lace. Let me play Moeder Kaatje, or better—Kaatje's daughter. He's never set eyes on me. He knows me not. I can stand here and sell and bargain like the best of 'em (MYNHEER: No! No!). Oh, you shall listen to every word, if you desire. (*Pointing to the house.*) In there! There shall be no cheating. You will judge for yourself. And so shall I. What say you—my honored, my best of fathers?

MYNHEER. No! No! A most un-maidenly proceeding. I'll not hear of it.

ANTJE (*pleading*). Father! (*A knock on the street door.*) There he is now! Father!

MOEDER KAAATJE (*pleading*). Mynheer! You'll never have such a chance again! 'Twill prove him for all time to come.

ANTJE. Father! It means my happiness for life.

MOEDER KAAATJE. And yours, too, Mynheer. You know you love your child.

ANTJE (*stroking his chin*). Father! Dearest father!

MOEDER KAAATJE. Mynheer! (*Another knock.*)

MYNHEER. Well! Have it your own way! Only—

ANTJE. Yes, yes. I'll marry him if he proves true. You have my word! Yes! Yes! (*Pushing her father toward the house.*) Quick! Kaatje! Now. Take my kerchief and my jacket. (*She takes off her kerchief from her head and her satin jacket, revealing a simple dress below.*) Your apron, good Kaatje—your apron—(KAAATJE takes off her apron.) So! So now I am your daughter, Kaatje, so! Your box of laces. Where are they?

MOEDER KAAATJE (*pointing to the blue satin box on the table*). There! The prices are all marked.

ANTJE. I'll sell them for you! And well! Guelders<sup>7</sup> and guelders' worth.

You'll see! (*Another impatient knock. Tying on the apron, calling out*). Yes! I come! I come! So—am I right—so?

MOEDER KAAATJE. Yes. Yes.

ANTJE. Into the house! (*To her father by the door.*) Father! Kaatje! (*Calling out*). I come! (MYNHEER and KAAATJE go off into the house.) I come! (*ANTJE opens the door to the street.*)

[JONKHEER IAN is standing on the sill. He is a tall, thin young man of about twenty-two, dressed completely in black silk, with a pointed hat. His clothes are much beribboned; he wears a broad collar and full, frilled cuffs, edged with narrow lace. The "cannons" (frills) around his knees are huge, and his "petticoat breeches" very full. In face, his appearance exactly corresponds to the portrait of a gentleman by Terborch<sup>8</sup> in the National Gallery. His manner is extremely foppish and artificial.]

JONKHEER (*in a superior tone, scarcely noticing ANTJE*). Ma foi!<sup>9</sup> Is there no one to wait upon the door? My arm is weary with knocking.

ANTJE. I'm sorry, Mynheer. I did not hear.

JONKHEER. Is this the house of Moeder Kaatje, the lacemaker?

ANTJE. Yes, Mynheer.

JONKHEER. I am Jonkheer Ian van der Bom of Amsterdam. I have an appointment here with Mynheer Cornelis. Evidently he has not yet put in an appearance.

ANTJE. As Mynheer Jonkheer says.

JONKHEER (*annoyed*). Late! And I'm the one to have to wait. I—a van der Bom—to dance attendance on a country merchant! The situation is droll, to say the least. Most droll! (*Laughs wearily.*) Ha! Ha!

<sup>7</sup> *Guelder*, an old Dutch coin, worth about forty cents.

<sup>8</sup> *Terborch*, Gerard Terborch (1617-1681), a well-known Dutch painter. <sup>9</sup> *Ma foi*, Good gracious! (literally, My faith!)

ANTJE. Would the Jonkheer like to look at some of the laces meanwhile?

JONKHEER. Where is the good woman?

ANTJE. Moeder Kaatje's not here today. She was called away. But I can show them to the Jonkheer quite as well.

JONKHEER. I presume you're the daughter, are you?

ANTJE. As the Jonkheer says. I am the daughter.

JONKHEER. Très bien!<sup>10</sup> (*Yawning.*) I may as well kill time somewhat till the mighty Mynheer decides to keep his appointment— (*He goes toward the house.*)

ANTJE (*interrupting him*). Not in there, I pray you, but here, so it please the Jonkheer. 'Tis—'tis somewhat warm in the house today. Permit me to offer you a chair.

JONKHEER (*wearily*). Merci!<sup>11</sup> Merci! I am "mort de fatigue"<sup>12</sup> after a horrible night at that wretched town inn of yours! Absolument<sup>13</sup> mort de fatigue! (*He sinks wearily into the chair. ANTJE, behind the chair, pulls a face at him; then goes over to the table.*)

ANTJE. What kind of lace is it that the Jonkheer desires? For his wrist frills? Or his collar—or perchance a handkerchief to complete his beautiful toilet?

JONKHEER (*flattered, foolishly*). Oh, these clothes are nothing! Only a little early morning fancy of my own! I had it made in Paris.

ANTJE. Oh, the Jonkheer has been in Paris?

JONKHEER (*with a superior tone*). I'm only just returned. Every man of quality goes to Paris these days. What would one do for the fashions were it not for Paris? Smell that—(*he holds*

*out his hands to ANTJE.*) Could one procure such heavenly odors anywhere but in Paris?

ANTJE. Wonderful!

JONKHEER. Amber! Amber with a soupçon<sup>14</sup> of civet!<sup>15</sup>

ANTJE. A soupçon.

JONKHEER. And these taffeta ribbons? A hundred and twenty ells<sup>16</sup> in the petticoat alone. (*He rises.*) You observe? There and there and here. And the cut of the cape. Mark it close. (*He turns round.*) Where else could one find such a cut! Is it not an inspiration? A poet's vision? Ah! Paris! Paris! (*He sinks back into his chair.*) Bon Dieu,<sup>17</sup> that I were back in Paris!

ANTJE. 'Tis too marvelous.

JONKHEER. Of course there's one sad defect about the costume—one very sad defect indeed. You've noted it, sans doute.<sup>18</sup>

ANTJE. It all seems perfection to me!

JONKHEER (*wearily*). You would not observe it—naturally. You lack the French eye. The nose. The flaire!<sup>19</sup> Shall I tell you? Shall I whisper it? The collar! Look at the collar!

ANTJE. The collar?

JONKHEER. The lace! Painfully, absurdly narrow. Say at least—at least—(*holding out his fingers*)—this much. Quite—quite an inch and a quarter.

ANTJE. How dreadful! Yes, now I do observe it! It ruins everything.

JONKHEER. Everything!

ANTJE. But we might remedy that, I think, Mynheer. (*She opens the box of laces.*)

JONKHEER. Fi donc.<sup>20</sup> Dutch lace—I? Jamais!<sup>21</sup> Jamais! My dear mademoiselle—there is no lace in Holland. There never was! There never will be. All

<sup>14</sup> *soupçon*, suggestion. <sup>15</sup> *civet*, musky odor. <sup>16</sup> *ell*, an old measure, varying, in different lands, from 27 to 48 inches. <sup>17</sup> *Bon Dieu*, heavens.

<sup>18</sup> *sans doute*, doubtless. <sup>19</sup> *flaire*, an inborn power to see and understand. <sup>20</sup> *Fi donc*, horrors! <sup>21</sup> *Jamais!* Never!

<sup>10</sup> *Très bien!* Very well! <sup>11</sup> *Merci!* Thank you! <sup>12</sup> *mort de fatigue*, dead tired. <sup>13</sup> *Absolument*, absolutely.



"What kind of lace is it that the Jonkheer desires?"

this on my ruffles is Alençon.<sup>22</sup> Point d'Alençon.

ANTJE. And yet the Jonkheer comes to us for lace.

<sup>22</sup> *Alençon*, from the French town famous for its lace, the pattern being called Alençon point lace (point d'Alençon).

JONKHEER. Oh, but not for myself. No, merely for a lady.

ANTJE. Oh, merely for a lady.

JONKHEER. Yes. You may as well know. I've just done Mynheer Cornelis the honor to accept the hand of his daughter.

ANTJE. Have you?

JONKHEER. Yes. You know her—no doubt?

ANTJE. Yes. I know her.

JONKHEER. Then you might possibly advise me. Which one of these—shall we say—these efforts—would take her taste? (*Looking at a piece of lace as an idea strikes him.*) Here's not a bad piece—for Dutch work. What might be the price of this?

ANTJE. This? (*Looking at the mark.*) This you could have for sixty guilders.

JONKHEER. Sixty? Is that all? I paid two hundred louis<sup>23</sup> for these ruffles! Sixty! Ridiculous! Have you nothing better?

ANTJE. Here's a better piece! Longer and wider. I'm sure Meijuffer would fancy this piece immensely.

JONKHEER. How much?

ANTJE. One hundred and eighty this.

[MOEDER KAAATJE's head appears at the window, and a moment later MYNHEER'S. They listen intently.]

JONKHEER (*showing her the mark*). But 'tis marked ninety.

ANTJE. A mistake. A slip! Will you have it? 'Tis our very finest work. Nothing would please her better than if you took this—for a hundred and eighty. I'm confident.

JONKHEER. A large amount to give.

ANTJE. You paid two hundred for those ruffles of yours.

JONKHEER. Aye. But they were for me—for my own person.

ANTJE. I see. That makes a difference.

JONKHEER. A great difference.

ANTJE. Well, shall we say a hundred and seventy—to conclude the bargain?

JONKHEER. One hundred and fifty.

ANTJE. One hundred and seventy—and not a guelder less.

JONKHEER. Very well. I'll not bar-

<sup>23</sup> *louis*, a French coin of that age.

gain. I never do. But on one condition—that you'll answer me one little question.

ANTJE. Which is?

JONKHEER. What is she like—in truth, this Meijuffer Antje?

ANTJE. Oh, that's it?

JONKHEER. Yes. (*He takes the lace and pockets it.*)

ANTJE (*calmly*). A hundred and seventy, we said.

JONKHEER (*as if recollecting*). To be sure! I'm so distrai<sup>24</sup>t! The van der Boms are all distrai<sup>24</sup>t! (*He takes the money out of a silk purse.*) There. There's one hundred! Now, twenty—forty—sixty! (*As he counts, ANTJE catches sight of MOEDER KAAATJE at the window and makes signs to her.*) We said sixty, did we not?

ANTJE. Seventy.

JONKHEER. Seventy? Did we? (*With a sigh*). Well! I never bargain. There's your money. Now tell me. Will she prove obedient? Pliable? Ready to learn?

ANTJE. To learn what?

JONKHEER. Everything. For 'tis clear I shall have to take her to Paris. To have her taught—from the beginning. How to talk and how to walk. What kind of clothes to wear. What perfumes. How to dress her hair. *Pauvre petite!*<sup>25</sup> There'll be a great deal to correct. A great deal, I fear me.

ANTJE. Oh, you fear so, do you?

JONKHEER. Oh, I know it. They say she's pretty, of course. But we all know what that means. Country taste and city taste! Ha! Ha! And yet I ask not for a miracle of beauty. Even were she merely as pretty as you, *ma petite*<sup>26</sup>—

ANTJE. Mynheer thinks me pretty?

JONKHEER. Gentille!<sup>27</sup> Très<sup>28</sup> gentille for your station.

ANTJE. Oh, thank you, Mynheer.

<sup>24</sup> *distract*, absent-minded. <sup>25</sup> *Pauvre petite*, poor little thing! <sup>26</sup> *ma petite*, my little girl.

<sup>27</sup> *Gentille*, graceful, attractive. <sup>28</sup> *Très*, very.



JONKHEER. Something could be made of you, I'm confident. Something most—most passable. (*He leans across the table trying to stroke ANTJE's cheek.*)

ANTJE (*avoiding him*). Oh, Mynheer! What would Meijuffer Antje say!

JONKHEER. Meijuffer Antje! Think you I'll trouble my head as to what Meijuffer Antje may say? 'Tis bad enough to have to marry her—Meijuffer Antje!

ANTJE. Bad enough? Then, pray, why do you marry her?

JONKHEER. Oh, thou blessed simplicity! Have you never heard of the little word—debts?

ANTJE. Debts?

JONKHEER. Do you suppose that any other reason would make a gentleman of my position take up with a country merchant's daughter? And come down to a miserable town like this, and bow and bob to an old self-important fool of a father?

ANTJE (*glancing over at the window*). Oh, her father, an old self-important fool, is he?

JONKHEER. An ass. A very ass! Strutting about and braying and laying down the law to everybody! And that merely because he's succeeded in making his fortune! Which heaven alone knows how and by what means he's done it!

[MYNHEER *disappears from the window, shaking with rage, and appears in the house door; slowly, step by step, he comes into the courtyard.*]

ANTJE. Sure he's come by his money honestly.

JONKHEER. Honestly? Have you ever noted his little pig eyes? And his snout of a mouth? Faces like that never make their money honestly—take my word for it!

MYNHEER (*suddenly confronting the JONKHEER*). Oh, do they not? Do they not? Well, if they don't, at least they can give a beating honestly—you take my stick for that.

JONKHEER (*who has sprung up*). What's this? A trap?

MYNHEER. Yes, and thank God my daughter set it. (*He points to ANTJE.*)

JONKHEER. Your daughter?

MYNHEER. Out with you! Out with you, you dog—or, as I live, I'll break this over your back—infamous puppy!

JONKHEER. Country boors! What a fortunate escape! Here, Meijuffer! Take your lace—give me back my money.

ANTJE. Oh, no! You bought it. 'Tis yours. The money goes to my nurse. (*She turns to MOEDER KAATJE, who stands in the doorway of the house.*) Keep the lace. Trim your collar with it. Remedy the defect of your costume. (*Imitating him*). "The sad defect. The lace, painfully, absurdly narrow. By quite—quite an inch and a quarter." Ha! Ha! Ha!

JONKHEER (*furious, breathless*). Oh, I—(*Assuming his affected manner again*). Barbarians! I shall go back to Paris.

[*He turns and goes off solemnly into the street. The other three burst out laughing heartily; then turn and bow solemnly to the audience.*]

## STUDY AIDS

1. What has caused Antje to come secretly to her nurse? Judging from her father's speeches, what do you think are Antje's chances of having her way?

2. What impression of Jonkheer Ian do you get from his first reference to Antje's

father? From his interest in perfumes and dress? From his various references to the girl he is to marry? From his final references to Antje's father?

3. How does Antje win her struggle with her father?

4. Which speeches in the play seemed to you especially amusing? Which speeches are humorous because Jonkheer Ian does not know to whom he is talking? Because he does not know who is listening? Point out some speech that is laughable just because it reveals Jonkheer Ian's character.

5. The characters are clearly presented. (a) What impression of Antje do you gain from her first speeches? From her sudden plan to test Jonkheer Ian? From the way in which she carries on the conversation with him? (b) What kind of man is her father? Consider his conversation with

Antje as well as his actions at the end. Which contributed more to his final action—his estimate as a business man of the character of the young man or his wounded pride? (c) Your impression of Jonkheer Ian must be clear after answering the questions in group 4. Does that kind of young man exist today?

6. The plot is easy to follow. At the beginning what does Antje wish to accomplish? What opposition does she meet? Is her success due chiefly to her own skill or to Jonkheer Ian's character? Give reasons for your answer.

## NEVERTHELESS\*

STUART WALKER

### CHARACTERS

A GIRL

A BOY

A BURGLAR

*The Scene is a room just upstairs.  
The Time is last night—or tonight, perhaps.*

PROLOGUE. Our next play is an interlude before the curtains. You may sleep during an interlude, but you mustn't snore or have the nightmare, because that would be very discourteous to the author and very discouraging to us. We cannot live if you do not like us, and you cannot like us if you do not keep awake.

*[After the PROLOGUE has bowed, the DEVICE-BEARER brings two chairs, a stool, a table, a lamp and places them on the fore-stage. If you are not a very grown-up, you know immediately that you are in a room that belongs to very young people.]*

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*[The Boy enters, carrying a book. He is angry. He looks around to see if anyone is looking, and then goes to the table and tries to remove some money from a small bank that has two locks; but he can't find the keys.]*

*[As he is shaking it violently in an attempt to force it, the GIRL enters.]*

GIRL. Billie!

BOY. I will force it!

GIRL. You made a compact with me.

BOY. Don't use words like that—I hate words. *(He continues to try to force the bank.)*

GIRL. It's a miserable shame, Billie Cleves!

BOY. Now, Lou, don't use any more words on me. I won't stand it.

GIRL. Well, what shall I say?

BOY. Say dirty shame.

GIRL. Billie!

BOY. I don't care. I'm tired of being corrected all the time. When I'm old enough to paddle my own canoe, I'm going to murder grammar all the time. I'm going to use short words, and I hope I'll say *I seen* and *I would have went*.

GIRL. Billie Cleves!

Boy. And if I can get this bank open, I'll go away forever tonight, and I'll talk just as I please.

GIRL. My, Billie! You *are* angry!

Boy. Angry! I'm mad! I'm awful mad! (*He shakes the bank terrifically.*)

GIRL. You'll break it.

Boy. I don't care. I'm going to bust it—

GIRL. Billie, Mother wouldn't like that word at all.

Boy. I don't care. I'm going to bust it open, and then I'm going to leave home forever. (*He puts it on the floor and starts to trample it.*)

GIRL. Billie Cleves, don't you dare! That's half mine. And you can't open it unless we both agree.

Boy. Who said so?

GIRL. Why, it was our compact.

Boy. If you were fourteen years old, Louise Cleves, and your mother punished you for speaking bad English, you'd forget all about compacts.

GIRL. No, I wouldn't.

Boy. Yes, you would.

GIRL. No, I wouldn't.

Boy. You don't know what you'd do; you're not fourteen and you're not a boy.

GIRL. I wouldn't break a compact if I were a hundred and fourteen.

Boy. Now, Lou, listen.

GIRL. I don't want to listen.

Boy. Just put yourself in my place.

GIRL. Billie Cleves, we agreed never, never to open that bank until we were in need of food and clothing.

Boy. Well, I'm in need, Lou.

GIRL. No you're not; Father and Mother give you all the food and clothes you want.

Boy. But I'm going to run away forever and go to Honolulu or Texas.

GIRL. No, you're not.

Boy. I am.

GIRL. Well, Billie, you deserved to be corrected.

Boy. All I said was, "Jim's a rotten rider." And he is.

GIRL. Well, that wasn't nice.

Boy (*exasperated at not being able to open the bank*). Lou, where is my key?

GIRL. I put it away.

Boy. Where?

GIRL. Our compact was for me to take the key to your blue lock and hide it, and you were to take the key to my pink lock and hide it, so we couldn't fall into temptation.

Boy. I'll pick the locks like a burglar.

GIRL. You can't. They're both pick-proof. And there's only one key in all the whole wide world for each lock.

Boy. I'll get your key and open your lock.

GIRL. My key won't open your lock.

Boy. I can't find yours where I hid it.

GIRL. I found it and hid it again.

Boy. Where is it?

GIRL. I don't think I ought to tell you, Billie. I'm afraid you'll fall into temptation.

Boy. How about you?

GIRL. Boys are more easily tempted than women.

Boy. H-m!

GIRL. Because they get out more.

Boy. I'll throw it and break it.

GIRL. Now, Billie, don't be rash.

Boy. I don't care.

GIRL. Father'll hear you.

Boy. Father won't hear me much longer about this house.

GIRL. Please, Billie, read your book.

Boy. I won't do it, I won't. I'm sick of goody-goody books.

GIRL. What did Mother give you to read?

Boy (*sullenly*). There it is.

GIRL. *The Narrow Path!* Why, she sent me up here to read that, too.

Boy. What for?

GIRL. I said "he don't" instead of "he doesn't."

Boy. Just after I said it?

GIRL. Yes.

Boy. You *are* a goose.

GIRL. But I don't get angry, like you do.

BOY. You're not as old as I am. Other boys of my age do pretty much as they please.

GIRL. Well, here we are. There's no use quarreling, because it's Mother's plan to make us read a fine book whenever we make mistakes in grammar. And you know Mother's plans! (*She opens the book.*) Oh, dear, no pictures! . . . Let's hurry up.

BOY. I won't do it.

GIRL. Come on, Billie, and get it over with.

BOY. Give me the keys or I'll break—I'll *bust* it.

GIRL. I won't give you the keys, and you won't break it—William Cleves, if you don't live up to our compact, I'll not have anything more to do with you.

BOY. I don't care. (*He throws the bank violently.*)

GIRL. Billie! (*She pounces upon the bank and bursts into tears.*) I never thought you'd do it. (*The Boy moves about uneasily.*) I never thought you'd do it. (*She weeps torrentially.*)

BOY. Now, Lou—

GIRL. You broke your compact and tried to destroy our bank.

BOY (*defiantly*). I tried to *bust* it—and I hope I did.

GIRL. Billie Cleves!—Well, you didn't even nick it. (*She takes up the book after carefully placing the bank so that the Boy can't get it.*)

BOY. Lou, won't you lend me the keys a moment?

GIRL (*relentlessly*). You broke a compact.

BOY. Please, Lou.

GIRL. I have my reading to do.

BOY. I'm going to go away—forever!

GIRL. Good-by.

BOY (*fiercely*). I want my money!

GIRL. It's *our* money. And I'm the guardian.

BOY. All right. . . . Good-by.

GIRL. Good-by. (*Reading*). "The Narrow Path is very steep and straight. It leads to a land of gold, and it is not easy to negotiate, because Heaven thinks it is best for people to climb for what they want. Nevertheless—"

BOY. Are you going to give me the money to run away with?

GIRL. No.

BOY. Good-by.

GIRL. A compact is binding to both parties, Father says.

BOY. Good-by.

GIRL. Good-by. (*Reading*). Nevertheless—nevertheless—(*She begins to giggle deliciously.*)

BOY. What's funny, Lou?

GIRL. Come here and look, Billie. (*The Boy drags himself to the book.*)

BOY. What?

GIRL. This word.

BOY. Never—the—less. It's just like any other word.

GIRL. No, it isn't. *Steep* and *straight* and *the* all look like something. But this is just funny.

BOY. Nevertheless. (*The GIRL goes off into gales of laughter.*)

BOY (*reading further and turning the page*). Here it is again. (*He laughs.*)

GIRL. Where?

BOY. Here. (*Turning back.*)

GIRL. Neverthe—(*turning the page and going into another paroxysm of laughter as she finds the rest of the word on next page*)—less.

BOY. It is funny-looking!

GIRL. What does it mean?

BOY. I'll look in the dictionary.

GIRL. I know what it means in a way, but I can't explain it—

BOY. So do I. (*He goes to the dictionary.*)

GIRL. Never—the—less. (*She looks up and sees that the Boy is busy. She looks around cautiously, then takes up the bank and hides it. As she hears the*

Boy *(coming back, she resumes her seat and the book.)*

Boy. It means *notwithstanding*, yet, however . . .

GIRL. Dictionaries never tell you the real, honest, true, live meaning, do they, Billie?

Boy *(fascinated)*. Never—the—less.

GIRL. It's three words all huddled together. *(She pictures it on her fingers.)*

Boy *(counting the words on his fingers)*. Never—the—less.

GIRL. How did they come together?

Boy *(losing himself in the puzzle)*. I don't know.

GIRL. Let's ask Mother.

Boy *(remembering his anger)*. No, I won't.

GIRL. I will.

Boy. Let's be independent, Lou. I don't like to ask favors when I'm punished.

GIRL. Well, I'm being punished, too; but I want to know all about this funny word.

Boy. Let's try some other way.

GIRL. I know!

Boy. What?

GIRL. They say if you put out the lights and shut your eyes very tight and wait very patiently that an elf will come and tell you anything you want to know.

Boy. I don't believe in elves.

GIRL. Billie.

Boy. I don't.

GIRL. The plural of *elf* is *elves*. We had it today.

Boy *(exasperated)*. I knew it—but I get tired of having to think about everything before I speak. Sometimes I try not to think at all.

GIRL *(going to the lamp)*. I'm going to turn out the light.

Boy *(scornfully)*. Nothing will happen.

GIRL. Well, we can try.

Boy *(hunting)*. Lou, where's the bank?

GIRL. I hid it, Billie.

Boy. You shan't hide my money!

GIRL. Keep quiet, Billie, and sit down.

*[She puts the light out.]*

Boy *(sheepishly)*. I feel so silly.

GIRL. Are your eyes shut?

Boy. No.

GIRL. Billie, please shut your eyes.

Boy. I won't do it . . . I'm going to turn on the light.

GIRL. Now, Billie . . . *(He evidently starts for the lamp.)* I'll give you the keys if you're good.

Boy. Now?

GIRL. No, afterwards.

Boy *(turning on the lamp)*. Promise?

GIRL. Yes. *(Out goes the light as she pulls it.)* Are you sitting down?

Boy. Uh-huh!

GIRL. Are your eyes shut?

Boy. Uh-huh!

GIRL. Tight?

Boy. Uh-huh!

GIRL. And when he comes, don't talk.

Boy. Uh—

GIRL. 'Cause you don't believe, and you might frighten him away.

Boy. Uh—

GIRL. Where are you, Billie?

Boy. Here I am.

GIRL. Move over.

Boy. There isn't much room.

GIRL. Now. *(Silence.)* Do you hear anything?

Boy. No.

*[Silence. A pale light appears between the curtains, then a dark form. The light is shut off and presently reappears at the table. The BURGLAR opens the drawers and, taking out some pretty things, puts them in his pocket. The light goes out. Silence.]*

GIRL. Billie, I just can't stand it a

moment longer. Don't you hear the elf? ... (*A sound.*) There he is!

[*The light comes on again, and the BURGLAR takes up the bank. Just as he is putting it in his pocket, the GIRL speaks.*]

GIRL. Do you know what *nevertheless* means?

[*The bank goes clattering to the floor. The light is turned upon the two children. The BURGLAR takes a step forward and stumbles over the bank.*]

BURGLAR. Don't holler. (*The Boy turns the light on.*)

BOY. A burglar.

GIRL. If you don't move, Billie, a burglar won't hurt you.

BOY. Hold up your hands, Lou.

BOY AND GIRL (*holding their hands up*). We give up.

BURGLAR. Put out the light.

GIRL. Please don't put out the light ... We'll be good.

[*A door is heard to close in the next room.*]

BURGLAR. Put out the light. (*The light goes out.*) Who was that?

GIRL. Mary.

BURGLAR. What's she doing?

BOY. Don't you tell him, Lou. Make him let you turn the light on.

GIRL (*deciding to weep*). I'm afraid of the dark.

BURGLAR. Quit your bawling and put on the light. (*The Boy puts on the light.*) What's she doing?

GIRL. She's setting the burglar alarm for the night.

BURGLAR. How do I get out of here?

GIRL. You can't get out, because if you open anything all the bells will ring and the police will come.

Boy (*bravely stepping forward*). We'll put you in jail. (*As the BURGLAR turns, however, he wilts.*)

GIRL. Billie, let's let him go if he tells us what *nevertheless* means.

BURGLAR. Huh?

GIRL. Do you know what *nevertheless* means?

BURGLAR. What's *nevertheless*?

GIRL. It's a word.

BURGLAR. What's the game?

BOY. If you know what *nevertheless* means, we'll let you go.

GIRL. It's a compact.

BURGLAR. Promise you won't give me up?

GIRL. We won't give you up ... Sit down. (*The BURGLAR sits.*)

BOY. Where is your pistol?

BURGLAR. I ain't got none.

GIRL. Oh, you mustn't say that.

BURGLAR. Well, I ain't.

GIRL. It's very wrong to say "I ain't." My mother would make us read *all The Narrow Path* if we talked like that.

BURGLAR (*puzzled*). What!

BOY. They carry pistols in Texas.

BURGLAR. Well, I ain't never used none, and I ain't never been in Texas, and what's more, I ain't never going to Texas!

GIRL. He's a very pleasant burglar, Billie.

BURGLAR. Well, I'm in a pickle, but I can't hurt no kids.

GIRL. See, Billie, how bad grammar sounds.

BURGLAR. I don't care nothing about grammar. When you have to paddle your own canoe, you can't take no time for grammar.

GIRL. Oh, dear Billie, don't ever paddle your own canoe ... Billie ... (*She goes to whisper to the Boy.*) (*To the BURGLAR, as she passes him*). Excuse me. (*To the Boy*). I'm going to try Mother's plan on him. I'm going to

read to him! (*The BURGLAR rises and looks around.*)

BOY (*whispering*). I'm going to call Father.

GIRL. Now, Billie, maybe we can make him good.

BOY. Well, he can't get away, and he hasn't a pistol—

BURGLAR. Hey, quit your jawing and give me up if you want to.

GIRL. We're not going to give you up.

BURGLAR. Huh?

GIRL. We're going to read to you.

BURGLAR. Quit your kidding.

GIRL. How does it feel to be a burglar?

BURGLAR. Not so good.

GIRL. Aren't you afraid to be a burglar?

BOY. 'Course not. Look how big he is.

GIRL. Aren't you ashamed to be a burglar?

BURGLAR. Well . . . I ain't never burgled before.

GIRL. Well, that's not so bad, *but* just the same we're going to read to you.

BURGLAR. What for?

GIRL. Because you use bad grammar.

BURGLAR. You're funny kids. Ain't you scared?

BOY (*magnificently*). No!

BURGLAR (*turning suddenly*). Huh? (*The BOY retreats ingloriously.*)

GIRL. You wouldn't hurt us, would you?

BURGLAR. Why wouldn't I?

GIRL. We didn't do anything to you.

BURGLAR. You trapped me.

GIRL. We didn't know you were coming.

BURGLAR. What was you hiding for?

GIRL. We expected someone else.

BURGLAR. Go on!

[*The BOY moves a chair cautiously toward the BURGLAR, and finally summons the courage to sit down beside him.*]

BOY (*pleasantly*). Did you know Jesse James?<sup>1</sup>

BURGLAR. I heard of him, but I ain't never seen him.

GIRL. What made you begin?

BURGLAR. Never mind . . . I began, and I got caught . . . Now what?

GIRL. I'm going to read to you.

BURGLAR (*resignedly*). Go ahead.

GIRL. Do you want to read, Billie?

BOY (*unselfishly*). No!

GIRL. This is all about the narrow path.

BURGLAR. Uh-huh.

GIRL (*reading*). "The Narrow Path is very steep and straight. It leads to a land of gold, and it is not easy to negotiate, because Heaven thinks it is best for people to climb for what they want. Nevertheless—"

[*The BOY and GIRL burst out laughing so suddenly that the BURGLAR is quite startled.*]

BURGLAR (*uneasily*). What are you laughing at?

GIRL (*pointing to "nevertheless"*). It's such a funny word.

BURGLAR. Ain't it just like other words?

GIRL. Don't it look funny?

BOY. *Don't* it look funny?

GIRL. I mean doesn't it look funny?

[*The three huddle together over the book.*]

BURGLAR (*muttering*). N-E-V-E-R-T-H-E-L-E-S-S. Huh! It does look sort o' funny . . . What's the rest of it?

GIRL (*reading*). "Nevertheless the narrow path is not all hardship."

BURGLAR. Maybe not; but it was pretty hard for me.

GIRL. Have you tried it?

<sup>1</sup> Jesse James, a notorious western outlaw, an actual person.



BURGLAR. Yep. But I slipped . . .  
Go on.

GIRL (*reading*). "On the other hand, the primrose path is broad, and it slopes gently downward, but it leads to the land of thorns. Neverthe—(*She turns a page*)—less—" (*Again the children go into gales of laughter.*)

BURGLAR. Huh?

GIRL. Look. (*Again they huddle over the book.*)

BURGLAR. N-E-V-E-R-T-H-E-L-E-S-S. . . It is funny. (*He joins heartily in the laughter.*)

GIRL. You see—it's three words, and they don't mean anything unless they are all huddled together just as we are now. (*They all laugh uproariously.*)

BOY (*on the friendliest of terms now*). Do you walk the primrose path?

BURGLAR. Go on! I'm in the land of thorns.

GIRL. Well, how did you get there if you didn't walk the primrose path?

BURGLAR. I just naturally fell.

GIRL. Don't you know the meaning of *nevertheless*?

BURGLAR. I sort o' know the meaning, but I can't put it into words.

GIRL. Can you act it out?

BURGLAR. Huh?

GIRL. Can you act it out?

BURGLAR. What do you mean—act it out?

GIRL. Sometimes when Billie and I can't put things into words, we act it out. Like this: If I want to tell someone what *revolves* means, I just do this . . . and then they know.

BURGLAR. Aw, yes, you pretend!

GIRL. Oh . . . Well—Can't you p-p-pretend *nevertheless*?

BURGLAR. I hardly think so.

BOY. Did you get tired on the narrow path?

BURGLAR. Ye-eh . . . But I wish I hadn't.

GIRL. Can't you climb back?

BURGLAR. Nope. It's too late.

GIRL. Mother says it's never too late to do right.

BURGLAR. Sure it is. A man what's been in jail can't get straight again.

BOY (*admiringly*). Have you been in jail?

BURGLAR. No, but once is enough.

GIRL. When are you going to jail?

BURGLAR. Tonight, I guess.

BOY. What for?

BURGLAR. For breaking in here!

GIRL. We aren't going to send you to jail.

BURGLAR. Maybe not, but your paw and maw will. (*Whimsically*). 'Sides I can't tell you what *nevertheless* means, and I can't act it out. And a compact's a compact, ain't it?

GIRL. Mother won't put you in jail. She's too kind.

BOY (*with sad memories*). But she's awful strict about grammar and ugly words.

GIRL. She says it's easy to walk the narrow path.

BOY. Father isn't so sure, but he says it *can* be done.

GIRL. Come on, and we'll help you.

BURGLAR. Come on where?

BOY. Come and walk the narrow path with us.

BURGLAR. Where is it?

GIRL. Here.

BURGLAR. What's the game?

GIRL. Mother says if we can walk a straight line out that door without wobbling, we can walk the narrow path all our lives without any trouble.

BOY. To speak of.

BURGLAR. What's on the other side of that door?

BOY AND GIRL. Father and Mother.

BURGLAR. You seem to be pretty straight kids, but it's too late for me.

GIRL. No, it isn't.

BURGLAR. Yes, it's too late. I'll take the back door and try to make my get-away.

GIRL. Billie, you ask him.

BOY. I'd like to have you come with us, sir. Dad's a fine man, and Mother's a great woman.

GIRL. All we have to do is to walk straight through that door without wobbling—

BOY. Come on—

BURGLAR. I think it's too late for me—nevertheless—(*He takes their hands.*)

GIRL (*ecstatically*). Oh, he's acted out *nevertheless*! Billie, don't you see the real, honest, true, live meaning? . . . Come on, let's start.

[*They start carefully for the door, and, as they come to the safe, they stop. The BURGLAR looks ruefully at it a moment.*]

GIRL. Don't wobble now. We've almost made it—(*They keep on for the door.*) Isn't it easy? And Mother says if you can do this little bit, you can do it always.

[*When they disappear through the door, the play is over.*]

### STUDY AIDS

1. As the play begins, why is Billie angry? Point out some mistakes in English that he and Louise make. Why does Louise oppose Billie's plans? What unusual expressions does she use? Why does she open the book? What leads her to turn off the light?

2. Why does the word *nevertheless* seem funny to Louise? In what places, before the burglar enters, is Billie's anger amusing? Where is his "courage" most laughable? Is it Billie's character or the situation in which he is placed that causes most of the humor?

3. Why doesn't the burglar leave? Why does Louise read to him? How does the burglar finally act out *nevertheless*?

4. The characters in a play are always

important. In what ways is Billie a natural boy? What makes him likable? How does Louise make us see that they live in a refined household? How does the language of the burglar reveal a background of quite different companions and surroundings? Quote several speeches to illustrate your point. Quote other speeches to show that the burglar is a young man of good impulses. Do you hope he will be arrested or set going on the "narrow path"? Give your reasons.

5. Now consider the plot of the play. What conflict is carried on between Billie and Louise? Which one wins? What difficulty confronts the burglar when he is detected by the children? How is the difficulty overcome?

### A BACKWARD GLANCE

1. You can gain a better understanding of one-act plays if you compare *My Lady's Lace* and *Nevertheless*. (a) Which character do you think would stand out most strongly on the stage? (b) In which play is the conflict more definite? (c) In which is the dialogue more interesting?

2. Another way to increase your understanding of one-act plays is to compare one of these little dramas with a short story

you have read. For each of the following questions base your answer on a particular play and a particular story. (a) How important is the setting in the one-act play as compared with that in the short story? (b) Is the suspense stronger in the play or in the story? (c) Do the characters seem more realistic in the story or in the play? (d) In which is the conflict more apparent? More interesting?

## SOME OTHER PLAYS

The following one-act plays have been successfully produced by high-school students:

"X = O: A Night in the Trojan War," in *Pawns* by John Drinkwater.

"The Lost Silk Hat," in *Five Plays* by Lord Dunsany.

"Fourteen," in *Ten One-Act Plays* by Alice Gerstenberg.

"The Little Father of the Wilderness," by Austin Strong in *One-Act Plays for Stage and Study* (Samuel French).

"The Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil," in *Portmanteau Plays* by Stuart Walker.

"John Silver Off Duty," Robert Louis Stevenson, in *Short Plays for Young People*, edited by James P. Webber and H. H. Webster.

"Queens of France," in *Queens of France* by Thornton Wilder.

"The King's Threshold," in *Plays* by William Butler Yeats.

"The Boston Tea Party," in *Franklin* by Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

Many interesting short plays can be found in the following collections:

*One-Act Plays by Modern Authors*, Helen Louise Cohen.

*One-Act Plays*, George A. Goldstone.

*Atlantic Book of Modern Plays*, Sterling A. Leonard.

*Short Plays by Representative Authors*, Alice M. Smith.

*Atlantic Book of Junior Plays*, Charles Swain Thomas.

## A REVIEW OF PART ONE

1. Now that you have finished Part One, "The World of Adventure," it will be useful to think back over its various selections. On page 5 the Introduction said: "An important test of literature is its power to take us out of ourselves." Which story or play in Part One exerted this power on you to the greatest extent? Can you explain the secret of its power to absorb your interest?

2. In Part One the selections represent three different types of literature—the short story, the longer story of adventure, and the one-act play. Of these three types which one do you think most interesting?

3. The selections in Part One contain many different elements of literary charm, such as mystery, thrilling adventure, humor, appealing characters. Mention the selection that seemed strongest to you in each of these four elements.

4. Part One has made you acquainted with authors of different times and places. Some are English, some American; some

are famous writers whose work has already been tested over a long period of time, while others are today creating a place for themselves in current literature. Select an author representing each of these four groups and be prepared to report briefly on his life and mention some of his books. (Make use of the Biographical Index of Authors at the end of this book.)

5. In Part One there are ten selections that have taken you into the World of Adventure. But these ten selections are only a few in the vast field of literature that deals with adventure. Before you came to high school you had read many tales of adventure, and all your life you will doubtless be reading such stories. In Part One the various reading lists have no doubt led you to enjoy several new stories and novels and plays. It would make an interesting discussion if each member of the class would bring in a list of three stories or novels or plays that he thinks are among the most thrilling he has ever read.

## PART TWO LEGEND AND HISTORY

### AN INTRODUCTION

Have you ever traveled in an airplane? How different it is from trudging along on foot! When you walk in the woods or fields you may look at the things about you, the oaks or the daisies, just as closely as you wish, but distant objects are usually shut off from view. The next valley is hidden by the forest, the road may be hard to find, and the far-off river may require hours of searching. The airplane, on the contrary, spreads out an immense field to your eager vision. When it soars three or four thousand feet into the sky, a whole landscape lies like a map beneath you. The forest becomes merely a mass of green stretching over the hills and covering the valleys. Perhaps a tiny ribbon of yellow curves round the green slopes and across the flat lands at their feet, indicating where a sandy road leads from one town to another. Perhaps a broader ribbon of blue winds among the hills, emerging from the haze of the distance, disappearing behind a lofty eminence, and after many turns flowing sluggishly between broad fields just below your plane. Thus your ascent into the skies acquaints you in one swift flight with vast areas that you would never reach at all if you plodded along on foot.

Part Two of this book, which you are now about to read, will give you a kind of airplane trip through one region of

literature. It will enable you to trace the river of legend and history from its hazy beginnings to the broad current of poetry and prose that reveals some of the great moments in the life of men and nations.

One glimpse of the dim beginnings of legend and history will be found in the selection from the *Odyssey* with which the Part opens. So far back in the past is the story of the *Odyssey* that for centuries it was not written down at all. It began with ancient tales of incidents so unusual that people repeated them time and again to wondering listeners. You may ask how they could be handed down from one generation to the next. The secret is that they were put into verse by the poets, or "bards," of those dim ages. Poetry is very much easier to remember than prose. Besides, there was no writing in those far-off days; everything of any value had to be remembered. The great narrative poem, or "epic," the *Odyssey*, grew out of these verse tales, which were repeated by bard after bard until they were combined into one long poem. It is a fascinating story that has held listeners and readers for three thousand years.

The English and Scottish ballads, which you will read after the selection from the *Odyssey*, will give you glimpses of the joys and griefs of our ancestors only a few hundred years

ago. These ballads will serve to remind you how much like ourselves were the people of earlier centuries. Interest in brave deeds or strange events never disappears.

Following the ballads come stories in verse by later poets, recording dramatic incidents from legend or history. One of them tells of a stirring incident among our own Western cowboys. Another and longer poem, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," centers around an old superstition of sailors.

Next in Part Two comes Sir Walter Scott's *The Lady of the Lake*, the most famous narrative poem of this great Scotsman. The poem is called a metrical romance. It is "metrical" because, like the ballads and the epics, it is in the "meter" or rhythm of verse. It is "romance" because it tells of adventure in a wild and romantic country. Though it was all written out at one time by a single man, it makes use of legends and traditions, weaving them together into a connected, thrilling tale.

The same plan of weaving old stories into a connected plot is found in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* that ends this

Part. It is a play about one of the greatest men in history. Stories concerning the famous conqueror and his contemporaries were gathered together in ancient times by a Greek writer named Plutarch. Shakespeare became so absorbed in these accounts that he fused material from several of them into a tragedy—a drama so powerful that it still holds readers as though by a magician's spell. This great play, now more than three hundred years old, appropriately closes Part Two.

Your airplane flight through the ages will show you clearly that literature is a continuous stream. Whatever interests men so much that they will not forget it, will not let it die, is sure to be recorded in literature.

In reading the selections in Part Two, try to create in your mind a picture of the old times and events. When you go to a picture-show, you find a story set forth in a series of pictures. Something of this same kind you can create for yourself as you read legend and ballad and history. Every reader, if his imagination is awake, may make his own series of moving pictures, his own pageant of history and legend.

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## UNIT IV

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# A Legend from Ancient Greece

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### HOMER'S *ODYSSEY*

#### AN INTRODUCTION

The *Odyssey*, one of the greatest poems in all literature, is believed to be the work of the Greek minstrel Homer. The story has for its background the Trojan war, a conflict which took place between the Greeks and the inhabitants of Troy in Asia Minor some three thousand years ago.

Helen, the most beautiful woman in all Greece, was the wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta. According to legend, she was carried off by Paris, son of the king of Troy. Straightway Menelaus called upon Greek warriors to help him recover his wife. They assembled in large numbers, and a great fleet set sail for Troy. For ten years the Greeks besieged the city, and finally took it by means of a shrewd plan of the crafty warrior, Ulysses, hero of the *Odyssey*.

After the fall of Troy, Ulysses with his ships and men sailed for Ithaca, his island home, where ten years before he had left his wife and infant son. The *Odyssey* tells of the long wanderings of Ulysses on his homeward voyage. For he became the victim of the wrath of Neptune, god of the sea, who pursued him and kept him from his home for ten more years.

One of these years he spent with Circe, an enchantress who changed his men to swine and back again to men.

Through violent storms at sea he lost his ships and all his men. Shipwrecked, he landed on an island where the nymph Calypso dwelt, and for seven years she detained him there, hoping she might win him for her husband.

But Ulysses longed for his home in Ithaca. Finally, because Jove, the father of the gods, commanded it, Calypso helped him build a raft, and he set sail for home. Just as he was approaching the land of the Phaeacians, Neptune spied him and raised a mighty storm which shattered the raft and threw Ulysses into the sea. Buffeting the waves, at last he reached the shores of Phaeacia, a fair land ruled over by King Alcinoüs.

The king's daughter, Nausicäa, and her maidens discovered Ulysses and directed him to the king's palace. King Alcinoüs received him with hospitality and prepared a royal feast in honor of his unknown guest. At the feast the minstrel sang of the great Ulysses and the fall of Troy. The king, observing that his guest with difficulty hid his tears, begged the minstrel to lay aside his harp and asked the stranger why the minstrel's song affected him so greatly. How Ulysses replied to the king is told in Book IX, the selection from the *Odyssey* which follows.

(From the translation of Homer's *Odyssey*)

BOOK IX

"O King Alcinoüs, most renowned of men!

The voices of the gods. Nor can I  
deem

Aught more delightful than the general  
joy

Of a whole people when the assembled  
guests

Seated in order in the royal halls  
Are listening to the minstrel, while the  
board

Is spread with bread and meats, and  
from the jars 10

The cupbearer draws wine and fills the cups.

To me there is no more delightful sight.  
 "But now thy mind is moved to ask  
 of me

The story of the sufferings I have borne,  
And that will wake my grief anew.

What first, 15  
What next, shall I relate? What last of  
all?

For manifold are the misfortunes cast  
Upon me by the immortals.<sup>2</sup> Let me  
first

Declare my name, that ye may know,  
and I

Perchance, before my day of death shall  
come, 20

May be your host, though dwelling far  
away.

Hath reached to heaven. In sunny  
Ithaca

I dwell, where high Neritus,<sup>4</sup> seen afar,  
Rustles with woods. Around are many  
isles.

Well peopled, near each other: Samos  
there

Lies, with Dulichium, and Zacynthus  
dark

With forests. Ithaca, with its low  
shores, 30

Lies highest toward the setting sun;  
the rest

Are on the side where first the morning  
breaks.

A rugged region 'tis, but nourishes  
Nobly its youths; nor have I ever seen  
A sweeter spot on earth. Calypso  
late 35

That glorious goddess, in her grotto  
long

Detained me from it, and desired that I  
Should be her husband; in her royal  
home

Aeëan Circe, mistress of strange arts,  
Detained me also, and desired that I  
Should be her husband—yet they could  
not move

The purpose of my heart. For there is  
naught

More sweet and dear than our own  
native land

And parents, though perchance our lot  
be cast

<sup>2</sup> *quick in shrewd devices.* Ulysses prides himself on his ability to make quick plans of action to outwit his enemies.

<sup>4</sup> *Neritus*, a mountain in Ithaca.



In a rich home, yet far from our own  
 kin  
 And in a foreign land. Now let me <sup>45</sup>  
 speak  
 Of the calamitous voyage which the will  
 Of Jove ordained on my return from  
 Troy.  
 "The wind that blew me from the  
 Trojan shore  
 Bore me to the Ciconians, who abode <sup>50</sup>  
 In Ismarus.<sup>5</sup> I laid the city waste  
 And slew its dwellers, carried off their  
 wives  
 And all their wealth and parted them  
 among  
 My men, that none might want an  
 equal share.  
 And then I warned them with all haste  
 to leave <sup>55</sup>  
 The region. Madmen! they obeyed me  
 not.  
 "And there they drank much wine,  
 and on the beach  
 Slew many sheep and many slow-paced  
 steers  
 With crumpled horns. Then the Cico-  
 nians called  
 To their Ciconian neighbors, braver  
 men <sup>60</sup>  
 Than they, and more in number, whose  
 abode  
 Was on the mainland, trained to fight  
 from steeds,  
 Or, if need were, on foot. In swarms  
 they came,  
 Thick as new leaves or morning flowers  
 in spring.  
 Then fell on our unhappy company <sup>65</sup>  
 An evil fate from Jove, and many griefs.  
 They formed their lines and fought at  
 our good ships,  
 Where man encountered man with  
 brazen spears.  
 While yet 'twas morning, and the holy  
 light  
 Of day waxed brighter, we withstood  
 the assault <sup>70</sup>

And kept our ground, although more  
 numerous they.  
 But when the sun was sloping toward  
 the west,  
 The enemy prevailed; the Achaian<sup>6</sup>  
 band  
 Was routed, and was made to flee.  
 That day  
 There perished from each galley of our  
 fleet <sup>75</sup>  
 Six valiant men; the rest escaped with  
 life.  
 "Onward we sailed, lamenting bitterly  
 Our comrades slain, yet happy to escape  
 From death ourselves. Nor did we put  
 to sea  
 In our good ships until we thrice had  
 called <sup>80</sup>  
 Aloud by name each one of our poor  
 friends  
 Who fell in battle by Ciconian hands.  
 The Cloud-compeller,<sup>7</sup> Jove, against us  
 sent  
 The north wind in a hurricane, and  
 wrapped  
 The earth and heaven in clouds, and  
 from the skies <sup>85</sup>  
 Fell suddenly the night. With stooping  
 masts  
 Our galleys scudded; the strong tem-  
 pest split  
 And tore the sails; we drew and laid  
 them down  
 Within the ships; in fear of utter wreck,  
 And toward the mainland eagerly we  
 turned <sup>90</sup>  
 The rudders. There we lay two days  
 and nights,  
 Worn out with grief and hardship.  
 When at length  
 The fair-haired Morning brought the  
 third day round,  
 We raised the masts, and, spreading the  
 white sails  
 To take the wind, we sat us down. The  
 wind <sup>95</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Achaian*, Greek; the men of Ulysses.

<sup>7</sup> *Cloud-compeller*. Jove controlled the elements, causing rain, storms, or clear weather.

<sup>5</sup> *Ismarus*, the chief city of the Ciconians.

Carried us forward with the pilot's aid;  
 And then should I have reached my  
     native land  
 Safely, had not the current and the  
     waves  
 Of ocean and the north wind driven  
     me back,  
 What time I strove to pass Maleia's  
     cape,<sup>8</sup> 100  
 And swept me to Cytherae<sup>9</sup> from my  
     course.  
 "Still onward driven before those bale-  
     ful winds  
 Across the fishy deep for nine whole  
     days,  
 On the tenth day we reached the land  
     where dwell  
 The Lotus-eaters,<sup>10</sup> men whose food is  
     flowers. 105  
 We landed on the mainland, and our  
     crews  
 Near the fleet galleys took their evening  
     meal.  
 And when we all had eaten and had  
     drunk,  
 I sent explorers forth—two chosen men,  
 A herald was the third—to learn what  
     race 110  
 Of mortals nourished by the fruits of  
     earth  
 Possessed the land. They went and  
     found themselves  
 Among the Lotus-eaters soon, who used  
 No violence against their lives, but gave  
 Into their hands the lotus plant to  
     taste. 115  
 Whoever tasted once of that sweet food  
 Wished not to see his native country  
     more,  
 Nor give his friends the knowledge of  
     his fate.  
 And then my messengers desired to  
     dwell  
 Among the Lotus-eaters, and to feed 120

<sup>8</sup> *What time . . . Maleia's cape*, at the time I was striving to pass the cape at the southern tip of Greece. <sup>9</sup> *Cytherae*, an island south of Cape Maleia. <sup>10</sup> *Lotus-eaters*. These people were thought to have lived on the coast of Northern Africa.

Upon the lotus, never to return.  
 By force I led them weeping to the fleet,  
 And bound them in the hollow ships  
     beneath  
 The benches. Then I ordered all the  
     rest  
 Of my beloved comrades to embark 125  
 In haste, lest, tasting of the lotus, they  
 Should think no more of home. All  
     straightway went  
 On board, and on the benches took their  
     place,  
 And smote the hoary ocean with their  
     oars.  
 "Onward we sailed with sorrowing  
     hearts, and reached 130  
 The country of the Cyclops, an untamed  
 And lawless race, who, trusting to the  
     gods,  
 Plant not, nor plow the fields, but all  
     things spring  
 For them untended—barley, wheat, and  
     vines  
 Yielding large clusters filled with wine,  
     and nursed  
 By showers from Jove. No laws have  
     they; they hold  
 No councils. On the mountain heights  
     they dwell  
 In vaulted caves, where each one rules  
     his wives  
 And children as he pleases; none give  
     heed  
 To what the others do. Before the  
     port 140  
 Of that Cyclopean land there is an isle,  
 Low-lying, neither near nor yet re-  
     mote—  
 A woodland region, where the wild  
     goats breed  
 Innumerable; for the foot of man  
 Disturbs them not, and huntsmen toil-  
     ing through 145  
 Thick woods, or wandering over moun-  
     tain heights,  
 Enter not here. The fields are never  
     grazed  
 By sheep, nor furrowed by the plow, but  
     lie

Untilled, unsown, and uninhabited  
 By man, and only feed the bleating  
 goats. 150  
 The Cyclops have no barks with crim-  
 son prows,  
 Nor shipwrights skilled to frame a gal-  
 ley's deck  
 With benches for the rowers, and  
 equipped  
 For any service, voyaging by turns  
 To all the cities, as is often done 155  
 By men who cross the deep from place  
 to place,  
 And make a prosperous region of an  
 isle.  
 No meager soil is there; it well might  
 bear  
 All fruits in their due time. Along the  
 shore  
 Of the gray deep are meadows smooth  
 and moist. 160  
 The vine would flourish long; the plow-  
 man's task  
 Is easy, and the husbandman would  
 reap  
 Large harvests, for the mold is rich be-  
 low.  
 And there is a safe haven, where no  
 need  
 Of cable is; no anchor there is cast, 165  
 Nor hawsers fastened to the strand, but  
 they  
 Who enter there remain until it please  
 The mariners, with favorable wind,  
 To put to sea again. A limpid stream  
 Flows from a fount beneath a hollow  
 rock 170  
 Into that harbor at its further end,  
 And poplars grow around it. Thither  
 went  
 Our fleet; some deity had guided us  
 Through the dark night, for nothing  
 had we seen.  
 Thick was the gloom around our barks;  
 the moon 175  
 Shone not in heaven—the clouds had  
 quenched her light.  
 No eye discerned the isle, nor the long  
 waves

That rolled against the shore, till our  
 good ships  
 Touched land, and, disembarking there,  
 we gave  
 Ourselves to sleep upon the water-  
 side, 180  
 And waited for the holy Morn to rise.  
 "And when at length the daughter of  
 the Dawn,  
 The rosy-fingered Morn, appeared, we  
 walked  
 Around the isle, admiring as we went.  
 Meanwhile the nymphs, the daughters  
 of the god 185  
 Who bears the aegis,<sup>11</sup> roused the moun-  
 tain goats,  
 That so our crews might make their  
 morning meal.  
 And straightway from our ships we  
 took in hand  
 Our crooked bows and our long-bladed  
 spears.  
 "Let all the rest of my beloved  
 friends 190  
 Remain, while I, with my own bark and  
 crew,  
 Go forth to learn what race of men are  
 these,  
 Whether ill-mannered, savage, and un-  
 just,  
 Or kind to guests and reverent toward  
 the gods.<sup>2</sup>  
 "I spake, and, having ordered all my  
 crew 195  
 To go on board and cast the hawsers  
 loose,  
 Embarked on my own ship. They all  
 obeyed,  
 And manned the benches,<sup>12</sup> sitting there  
 in rows,  
 And smote the hoary ocean with their  
 oars.  
 But when we came upon that neighbor-  
 ing coast, 200  
 We saw upon its verge beside the  
 sea

<sup>11</sup> *aegis*, the shield borne by Jove.

<sup>12</sup> *manned the benches*, took their places on the oarsmen's seats.

A cave high vaulted, overbrowed with shrubs  
 Of laurel. There much cattle lay at rest,  
 Both sheep and goats. Around it was a court,  
 A high enclosure of hewn stone, and pines 205  
 Tall stemmed, and towering oaks. Here dwelt a man  
 Of giant bulk, who by himself, alone,  
 Was wont to tend his flocks. He never held  
 Converse with others, but devised apart  
 His wicked deeds. A frightful prodigy 210  
 Was he, and like no man who lives by bread,  
 But more like a huge mountain summit, rough  
 With woods, that towers alone above the rest.  
 "Then, bidding all the others stay and guard  
 The ship, I chose among my bravest men 215  
 Twelve, whom I took with me. I had on board  
 A goatskin of dark wine—a pleasant sort,  
 Which Maron late, Evanthes' son, a priest  
 Of Phoebus,<sup>13</sup> guardian god of Ismarus,  
 Gave me, when, moved with reverence, we saved 220  
 Him and his children and his wife from death.  
 For his abode was in the thick-grown grove  
 Of Phoebus. Costly were the gifts he gave—  
 Seven talents<sup>14</sup> of wrought gold; a chalice all  
 Of silver; and he drew for me, besides, 225  
 Into twelve jars, a choice rich wine, unspoiled  
 By mixtures, and a beverage for gods.

<sup>13</sup> *Phoebus*, god of the sun.

<sup>14</sup> *talent*, an ancient weight and money unit.

No one within his dwellings, maids or men,  
 Knew of it, save the master and his wife,  
 And matron of the household. When-soe'er 230  
 They drank this rich red wine, he only filled  
 A single cup with wine, and tempered that  
 With twenty more of water. From the cup  
 Arose a fragrance that might please the gods,  
 And hard it was to put the draft aside. 235  
 Of this I took a skin well filled, besides  
 Food in a hamper—for my thoughtful mind  
 Misgave me, lest I should encounter one  
 Of formidable strength and savage mood,  
 And with no sense of justice or of right. 240  
 "Soon were we at the cave, but found not him  
 Within it; he was in the fertile meads,  
 Tending his flocks. We entered, wondering much  
 At all we saw. Around were baskets heaped  
 With cheeses; pens were thronged with lambs and kids, 245  
 Each in a separate fold; the elder ones,  
 The younger, and the newly yeaned, had each  
 Their place apart. The vessels swam with whey—  
 Pails smoothly wrought, and buckets into which  
 He milked the cattle. My companions then 250  
 Begged me with many pressing words to take  
 Part of the cheeses, and, returning, drive  
 With speed to our good galley lambs and kids  
 From where they stabled, and set sail again

On the salt sea. I granted not their wish;  
255

Far better if I had. 'Twas my intent  
To see the owner of the flocks and prove  
His hospitality. No pleasant sight  
Was that to be for those with whom I  
came.

"And then we lit a fire, and sacrificed,  
260

And ate the cheeses, and within the cave  
Sat waiting, till from pasturing his  
flocks

He came; a heavy load of well-dried  
wood

He bore, to make a blaze at supper-time.  
Without the den he flung his burden  
down  
265

With such a crash that we in terror  
slunk

Into a corner of the cave. He drove  
His well-fed flock, all those whose milk  
he drew,

Under that spacious vault of rock, but  
left

The males, both goats and rams, with-  
out the court.  
270

And then he lifted a huge barrier up,  
A mighty weight; not two-and-twenty  
wains,

Four-wheeled and strong, could move it  
from the ground:

Such was the enormous rock he raised,  
and placed

Against the entrance. Then he sat and  
milked  
275

The ewes and bleating goats, each one  
in turn,

And gave to each its young. Next, half  
the milk

He caused to curdle, and disposed the  
curd

In woven baskets; and the other half  
He kept in bowls to be his evening  
drink.  
280

His tasks all ended thus, he lit a fire,  
And saw us where we lurked, and ques-  
tioned us:

"Who are ye, strangers? Tell me  
whence ye came

Across the ocean. Are ye men of trade,  
Or wanderers at will, like those who  
roam  
285

The sea for plunder, and, with their  
own lives

In peril, carry death to distant shores?"  
"He spake, and we who heard with  
sinking hearts

Trembled at that deep voice and fright-  
ful form,

And thus I answered: 'We are Greeks  
who come  
290

From Ilium,<sup>15</sup> driven across the mighty  
deep

By changing winds, and while we  
sought our home,

Have made a different voyage, and been  
forced

Upon another course; such was the will  
Of Jupiter.<sup>16</sup> We boast ourselves to be  
295

Soldiers of Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
Whose fame is now the greatest under

heaven,  
So mighty was the city which he sacked,

So many were the warriors whom he  
slew;

And now we come as suppliants to thy  
knees,  
300

And ask thee to receive us as thy guests,  
Or else bestow the gifts which custom

makes  
The stranger's due. Great as thou art,

revere  
The gods; for suitors to thy grace are

we,  
And hospitable Jove, whose presence

goes  
305

With every worthy stranger, will avenge  
Suppliants and strangers when they

suffer wrong.'  
"I spake, and savagely he answered  
me:

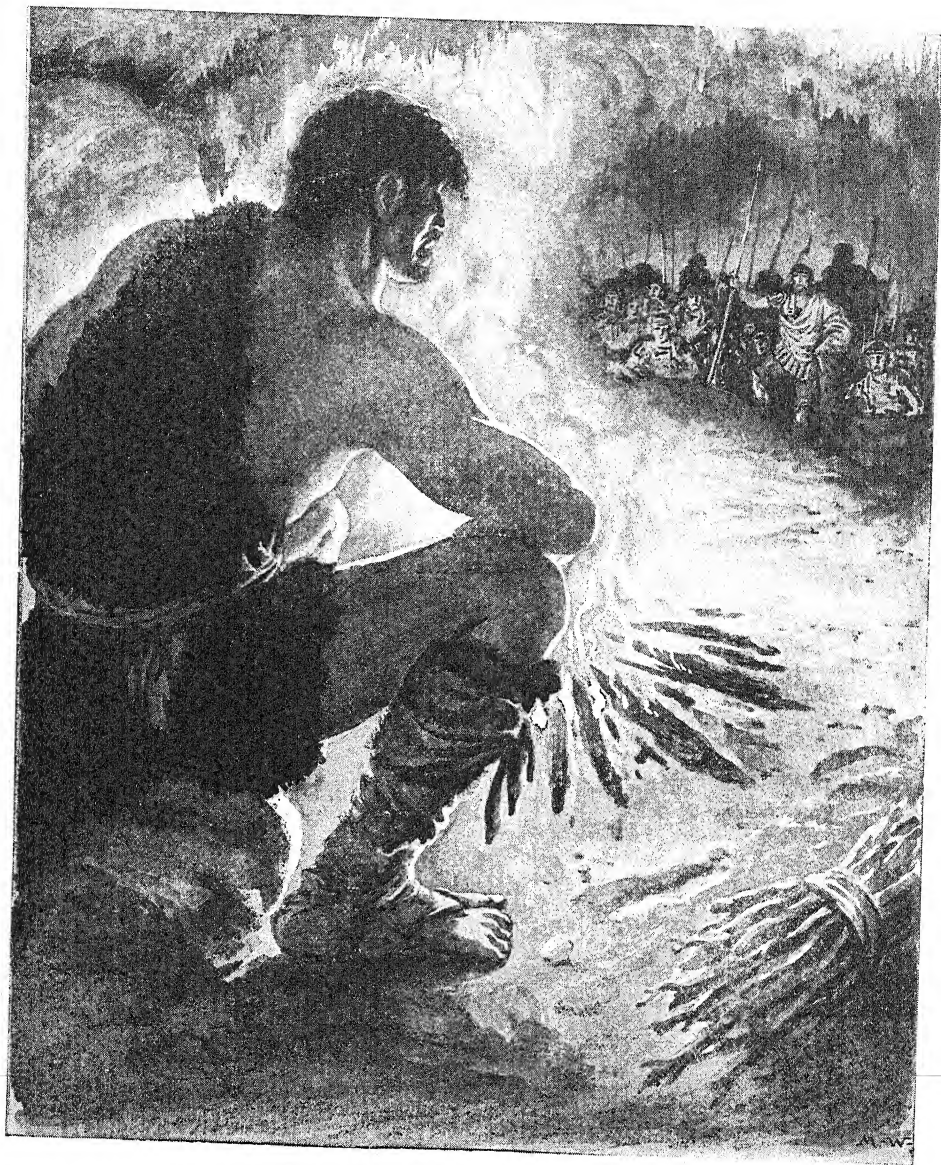
"Thou art a fool, O stranger, or art come  
From some far country—thou who bid-

dest me  
310

Fear or regard the gods. We little care—  
We Cyclops—for the Aegis-bearer, Jove,

Or any other of the blessed gods;

<sup>15</sup> Ilium, Troy. <sup>16</sup> Jupiter, Jove.



We are their betters. Think not I would  
 spare  
 Thee or thy comrades to avoid the  
 wrath  
 Of Jupiter, unless it were my choice; <sup>315</sup>  
 But say—for I would know—where hast  
 thou left  
 Thy gallant bark in landing? Was it  
 near,

Or in some distant corner of the isle?  
 “He spake to tempt me, but I well  
 perceived <sup>320</sup>  
 His craft, and answered with dissem-  
 bling words:  
 “Neptune, who shakes the shores,  
 hath wrecked my bark  
 On rocks that edge thine island, hurl-  
 ing it

Against the headland. From the open  
 sea  
 The tempest swept it hitherward, and  
 I, 325  
 With these, escaped the bitter doom of  
 death.  
 "I spake; the savage answered not, but  
 sprang,  
 And, laying hands on my companions,  
 seized  
 Two, whom he dashed like whelps  
 against the ground.  
 Their brains flowed out, and weltered  
 where they fell. 330  
 He hewed them limb from limb for his  
 repast,  
 And, like a lion of the mountain wilds,  
 Devoured them as they were, and left  
 no part—  
 Entrails nor flesh nor marrowy bones.  
 We wept  
 To see his cruelties, and raised our  
 hands 335  
 To Jove, and hopeless misery filled our  
 hearts.  
 And when the Cyclops now had filled  
 himself,  
 Devouring human flesh, and drinking  
 milk  
 Unmingled, in his cave he laid him  
 down,  
 Stretched out amid his flocks. The  
 thought arose 340  
 In my courageous heart to go to him,  
 And draw the trenchant sword upon  
 my thigh,  
 And where the midriff joins the liver  
 deal  
 A stroke to pierce his breast. A second  
 thought  
 Restrained me—that a miserable death  
 Would overtake us, since we had no  
 power 346  
 To move the mighty rock which he had  
 laid  
 At the high opening. So all night we  
 grieved,  
 Waiting the holy Morn; and when at  
 length

That rosy-fingered daughter of the  
 Dawn 350  
 Appeared, the Cyclops lit a fire, and  
 milked  
 His fair flock one by one, and brought  
 their young  
 Each to its mother's side. When he had  
 thus  
 Performed his household tasks, he seized  
 again  
 Two of our number for his morning  
 meal. 355  
 These he devoured, and then he moved  
 away  
 With ease the massive rock that closed  
 the cave,  
 And, driving forth his well-fed flock, he  
 laid  
 The massive barrier back, as one would  
 fit  
 The lid upon a quiver. With loud  
 noise 360  
 The Cyclops drove that well-fed flock  
 afield,  
 While I was left to think of many a  
 plan  
 To do him mischief and avenge our  
 wrongs,  
 If haply Pallas<sup>17</sup> should confer on me  
 That glory. To my mind, as I re-  
 volved 365  
 The plans, this seemed the wisest of  
 them all.  
 "Beside the stalls there lay a massive  
 club  
 Of olive-wood, yet green, which from  
 its stock  
 The Cyclops hewed, that he might carry  
 it  
 When seasoned. As it lay, it seemed to  
 us 370  
 The mast of some black galley, broad  
 of beam,  
 With twenty oarsmen, built to carry  
 freight  
 Across the mighty deep—such was its  
 length

<sup>17</sup> *Pallas*, Athena, or Minerva, goddess of  
 Wisdom. She was the protector of Ulysses.



And thickness. Standing by it, I cut off  
 A fathom's length, and gave it to my  
     men, 375  
 And bade them smooth its sides, and  
     they obeyed,  
 While I made sharp the smaller end,  
     and brought  
 The point to hardness in the glowing  
     fire;  
 And then I hid the weapon in a heap  
 Of litter, which lay thick about the  
     cave. 380  
 I bade my comrades now decide by lot  
 Which of them all should dare, along  
     with me,  
 To lift the stake, and with its point bore  
     out  
 Our enemy's eye, when softly wrapped  
     in sleep.  
 The lot was cast, and fell on those whom  
     most 385  
 I wished with me—four men, and I the  
     fifth.  
     "At eve the keeper of these fair-wooled  
     flocks  
 Returned, and brought his well-fed  
     sheep and goats  
 Into the spacious cavern, leaving none  
 Without it, whether through some  
     doubt of us 390  
 Or through the ordering of some god.  
     He raised  
 The massive rock again, and laid it close  
 Against the opening. Then he sat and  
     milked  
 The ewes and bleating goats, each one  
     in turn,  
 And gave to each her young. When he  
     had thus 395  
 Performed his household tasks, he  
     seized again  
 Two of our number for his evening  
     meal.  
 Then drew I near, and, bearing in my  
     hand  
 A wooden cup of dark red wine, I said:  
     "Take this, O Cyclops, after thy re-  
     past 400

Of human flesh, and drink, that thou  
     mayst know  
 What liquor was concealed within our  
     ship.  
 I brought it as an offering to thee,  
 For I had hope that thou wouldst pity  
     us,  
 And send us home. Yet are thy cruel-  
     ties 405  
 Beyond all limit. Wicked as thou art,  
 Hereafter who, of all the human race,  
 Will dare approach thee, guilty of such  
     wrong?"  
     "As thus I spake, he took the cup and  
     drank.  
 The luscious wine delighted mightily 410  
 His palate, and he asked a second draft.  
     "Give me to drink again, and gen-  
     erously,  
 And tell thy name, that I may make a  
     gift  
 Such as becomes a host. The fertile land  
 In which the Cyclops dwell yields wine,  
     'tis true, 415  
 And the large grapes are nursed by rains  
     from Jove,  
 But nectar and ambrosia<sup>18</sup> are in this'  
     "He spake; I gave him of the generous  
     juice  
 Again, and thrice I filled and brought  
     the cup,  
 And thrice the Cyclops in his folly  
     drank. 420  
 But when I saw the wine begin to cloud  
 His senses, I bespake him blandly thus:  
     "Thou hast inquired, O Cyclops, by  
     what name  
 Men know me. I will tell thee, but do  
     thou  
 Bestow in turn some hospitable gift, 425  
 As thou hast promised. Noman is my  
     name;  
 My father and my mother gave it me,  
 And Noman am I called by all my  
     friends.'  
     "I ended, and he answered savagely:  
     <sup>18</sup>nectar and ambrosia, the drink and food  
     of the gods.

'Noman shall be the last of all his  
 band 430  
 Whom I will eat; the rest will I devour  
 Before him. Let that respite be my  
 gift.  
 "He spake, and, sinking backward at  
 full length,  
 Lay on the ground, with his huge neck  
 aside; 434  
 All-powerful sleep had overtaken him.  
 . . . I put the stake  
 Among the glowing coals to gather  
 heat,  
 And uttered cheerful words, encourag-  
 ing  
 My men, that none might fail me  
 through their fears.  
 And when the olive-wood began to  
 blaze— 440  
 For though yet green it freely took the  
 fire—  
 I drew it from the embers. Round me  
 stood  
 My comrades, whom some deity in-  
 spired  
 With calm, high courage. In their hands  
 they took  
 And thrust into his eye the pointed  
 bar, 445  
 While perched upon a higher stand than  
 they,  
 I twirled it round. As when a workman  
 bores  
 Some timber of a ship, the men who  
 stand  
 Below him with a strap, on either side  
 Twirl it, and round it spins unceas-  
 ingly, 450  
 So, thrusting in his eye that pointed bar,  
 We made it turn. The blood came  
 streaming forth  
 On the hot wood; the eyelids and the  
 brow  
 Were scalded by the vapor, and the roots  
 Of the scorched eyeball crackled with  
 the fire. 455  
 As when a smith, in forging ax or adze,  
 Plunges, to temper it, the hissing blade

Into cold water, strengthening thus the  
 steel,  
 So hissed the eyeball of the Cyclops  
 round  
 That olive stake. He raised a fearful  
 howl; 460  
 The rocks rang with it, and we fled from  
 him  
 In terror. Plucking from his eye the  
 stake  
 All foul and dripping with the abun-  
 dant blood,  
 He flung it madly from him with both  
 hands.  
 Then called he to the Cyclops who in  
 grots 465  
 Dwelt on that breezy height. They  
 heard his voice  
 And came by various ways, and stood  
 beside  
 The cave, and asked the occasion of his  
 grief.  
 "What hurts thee, Polyphemus, that  
 thou thus  
 Dost break our slumbers in the ambro-  
 sial<sup>19</sup> night 470  
 With cries? Hath any of the sons of  
 men  
 Driven off thy flocks in spite of thee, or  
 tried  
 By treachery or force to take thy life?"  
 "Huge Polyphemus answered from  
 his den:  
 'O friends! 'tis Noman who is killing  
 me; 475  
 By treachery Noman kills me; none by  
 force.'  
 "Then thus with wingèd words they  
 spake again:  
 'If no man does thee violence, and thou  
 Are quite alone, reflect that none escape  
 Diseases; they are sent by Jove. But  
 make 480  
 Thy prayer to Father Neptune, ocean's  
 king.'  
 "So spake they and departed. In my  
 heart  
<sup>19</sup> *ambrosial*, pleasant.

I laughed to think that by the name I  
 took,  
 And by my shrewd device, I had de-  
 ceived  
 The Cyclops. Meantime, groaning and  
 in pain, 485  
 And groping with his hands, he moved  
 away  
 The rock that barred the entrance.  
 There he sat,  
 With arms outstretched, to seize who-  
 ever sought  
 To issue from the cavern with the flock,  
 So dull of thought he deemed me. Then  
 I planned 490  
 How best to save my comrades and  
 myself  
 From death. I framed a thousand strat-  
 agems  
 And arts—for here was life at stake, and  
 great  
 The danger was. At last I fixed on this:  
 “The rams were plump and beautiful,  
 and large 495  
 With thick, dark fleeces. These I silently  
 Bound to each other, three and three,  
 with twigs  
 Of which that prodigy of lawless guilt,  
 The Cyclops, made his bed. The middle  
 ram  
 Of every three conveyed a man; the  
 two, 500  
 One on each side, were there to make  
 him safe.  
 Thus each of us was borne by three;  
 but I  
 Chose for myself the finest one of all,  
 And seized him by the back, and, slip-  
 ping down  
 Beneath his shaggy belly, stretched my-  
 self 505  
 At length, and clung with resolute heart,  
 and hands  
 That firmly clenched the rich, abundant  
 fleece.  
 Then sighed we for the holy Morn to  
 rise.  
 “And when again the daughter of the  
 Dawn,

The rosy-fingered Morn, looked forth,  
 the males 510  
 Went forth to pasture, while the ewes  
 remained  
 Within the stables, bleating, yet un-  
 milked,  
 For heavy were their udders. Carefully  
 The master handled, though in grievous  
 pain,  
 The back of every one that rose and  
 passed, 515  
 Yet, slow of thought, perceived not that  
 my men  
 Were clinging hid beneath their woolly  
 breasts.  
 As the last ram of all the flock went  
 out,  
 His thick fleece heavy with my weight,  
 and I  
 In agitated thought, he felt his back, 520  
 And thus the giant Polyphemus spake:  
 “My favorite ram, how art thou now  
 the last  
 To leave the cave? It hath not been thy  
 wont  
 To let the sheep go first, but thou didst  
 come  
 Earliest to feed among the flowery  
 grass, 525  
 Walking with stately strides, and thou  
 wert first  
 At the fresh stream, and first at eve to  
 seek  
 The stable; now thou art the last of all.  
 Grievest thou for thy master, who has  
 lost  
 His eye, put out by a deceitful wretch 530  
 And his vile crew, who stupefied me  
 first  
 With wine—this Noman—who, if right  
 I deem,  
 Has not escaped from death. Oh, didst  
 thou think  
 As I do, and hadst but the power of  
 speech  
 To tell me where he hides from my  
 strong arm, 535  
 Then should his brains, dashed out  
 against the ground,

Be scattered here and there; then should  
my heart

Be somewhat lighter, even amid the  
woes

Which Noman, worthless wretch, has  
brought on me!

"He spake, and sent him forth among  
the rest; 540

And when we were a little way be-  
yond

The cavern and the court, I loosed my  
hold

Upon the animal and unbound my men.

Then quickly we surrounded and drove  
off,

Fat sheep and stately paced, a numerous  
flock, 545

And brought them to our ship, where  
joyfully

Our friends received us, though with  
grief and tears

For those who perished. Yet I suffered  
not

That they should weep, but, frowning,  
gave command,

By signs, to lift with speed the fair-  
wooled sheep 550

On board, and launch our ship on the  
salt sea.

They went on board, where each one  
took his place

Upon the benches, and with diligent  
oars

Smote the gray deep; and when we were  
as far

As one upon the shore could hear a  
shout, 555

Thus to the Cyclops tauntingly I called:

"Ha! Cyclops! those whom in thy  
rocky cave

Thou, in thy brutal fury, hast devoured,  
Were friends of one not unexpert in

war;

Amply have thy own guilty deeds re-  
turned 560

Upon thee. Cruel one! who didst not  
fear

To eat the strangers sheltered by thy  
roof,

Jove and the other gods avenge them  
thus.'

"I spake; the anger in his bosom raged  
More fiercely. From a mountain peak  
he wrenched 565

Its summit, hurling it to fall beside  
Our galley, where it almost touched the  
helm.

The rock dashed high the water where  
it fell,

And the returning billow swept us back  
And toward the shore. I seized a long-  
stemmed pike 570

And pushed it from the shore, encour-  
aging

The men to bend with vigor to their  
oars

And so escape. With nods I gave the  
sign.

Forward to vigorous strokes the oars-  
men leaned

Till we were out at sea as far from  
land 575

As when I spake before, and then again  
I shouted to the Cyclops, though my  
crew

Strove to prevent it with beseeching  
words,

And one man first and then another  
said:

"O most unwise! why chafe that sav-  
age man 580

To fury—him who just has cast his  
bolt

Into the sea, and forced us toward the  
land

Where we had well-nigh perished?  
Should he hear

A cry from us, or even a word of speech,  
Then would he fling a rock to crush  
our heads 585

And wreck our ship, so fatal is his  
cast.'

"He spake, but moved not my cour-  
ageous heart;

And then I spake again, and angrily:

"Cyclops, if any man of mortal birth  
Note thine unseemly blindness, and in-  
quire 590

The occasion, tell him that Laertes' son,  
Ulysses, the destroyer of walled towns,  
Whose home is Ithaca, put out thine  
eye.'

"I spake; he answered with a wailing  
voice:

'Now, woe is me! the ancient oracles <sup>595</sup>  
Concerning me have come to pass. Here  
dwelt

A seer named Telemus Eurymides,  
Great, good, and eminent in prophecy,  
And prophesying he grew old among  
The Cyclops. He foretold my coming  
fate— <sup>600</sup>

That I should lose my sight, and by the  
hand

And cunning of Ulysses. Yet I looked  
For one of noble presence, mighty  
strength,

And giant stature landing on our coast.  
Now a mere weakling, insignificant <sup>605</sup>  
And small of stature, has put out my  
eye,

First stupefying me with wine. Yet  
come

Hither, I pray, Ulysses, and receive  
The hospitable gifts which are thy due;  
And I will pray to Neptune, and en-  
treat <sup>610</sup>

The mighty god to guide thee safely  
home.

His son am I, and he declares him-  
self

My father. He can heal me if he will,  
And no one else of all the immortal gods  
Or mortal men can give me back my  
sight.' <sup>615</sup>

"He spake; I answered: 'Rather would  
I take

Thy life and breath, and send thee to  
the abode

Of Hades, where thou wouldst be past  
the power

Of even Neptune to restore thine eye.'

"As thus I said, the Cyclops raised his  
hands, <sup>620</sup>

And spread them toward the starry  
heaven, and thus

Prayed to the deity who rules the deep:

"Hear, dark-haired Neptune, who  
dost swathe the earth!

If I am thine, and thou dost own thyself  
My father, grant that this Ulysses  
ne'er <sup>625</sup>

May reach his native land! But if it  
be

The will of fate that he behold again  
His friends, and enter his own palace-  
halls

In his own country, late and sorrowful  
Be his return, with all his comrades  
lost, <sup>630</sup>

And in a borrowed ship, and may he  
find

In his own home new griefs awaiting  
him.'

"He prayed, and Neptune hearkened  
to his prayer.

And then the Cyclops seized another  
stone,

Far larger than the last, and swung it  
round, <sup>635</sup>

And cast it with vast strength. It fell  
behind

Our black-prowed galley, where it al-  
most struck

The rudder's end. The sea was dashed  
on high

Beneath the falling rock, and bore our  
ship

On toward the shore we sought. When  
we reached <sup>640</sup>

The island where together in a fleet

Our other galleys lay, we found our  
friends

Sitting where they had waited long in  
grief.

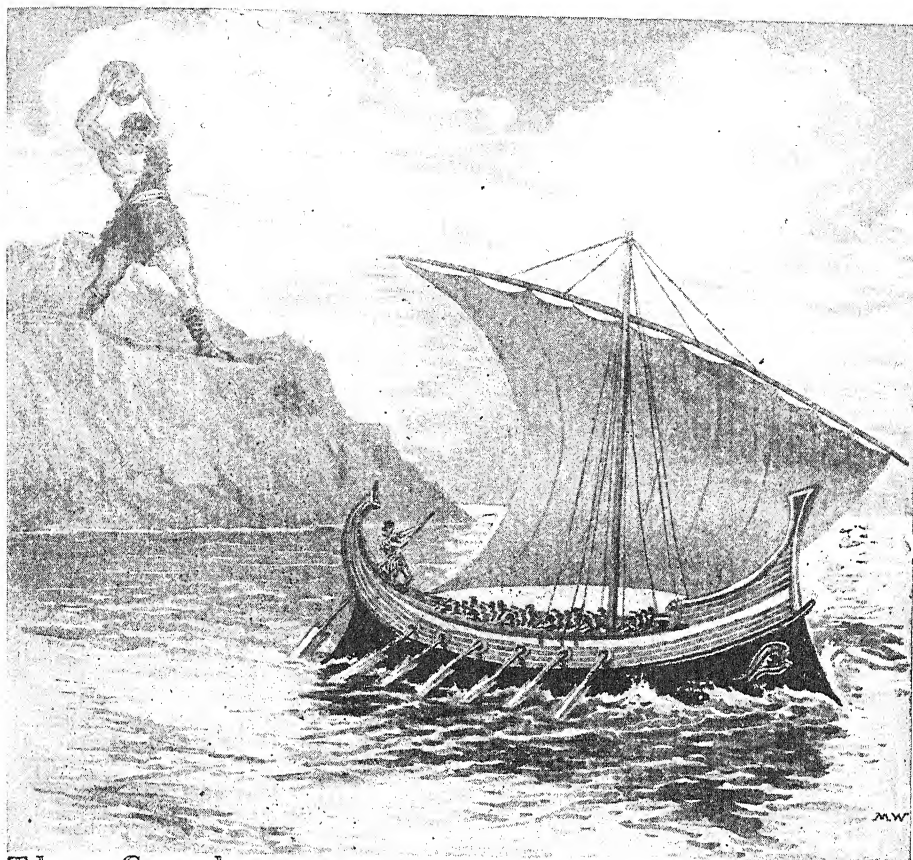
We touched the shore and drew our  
galley up

On the smooth sand, and stepped upon  
the beach; <sup>645</sup>

And taking from on board the sheep  
that formed

Part of the Cyclops' flock, divided them,  
That none might be without an equal  
share.

When all the rest were shared, my war-  
rior friends



The Cyclops seized another stone

Decreed the ram to me. Of him I  
made 650

Upon the beach a sacrifice to Jove  
The Cloud-compeller, Saturn's<sup>20</sup> son,  
whose rule

Is over all; to him I burned the thighs.  
He heeded not the offering; even then  
He planned the wreck of all my gallant  
ships, 655

And death of my dear comrades. All  
that day

Till set of sun we sat and feasted high  
Upon the abundant meats and delicate  
wine.

But when the sun went down, and dark-  
ness crept

<sup>20</sup> Saturn, the ruler of the universe before  
the birth of Jove.

Over the earth, we slumbered on the  
shore; 660

And when again the daughter of the  
Dawn,

The rosy-fingered Morn, looked forth,  
I called

My men with cheerful words to climb  
the decks

And cast the hawsers loose. With speed  
they went

On board and manned the benches, took  
in hand 665

The oars, and smote with them the  
hoary deep.

Onward in sadness, glad to have es-  
caped,

We sailed, yet sorrowing for our com-  
rades lost."

## STUDY AIDS

*The Story.* 1. Find and read the lines in which Ulysses tells Alcinoüs who he is and where his home is. What reason does he give for not remaining with the goddess, Calypso, or with Circe? This reason is important; it is, in fact, the central theme of the *Odyssey*.

2. In the description of his adventures among the Ciconians (lines 48-76) Ulysses gives us a glimpse of the cruelty of ancient warfare. Point out three examples of such cruelty.

3. After Ulysses and his men left the Ciconians, what happened that prevented their reaching Ithaca safely? What would have happened had a south wind blown?

4. Find the line in which Ulysses explains how he had happened to land on the isle near the Cyclops. What prudent arrangement does Ulysses make before setting out for the mainland?

5. When Ulysses and his men have seen the Cyclops, why do they not leave the cave? In his answer to the Cyclops (lines 300-307) what two things does Ulysses stress? What precaution does he take in his next speech (lines 322-326)? Why does Ulysses decide not to kill the Cyclops?

6. State exactly the curse that Polyphemus pronounces upon Ulysses. What evidences are there in the last thirty-six lines that the curse will be carried out by Neptune and Jupiter? The plot of the entire *Odyssey* centers around the curse.

7. As you probably have guessed, Alcinoüs provides a ship for the safe return of Ulysses to Ithaca. But even then his trials are not over, for at home he finds a host of insolent men, suitors of his wife Penelope. How he slays these suitors and finally establishes himself again as king of Ithaca is told in the later books of the *Odyssey*.

*The Characters.* 1. What incident best shows Ulysses's shrewdness? Where does he show himself home-loving? Reverent toward the gods? Cautious? Courageous? Curious? Boastful? Foolhardy? Willing to acknowledge his mistake? Is his leadership over his men due to physical strength or to superior intelligence?

2. Polyphemus and Ulysses are in sharp contrast. How do they differ in physical

strength? How is Polyphemus outwitted by Ulysses? How does Polyphemus regard the gods? What other contrasts can you point out?

*Greek Religion and Customs.* 1. From the *Odyssey* we gain much information concerning early Greek civilization. The Greeks revered the gods. Jove, or Jupiter, the father of their gods, inflicted punishment upon any who failed to give a stranger food and shelter. The Greeks were therefore noted for their hospitality, since the gods themselves often took the form of human beings, and any unknown wanderer might prove to be a god. Strangers were welcomed also for the tales they brought of far-off lands and curious adventures. Find several passages that tell of the treatment of strangers.

2. Gods and goddesses were often thought of as favoring certain persons and places. Pallas, the goddess of wisdom, for example, all through the *Odyssey* helps and directs Ulysses. Where does Ulysses mention her help?

## EXTENSION READING

The *Odyssey* consists of twenty-four chapters, or "books." Ulysses had twelve adventures, three of which you have read about in Book ix: those with the Ciconians, the Lotus-eaters, and the Cyclops. If different students prepare to tell of the other adventures, the class will become acquainted with the whole story of the *Odyssey*. Select one of the following: Aeolus, Book x, lines 1 to 99; the Laestrigonians, Book x, lines 100 to 160; Circe, Book x, lines 161 to 692; Visit of Ulysses to the Land of the Dead, Book xi; the Sirens, Book xii, lines 185 to 240; Scylla and Charybdis, Book xii, lines 241 to 311; the Oxen of the Sun, Book xii, lines 312 to 517; Calypso, Book xii, lines 518 to 556 and Book vii, lines 289 to 357; among the Phaeacians, Book vi to line 150 of Book xiii.

Books xiv to xxiv describe the return of Ulysses to his home in Ithaca. One of the most touching incidents of the poem is the story of how the dog Argus recognizes his former master, Ulysses, Book xvi, lines 355 to 398.



## A BACKWARD GLANCE

*The Epic.* Though there is much doubt as to the authorship of the *Odyssey*, it is generally believed to have been the work of the blind minstrel Homer. It may be that different ballads sung by minstrels here and there through the centuries were combined into a single longer poem by some master minstrel like Homer. The exploits of many heroes may have been woven by such a bard around a single well-known name. Whether or not Ulysses was really the center of the twelve adventures related by him at the court of King Alcinoüs, there can be no doubt as to the skill and art of the poet who united them into a single plot.

Such a long poem about a central hero of national renown, composed in a stately or dignified style, is called an "epic." For centuries many people have considered the epic as the highest form of poetry. It is of ancient origin, and gives a kind of summary of a whole civilization, picturing the social life, religion, and ideals of a people. Its hero represents some great national ideal. The plot of the poem is the life story of this hero, told in such a way as to bring out his great service to his people. In the *Odyssey* Ulysses represents the Greek

ideal of "cunning," or intelligence. In the *Iliad*, the other great epic by Homer, the hero, Achilles, represents the national ideal of physical prowess.

Other famous epics are *Beowulf*, made up of several ancient English legends; the German *Nibelungenlied*, which recounts the adventures of the hero Siegfried; the French *Song of Roland*, telling of the deeds of Charlemagne; and the Spanish *Cid*, which sings of the exploits of that famous lord.

*Review Questions.* 1. Unlike *history*, which aims to record the exact facts of past events, the literature of *legend* is made picturesque by the narration of incidents that we know could not have happened. Yet even a legend may contain much accurate information about conditions of life in far-distant times. From your reading of "Ulysses and the Cyclops" mention several incidents that are obviously impossible; mention several other incidents or descriptions that apparently give true pictures of Greek life and customs.

2. Compare some of the Greek ways of life (such as hospitality to strangers, tilling the soil, methods of travel, etc.) with our own ways in America.

## A READING LIST

If you wish to know more about Greek myths, the story of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, or epics in general, you will find these books useful:

Baldwin, James, *A Story of the Golden Age*. The illustrations are by Howard Pyle.

Bulfinch, Thomas, *The Golden Age of Myth and Legend*. This book contains the stories of many legends.

Brooks, Dr. Edward, *The Story of the Odyssey*. The adventures of Ulysses are here retold in a simple, interesting manner.

Church, Alfred, *The Story of the Iliad and The Story of the Odyssey*. These stories are very simply written.

Colum, Padraic, *The Adventures of Odysseus and the Tale of Troy*. The book is interestingly illustrated by Willy Pogany.

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## UNIT V

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# Legends from Early Singers

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### FOLK BALLADS

#### AN INTRODUCTION

The reading of stories is an unfailing source of entertainment; we all turn to magazines or books to while away idle hours. But sitting alone and reading from the printed page is really a very recent kind of amusement. Printing was invented only about four centuries ago. Up to that period few people could read, and long after books were printed, the great mass of people got their stories by word of mouth.

In olden times the bard or minstrel was popular in England and Scotland, just as he had been throughout Greece in the days of Homer. One can imagine such a minstrel seated on a bench in the village green, thrumming his harp as he sings of some heroic deed. Or perhaps at a feast, standing at the head of the table, he marks the rhythm of his song with a drinking horn lifted high in air. The chances are that the crowd around him knows the story quite as well as he does and joins in the refrain.

Not only old legends were thus recited, but often recent events in the neighborhood became the basis for a song or ballad. Suppose a chieftain has returned from a victory. At the celebration the minstrel uses his leader's triumph as the subject of a song. Striking his harp, he makes up a stanza which he sings to the group; they in turn join in a chorus, perhaps repeating parts of the stanza. The minstrel, mean-

while, has had time to compose the next stanza, and he continues in this way until the entire story of the achievement is brought to an end.

Many ballads such as those included in this Unit are now in printed form, but they were all taken down from the lips of persons who knew them by heart. After the eighteenth century, minstrels were no longer common, but their ballads lingered on, especially in the country districts. When Sir Walter Scott was a young man, he was much interested in these old songs. He loved to roam the Scotch countryside and listen to shepherds or old women sing the ancient ballads they had heard from the old folk of their neighborhood. Sir Walter made a large collection of ballads in this way and printed it under the title of *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. Both before and after his time other ballad lovers in Scotland, England, Wales, and also in America have helped to preserve in print these old stories that were first composed orally and were always intended to be sung.

What kinds of stories pleased villagers on the green or feasters in castle halls? They were varied, as stories are today. But in general they may be divided into four groups. Some are heroic, dealing with the exploits of legendary heroes. Some are romantic, usually dwelling on the fate of ill-starred lovers,

though happy endings are also found. Some are supernatural, taking us into the world of fairies and enchantment. A few are purely humorous.

Examples of these classes appear on the following pages. As you read them aloud, strange-looking words will become quite familiar. And by reading them more than once, you will get the spirit of each ballad. The story moves rapidly and is never interrupted by long descriptions. Sometimes it changes suddenly from narrative to dialogue, and then you are put to it to know who is speaking, for the narrative is too hurried to stop and tell you.

If the repetitions seem to you to interrupt, you may imagine the throng as singing the refrain or chorus. Sometimes this refrain fits the mood of the ballad; sometimes each refrain adds a new thought; sometimes the refrain has no meaning at all.

Certain words and phrases are used over and over again until they seem to be the natural language of the ballad; for example, the horse is likely to be a "milk-white steed"; a young woman's dress is probably of "grass-green silk."

The stanza used in ballads is always simple, usually consisting of four lines. The first and third lines ordinarily have four accents; the second and fourth have only three accents. The second and fourth lines regularly rime. Since the printed versions were in most cases taken down from the chanting of old persons, the rhythm is not always smooth; at times there seem to be too many syllables and at others too few. But in general the swing of the stanzas is easy to catch if you read the ballad aloud, and with this rhythm ringing in your ears you will experience some of the pleasure that thrilled the villagers of old England and Scotland.

## ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THE WIDOW'S THREE SONS

This ballad is one of the oldest of the many Robin Hood ballads and shows all the familiar characteristics of that famous outlaw. We see here the Robin Hood who is always eager to relieve distress; who thinks the peasant has as good a right to the "fallow deer" as the king; who is full of tricks to get the best of his enemy, the sheriff of Nottingham; and whose band of merry men seems always at hand ready to be summoned at a blast from his horn.

**T**HERE are twelve months in all the year,

As I hear many say,  
But the merriest month in all the year  
Is the merry month of May.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham<sup>1</sup>  
gone,

*With a link a down, and a day,*<sup>2</sup>  
And there he met a silly<sup>3</sup> old woman,  
Was weeping on the way.

"What news? what news? thou silly old woman,

What news has thou for me?"<sup>10</sup>  
Said she, "There's my three sons in Nottingham town  
Today condemned to die."<sup>4</sup>

"Oh, have they parishes burnt?" he said,  
"Or have they ministers slain?"<sup>14</sup>  
Or have they robbed any virgin?  
Or other men's wives have ta'en?"

"They have no parishes burnt, good sir,  
Nor yet have ministers slain.  
Nor have they robbed any virgin,  
Nor other men's wives have ta'en."<sup>20</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Nottingham, a town in central England.  
<sup>2</sup> With a link . . . day. This refrain has no definite meaning. <sup>3</sup> silly, simple, humble.  
<sup>4</sup> die. Pronounce as "dee" to rime with "me."

"Oh, what have they done?" said Robin Hood,

"I pray thee tell to me."  
"It's for slaying of the king's fallow deer,  
Bearing their long bows with thee."

"Dost thou not mind,<sup>5</sup> old woman," he said,

"How thou madest me sup and dine?  
By the truth of my body," quoth bold Robin Hood,

"You could not tell it in better time."

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,

*With a link a down, and a day,*<sup>30</sup>  
And there he met with a silly old palmer,<sup>6</sup>  
Was walking along the highway.

"What news? what news? thou silly old man,

What news, I do thee pray?"  
Said he, "Three squires in Nottingham town  
Are condemned to die this day."<sup>35</sup>

"Come change thy apparel with me, old man,

Come change thy apparel for mine;  
Here is ten shillings in good silver,  
Go drink it in beer or wine."<sup>40</sup>

"Oh, thine apparel is good," he said,  
"And mine is ragged and torn;  
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,  
Laugh not an old man to scorn."

"Come change thy apparel with me, old churl,"<sup>45</sup>

Come change thy apparel with mine;  
Here is a piece of good broad gold,  
Go feast thy brethren with wine."

<sup>5</sup> mind, remember. <sup>6</sup> palmer, a traveler to the holy land.

Then he put on the old man's hat;  
 It stood full high on the crown; 50  
 "The first bold bargain that I come at,  
 It shall make thee come down."

Then he put on the old man's cloak,  
 Was patched black, blue, and red;  
 He thought it no shame, all the day  
 long, 55  
 To wear the bags of bread.<sup>7</sup>

Then he put on the old man's breeks,  
 Was patched from leg to side;  
 "By the truth of my body," bold Robin  
 can say,  
 "This man loved little pride." 60

Then he put on the old man's hose,<sup>8</sup>  
 Were patched from knee to wrist;  
 "By the truth of my body," said bold  
 Robin Hood,  
 "I'd laugh if I had any list."<sup>9</sup>

Then he put on the old man's shoes, 65  
 Were patched bold beneath and  
 aboon;<sup>10</sup>

Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,  
 "It's good habit<sup>11</sup> that makes a man."

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham  
 gone,  
 With a link a down and a down, 70  
 And there he met with the proud sheriff,  
 Was walking along the town.

"Save you, save you, sheriff!" he said;  
 "Now heaven you save and see!  
 And what will you give to a silly old  
 man 75  
 Today will your hangman be?"

"Some suits, some suits," the sheriff he  
 said,  
 "Some suits I'll give to thee;

<sup>7</sup> *bags of bread*, bags in which he carried the food begged along the way. <sup>8</sup> *hose*, close-fitting coverings for the legs and waist. <sup>9</sup> *list*, desire or inclination. <sup>10</sup> *aboon*, above. <sup>11</sup> *habit*, costume.

Some suits, some suits, and pence thir-  
 teen,  
 Today's a hangman's fee." 80

Then Robin he turns him round about,  
 And jumps from stock<sup>12</sup> to stone;  
 "By the truth of my body," the sheriff he  
 said,  
 "That's well jumped, thou nimble old  
 man."

"I was ne'er a hangman in all my life, 85  
 Nor yet intends to trade;  
 But curst be he," said bold Robin,  
 "That first a hangman was made!

"I've a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,  
 And a bag for barley and corn; 90  
 A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,  
 And a bag for my little small horn.

"I have a horn in my pocket,  
 I got it from Robin Hood,  
 And still when I set it to my mouth, 95  
 For thee it blows little good."

"Oh, wind thy horn, thou proud fellow!  
 Of thee I have no doubt.  
 I wish that thou give such a blast,  
 Till both thy eyes fall out." 100

The first loud blast that he did blow  
 He blew both loud and shrill;  
 A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood's  
 men  
 Came riding over the hill.

The next loud blast that he did give 105  
 He blew both loud and amain,  
 And quickly sixty of Robin Hood's men  
 Came shining over the plain.

"Oh, who are those," the sheriff he said,  
 "Come tripping over the lee?" 110  
 "They're my attendants," brave Robin  
 did say;  
 "They'll pay a visit to thee."

<sup>12</sup> *stock*, tree stump.

They took the gallows from the slack,<sup>13</sup>

They set it in the glen,  
They hanged the proud sheriff on  
that, 115

Released their own three men.

<sup>13</sup> slack, rope.

### STUDY AIDS

*The Story of the Ballad.* 1. How serious is the misdeed of the sons for which they are to die, as compared with the crimes mentioned by Robin Hood in lines 13-16? The stanza beginning with line 25 shows that Robin Hood remembers a good turn. Put his words into simple present-day English.

2. What is Robin Hood's trick to rescue the widow's sons? Read the later stanza that explains fully "the bags of bread" mentioned in line 56. What do you think suggests to the sheriff the price that he offers as a hangman's fee? What makes the sheriff a bit suspicious? What words of the sheriff reconcile you somewhat to his fate?

*The Form of the Ballad.* 1. Just as the story of this ballad is typical of Robin Hood, so the form of the poem is typical of the old folk ballad. Find the three stanzas in which the refrain occurs. It precedes in each stanza the introduction of a new character. Who are they? What is the first line of each of these stanzas? The last line? Do you see any reason for the change in the refrain the last time it is used?

2. In the Introduction on page 249 you were cautioned that the reader of ballads is often put to it to make the rhythm smooth, because sometimes there seem to be too many syllables and sometimes not enough. When you read this ballad aloud, were you able to catch the "swing" of it despite this roughness? Point out two successive stanzas, one the most rhythmical in the ballad, and the other with lines having little or no rhythm.

3. In folk ballads the relative pronoun (*who*, *which*, *that*), ordinarily used as the subject of a clause, is generally omitted. Find an illustration of such omission in this ballad.

### LORD RANDAL

The story of this ballad is told indirectly in a dialogue between mother and son. Note how repetition of words and phrases is used to advance the story.

OH, WHERE ha<sup>1</sup> you been, Lord  
Randal, my son?

And where ha you been, my handsome  
young man?"

"I ha been at the greenwood; mother,  
mak my bed soon,  
For I'm wearied wi huntin, and fain  
wad<sup>2</sup> lie down."

"An wha met ye there, Lord Randal,  
my son?" 5

An wha met you there, my handsome  
young man?"

"Oh, I met wi my true-love; mother,  
mak my bed soon,  
For I'm wearied wi huntin, and fain  
wad lie down."

"And what did she give you, Lord Ran-  
dal, my son?"

And what did she give you, my hand-  
some young man?" 10

"Eels fried in a pan; mother, mak my  
bed soon,  
For I'm wearied wi huntin, and fain  
wad lie down."

"And wha gat your leavins,<sup>3</sup> Lord Ran-  
dal, my son?"

And wha gat your leavins, my hand-  
some young man?"

"My hawks and my hounds; mother,  
mak my bed soon, 15  
For I'm wearied wi huntin, and fain  
wad lie down."

"And what becam of them, Lord Ran-  
dal, my son?"

And what becam of them, my handsome  
young man?"

<sup>1</sup> ha, have. <sup>2</sup> fain wad, would gladly.

<sup>3</sup> leavins, "left-overs," scraps.

"They stretched their legs out an died;  
mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I'm wearied wi huntin, and fain  
wad lie down." 20

"Oh, I fear you are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son!  
I fear you are poisoned, my handsome  
young man!"

"Oh, yes, I am poisoned; mother, mak  
my bed soon,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain  
wad lie down."

"What d'ye leave to your mother, Lord  
Randal, my son?" 25  
What d'ye leave to your mother, my  
handsome young man?"

"Four and twenty milk kye;<sup>4</sup> mother,  
mak my bed soon,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain  
wad lie down."

"What d'ye leave to your sister, Lord  
Randal, my son?  
What d'ye leave to your sister, my hand-  
some young man?" 30

"My gold and my silver; mother, mak  
my bed soon,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain  
wad lie down."

"What d'ye leave to your brother, Lord  
Randal, my son?  
What d'ye leave to your brother, my  
handsome young man?"

"My houses and my lands; mother, mak  
my bed soon," 35  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain  
wad lie down."

"What d'ye leave to your true-love, Lord  
Randal, my son?  
What d'ye leave to your true-love, my  
handsome young man?"

"I leave her hell and fire; mother, mak  
my bed soon,  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain  
wad lie down." 40

<sup>4</sup> kye, cows.

## STUDY AIDS

1. As a piece of story-telling "Lord Randal" gives only the climax. What things do you imagine leading up to the tragedy?

2. The legacy idea in the last four stanzas is found in many folk ballads. Only one person mentioned here in the legacy is really important to the story. Which one is it? Which line confirms fully the suspicion aroused in the first six stanzas?

3. Does the refrain in the fourth line of each stanza ever vary? If so, what effect is gained? Is the refrain merely a set of repeated words, or does it help the story in any way?

## KATHARINE JANFARIE

In this ballad two lovers, one an Englishman, the other a Scottish gentleman, court the same maid. Since the ballad was sung by a Scottish bard, you will not be surprised at the outcome of the rivalry.

THERE was a may,<sup>1</sup> and a weel-fared<sup>2</sup> may,  
Lived high up in yon glen;  
Her name was Katharine Janfarie,  
She was courted by mony men.

Doun cam' the Laird o' Lamington, 5  
Doun frae the South Countrie;<sup>3</sup>  
And he is for this bonny lass,  
Her bridegroom for to be.

He asked no her father and mither,  
Nor the chief o' a' her kin; 10  
But he whispered the bonny lass hersel',  
And did her favor win.

Doun cam' an English gentleman,  
Doun frae the English border;  
He is for this bonny lass, 15  
To keep his house in order.

<sup>1</sup> may, maid. <sup>2</sup> weel-fared, well-favored, pretty. <sup>3</sup> South Countrie, the Lowlands of Scotland.



He asked her father and mither,  
 And a' the lave<sup>4</sup> o' her kin;  
 But he never asked the lassie hersel'  
 Till on her wedding-e'en.

But she has wrote a long letter,  
 And sealed it with her hand;  
 And sent it away to Lamington,  
 To let him understand.

The first line o' the letter he read,  
 He was baith fain<sup>5</sup> and glad;  
 But or<sup>6</sup> he has read the letter o'er,  
 He's turned baith wan and sad.

Then he has sent a messenger,  
 To run through all his land;  
 And four and twenty armèd men  
 Were all at his command.

But he has left his merry men all,  
 Left them on the lee;  
 And he's awa' to the wedding-house, 35  
 To see what he could see.

They all rose up to honor him,  
 For he was of high renown;  
 They all rose up to welcome him,  
 And bade him to sit down. 40

Oh, mickle<sup>7</sup> was the gude red wine  
 In silver cups did flow;  
 But aye she drank to Lamington,  
 And fain with him would go.

"Oh, come ye here to fight, young  
 lord? 45  
 Or come ye here to play?  
 Or come ye here to drink gude wine  
 Upon the wedding-day?"

"I come na here to fight," he said,  
 "I come na here to play; 50  
 I'll but lead a dance wi' the bonny bride,  
 And mount and go my way."

<sup>4</sup> *lave*, rest.

<sup>5</sup> *fain*, pleased.

<sup>6</sup> *or*, before.

<sup>7</sup> *mickle*, plentiful.

He's caught her by the milk-white  
 hand,  
 And by the grass-green sleeve;  
 He's mounted her hie behind himsel', 55  
 At her kinsfolk spiered na leave.<sup>8</sup>

It's up, it's up the Couden bank,  
 It's doun the Couden brae;<sup>9</sup>  
 And aye they made the trumpet sound,  
 "It's a' fair play!" 60

Now, a' ye lords and gentlemen  
 That be of England born,  
 Come ye na doun to Scotland thus,  
 For fear ye get the scorn!

They'll feed ye up wi' flattering words 65  
 And play ye foul play;  
 They'll dress you frogs<sup>10</sup> instead of  
 fish  
 Upon your wedding-day!

<sup>8</sup> *spiered na leave*, asked no permission.

<sup>9</sup> *brae*, hill.

<sup>10</sup> *dress you frogs*, prepare frogs (which were thought to be poisonous) for you to eat.

## STUDY AIDS

1. Two things are said about the English gentleman that make him seem very unromantic. What are they? How do they affect our feeling for Lamington?

2. As pointed out in the Introduction, page 249, certain words and phrases are used over and over again in various ballads until they seem to be the natural language of these songs. Point out at least two such expressions near the end of this ballad.

3. As a story, is this ballad more like "Lord Randal" or the Robin Hood ballad? Does it give only the climax or the whole story?

4. Sir Walter Scott founded his "Loch-invar" on this old folk ballad. You will find it interesting to compare the two ballads to see whether or not Scott improved upon the original in meter and in story interest.



It's up, it's up the Couden bank

### YOUNG BEICHAN

IN LONDON was Lord Beichan  
born,  
He longed strange countries for to  
see;  
But he was ta'en by a savage Moor,  
Who handled him right cruellie.

For he viewed the fashions of that  
land;  
Their way of worship viewèd he;  
But to Mahound,<sup>1</sup> or Termagant,<sup>2</sup>  
Would Beichan never bend a knee.

So on every shoulder they've putten a  
rope,  
To every rope they've putten a tree; 10

<sup>1</sup> Mahound, Mohammed. <sup>2</sup> Termagant, a Mohammedan deity.

And they have made him trail the wine  
And spices on his fair bodie.<sup>3</sup>

They've casten him in a dungeon deep,  
Where he could neither hear nor see;  
And fed him on nought but bread and  
water  
Till he for hunger's like to dee. 15

This Moor he had but ae<sup>4</sup> daughter,  
Her name was called Susie Pye;  
And every day as she took the air,  
Near Beichan's prison she passed by. 20

Now so it fell upon a day,  
About the middle time of spring,

<sup>3</sup> So . . . bodie. This stanza describes Beichan's punishment. A rope, to which a pole (tree) is attached, has been strapped to each of his shoulders; thus harnessed, he is forced to draw a cart loaded with wine and spices.  
<sup>4</sup> ae, one.

As she was passing by that way,  
She heard young Beichan sadly sing:

"My hounds they all go masterless, 25  
My hawks they fly from tree to tree,  
My younger brother will heir my land;  
Fair England again I'll never see!"

All the night long no rest she got,  
Young Beichan's song for thinking  
on; 30  
She's stown the keys from her father's  
head,<sup>5</sup>  
And to the prison strang<sup>6</sup> is gone.

And she has opened the prison-doors;  
I wot<sup>7</sup> she opened two or three,  
Ere she could come young Beichan at, 35  
He was locked up so curiouslie.<sup>8</sup>

But when she cam' young Beichan till,<sup>9</sup>  
Sore wondered he that may<sup>10</sup> to see;  
He took her for some fair captive:  
"Fair lady, I pray, of what coun-  
trie?" 40

"Oh, have ye ony lands," she said,  
"Or castles in your own countrie?  
Or what could ye give to a lady fair,  
From prison strong would set ye  
free?"

"Near London town I have a hall, 45  
And other castles two or three;  
I'll give them all to the lady fair  
That out of prison will set me free."

"Give me the truth of your right hand,  
The truth of that now give to me, 50  
For seven years ye'll no lady wed,  
Unless that ye be wed with me."

"I give thee the truth of my right hand,  
The truth of that I freely gie,

<sup>5</sup> *stown the keys*, etc., stolen the keys from under her father's pillow. <sup>6</sup> *strang*, strong.  
<sup>7</sup> *wot*, know. <sup>8</sup> *curiouslie*, well, securely.  
<sup>9</sup> *cam'* . . . *till*, came where young Beichan was. <sup>10</sup> *may*, maid.

That for seven years I'll stay unwed, 55  
For the kindness thou dost show to  
me."

She's gi'en him to eat the good spice-  
cake,  
She's gi'en him to drink the blood-red  
wine;  
She's bidden him sometimes think on  
her  
That's kindly freed him out o'  
pine.<sup>11</sup> 60

And she has broken her finger-ring;  
To Beichan half of it gave she:

"Keep it to mind you in foreign land  
Of the lady's love that set you free.

"And set your foot on good ship-board,  
And haste ye back to your ain coun-  
trie; 65  
And before that seven years have an end,  
Come back again, love, and marry  
me."

But long ere seven years had an end,  
She longed full sore her love to see; 70  
So she's set her foot on good ship-board,  
And turned her back on her own  
countrie.

She sailèd east, she sailèd west,  
Till to fair England's shore she came,  
Where a bonny shepherd she espied, 75  
Feeding his sheep upon the plain.

"What news, what news, thou bonny  
shepherd?

What news hast thou to tell to me?"  
"Such news I hear, ladie," he says,  
"The like was never in this countrie. 80

"There is a wedding in yonder hall,  
And ever the bells ring merrilie;  
It is Lord Beichan's wedding-day  
Wi' a lady fair o' high degree."

She's putten her hand into her pocket, 85  
Gi'en him the gold and white monie:

<sup>11</sup> *pine*, suffering, torment.

"Hey, take ye that, my bonny boy,  
All for the news thou tellest to me."

When she came to young Beichan's gate,  
She tirl'd softly at the pin;<sup>90</sup>  
So ready was the proud porter  
To open and let this lady in.

"Is this young Beichan's house?" she  
said,

"Or is that noble lord within?"

"Yea, he sits in hall among them all, <sup>95</sup>  
And this is the day o' his weddin'."

"Oh, has he wed anither love?  
Oh, has he clean forgotten me?"  
And, sighing, said that fair ladie,  
"I wish I were in my own coun-  
trie!" <sup>100</sup>

And she has ta'en her gay gold ring,  
That with her love she brake so free;  
Says, "Gie him that, ye proud porter,  
And bid the bridegroom speak with  
me."

The pöfter came his lord before, <sup>105</sup>  
And kneelèd low down on his knee:  
"What aileth thee, my proud porter,  
And wherefore is thy courtesie?"

"I have been porter at your gates,  
It's now for thirty years and three; <sup>110</sup>  
But there stands a lady now thereat,  
And so fair a lady I never did see."

Then out and spak' the bride's mother;  
An angry woman, I wot, was she:  
"Ye might have excepted our bonny  
bride, <sup>115</sup>  
And two or three of our companie."

"My dame, your daughter's fair enough,  
And aye the fairer mote she be,  
But the fairest time that ever she was,  
She'll no compare wi' this ladie. <sup>120</sup>

"On every finger she has a ring,  
On her mid-finger she has three;

<sup>12</sup> *tirl'd . . . pin*, rattled the latch.

And as mickle gold aboon<sup>13</sup> her head  
As would buy an earldom unto me.

"And this golden ring that's broken in  
twa, <sup>125</sup>  
This half o' a golden ring sends she:  
'Ye'll carry that to Lord Beichan,' she  
says,  
'And bid him to come and speak wi'  
me.'"

Then up and started Lord Beichan;  
I wot he made the table flee: <sup>130</sup>  
"I would gie a' my yearly rent  
'Twere Susie Pye come over the sea!"

And quickly hied he down the stair,  
Of fifteen steps he made but three;  
He's ta'en his bonny love in his arms, <sup>135</sup>  
And kissed, and kissed her tenderlie.

"Oh, have ye ta'en anither bride?  
And have ye clean forgotten me,  
And have ye clean forgotten her  
That gave you life and libertie?" <sup>140</sup>

She lookèd over her left shoulder,  
To hide the tears stood in her e'e:  
"Now, fare thee well, young Beichan,"  
she says;  
"I'll try to think no more on thee."

"Oh, never, never, Susie Pye, <sup>145</sup>  
Oh, never, never can it be,  
That I shall wed in all the world  
Another woman but only thee!"

Then up and spak' the bride's mother;  
She never was heard to speak so  
free: <sup>150</sup>

"Ye cannot forsake my ae daughter,  
Though Susie Pye has crossed the  
sea!"

"Take home, take home your daughter,  
madam,  
For she is never the worse for me;

<sup>13</sup> *mickle gold aboon*, much gold about.

I'll send her back in a coach and  
four,  
And a double sum shall her dowry  
be."

He's ta'en Susie Pye by the milk-white  
hand,  
And led her through his halls so hie;  
He's kissed her on the red-rose lips:  
"Ye're dearly welcome, jewel, to  
me."

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,  
And led her to yon fountain-stane;<sup>14</sup>  
He's changed her name from Susie  
Pye,  
And called her his bonny wife, Lady  
Jane.

<sup>14</sup> *fountain-stane*, baptismal font.

### STUDY AIDS

1. Does the ballad-singer recognize any difficulty that Susie Pye might have had in speaking or understanding English? What significance is there in her change of name? Find passages that make her seem very human. How does the ballad tell about her beauty?

2. Is there any attempt to explain how it happened that young Beichan was about to marry another when Susie Pye arrived? What do we know about the other bride? Who speaks for her?

3. What typical ballad words and phrases do you find?

### THOMAS THE RHYMER

There lived in the thirteenth century a Scottish gentleman known as Thomas the Rhymer. It was generally believed that he possessed the power of prophecy, given him by the Fairy Queen, who kept him in Elfland for seven years. The theme of this ballad is the old superstition that a mortal who kisses a fairy becomes subject to her magic power.

TRUE Thomas lay on Huntley  
bank;  
A ferlie<sup>1</sup> spied he wi' his ee;  
There he saw a lady bright  
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her skirt was o' the grass-green silk, 5  
Her mantle o' the velvet fine;  
At ilka tett<sup>2</sup> o' her horse's mane  
Hung fifty siller<sup>3</sup> bells and nine.

True Thomas he pu'd aff his cap,  
And louted<sup>4</sup> low down on his knee: 10  
"Hail to thee, Mary, Queen of Heaven!  
For thy peer on earth could never be."

"Oh no, oh no, Thomas," she said,  
"That name does not belong to me:  
I'm but the Queen o' fair Elfland, 15  
That hither have come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp,<sup>5</sup> Thomas," she said;  
"Harp and carp along wi' me;  
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,  
Sure of your body I shall be." 20

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,  
That weird<sup>6</sup> shall never daunten me."  
Synce<sup>7</sup> he has kiss'd her on the lips,  
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

"Now ye maun<sup>8</sup> go wi' me," she said, 25  
"Now, Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;  
And ye maun serve me seven years,  
Through weal or woe as may chance  
to be."

She's mounted on her milk-white steed,  
And she's ta'en Thomas up behind; 30  
And aye, whene'er her bridle rang,  
The steed gaed swifter than the wind.

Oh, they rade on, and farther on,  
The steed gaed swifter than the wind;  
Until they reached a desert wide, 35  
And living land was left behind.

<sup>1</sup> *ferlie*, marvelous thing. <sup>2</sup> *ilka tett*, every tuft. <sup>3</sup> *siller*, silver. <sup>4</sup> *louted*, bent. <sup>5</sup> *Harp and carp*, play and sing. <sup>6</sup> *weird*, fate, doom. <sup>7</sup> *Synce*, then. <sup>8</sup> *maun*, must.

"Now, Thomas, light doun, light doun,"  
 she said,  
 "And lean your head upon my knee;  
 Abide ye there a little space,  
 And I will show you ferlies three. 40

"Oh, see ye not yon narrow road,  
 So thick beset wi' thorns and briars?  
 That is the Path of Righteousness,  
 Though after it but few inquire.

"And see ye not yon braid, braid road, 45  
 That lies across the lily leven?"<sup>9</sup>  
 That is the Path of Wickedness,  
 Though some call it the road to  
 Heaven.

"And see ye not yon bonny road  
 That winds about the ferny brae? 50  
 That is the road to fair Elfland,  
 Where thou and I this night maun  
 gae.

"But, Thomas, ye sall haud<sup>10</sup> your  
 tongue,  
 Whatever ye may hear or see;  
 For speak ye word in Elfin-land, 55  
 Ye'll ne'er win back to your ain coun-  
 trie."

Oh, they rade on, and further on,  
 And they waded rivers abune<sup>11</sup> the  
 knee;  
 And they saw neither sun nor moon,  
 But they heard the roaring of a sea. 60

It was mirk,<sup>12</sup> mirk night, there was nae  
 starlight,  
 They waded through red blude to the  
 knee;  
 For a' the blude that's shed on the earth  
 Rins through the springs o' that coun-  
 trie.

Syne they came to a garden green, 65  
 And she pu'd an apple frae a tree:

"Take this for thy wages, Thomas," she  
 said;  
 "It will give thee the tongue that can  
 never lee."

"My tongue is my ain," then Thomas he  
 said;  
 "A gudely gift ye wad gie to me! 70  
 I neither dought<sup>13</sup> to buy or sell  
 At fair or tryst<sup>14</sup> where I might be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or  
 peer,  
 Nor ask of grace from fair ladye!"  
 "Now haud thy peace,<sup>15</sup> Thomas," she  
 said, 75  
 "For as I say, so must it be."

He has gotten a coat of the even<sup>16</sup> cloth,  
 And a pair o' shoon<sup>17</sup> of the velvet  
 green;  
 And till seven years were come and  
 gane,  
 True Thomas on earth was never  
 seen. 80

<sup>13</sup> dought, could be able. <sup>14</sup> tryst, market.  
<sup>15</sup> haud thy peace, be still. <sup>16</sup> even, smooth.  
<sup>17</sup> shoon, shoes.

## STUDY AIDS

1. Find the stanza that shows Thomas to be an adventurous person. What were the "ferlies three" that the Queen of Elfland showed Thomas? What evidences are there of a mingling of Christian and pagan ideas?

2. There is real humor in Thomas's refusal to eat the apple that will give him the tongue that can never lie. What are the things Thomas says he could never do if he ate the fruit? Which line does Thomas say in sarcasm?

3. Expressions like "Eildon Tree" and "fair Elfland" add beauty to this ballad, which has a sweetness about it not often associated with the folk ballad. Point out stanzas that seem to you especially beautiful either from the standpoint of the music of the lines, or of the pictures they raise in your mind, or of the thought.

<sup>9</sup> leven, lawn. <sup>10</sup> sall haud, shall hold.

<sup>11</sup> abune, above. <sup>12</sup> mirk, dark.

## THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

THERE lived a wife at Usher's Well,  
And a wealthy wife was she;  
She had three stout and stalwart sons,  
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her, 5  
A week but barely ane,  
When word cam' to the carline<sup>1</sup> wife  
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,  
A week but barely three, 10  
When word cam' to the carline wife  
That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,  
Nor fish be in the flood,  
Till my three sons come hame to me, 15  
In earthly flesh and blood!"

It fell about the Martinmas,<sup>2</sup>  
When nights are lang and mirk,<sup>3</sup>  
The carline wife's three sons cam' hame,  
And their hats were o' the birk.<sup>4</sup> 20

It neither grew in syke<sup>5</sup> nor ditch,  
Nor yet in any sheugh;<sup>6</sup>  
But at the gates o' Paradise  
That birk grew fair enough.

"Blow up the fire, my maidens! 25  
Bring water from the well!  
For a' my house shall feast this night,  
Since my three sons are well."

And she has made to them a bed,  
She's made it large and wide; 30  
And she's ta'en her mantle round about,  
Sat down at the bedside.

Up then crew the red, red cock,  
And up and crew the gray;  
The eldest to the youngest said, 35  
"Tis time we were away."

<sup>1</sup> carline, aged. <sup>2</sup> Martinmas, the feast of St. Martin, November 11. <sup>3</sup> mirk, dark, gloomy. <sup>4</sup> hats were o' the birk. Instead of hats, they were wearing birch wreaths, a symbol of death. <sup>5</sup> syke, marsh. <sup>6</sup> sheugh, ditch.

"The cock doth craw, the day doth  
daw;<sup>7</sup>

The channerin<sup>8</sup> worm doth chide;  
Gin<sup>9</sup> we be missed out o' our place,  
A sair pain we maun bide." 40

"Lie still, lie still, but a little wee while,  
Lie still but if we may;  
Gin my mother should miss us when she  
wakes,  
She'll go mad ere it be day.

"Our mother has nae mair but us; 45  
See where she leans asleep;  
The mantle that was on herself,  
She has happed<sup>11</sup> it round our feet."

Oh, it's they have ta'en up their mother's  
mantle,  
And they've hung it on a pin:<sup>12</sup> 50  
"Oh, lang may ye hing, my mother's  
mantle,  
Ere ye hap us again!

"Fare ye weel, my mother dear!  
Fareweel to barn and byre!<sup>13</sup>  
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass 55  
That kindles my mother's fire!"

<sup>7</sup> daw, dawn. <sup>8</sup> channerin', complaining.  
<sup>9</sup> Gin, if. <sup>10</sup> A sair pain, etc., we shall suffer punishment. <sup>11</sup> happed, wrapped. <sup>12</sup> pin, peg.  
<sup>13</sup> byre, cow-stable.

## STUDY AIDS

1. In what wish does the mother express her grief? What is there about the "birk" that tells us the sons are not alive, but are only spirits or ghosts?

2. What is the superstition about the crowing of the cock? Who is speaking in lines 36 to 40? In lines 41 to 48? In lines 50 to 56? Which seems more tender, the eldest or the youngest son?

3. This ballad has marks of great beauty and tenderness. The words imply much more than they say directly. Show how this is especially true of the last stanza.



KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT  
OF CANTERBURY

Folk ballads can scarcely be relied upon for historical information. In this ballad, for instance, the singer may have used the name of King John simply because his name traditionally stood for injustice and so fitted perfectly into the story. You may, however, find a good feature in the King John of this ballad.

**A**N ANCIENT story I'll tell you anon,  
Of a notable prince, that was callèd King John;  
He ruled over England with main and might,  
But he did great wrong, and maintained little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,  
Concerning the abbot of Canterbury;  
How for his housekeeping and high renown,  
They rode post<sup>1</sup> to bring him to London town.

A hundred men, as the king heard say,  
The abbot kept in his house every day;  
And fifty gold chains,<sup>2</sup> without any doubt,  
In velvet coats waited the abbot about.

"How now, father abbot? I hear it of thee,  
Thou keepest a far better house than me;  
And for thy housekeeping and high renown,  
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown."

"My liege," quoth the abbot, "I would it were known,  
I am spending nothing but what is my own;

And I trust your grace will not put me in fear,  
For spending my own true-gotten gear."<sup>3</sup>

"Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault is high,  
And now for the same thou needest must die;  
And except thou canst answer me questions three,  
Thy head struck off from thy body shall be.

"And first," quoth the king, "as I sit here,  
With my crown of gold on my head so fair,  
Among all my liegemen of noble birth—  
Thou must tell to one penny what I am worth.

"Secondly, tell me, beyond all doubt,  
How soon I may ride the whole world about;  
And at the third question thou must not shrink,  
But tell me here truly, what do I think?"

"Oh, these are deep questions for my shallow wit,  
And I cannot answer your grace as yet;  
But if you will give me a fortnight's space,  
I'll do my endeavor to answer your grace."

"Now a fortnight's space to thee will I give,  
And that is the longest thou hast to live;  
For unless thou answer my questions three,  
Thy life and thy lands are forfeit to me."

Away rode the abbot all sad at this word;  
He rode to Cambridge and Oxenford;<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *post*, post-haste, swiftly. <sup>2</sup> *gold chains*, etc., retainers.

<sup>3</sup> *gear*, income, money. <sup>4</sup> *Oxenford*, Oxford and Cambridge are the two great universities of England.

But never a doctor there was so wise,  
That could by his learning an answer  
devise.

Then home rode the abbot, with com-  
fort so cold, 45  
And he met his shepherd, a-going to  
fold:<sup>5</sup>

"Now, good lord abbot, you are wel-  
come home;  
What news do you bring us from great  
King John?"

"Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must  
give;  
That I have but three days more to  
live. 50  
I must answer the king his questions  
three,  
Or my head struck off from my body  
shall be.

"The first is to tell him, as he sits there,  
With his crown of gold on his head so  
fair,  
Among all his liegemen of noble birth, 55  
To within one penny, what he is worth.

"The second to tell him, beyond all  
doubt,  
How soon he may ride this whole world  
about;  
And at question the third I must not  
shrink,  
But tell him there truly, what does he  
think?" 60

"Oh, cheer up, my lord; did you never  
hear yet  
That a fool may teach a wise man wit?  
Lend me your serving-men, horse, and  
apparel,  
And I'll ride to London to answer your  
quarrel.

"With your pardon, it oft has been told  
to me 65  
That I'm like your lordship as ever can  
be;

<sup>5</sup> *fold*, the sheepfold.

And if you will but lend me your gown,  
There is none shall know us at London  
town."

"Now horses and serving-men thou  
shalt have,  
With sumptuous raiment gallant and  
brave; 70  
With crosier,<sup>6</sup> and miter,<sup>7</sup> and rochet,<sup>8</sup>  
and cope,<sup>9</sup>  
Fit to draw near to our father the pope."

"Now welcome, sir abbot," the king he  
did say;  
"Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy  
day;  
For and if thou canst answer my ques-  
tions three, 75  
Thy life and thy living both savèd shall  
be.

"And first, as thou seest me sitting here,  
With my crown of gold on my head so  
fair,  
Among my liegemen of noble birth—  
Tell to one penny what I am worth." 80

"For thirty pence our Savior was sold  
By the false Judas, as I have been told;  
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee;  
For, I think, thou art one penny worse  
than He."

The king he laughed and swore by St.  
Bittle,<sup>10</sup> 85

"I did not think I was worth so little!  
Now secondly tell me, beyond all doubt,  
How soon I may ride this world about."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride  
with the same,  
Until the next morning he riseth  
again; 90  
And then your grace need never doubt  
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it  
about."

<sup>6</sup> *crosier*, the staff of an abbot. <sup>7</sup> *miter*, the  
headdress of the high priest. <sup>8</sup> *rochet*, linen  
vestment worn by abbots. <sup>9</sup> *cope*, cloak.

<sup>10</sup> *St. Bittle*, a name invented by the ballad  
singer for the sake of rime.

The king he laughed, and swore by St.  
 Jone,<sup>11</sup>

"I did not think I could do it so soon!  
 Now from question the third thou must  
 not shrink,  
 But tell me truly, what do I think?"<sup>95</sup>

"Yea, that I shall do, and make your  
 grace merry:  
 You think I'm the abbot of Canterbury;  
 But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you  
 may see,  
 That am come to beg pardon for him  
 and for me."<sup>100</sup>

The king he laughed and swore by the  
 mass,  
 "I'll make thee lord abbot this day in  
 his place!"  
 "Now nay, my liege, be not in such  
 speed;  
 For, alas, I can neither write nor read."  
 "Four nobles<sup>12</sup> a week, then, I'll give to  
 thee,"<sup>105</sup>  
 For this merry jest thou hast shown to  
 me;  
 And tell the old abbot, when thou get-  
 test home,  
 Thou has brought him free pardon from  
 King John."

<sup>11</sup> *St. Jone*, an invented name intended to  
 rime with "soon." <sup>12</sup> *noble*, a gold coin.

### STUDY AIDS

1. What is the grievance King John has against the abbot? What is the penalty for failing to solve the riddle? How does the abbot escape this penalty? Which one of the shepherd's answers seems to you the most clever?

2. By this time you have learned that ballads are full of omissions. What is omitted, for instance, between lines 12 and 13 of this ballad? Between lines 72 and 73? Give instances where the ballad does not tell who it is that is speaking.

3. How do the rime and rhythm of this ballad differ from those that are typical of the folk ballad?

### GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR

Martinmas, November 11, is the feast of St. Martin, the customary time for preparing the winter's supply of beef and pork. The puddings were made of meat, and were like our sausages. It was a season of general merrymaking.

**I**T FELL about the Martinmas time,  
 And a gay time it was then,  
 When our goodwife got puddings to  
 make,  
 And she's boiled them in the pan.

The wind sae cauld<sup>1</sup> blew south and  
 north,<sup>5</sup>  
 And blew into the floor;  
 Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,  
 "Get up and bar the door."

"My hand is in my hussyfskap,<sup>2</sup>  
 Goodman, as ye may see;<sup>10</sup>  
 An<sup>3</sup> it shou'dna be barred this hundred  
 year,  
 It's no<sup>4</sup> be barred for me."

They made a paction<sup>5</sup> 'tween them twa,  
 They made it firm and sure,  
 That the first word whae'er should  
 speak,<sup>15</sup>  
 Should rise and bar the door.

Then by there came two gentlemen,  
 At twelve o'clock at night,  
 And they could neither see house nor  
 hall,  
 Nor coal nor candle-light.<sup>20</sup>

"Now whether is this a rich man's  
 house,  
 Or whether is it a poor?"  
 But ne'er a word wad ane o' them speak,  
 For barring of the door.

And first they ate the white puddings,<sup>25</sup>  
 And then they ate the black.  
 Though muckle<sup>6</sup> thought the goodwife  
 to hersel',  
 Yet ne'er a word she spake.

<sup>1</sup> *sae cauld*, so cold.

<sup>2</sup> *hussyfskap*, household tasks. <sup>3</sup> *An'*, if. <sup>4</sup> *It's*  
*no*, it will not. <sup>5</sup> *paction*, compact, bargain.

<sup>6</sup> *muckle*, much.



"You've spoken the foremost word!"

Then said the one unto the other,

"Here, man, tak ye my knife; 30  
Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,  
And I'll kiss the goodwife."

"But there's nae water in the house,  
And what shall we do than?"

"What ails ye at the pudding-broo," 35  
That boils into the pan?"

<sup>1</sup> What . . . pudding-broo? Why not use the water in which the puddings are boiling?

Oh, up then started our goodman,

An angry man was he:

"Will ye kiss my wife before my  
een,

And sca'd me wi' pudding-bree?" 40

Then up and started our goodwife,

Gied three skips on the floor:

"Goodman, you've spoken the foremost  
word!

Get up and bar the door."

## STUDY AIDS

1. Put into present-day English the words of the goodwife upon which the story is based, and also the terms of the "paction."

2. A one-act play, "The Shutting o' the Door" by Wallace G. Dickson, is based upon this ballad. You might like to present it for an assembly program.

## A BACKWARD GLANCE

1. Judging from the eight ballads in Unit V, would you consider ballads as belonging to the field of "legend" or "history"? Give reasons for your answer.

2. In the Introduction, pages 248-249, four themes were mentioned as the most common basis of folk ballads—heroic deeds, romantic love, supernatural happenings, and humorous incidents. Give the title of at least one ballad in Unit V that illustrates each of these four themes.

3. Which of the eight ballads seemed to you most musical when read aloud?

4. Which ballad interested you most?

5. Compare the ballad way of telling a story with the short-story way, illustrating the differences by specific references to the ballads and short stories in this book. Bring out such features as: which maintains suspense better; which develops the characters more fully; which gives the more complete story, etc.

6. Select one of the eight ballads in this Unit and compare it with another version of the same ballad which you will find in the collections listed below.

## SOME OTHER BALLADS

You will enjoy reading some of these old favorites, which you will find in the ballad collections listed below: "Sir Patrick Spens," "Young Waters," "The Douglas Tragedy," "Kempion," "Bonnie George Campbell," "Barbara Allen," "The Twa Sisters," "Robin Hood's Death and Burial," "Helen of Kirkconnel," "Estmere," "Bewick and Graham."

Allingham, William, *The Ballad Book*.

The versions are quite simple, and the introduction and notes are helpful.

Bates, Katharine Lee, *Ballad Book*. A small book with good introduction and notes.

Child, Francis James, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. These five volumes contain many different versions of the ballads.

Gummere, F. B., *Old English Ballads*. The notes and introduction supply interesting facts.

Quiller-Couch, Arthur T., *Oxford Book of Ballads*. This is a very full collection.

Sargent, Helen Child, and Kittredge, George Lyman, *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. This is abridged from the collection of Professor Child.

Stempel, Guido H., *A Book of Ballads, Old and New*.

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## UNIT VI

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# Story Poems by Later Singers

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We have seen that the folk ballad is the expression of a whole group of people. It is not the work of a single author; it is impersonal. *It is a tale telling itself.*

The ballad-like poems in the following group, on the other hand, are by definite, well-known authors. The stories are more fully and consecutively told, and often the authors put in personal comments and interpretations. But the general purpose of the authors is to do just what the people who composed the folk ballads did—that is, to tell an interesting story simply and vividly in verse.

It will be interesting for you to notice the various likenesses and differences between these story poems by later singers and the ballads of the unlettered folks of long ago.

### THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE

ROBERT SOUTHEY

A WELL there is in the west coun-  
try,  
And a clearer one never was seen;  
There is not a wife in the west country  
But has heard of the Well of St.  
Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside, 5  
And behind doth an ash-tree grow,  
And a willow from the bank above  
Droops to the water below.

A traveler came to the Well of St.  
Keyne;  
Joyfully he drew nigh; 10  
For from cock-crow he had been travel-  
ing,  
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,  
For thirsty and hot was he,  
And he sat down upon the bank, 15  
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the house hard  
by,  
At the Well to fill his pail;  
On the Well-side he rested it,  
And bade the stranger hail. 20

"Now, art thou a bachelor, Stranger?"  
quoth he;  
"For, and if thou hast a wife,  
The happiest draft thou hast drank this  
day  
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has thy good woman, if one thou  
hast, 25  
Ever here in Cornwall<sup>1</sup> been?  
For, an if she have, I'll venture my life  
She has drunk of the Well of St.  
Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never  
was here,"  
The stranger he made reply; 30  
"But that my draft should be better for  
that,  
I pray you answer me why."

<sup>1</sup> Cornwall, a county in southwest England.

"St. Keyne," quoth the Cornish-man,  
 "many a time  
 Drank of this crystal Well;  
 And before the angel summoned her, 35  
 She laid on the water a spell—

"If the husband, of this gifted Well  
 Shall drink before his wife,  
 A happy man henceforth is he,  
 For he shall be master for life; 40

"But if the wife should drink of it  
 first,  
 Heaven help the husband then!"  
 The stranger stooped to the Well of St.  
 Keyne,  
 And drank of the water again.

"You drank of the Well, I warrant, be-  
 times?"<sup>2</sup>  
 He to the Cornish-man said;  
 But the Cornish-man smiled as the stran-  
 ger spake,  
 And sheepishly shook his head:

"I hastened, as soon as the wedding was  
 done,  
 And left my wife in the porch; 50  
 But 'i' faith, she had been wiser than  
 me,  
 For she took a bottle to church."

<sup>2</sup> *betimes*, early.

### STUDY AIDS

1. Why, in your opinion, does the traveler take a second drink from the well? What does the story gain from the fact that the poet offers no explanation for this act? Where does the climax of the story come?

2. How is *St. Keyne* pronounced? You will find the answer in the rime of the second and fourth lines. From the rime in lines 26 and 28 what do you learn about the English pronunciation of *been*?

3. Which poem seems to you more humorous, this one or "Get Up and Bar the Door" (page 263)?

### BETH<sup>1</sup> GÊLERT

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER

THE spearmen heard the bugle  
 sound,  
 And cheerily smiled the morn;  
 And many a brach,<sup>2</sup> and many a hound,  
 Obeyed Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast, 5  
 And gave a lustier cheer,  
 "Come, Gêlert, come, wert never last  
 Llewellyn's horn to hear.

"Oh, where does faithful Gêlert roam,  
 The flower of all his race; 10  
 So true, so brave—a lamb at home,  
 A lion in the chase?"

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,  
 The gift of royal John;<sup>3</sup>  
 But now no Gêlert could be found, 15  
 And all the chase rode on.

That day Llewellyn little loved  
 The chase of hart and hare;  
 And scant and small the booty proved,  
 For Gêlert was not there. 20

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,  
 When, near the portal seat,  
 His truant Gêlert he espied,  
 Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained his castle-door, 25  
 Aghast the chieftain stood;  
 The hound all o'er was smeared with  
 gore;  
 His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewellyn gazed with fierce surprise;  
 Unused such looks to meet, 30  
 His favorite checked his joyful guise,  
 And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewellyn passed,  
 And on went Gêlert, too;

<sup>1</sup> *Beth*, the grave of. <sup>2</sup> *brach*, a female hound. <sup>3</sup> *royal John*, King John of England (ruled 1199-1216).



And still, where'er his eyes he cast, 35  
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,  
With blood-stained covert rent;  
And all around the walls and ground  
With recent blood besprent. 40

He called his child—no voice replied—  
He searched with terror wild;  
Blood, blood he found on every side,  
But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound! my child's by thee de-  
voured," 45  
The frantic father cried;  
And to the hilt his vengeful sword  
He plunged in Gêlert's side.

Aroused by Gêlert's dying yell,  
Some slumberer wakened nigh; 50  
What words the parent's joy could tell  
To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap  
His hurried search had missed,  
All glowing from his rosy sleep, 55  
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scathe<sup>4</sup> had he, nor harm, nor  
dread,  
But, the same couch beneath,  
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,  
Tremendous still in death. 60

Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain!  
For now the truth was clear;  
His gallant hound the wolf had slain  
To save Llewellyn's heir.

<sup>4</sup> *scathe*, injury.

#### STUDY AIDS

1. Why did his master prize Gêlert?  
What difference in the hunt did the ab-  
sence of the dog make to Llewellyn?  
When the master returns, what evidence  
leads him to slay the hound?

2. What characteristics of the folk bal-  
lad do you notice in "Beth Gêlert"? Many  
old ballads tell of remorse for a too hasty  
act; why do such stories live from genera-  
tion to generation? Can you relate an in-  
stance of this kind?

3. The affection of dogs for their mas-  
ters has been a theme of stories for ages.  
A volunteer might look up in the *Odyssey*  
the story of Ulysses and his dog Argus,  
and relate it to the class. (Book xvii, lines  
355-398.)

#### HERVÉ RIEL

ROBERT BROWNING

Early in 1692, near the French harbor of  
La Hogue, the English fleet defeated the  
French and drove them along the rocky  
coast. How twenty-two of the French ves-  
sels were saved is the stirring theme of  
this poem.

The movement of the poem is rapid, in  
keeping with the tense action of the story.  
Browning produces the effect of haste and  
speed by various means: by his choice of  
words; by his use of long lines with strongly  
accented rimes; by omitting connecting  
words, as for instance, "which" after "por-  
poises" (line 4); and by sometimes placing  
the verb before its subject, as "came crowd-  
ing ship on ship" (line 5).

ON THE sea and at the Hogue, six-  
teen hundred ninety-two,

Did the English fight the French—  
woe to France!

And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skel-  
ter through the blue,

Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a  
shoal of sharks pursue,

Came crowding ship on ship to St.  
Malo<sup>1</sup> on Rance, 5

With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with  
the victor in full chase;

First and foremost of the drove, in his  
great ship, Damfreville;

<sup>1</sup> *St. Malo*, a fortified spot in northwest  
France.

Close on him fled, great and small,  
 Twenty-two good ships in all; 10  
 And they signaled to the place,  
 "Help the winners of a race!  
 Give us guidance, give us harbor, take  
 us quick—or, quicker still,  
 Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk  
 and leapt on board; 15  
 "Why, what hope or chance have ships  
 like these to pass?" laughed they;  
 "Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the  
 passage scarred and scored,  
 Shall the *Formidable* here with her  
 twelve and eighty guns  
 Think to make the river-mouth by the  
 single narrow way,  
 Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a  
 craft of twenty tons, 20  
 And with flow at full beside?  
 Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.  
 Reach the mooring? Rather say,  
 While rock stands or water runs,  
 Not a ship will leave the bay!" 25

Then was called a council straight.  
 Brief and bitter the debate:  
 "Here's the English at our heels; would  
 you have them take in tow  
 All that's left us of the fleet, linked to-  
 gether stern and bow,  
 For a prize to Plymouth Sound?" 30  
 Better run the ships aground!"  
 (Ended Damfreville his speech.)  
 "Not a minute more to wait!  
 Let the Captains all and each  
 Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the  
 vessels on the beach! 35  
 France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!" But no such word  
 Was ever spoke or heard;  
 For up stood, for out stepped, for in  
 struck amid all these

—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—  
 first, second, third? 40  
 No such man of mark, and meet<sup>3</sup>  
 With his betters to compete!  
 But a simple Breton<sup>4</sup> sailor pressed<sup>5</sup>  
 by Tourville for the fleet,  
 A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the  
 Croisickese.<sup>6</sup>

And, "What mockery or malice have we  
 here?" cries Hervé Riel; 45  
 "Are you mad, you Malouins?<sup>7</sup> Are  
 you cowards, fools, or rogues?  
 Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who  
 took the soundings, tell  
 On my fingers<sup>8</sup> every bank, every shal-  
 low, every swell  
 'Twixt the offing here and Grève  
 where the river disembogues?<sup>9</sup>  
 Are you bought by English gold? Is it  
 love the lying's for? 50  
 Morn and eve, night and day,  
 Have I piloted your bay,  
 Entered free and anchored fast at the  
 foot of Solidor.<sup>10</sup>  
 Burn the fleet and ruin France? That  
 were worse than fifty Hogues!  
 Sirs, they know I speak the truth!  
 Sirs, believe me there's a way! 55  
 Only let me lead the line,  
 Have the biggest ship to steer,  
 Get this *Formidable* clear,  
 Make the others follow mine,  
 And I lead them, most and least, by a  
 passage I know well, 60  
 Right to Solidor past Grève,  
 And there lay them safe and sound;  
 And if one ship misbehave,  
 —Keel so much as grate the ground,  
 Why, I've nothing but my life—here's  
 my head!" cries Hervé Riel. 65

<sup>3</sup> meet, fitted. <sup>4</sup> Breton, from the province of Brittany, in northwest France. <sup>5</sup> pressed, forced to enter the navy by the Admiral Tourville.

<sup>6</sup> Croisickese, native of Croisic, a French town of the district. <sup>7</sup> Malouins, inhabitants of St. Malo.

<sup>8</sup> tell . . . fingers, can count off. <sup>9</sup> disembogues, empties into the bay. <sup>10</sup> Solidor, a fort up the River Rance.

<sup>2</sup> Plymouth Sound, on the southwest coast of England.

Not a minute more to wait.  
 "Steer us in, then, small and great!  
 Take the helm, lead the line, save the  
 squadron!" cried its chief.  
 Captains, give the sailor place!  
 He is Admiral, in brief. 70  
 Still the north wind, by God's grace!  
 See the noble fellow's face  
 As the big ship, with a bound,  
 Clears the entry like a hound,  
 Keeps the passage as its inch of way  
 were the wide sea's profound! 75  
 See, safe through shoal and rock,  
 How they follow in a flock;  
 Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel  
 that grates the ground,  
 Not a spar that comes to grief!  
 The peril, see, is past; 80  
 All are harbored to the last,  
 And just as Hervé Riel hollas, "An-  
 chor!"—sure as fate  
 Up the English come—too late!  
 So the storm subsides to calm;  
 They see the green trees wave 85  
 On the heights o'erlooking Grève.  
 Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.  
 "Just our rapture to enhance;  
 Let the English rake the bay,  
 Gnash their teeth, and glare askance 90  
 As they cannonade away!  
 'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding  
 on the Rance!"  
 How hope succeeds despair on each  
 Captain's countenance!  
 Out burst all with one accord,  
 "This is Paradise for Hell! 95  
 Let France, let France's King  
 Thank the man that did the thing!"  
 What a shout, and all one word,  
 "Hervé Riel!"  
 As he stepped in front once more, 100  
 Not a symptom of surprise  
 In the frank blue Breton eyes,  
 Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,  
 I must speak out at the end, 105  
 Though I find the speaking hard,

Praise is deeper than the lips;  
 You have saved the King his ships,  
 You must name your own reward.  
 'Faith, our sun was near eclipse! 110  
 Demand whate'er you will,  
 France remains your debtor still.  
 Ask to heart's content and have! or my  
 name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke  
 On the bearded mouth that spoke, 115  
 As the honest heart laughed through  
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue:  
 "Since I needs must say my say,  
 Since on board the duty's done,  
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic  
 Point, what is it but a run?— 120  
 Since 'tis ask and have, I may—  
 Since the others go ashore—  
 Come—A good whole holiday!  
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I  
 call the Belle Aurore!"<sup>11</sup>  
 That he asked and that he got—nothing  
 more. 125

Name and deed alike are lost.  
 Not a pillar nor a post  
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it  
 befell;  
 Not a head in white and black  
 On a single fishing smack, 130  
 In memory of the man but for whom  
 had gone to wrack  
 All that France saved from the fight  
 whence England bore the bell.<sup>12</sup>  
 Go to Paris; rank on rank  
 Search the heroes<sup>13</sup> flung pell-mell  
 On the Louvre, face and flank! 135  
 You shall look long enough ere you  
 come to Hervé Riel.  
 So, for better and for worse,  
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse!  
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once  
 more  
 Save the squadron, honor France, love  
 thy wife, the Belle Aurore! 140

<sup>11</sup> *Belle Aurore*, "Beautiful Dawn." <sup>12</sup> *bore the bell*, was victorious. <sup>13</sup> *the heroes*, i.e., the pictures of the heroes, on the walls of the Louvre, the great art museum in Paris.

## STUDY AIDS

1. Describe the dangerous situation of Damfreville's squadron in lines 1-36. What way out does Hervé Riel offer? Why does he speak up, though he is only a sailor? Why don't the English follow the French fleet?

2. What change in Hervé Riel's manner of speaking do you notice when he turns from the Malouin pilots to the captains, line 55? What marked difference is there in the movement of the poem beginning with line 85?

3. What reward do you suppose Damfreville expected Hervé Riel to name? Why does he ask only for a day at home? What reward does the poet give him?

4. Hervé Riel has many admirable qualities. Point out lines which show that he has self-confidence. That he is not changed by success and praise. That he is good-natured. That he is modest. That he honors his country. That he loves his wife.

## CHARLEY LEE

HENRY H. KNIBBS

A LOW moon shone on the desert  
land, and the sage was silver white,  
As Lee—a thong round hand and hand  
—stood straight in the lantern light.

"You have strung up Red and Burke,"  
said he,

"And you say that the next will be  
Charley Lee,

But there's never a rope was made for  
me."

And he laughed in the quiet night. 5

They shaped the noose and they flicked  
the rope, and over the limb it fell,  
And Charley Lee saw the ghost of hope  
go glimmering down to hell.

Two shadows swung from the cotton-  
wood tree,

And the wind went whispering,  
"Charley Lee," 10

For the turning shadows would soon  
be three,  
And never a stone<sup>1</sup> to tell.

"Have ye more to say for yourself?" said  
Gray, "a message, the like, or  
prayer?"

If ye have, then hasten and have your  
say. We trailed, and we trapped ye  
fair,

With fire and iron at Hidden Sink, 15  
Where none but the stolen horses  
drink.

And the chain but wanted a final link;  
Ye were riding my red roan mare."

"But prove your property first," said  
Lee. "Would you call the mare your  
own,

With never a brand or mark to see, or  
name to the big red roan? 20

But strip the saddle and turn her  
loose,

And I'll show that the mare is my  
own cayuse.<sup>2</sup>

And<sup>3</sup> I don't—then take it a fair  
excuse,

To tighten the rope you've thrown."

Gaunt, grim faces and steady eyes were  
touched with a somber look, 25

And hands slipped slowly to belted  
thighs and held on a finger-crook,<sup>4</sup>

For Gray of Mesa, who claimed the  
mare,

Had talked too much as he led them  
there,

Nor other among them knew the lair;  
So a grip on their haste they took. 30

"Give him a chance," said Monty Wade,  
and, "What is the use?" said Blake.  
"He's done," said Harney; "his string  
is played. But we'll give him an  
even break."

So they led the mare to the cotton-  
wood tree,

<sup>1</sup> stone, headstone at his grave. <sup>2</sup> cayuse, Indian pony. <sup>3</sup> And, if.

<sup>4</sup> finger-crook, that is, the finger was crooked over the trigger of the revolver each man carried.

Nor saddle nor bridle nor rope had  
she.

"Bonnie, come here!" said Charley  
Lee, 35  
And soft was the word he spake.

The roan mare came, and she nosed his  
side and nuzzled him friendly-wise;  
"Kneel!" cried Lee, and he leaped astride  
and fled as the swallow flies.

Flashes followed his flight in vain,  
Bullets spattered the ground like  
rain, 40  
Hoofs drummed far on the midnight  
plain,  
And a low moon rode the skies.

Dawn broke red on the desert land,  
where the turning shadows fell,  
And the wind drove over the rolling  
sand with a whimpering ebb and  
swell,  
Whimpering, whispering, "Charley  
Lee," 45  
As south on the red roan mare rode  
he,  
Yet the turning shadows they were  
three,  
And never a stone to tell.

### STUDY AIDS

1. From his speech in lines 3-6 do you feel distrust, dislike, or admiration for Charley Lee? What defense does he make against Gray's accusations?

2. Do the other men side with or against Charley Lee?

3. Do you think Charley Lee proved his claim to the mare? Who do you suppose fired at him as he was riding away? What lines cast suspicion on Gray as the real horse-thief? What penalty did he pay? Which line tells you?

4. Compare this ballad with "Beth Gélert"; both deal with the affection between an animal and a man and the service the animal rendered. Which ballad is the more interesting?

## FORTY SINGING SEAMEN\*

ALFRED NOYES

The sailors in this poem have heard about Ulysses; they have a pretty accurate idea of what he did to the one-eyed giant Polyphemus. They have heard also of Prester John, a fabulous medieval king and priest, or "prester." According to legend, there were in his land the strangest animals and birds, a fountain of jewels, a river of youth, and the most magnificent palace in the world.

You may suspect, as you read the poem, that the sailors were not any too sober when they started out, and that the longer they stayed at Mogadore, the stranger and richer became their visions.

**A**CROSS the seas of Wonderland to  
Mogadore<sup>1</sup> we plodded,  
Forty singing seamen in an old black  
bark,  
And we landed in the twilight where a  
Polyphemus nodded  
With his battered moon-eye winking  
red and yellow through the  
dark!  
For his eye was growing mel-  
low, 5  
Rich and ripe and red and yellow,  
As was time, since old Ulysses made  
him bellow in the dark!  
*Chorus*—Since Ulysses bunged his eye  
up with a pine-torch in the  
dark!

*Were* they mountains in the gloaming  
or the giant's ugly shoulders  
Just beneath the rolling eyeball, with  
its bleared and vinous glow, 10  
Red and yellow o'er the purple of the  
pines among the boulders  
And the shaggy horror brooding on  
the sullen slopes below?  
*Were* they pines among the bowl-  
ders

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<sup>1</sup> Mogadore, a seaport in Morocco.

Or the hair upon his shoulders?  
 We were only simple seamen, so of  
 course we didn't know. 15  
*Chorus*—We were simple singing sea-  
 men, so of course we couldn't  
 know.

But we crossed a plain of poppies, and  
 we came upon a fountain  
 Not of water, but of jewels, like a  
 spray of leaping fire;  
 And behind it, in an emerald glade, be-  
 neath a golden mountain  
 There stood a crystal palace, for a  
 sailor to admire;<sup>2</sup> 20  
 For a troop of ghosts came round  
 us,  
 Which with leaves of bay they  
 crowned us,  
 Then with grog they well nigh  
 drowned us, to the depth of our  
 desire!

*Chorus*—And 'twas very friendly of  
 them, as a sailor can admire!

There was music all about us; we were  
 growing quite forgetful. 25  
 We were only singing seamen from  
 the dirt of London-town,  
 Though the nectar that we swallowed  
 seemed to vanish half regretful  
 As if we wasn't good enough to take  
 such vittles down,  
 When we saw a sudden figure,

. . . . .  
 Like the Devil—only bigger—draw-  
 ing near us with a frown!

*Chorus*—Like the Devil—but much big-  
 ger—and he wore a golden  
 crown!

And "What's all this?" he growls at us!  
 With dignity we chanted,  
 "Forty singing seamen, sir, as won't  
 be put upon!"<sup>3</sup>  
 "What? Englishmen?" he cries, "Well,  
 if ye don't mind being haunt-  
 ed, 35

Faith, you're welcome to my palace;  
 I'm the famous Prester John!  
 Will ye walk into my palace?  
 I don't bear 'ee any malice!

One and all ye shall be welcome in the  
 halls of Prester John!"

*Chorus*—So we walked into the palace  
 and the halls of Prester John! 40

Now the door was one great diamond  
 and the hall a hollow ruby—

Big as Beachy Head,<sup>4</sup> my lads, nay,  
 bigger by a half!

And I sees the mate wi' mouth agape,  
 a-staring like a booby,

And the skipper close behind him,  
 with his tongue out like a calf!

Now the way to take it rightly 45  
 Was to walk along politely,

Just as if you didn't notice—so I  
 couldn't help but laugh!

*Chorus*—For they both forgot their  
 manners, and the crew was  
 bound to laugh!

But he took us through his palace and,  
 my lads, as I'm a sinner,

We walked into an opal like a sunset-  
 colored cloud— 50

"My dining-room," he says, and, quick  
 as light, we saw a dinner

Spread before us by the fingers of a  
 hidden fairy crowd;

And the skipper, swaying gently  
 After dinner, murmurs faintly,

"I looks to-wards you, Prester John;  
 you've done us very proud!" 55

*Chorus*—And we drank his health with  
 honors, for he *done* us *very*  
 proud!

Then he walks us to his garden, where  
 we sees a feathered demon

Very splendid and important on a sort  
 of spicy tree!

"That's the Phoenix," whispers Pres-  
 ter, "which all eddicated sea-  
 men

<sup>2</sup> *admire*, be pleased with, or enjoy. <sup>3</sup> *put upon*, imposed on.

<sup>4</sup> *Beachy Head*, a chalk cliff, 575 feet high, projecting into the English Channel.

Know's the only one existent, and *he's*  
waiting for to flee! 60

When his hundred years expire

Then he'll set himself a-fire,

And another from his ashes rise most  
beautiful to see!"

*Chorus*—With wings of rose and emer-  
ald most beautiful to see!

Then he says, "In yonder forest there's  
a little silver river, 65

And whosoever drinks of it, his youth  
shall never die!

The centuries go by, but Prester John  
endures forever

With his music in the mountains and  
his magic on the sky!

While *your* hearts are growing  
colder,

While your world is growing  
older, 70

There's a magic in the distance, where  
the sea line meets the sky."

*Chorus*—It shall call to singing seamen  
till the fount o' song is dry!

So we thought we'd up and seek it, but  
that forest fair defied us—

First a crimson leopard laughs at us  
most horrible to see,

Then a sea-green lion came and sniffed  
and licked his chops and eyed  
us, 75

While a red and yellow unicorn was  
dancing round a tree!

*We* was trying to look thinner,

Which was hard, because our  
dinner

Must ha' made us very tempting to a  
cat o' high degree!

*Chorus*—Must ha' made us very tempt-  
ing to the whole menarjeree! 80

So we scuttled from that forest and  
across the poppy meadows

Where the awful shaggy horror  
brooded o'er us in the dark!

And we pushes out from shore again  
a-jumping at our shadows,

And pulls away most joyful to the old  
black bark!

And home again we plodded 85

While the Polyphemus nodded

With his battered moon-eye winking  
red and yellow through the  
dark!

*Chorus*—Oh, the moon above the moun-  
tains, red and yellow through  
the dark!

Across the seas of Wonderland to Lon-  
don-town we blundered,

Forty singing seamen as was puzzled  
for to know 90

If the visions that we saw was caused by  
—here again we pondered—

A tippie in a vision forty thousand  
years ago.

Could the grog we *dreamt* we  
swallowed

Make us *dream* of all that fol-  
lowed?

We were only simple seamen, so of  
course we didn't know! 95

*Chorus*—We were simple singing sea-  
men, so of course we could not  
know!

## STUDY AIDS

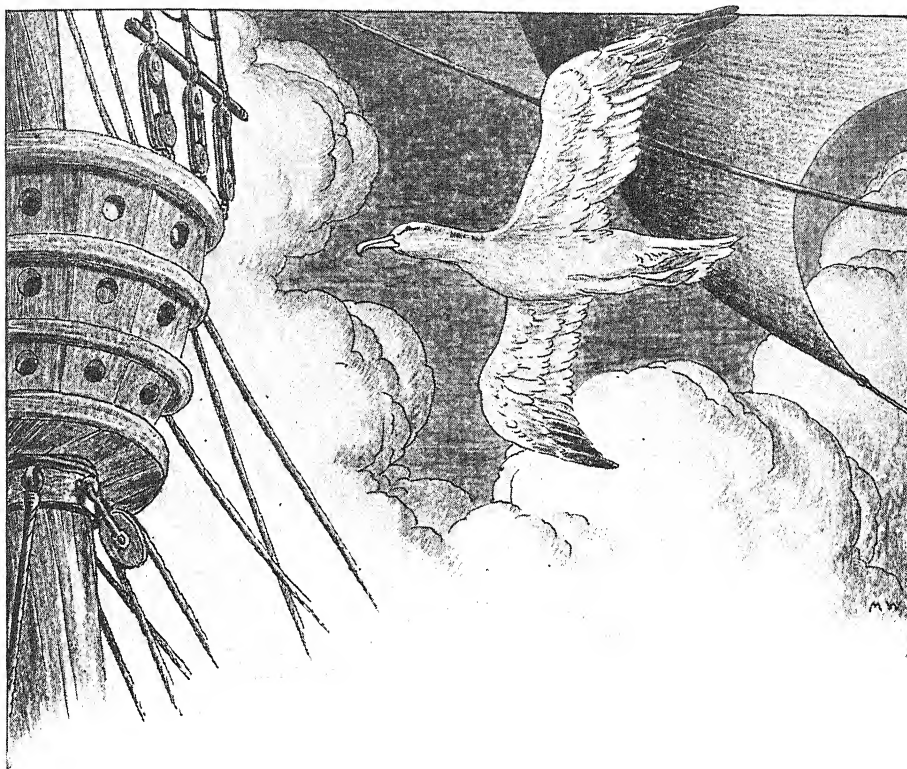
1. Explain the references to Polyphemus, in lines 1-16, by recalling Ulysses's experiences told on pages 239-241.

2. Quote lines that you think characteristic of sailors in the passages where the seamen enter the gardens (lines 17-24), where they drink their "grog" (lines 25-32), and where they see Prester John and his palace (lines 33-56). What are the chief wonders of the palace (lines 41-56)? What is the most amazing thing that the seamen observe in the garden or in the forest (lines 57-80)?

3. When the sailors get back to the ship, what explanation do they find for the eye of Polyphemus? What explanation do they suggest for their visions?

4. You will be able to give the class additional information by looking up Prester John and Phoenix in an encyclopedia.





## THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

This famous, ballad-like poem tells of the suffering that a sailor had to endure because he wantonly killed an albatross. Coleridge based the poem on the old superstition that the ocean around the South Pole has a spirit watching over it; this spirit loves the albatross, which becomes thereby a sacred bird. To harm an albatross would be an act of sacrilege that would surely be punished.

Thus a sort of magic is introduced into the poem by the supernatural qualities of the albatross. Another element of magic appears in the unearthly quality of all the scenes. When the ship is becalmed in the Indian Ocean, the old sailor has visions more magical and weird than any that the forty singing seamen ever saw. Magic appears also in the way that the spirit of the deep controls the life of the mariner after he has killed the sacred albatross.

You can follow the story of the poem without difficulty if you read the "gloss"; that is, the prose summary in small print in the margin. It frequently explains why things happen as they do, and is itself a sort of poem in prose.

## PART THE FIRST

1

An ancient  
Mariner  
meeteth  
three Gal-  
lants bid-  
den to a  
wedding-  
feast, and  
detaileth  
one.

It is an ancient Mariner,  
And he stoppeth one of three.  
"By thy long gray beard and  
glittering eye,  
Now wherefore stopp'st thou  
me?"

2

The Bridegroom's doors are  
opened wide,  
And I am next of kin;  
The guests are met, the feast is  
set—  
May'st hear the merry din."

3

He holds him with his skinny  
hand,  
"There was a ship," quoth he.  
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-  
beard loon!"  
Eftsoons<sup>1</sup> his hand dropt he.

4

The Wed-  
ding-Guest  
is spell-  
bound by  
the eye of  
the old sea-  
faring man,  
and con-  
strained to  
hear his  
tale.

He holds him with his glittering  
eye;  
The Wedding-Guest stood  
still,  
And listens like a three years'  
child—  
The Mariner hath his will.

5

The Wedding-Guest sat on a  
stone—  
He cannot choose but hear;  
And thus spake on that ancient  
man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner.

6

"The ship was cheered, the har-  
bor cleared;  
Merrily did we drop

Below the kirk,<sup>2</sup> below the hill,  
Below the lighthouse top.

7

The Sun came up upon the left;  
Out of the sea came he!  
And he shone bright, and on the  
right  
Went down into the sea.

The Mar-  
iner tells  
how the  
ship sailed  
southward  
with a good  
wind and  
fair weather  
till it  
reached the  
Line.<sup>3</sup>

8

Higher and higher every day,  
Till over the mast at noon—"The  
Wedding-Guest here beat  
his breast,  
For he heard the loud bassoon.

9

The bride hath paced into the  
hall;  
Red as a rose is she;  
Nodding their heads before her  
goes  
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wed-  
ding-Guest  
heareth the  
bridal  
music; but  
the Mariner  
continueth  
his tale.

10

The Wedding-Guest he beat his  
breast,  
Yet he cannot choose but hear;  
And thus spake on that ancient  
man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner.

11

"And now the Storm-Blast came,  
and he  
Was tyrannous and strong;  
He struck with his o'ertaking  
wings,  
And chased us south along.

The ship  
drawn by  
storm to-  
ward the  
south pole.

12

With sloping masts and dipping  
prow,  
As who pursued with yell and  
blow  
Still treads the shadow of his foe,

<sup>1</sup> Eftsoons, at once.

<sup>2</sup> kirk, church. <sup>3</sup> Line, Equator.

And forward bends his head,  
The ship drove fast, loud roared  
the blast,  
And southward aye<sup>4</sup> we fled.

13

And now there came both mist  
and snow,  
And it grew wondrous cold;  
And ice, mast-high, came float-  
ing by  
As green as emerald.

14

And through the drifts the  
snowy clifts  
Did send a dismal sheen;  
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we  
ken<sup>5</sup>—  
The ice was all between.

15

The ice was here, the ice was  
there,  
The ice was all around;  
It cracked and growled, and  
roared and howled,  
Like noises in a swound!<sup>6</sup>

16

At length did cross an Albatross;  
Thorough the fog it came;  
As if it had been a Christian soul,  
We hailed it in God's name.

17

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,  
And round and round it flew.  
The ice did split with a thunder-  
fit;  
The helmsman steered us  
through!

<sup>4</sup> aye, ever. <sup>5</sup> ken, see. <sup>6</sup> noises . . .  
swound, confused sounds such as one  
hears in a fainting spell.

18

And a good south wind sprung  
up behind;  
The Albatross did follow,  
And every day, for food or play,  
Came to the mariners' hollo!

19

In mist or cloud, on mast or  
shroud,  
It perched for vespers nine;  
Whiles all the night, through  
fog-smoke white,  
Glimmered the white moon-  
shine."

20

"God save thee, ancient Mariner,  
From the fiends, that plague  
thee thus!—  
Why look'st thou so?"—"With  
my crossbow  
I shot the Albatross."

## PART THE SECOND

21

"The Sun now rose upon the  
right;  
Out of the sea came he,  
Still hid in mist, and on the left  
Went down into the sea.

22

And the good south wind still  
blew behind,  
But no sweet bird did follow,  
Nor any day, for food or play,  
Came to the mariners' hollo!

23

And I had done a hellish thing,  
And it would work 'em woe;  
For all averred I had killed the  
bird  
That made the breeze to blow.  
'Ah, wretch!' said they, 'the bird  
to slay,  
That made the breeze to blow!'

And lo! the  
Albatross  
proveth a  
bird of good  
omen, and  
followeth  
the ship as  
it returned  
northward,  
through fog  
and floating  
ice.

The ancient  
Mariner  
inhospita-  
bly killeth  
the pious  
bird of good  
omen.

His ship-  
mates cry  
out against  
the ancient  
Mariner,  
for killing  
the bird of  
good luck.

The land of  
ice, and of  
fearful  
sounds,  
where no  
living thing  
was to be  
seen;

Till a great  
sea-bird  
called the  
Albatross  
came  
through the  
snow-fog,  
and was re-  
ceived with  
great joy  
and hospi-  
tality.



With my crossbow I shot the Albatross

24

But when  
the fog  
cleared off,  
they justify  
the same,  
and thus  
make them-  
selves ac-  
complices  
in the crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own  
head,  
The glorious Sun uprist;  
Then all averred I had killed the  
bird  
That brought the fog and mist.  
'Twas right,' said they, 'such  
birds to slay,  
That bring the fog and mist.'

25

The fair  
breeze con-  
tinues; the  
ship enters  
the Pacific  
Ocean and  
sails north-  
ward, even  
till it  
reaches the  
Line.

The fair breeze blew, the white  
foam flew,  
The furrow followed free;  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.

26

The ship  
hath been  
suddenly  
becalm'd.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails  
dropt down,  
'Twas sad as sad could be;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea!

27

All in a hot and copper sky,  
The bloody Sun, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did  
stand,  
No bigger than the Moon.

28

Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath nor mo-  
tion;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

29

And the  
Albatross  
begins to be  
avenged.

Water, water, everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water, everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.

30

The very deep did rot—O Christ!  
That ever this should be!

Yea, slimy things did crawl with  
legs  
Upon the slimy sea.

31

About, about, in reel and rout  
The death-fires danced at  
night;  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green, and blue, and  
white.

32

And some in dreams assurèd  
were  
Of the spirit that plagued us so;  
Nine fathom deep he had fol-  
lowed us  
From the land of mist and  
snow.

A spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither de- parted souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew Josephus and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus,<sup>7</sup> may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

33

And every tongue, through utter  
drought,  
Was withered at the root;  
We could not speak, no more  
than if  
We had been choked with soot.

The ship- mates in their sore distress would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner; in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

34

Ah! well-a-day!—what evil looks  
Had I from old and young!  
Instead of the cross, the Albatross  
About my neck was hung.

## PART THE THIRD

35

"There passed a weary time.  
Each throat  
Was parched, and glazed each  
eye.

<sup>7</sup> Josephus . . . Psellus. Josephus (37-95 A.D.) was a noted Jewish historian. Michael Psellus (1018-1079), born in Constantinople, was a theologian and a disciple of the Greek philosopher Plato.

The ancient  
Mariner be-  
holdeth a  
sign in the  
element  
afar off.

A weary time! a weary time!  
How glazed each weary eye!  
When looking westward, I be-  
held  
A something in the sky.

36

At first it seemed a little speck,  
And then it seemed a mist;  
It moved, and moved, and took  
at last  
A certain shape, I wist.<sup>8</sup>

37

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!  
And still it neared and neared;  
As if it dodged a water-sprite,  
It plunged and tacked and  
veered.

38

With throats unslaked, with  
black lips baked,  
We could nor laugh nor wail;  
Through utter drought all dumb  
we stood!  
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,  
And cried, "A sail! a sail!"

39

With throats unslaked, with  
black lips baked,  
Agape they heard me call;  
Gramercy!<sup>9</sup> they for joy did grin,  
And all at once their breath drew  
in,  
As they were drinking all.

40

See! see! (I cried) she tacks<sup>10</sup> no  
more!  
Hither to work us weal;<sup>11</sup>  
Without a breeze, without a tide,  
She steadies with upright keel!

<sup>8</sup> wist, know. <sup>9</sup> Gramercy, a word  
expressing thanks. <sup>10</sup> tacks, changes  
direction. <sup>11</sup> weal, good.

41

The western wave was all  
a-flame,  
The day was well-nigh done!  
Almost upon the western wave  
Rested the broad bright Sun;  
When that strange shape drove  
suddenly  
Betwixt us and the Sun.

42

And straight the Sun was flecked  
with bars  
(Heaven's Mother send us  
grace!),  
As if through a dungeon-grate  
he peered,  
With broad and burning face.

It seemeth  
him but the  
skeleton of  
a ship.

43

Alas! (thought I, and my heart  
beat loud)  
How fast she nears and nears!  
Are those *her* sails that glance in  
the Sun,  
Like restless gossameres?<sup>12</sup>

44

Are those *her* ribs through which  
the Sun  
Did peer, as through a grate?  
And is that Woman all her crew?  
Is that a Death? and are there  
two?  
Is Death that Woman's mate?

And its ribs  
are seen as  
bars on the  
face of the  
setting Sun.  
The Spec-  
ter-Woman  
and her  
Death-  
mate, and  
no other on  
board the  
skeleton-  
ship.

45

Her lips were red, her looks were  
free,  
Her locks were yellow as gold;  
Her skin was as white as leprosy;  
The Nightmare Life-in-Death  
was she,  
Who thicks man's blood with  
cold.

Like vessel.  
like crew!

<sup>12</sup> gossameres, cobwebs floating in  
the air.

At its  
nearer ap-  
proach, it  
seemeth  
him to be a  
ship; and  
at a dear  
ransom  
he freeth  
his speech  
from the  
bonds of  
thirst.

A flash of  
joy;

And horror  
follows. For  
can it be a  
ship that  
comes on-  
ward with-  
out wind or  
tide?

46

Death and  
Life-in-  
Death have  
diced for  
the ship's  
crew, and  
she (the  
latter) win-  
neth the  
ancient  
Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came,  
And the twain were casting  
dice;  
'The game is done! I've won!  
I've won!'  
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

47

No twilight  
within the  
courts of  
the Sun.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars  
rush out;  
At one stride comes the dark;  
With far-heard whisper, o'er the  
sea,  
Off shot the specter-bark.

48

At the rising  
of the Moon.

We listened and looked sideways  
up!

Fear at my heart, as at a cup,  
My life-blood seemed to sip!  
The stars were dim, and thick  
the night;  
The steersman's face by his lamp  
gleamed white;

From the sails the dew did  
drip—

Till clomb<sup>13</sup> above the eastern  
bar

The hornèd Moon, with one  
bright star

Within the nether tip.

49

One after  
another

One after one, by the star-dogged  
Moon,

Too quick for groan or sigh,  
Each turned his face with a  
ghastly pang,

And cursed me with his eye.

50

His ship-  
mates drop  
down dead,

Four times fifty living men  
(And I heard nor sigh nor  
groan),

With heavy thump, a lifeless  
lump,

They dropped down one by  
one.

<sup>13</sup> clomb, climbed.

51

The souls did from their bodies  
fly—

They fled to bliss or woe!  
And every soul, it passed me by,  
Like the whizz of my cross-  
bow!"

But Life-  
in-Death  
begins her  
work on the  
ancient  
Mariner.

## PART THE FOURTH

52

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!  
I fear thy skinny hand!  
And thou art long, and lank, and  
brown,  
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

The Wed-  
ding-Guest  
feareth  
that a  
Spirit is  
talking to  
him;

53

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,  
And thy skinny hand, so  
brown"—

"Fear not, fear not, thou Wed-  
ding-Guest!

This body dropt not down.

But the an-  
cient Mar-  
iner assureth  
him of his  
bodily life,  
and pro-  
ceedeth to  
relate his  
horrible  
penance.

54

Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide, wide sea!  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony.

55

The many men, so beautiful!  
And they all dead did lie;  
And a thousand thousand slimy  
things  
Lived on; and so did I.

He despis-  
eth the  
creatures  
of the calm.

56

I looked upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away;  
I looked upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

And envi-  
eth that  
they should  
live, and so  
many lie  
dead,

57

I looked to Heaven, and tried to  
pray;  
But or ever<sup>14</sup> a prayer had  
gusht,

<sup>14</sup> or ever, before.



A wicked whisper came, and  
made  
My heart as dry as dust.

58

I closed my lids, and kept them  
close,  
And the balls like pulses beat;  
For the sky and the sea, and the  
sea and the sky  
Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
And the dead were at my feet.

59

But the  
curse liveth  
for him in  
the eye of  
the dead  
men.

The cold sweat melted from their  
limbs,  
Nor rot nor reek did they;  
The look with which they looked  
on me  
Had never passed away.

60

An orphan's curse would drag to  
Hell  
A spirit from on high;  
But oh! more horrible than that  
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!  
Seven days, seven nights, I saw  
that curse,  
And yet I could not die.

61

The moving Moon went up the  
sky,  
And nowhere did abide;  
Softly she was going up,  
And a star or two beside—

In his lone-  
liness and  
fixedness he  
yearneth  
toward the  
journeying  
Moon, and  
the stars  
that still  
sojourn, yet  
still move  
onward;  
and every-  
where the  
blue sky be-  
longs to  
them, and is  
their ap-  
pointed rest  
and their  
native country  
and their own  
natural homes,  
which they enter  
un-  
announced,  
as lords that  
are certainly  
expected and  
yet there is  
a silent joy  
at their arrival.

62

Her beams bemoaned the sultry  
main,  
Like April hoarfrost spread;  
But where the ship's huge  
shadow lay,  
The charmed water burnt away  
A still and awful red.

63

Beyond the shadow of the ship,  
I watched the water-snakes;  
They moved in tracks of shining  
white,  
And when they reared, the elfish  
light  
Fell off in hoary flakes.

By the light  
of the Moon  
he behold-  
eth God's  
creatures of  
the great  
calm,

64

Within the shadow of the ship  
I watched their rich attire;  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet  
black,  
They coiled and swam; and  
every track  
Was a flash of golden fire.

65

O happy living things! no tongue  
Their beauty might declare;  
A spring of love gushed from my  
heart,  
And I blessed them unaware!  
Sure my kind saint took pity on  
me,  
And I blessed them unaware.

Their  
beauty and  
their happi-  
ness.

He blesseth  
them in his  
heart.

66

The selfsame moment I could  
pray;  
And from my neck so free  
The Albatross fell off, and sank  
Like lead into the sea.

The spell  
begins to  
break.

## PART THE FIFTH

67

"Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole!  
To Mary Queen the praise be  
given!  
She sent the gentle sleep from  
Heaven,  
That slid into my soul.

68

By grace of  
the holy  
Mother, the  
ancient  
Mariner is  
refreshed  
with rain.

The silly<sup>15</sup> buckets on the deck,  
That had so long remained,  
I dreamt that they were filled  
with dew;  
And when I awoke, it rained.

69

My lips were wet, my throat was  
cold,  
My garments all were dank;<sup>16</sup>  
Sure I had drunken in my  
dreams,  
And still my body drank.

70

I moved, and could not feel my  
limbs.  
I was so light —almost  
I thought that I had died in sleep,  
And was a blessed ghost.

71

He heareth  
sounds  
and seeth  
strange  
sights and  
commo-  
tions in the  
sky and the  
element.

And soon I heard a roaring  
wind;  
It did not come anear;  
But with its sound it shook the  
sails  
That were so thin and sear.

72

The upper air burst into life!  
And a hundred fire-flags  
sheen;<sup>17</sup>  
To and fro they were hurried  
about;  
And to and fro, and in and out,  
The wan stars danced between.

73

And the coming wind did roar  
more loud,  
And the sails did sigh like  
sedge;  
And the rain poured down from  
one black cloud;  
The Moon was at its edge.

<sup>15</sup> silly, useless. <sup>16</sup> dank, damp.  
<sup>17</sup> sheen, glistened.

74

The thick, black cloud was cleft,  
and still  
The Moon was at its side;  
Like waters shot from some high  
crag,  
The lightning fell with never a  
jag,  
A river steep and wide.

75

The loud wind never reached the  
ship,  
Yet now the ship moved on!  
Beneath the lightning and the  
Moon  
The dead men gave a groan.

The bodies  
of the ship  
crew are  
inspired,  
and the  
ship moves  
on;

76

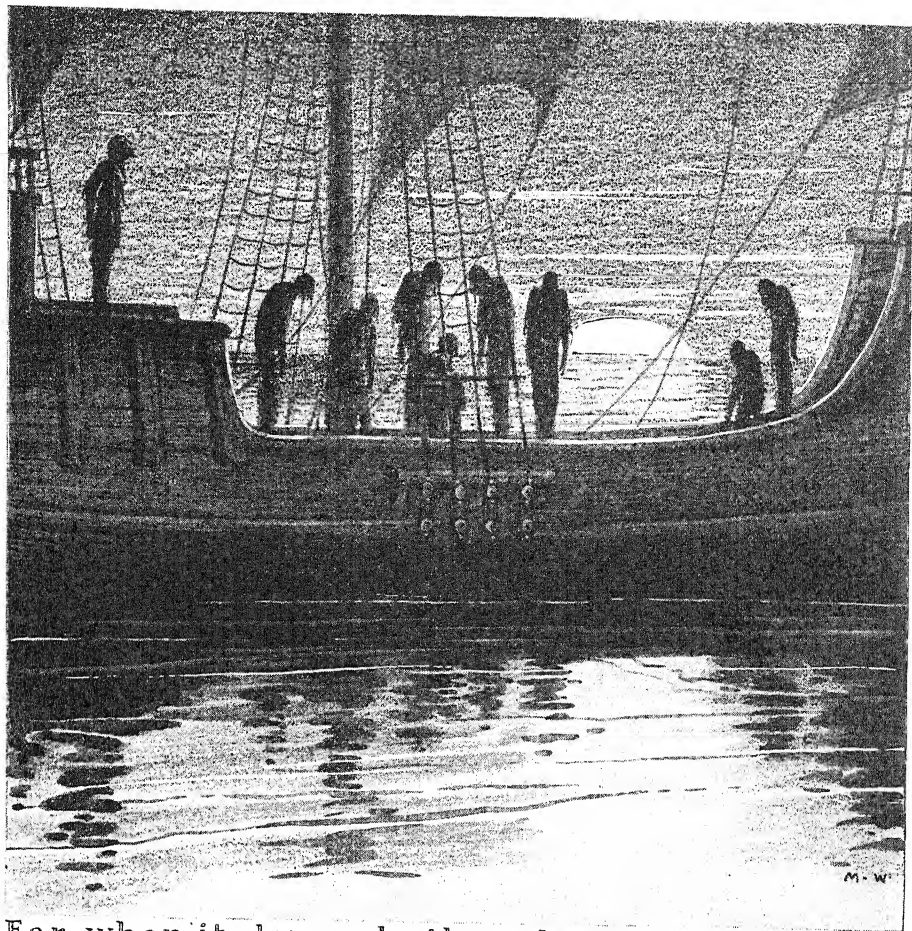
They groaned, they stirred, they  
all uprose,  
Nor spake, nor moved their  
eyes;  
It had been strange, even in a  
dream,  
To have seen those dead men  
rise.

77

The helmsman steered, the ship  
moved on;  
Yet never a breeze up-blew.  
The mariners all 'gan work the  
ropes,  
Where they were wont to do;  
They raised their limbs like life-  
less tools—  
We were a ghastly crew.

78

The body of my brother's son  
Stood by me, knee to knee;  
The body and I pulled at one  
rope,  
But he said naught to me."



For when it dawned ~ they dropped their arms

79

But not by  
the souls of  
the men,  
nor by  
demons of  
earth or  
middle air,  
but by a  
blessed  
troop of an-  
gelic spirits,  
sent down  
by the invo-  
cation of  
the guard-  
ian saint.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"  
"Be calm, thou Wedding-  
Guest!

"Twas not those souls that fled in  
pain,  
Which to their corses<sup>18</sup> came  
again,  
But a troop of spirits blest;

80

For when it dawned—they  
dropped their arms  
And clustered round the mast;

<sup>18</sup> corses, corpses.

Sweet sounds rose slowly through  
their mouths,  
And from their bodies passed.

81

Around, around, flew each sweet  
sound,  
Then darted to the Sun;  
Slowly the sounds came back  
again,  
Now mixed, now one by one.

82

Sometimes a-dropping from the  
sky  
I heard the skylark sing;

Sometimes all little birds that are,  
How they seemed to fill the sea  
and air  
With their sweet jargoning!

83

And now 'twas like all instru-  
ments,  
Now like a lonely flute;  
And now it is an angel's song,  
That makes the heavens be  
mute.

84

It ceased; yet still the sails made  
on  
A pleasant noise till noon,  
A noise like of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all  
night  
Singeth a quiet tune.

85

Till noon we quietly sailed on,  
Yet never a breeze did breathe;  
Slowly and smoothly went the  
ship,  
Moved onward from beneath.

86

Under the keel nine fathom deep,  
From the land of mist and  
snow,  
The spirit slid; and it was he  
That made the ship to go.  
The sails at noon left off their  
tune,  
And the ship stood still also.

87

The Sun, right up above the  
mast,  
Had fixed her to the ocean,  
But in a minute she 'gan stir,  
With a short, uneasy motion—  
Backwards and forwards half her  
length  
With a short, uneasy motion.

88

Then like a pawing horse let go,  
She made a sudden bound;  
It flung the blood into my head,  
And I fell down in a swoond.

89

How long in that same fit I lay,  
I have not to declare;  
But ere my living life returned,  
I heard and in my soul discerned  
Two voices in the air.

90

'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the  
man?  
By Him who died on cross,  
With his cruel bow he laid full  
low  
The harmless Albatross.

91

The spirit who bideth by himself  
In the land of mist and snow,  
He loved the bird that loved the  
man  
Who shot him with his bow.'

92

The other was a softer voice,  
As soft as honey-dew;  
Quoth he, 'The man hath pen-  
ance done  
And penance more will do.'

## PART THE SIXTH

93

## FIRST VOICE

"But tell me, tell me! speak  
again,  
Thy soft response renewing—  
What makes that ship drive on  
so fast?  
What is the Ocean doing?"

The lone-  
some Spirit  
from the  
south pole  
carries on  
the ship as  
far as the  
Line, in  
obedience  
to the an-  
gelic troop,  
but still re-  
quireth ven-  
geance.

The Polar  
Spirit's fel-  
low de-  
mons, the  
invisible in-  
habitants of  
the ele-  
ment, take  
part in his  
wrong; and  
two of them  
relate, one  
to the other,  
that pen-  
ance long  
and heavy  
for the an-  
cient Mari-  
ner hath  
been ac-  
cording to  
the Polar  
Spirit, who  
returneth  
southward.

94

## SECOND VOICE

'Still as a slave before his lord,  
The Ocean hath no blast;  
His great bright eye most silently  
Up to the Moon is cast—

95

If he may know which way to  
go;  
For she guides him smooth or  
grim.  
See, brother, see! how graciously  
She looketh down on him.'

96

## FIRST VOICE

'But why drives on that ship so  
fast,  
Without or wave or wind?'

## SECOND VOICE

'The air is cut away before,  
And closes from behind.

97

Fly, brother, fly! more high,  
more high,  
Or we shall be belated;  
For slow and slow that ship will  
go,  
When the Mariner's trance is  
abated.'

98

I woke, and we were sailing on  
As in a gentle weather.  
'Twas night, calm night, the  
Moon was high;  
The dead men stood together.

99

All stood together on the deck,  
For a charnel-dungeon<sup>19</sup> fitter;  
All fixed on me their stony eyes  
That in the Moon did glitter.

<sup>19</sup> charnel-dungeon, burial vault.

100

The pang, the curse, with which  
they died,  
Had never passed away;  
I could not draw my eyes from  
theirs,  
Nor turn them up to pray.

101

And now this spell was snapt;  
once more  
I viewed the ocean green,  
And looked far forth, yet little  
saw  
Of what had else been seen—

The curse  
is finally  
expiated.

102

Like one that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And having once turned round,  
walks on,  
And turns no more his head,  
Because he knows a frightful  
fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.

103

But soon there breathed a wind  
on me,  
Nor sound nor motion made;  
Its path was not upon the sea,  
In ripple or in shade.

104

It raised my hair, it fanned my  
cheek  
Like a meadow-gale of  
spring—  
It mingled strangely with my  
fears,  
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

105

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,  
Yet she sailed softly too;  
Sweetly, sweetly blew the  
breeze—  
On me alone it blew.

The Mar-  
iner hath  
been cast  
into a  
trance; for  
the angelic  
power caus-  
eth the ves-  
sel to drive  
northward  
faster than  
human life  
could en-  
dure.

The super-  
natural  
motion is  
retarded;  
the Mariner  
awakes, and  
his penance  
begins  
anew.

And the  
ancient  
Mariner be-  
holdeth his  
native  
country.

106

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed  
The lighthouse top I see?  
Is this the hill? Is this the kirk?  
Is this mine own countree?

107

We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,  
And I with sobs did pray—  
'O let me be awake, my God!  
Or let me sleep alway.'

108

The harbor-bay was clear as glass,  
So smoothly it was strewn!  
And on the bay the moonlight  
lay,  
And the shadow of the Moon.

109

The rock shone bright, the kirk  
no less,  
That stands above the rock;  
The moonlight steeped in silent-  
ness  
The steady weathercock.

110

The angelic  
spirits leave  
the dead  
bodies,

And the bay was white with  
silent light,  
Till rising from the same,  
Full many shapes, that shadows  
were,  
In crimson colors came.

111

And appear  
in their own  
forms of  
light.

A little distance from the prow  
Those crimson shadows were;  
I turned my eyes upon the deck—  
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

112

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and  
flat,  
And, by the holy rood!<sup>20</sup>  
A man all light, a seraph-man,<sup>21</sup>  
On every corse there stood.

<sup>20</sup> *holy rood*, cross of Christ.  
<sup>21</sup> *seraph-man*, angel.

113

This seraph-band, each waved his  
hand—  
It was a heavenly sight!  
They stood as signals to the land,  
Each one a lovely light;

114

This seraph-band, each waved his  
hand;  
No voice did they impart—  
No voice; but oh! the silence  
sank  
Like music on my heart.

115

But soon I heard the dash of oars,  
I heard the Pilot's cheer;  
My head was turned perforce  
away,  
And I saw a boat appear.

116

The Pilot, and the Pilot's boy,  
I heard them coming fast;  
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a  
joy  
The dead men could not blast.

117

I saw a third—I heard his voice;  
It is the Hermit good!  
He singeth loud his godly hymns  
That he makes in the wood.  
He'll shrive<sup>22</sup> my soul, he'll  
wash away  
The Albatross's blood.

## PART THE SEVENTH

118

"This Hermit good lives in that  
wood  
Which slopes down to the sea;  
How loudly his sweet voice he  
rears!  
He loves to talk with marineres  
That come from a far countree.

The Hermit  
of the wood

<sup>22</sup> *shrive*, shrive, give me absolu-  
tions for my sins.

119

He kneels at morn, and noon,  
and eve—  
He hath a cushion plump;  
It is the moss that wholly hides  
The rotted old oak-stump.

120

The skiff-boat neared; I heard  
them talk,  
'Why this is strange, I trow!  
Where are those lights so many  
and fair  
That signal made but now?'

121

Approach-  
eth the ship  
with won-  
der.

'Strange, by my faith!' the Her-  
mit said—  
'And they answered not our  
cheer!  
The planks look warped! and see  
those sails  
How thin they are and sear!  
I never saw aught like to them,  
Unless perchance it were

122

Brown skeletons of leaves that  
lag  
My forest-brook along;  
When the ivy-tod<sup>28</sup> is heavy with  
snow,  
And the owlet whoops to the  
wolf below  
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

123

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish  
look'—  
(The Pilot made reply)  
'I am a-feared'—'Push on, push  
on!  
Said the Hermit cheerily.

124

The boat came closer to the ship,  
But I nor spake nor stirred;

<sup>28</sup> ivy-tod, bushy clump of ivy.

The boat came close beneath the  
ship,  
And straight a sound was  
heard.

125

Under the water it rumbled on,  
Still louder and more dread;  
It reached the ship, it split the  
bay;  
The ship went down like lead.

The ship  
suddenly  
sinketh.

126

Stunned by that loud and dread-  
ful sound,  
Which sky and ocean smote,  
Like one that hath been seven  
days drowned  
My body lay afloat;  
But swift as dreams, myself I  
found  
Within the Pilot's boat.

The ancient  
Mariner is  
saved in the  
Pilot's boat.

127

Upon the whirl, where sank the  
ship,  
The boat spun round and  
round;  
And all was still, save that the  
hill  
Was telling of the sound.

128

I moved my lips—the Pilot  
shrieked  
And fell down in a fit;  
The holy Hermit raised his eyes  
And prayed where he did sit.

129

I took the oars; the Pilot's boy,  
Who now doth crazy go,  
Laughed loud and long, and all  
the while  
His eyes went to and fro.  
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I  
see,  
The Devil knows how to row.'



130

And now, all in my own coun-  
tree,  
I stood on the firm land!  
The Hermit stepped forth from  
the boat,  
And scarcely he could stand.

131

'O shrive me, shrive me, holy  
man!'  
The Hermit crossed his brow.  
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee  
say—  
What manner of man art  
thou?'

132

Forthwith this frame of mine  
was wrenched  
With a woeful agony,  
Which forced me to begin my  
tale;  
And then it left me free.

133

Since then, at an uncertain hour,  
That agony returns;  
And till my ghastly tale is told,  
This heart within me burns.

134

I pass, like night, from land to  
land;  
I have strange power of speech;  
That moment that his face I see,  
I know the man that must hear  
me—  
To him my tale I teach.

135

What loud uproar bursts from  
that door!  
The wedding-guests are there;  
But in the garden-bower the  
bride  
And bridemaids singing are;  
And hark the little vesper bell,  
Which biddeth me to prayer!

136

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath  
been  
Alone on a wide, wide sea;  
So lonely 'twas that God himself  
Scarce seemèd there to be.

137

O sweeter than the marriage-  
feast,  
'Tis sweeter far to me,  
To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company!—

138

To walk together to the kirk,  
And all together pray,  
While each to his great Father  
bends,  
Old men, and babes, and loving  
friends,  
And youths and maidens gay!

139

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell  
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!  
He prayeth well, who loveth well,  
Both man and bird and beast.

140

He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and  
small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

141

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,  
Whose beard with age is hoar,  
Is gone; and now the Wedding-  
Guest  
Turned from the bridegroom's  
door.

142

He went like one that hath been  
stunned,  
And is of sense forlorn;  
A sadder and a wiser man,  
He rose the morrow morn.

The ancient  
Mariner  
earnestly  
entreateth  
the Hermit  
to shrive  
him; and  
the penance  
of life falls  
on him,

And ever  
and anon  
throughout  
his future  
life an  
agony con-  
straineth  
him to  
travel from  
land to  
land,

And to  
teach, by  
his own ex-  
ample, love  
and rever-  
ence to all  
things that  
God made  
and loveth.

## STUDY AIDS

*Part the First.* 1. In the first three stanzas find four phrases that describe the ancient Mariner. What reasons does the wedding-guest give for not wishing to be detained? Which two stanzas show that the ship sailed south to the equator? What stanzas show the desolate situation of the ship after the storm? What good luck does the albatross bring? At the end of this Part what memory of the albatross causes the ancient Mariner to show suffering in his face?

2. Which title best summarizes Part the First: "The Wedding," "The Crime," "The Ancient Mariner"? In giving your reasons keep in mind the way in which the title will fit into later developments in the story.

*Part the Second.* 1. What do the sailors at first believe will come as a result of the mariner's crime? What causes them to change their judgment? What features made the calm at the equator especially terrible? How do the sailors show that they again blame the ancient Mariner for their troubles? Stanzas 28 and 29 are so often quoted that you may want to memorize them.

2. For Part the Second which is the best title—"The Beginning of Punishment," "The Suffering in Calm," "The Action of the Crew"? Choose the title that expresses most clearly the meaning of this Part and fits in best with the title you chose for Part the First, giving the reasons for your choice.

*Part the Third.* 1. Pick out phrases that describe the strangeness of the ship approaching in the distance. Why does the ancient Mariner bite his arm before he cries out to the ship? How does the sunset reveal the ship as a supernatural vessel? Which of its crew won the ancient Mariner? The gloss may help you here.

2. Choose one of these titles for Part the Third: "The Coming of Help," "The Approach of the Ship," "The Winning of the Wager," "The Death of the Crew." Show how your title fits into the story indicated by your other two titles.

*Part the Fourth.* 1. Who is speaking in stanza 52? What part of his suffering in

stanzas 54 to 60 was hardest for the Mariner to endure? There are several beautiful views in stanzas 61 to 64. Which do you like best, either because of the scene itself or because of the musical way in which Coleridge describes it? Memorize the stanza you like best. What great change takes place in the Mariner? What happens to the sign of his guilt?

2. Select one title as the best for Part the Fourth: "The Mystery of the Dead Men," "The Beauty of the Sea," "The Change in the Ancient Mariner."

*Part the Fifth.* 1. What release from suffering comes to the Mariner? What strange thing happened? The ancient Mariner says it was not the dead men who were navigating the ship. Who were they? Read the stanzas that describe the sweet sounds. Which seem to you the most beautiful lines? Why does the Polar Spirit allow the ship to cross the Equator on its northward voyage? Do not overlook the gloss here.

2. By this time you will be able to phrase titles of your own. Try to word a title so as to bring out the importance of this fifth Part. Keep in mind the four titles you have already chosen, as your new title should carry on the story.

*Part the Sixth.* 1. How does the conversation of the two angelic voices explain the movement of the ship? What further suffering does the Mariner endure? When he reaches his native country, what does he recognize? What is his prayer? Read the lines that describe the beauty of the angelic spirits. What was the Mariner's chief joy on the approach of the Pilot's boat?

2. Write a suitable title for the sixth Part.

*Part the Seventh.* 1. What features of the ship alarm the Hermit and the Pilot? How is the Mariner transferred from the ship to the Pilot's boat? What effect does the Mariner have upon the rescuers? To whom does the Mariner first tell his story? What effect did the telling have upon the Mariner? What penance for his crime must he make through life? How does this penance explain the opening of the poem? Stanza 140, which has been much quoted, sums up the belief which the whole experi-

ence has given the Mariner. The stanza is easily memorized.

2. Try to make a title for Part the Seventh which will show that the story has reached its climax and end. Can you tell the whole story in seven sentences; that is, in one sentence for each part? A useful contest would be to see which member of the class can give the clearest account in such brief space.

*The Poem as a Whole.* Every year thousands of people in America as well as in Europe read "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." Why is it still so widely read after one hundred years and more? Perhaps a brief review of the poem will help you to answer the question.

First of all, it is important to have in mind the underlying meaning or message of the poem. The sailors on the ship, who have merely surrendered to the superstition that the albatross is a bird of ill-omen, are punished with death. But the Mariner, who actually slew the albatross, is condemned to a life that is far more terrible than death. His suffering is not merely physical, but spiritual. He cannot even pray until the hate that is in his heart has

turned to love. This love finally comes to him through his observation of Nature: the sight of the moon, a revelation of beauty he had not known before, and the unearthly beauty of the light that rests upon the sea. As soon as Nature has taught him this lesson of love, the spell is broken. From that moment, he can pray, and the angelic spirits guide the ship back to the haven. The idea of Nature as a teacher, as a quieter of man's evil passions, lies at the heart of the poem.

James Russell Lowell said of "The Rime of the ancient Mariner," "I know nothing like it. There is not a description in it. It is all picture." Which pictures stand out most vividly in your memory? Where does Coleridge use words and phrases that aptly convey sound and color? Point out other words or phrases that convey a sense of being alone.

In the foreground of the poem is the ancient Mariner telling his tale to the wedding-guest; in the background the wedding feast is going on. Would a description of the Mariner's face as he tells his tale be as effective as the words of the wedding-guest in stanzas 20, 52, 53, 79?

## A BACKWARD GLANCE

1. In the story, or narrative, poems of Unit VI your interest has been centered almost entirely on some exciting incident or daring achievement, rather than on any development of character. Show how this statement is true by reference to several of the particular poems. Was this same feature true of your main interest in "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner"? That is, were you more interested in the succession of events told in the poem, or in the Mariner himself? Think this out carefully, for events and character are the two main centers of interest in most kinds of narrative.

2. Three poems in Units V and VI deal

with the supernatural world. Compare the spell cast upon the Mariner with the spell that is told of in "Thomas the Rhymer" (page 258). Compare "The Ancient Mariner" with "The Wife of Usher's Well" (page 260). In the latter why cannot the sons remain with their mother? How does the Mariner regain his right to mingle with mortal men? Do the folk ballads or Coleridge's poem give you a stronger feeling of the weird and unearthly? Quote particular passages in support of your opinion.

3. Which of the poems in Unit VI seemed most interesting to you? Which seemed most musical when read aloud?

## SOME OTHER TALES IN VERSE

All the world loves a good story, and poets have told many excellent tales in verse. The following, old and new, are favorites: "The Bell of Atri," Longfellow; "Lochinvar," Scott; "Skipper Ireson's Ride," Whittier; "The Ballad of East and West," Kipling; "The Courtin'," Lowell; "How the Old Horse Won the Bet," Holmes; "Marco Bozzaris," Halleck; "Incident of the French Camp," Browning; "Destruction of Sennacherib," Byron; "The Revenge," Tennyson; "How Oswald Dined with God," Markham; "The Highwayman," Noyes; "Vitai Lampada," Newbolt.

These and many others you will find in *One Hundred Narrative Poems*, by George E. Teter. Other collections that you may like to consult are:

Auslander, Joseph, *The Winged Horse*.  
Lomax, John, *Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads*.

Pound, Louise, *American Songs and Ballads*.

Stevenson, Burton E., *The Home Book of Verse*.

Untermeyer, Louis, *This Singing World and Yesterday and Today*.

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## UNIT VII

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# A Famous Legend of Romance

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### SCOTT'S *LADY OF THE LAKE*

#### AN INTRODUCTION

The poem you are now to begin has been popular for a hundred years and more. It is a story full of action brilliantly related. The opening stag hunt is so real that it excites even experienced hunters. Scott read his first version of it to an uneducated man who was very fond of hunting. When the poet reached the point where the dogs plunge into the lake, he was interrupted by the objection that the dogs would be ruined by swimming after so long a chase.

*The Lady of the Lake* deals with the life of King James V of Scotland, who lived in the sixteenth century. While the story is not historical, being chiefly the product of Scott's imagination, it is a good example of the poet's power to reconstruct the life of a past time so vividly as to give to it something of the truth of history. You will need to know something of the historical background of Scotland in order to understand clearly the plot of the story.

As a boy, King James was under the guardianship of Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, who had married his mother. The young King for a long time wished to free himself, but the Douglas clan was powerful and held James practically as a captive. In 1528, however, he escaped to Stirling Castle, where he was received by the governor,

an enemy to the Douglas clan. In a short time so many chieftains joined the King that they were able to banish the Earl of Angus to England. The Douglas whom we meet in the poem is an imaginary uncle of the banished Earl; he is hiding on a lonely island in Loch Katrine under the protection of the chieftain, Roderick Dhu. Both the Douglas of the poem, therefore, and Roderick, are imaginary characters. The same is true of Ellen (the Lady of the Lake), Malcolm Graeme, and the minstrel, Allan-bane. But the characters are drawn from an intimate knowledge of the history and customs of the time, and the deeds related in the poem might well have taken place in 1529.

The poet loved the country he described. So vivid are his descriptions of the scenery—the high mountains, the trackless woods, the rushing streams, and quiet lakes—that when the poem was first published in May, 1810, people set off to visit this little known part of Scotland. Every house in the region was crowded all summer with visitors. Each year since then the stream of sight-seers has increased. Today the whole district is dotted with hotels to take care of the throngs who come from the four corners of the earth to view Loch Katrine and to explore the retreats of Clan-Alpine.

You, too, may visit that country. And you need not actually travel by ship or train to reach it; you can enter it in imagination as you read this romance that has transported thousands of others to the Scottish Highlands of 1529. You meet King James V, who by this time has banished his enemies and has suppressed dangerous leaders with a stern hand. You see how he has endeared himself to the common people by passing among them in disguise. In the

mountain regions you meet the leaders of a Highland clan who still defy the King. You thrill with alternate fear of and admiration for the revengeful Roderick Dhu, leader of Clan-Alpine. You watch his followers gather according to their ancient tribal custom in answer to the call of the Fiery Cross. You see them battle desperately in defense of their native glens. In short, you learn what the Highlands really were in those romantic times, four hundred years ago.

# THE LADY OF THE LAKE

SIR WALTER SCOTT

## CANTO FIRST

### THE CHASE

HARP of the North!<sup>1</sup> that molder-  
ing long hast hung

On the witch-elm that shades Saint  
Fillan's<sup>2</sup> spring,  
And down the fitful breeze thy num-  
bers<sup>3</sup> flung,

Till envious ivy did around thee cling,  
Muffling with verdant ringlet every  
string—<sup>5</sup>

O Minstrel Harp, still must thine ac-  
cents sleep?

Mid rustling leaves and fountains mur-  
muring,

Still must thy sweeter sounds their  
silence keep,

Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a  
maid to weep?

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,<sup>4</sup> 10  
Was thy voice mute amid the festal  
crowd

When lay<sup>5</sup> of hopeless love, or glory  
won,

Aroused the fearful, or subdued the  
proud.

At each according pause<sup>6</sup> was heard  
aloud

Thine ardent symphony sublime and  
high! <sup>15</sup>

Fair dames and crested chiefs attention  
bowed;

For still the burden of thy minstrelsy  
Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and  
Beauty's matchless eye.

<sup>1</sup> *Harp of the North*, spirit of Scottish poetry. <sup>2</sup> *St. Fillan*, a Scotch abbot of the eighth century who founded a retreat on a hill near the village of St. Fillan's on Loch Earn. <sup>3</sup> *numbers*, songs.

<sup>4</sup> *Caledon*, Caledonia, the Roman name for Scotland; now its poetic name. <sup>5</sup> *lay*, song.

<sup>6</sup> *according pause*. Where the minstrel paused in his chant, the harp accompaniment could be heard.

O wake once more! how rude soe'er the  
hand

That ventures o'er thy magic maze to  
stray; <sup>20</sup>

O wake once more! though scarce my  
skill command

Some feeble echoing of thine earlier  
lay;

Though harsh and faint, and soon to die  
away,

And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,  
Yet if one heart throb higher at its  
sway, <sup>25</sup>

The wizard note has not been touched  
in vain.

Then silent be no more! Enchantress,  
wake again!

### I

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,  
Where danced the moon on Monan's  
rill,

And deep his midnight lair had made <sup>30</sup>  
In lone Glenartney's<sup>7</sup> hazel shade;

But when the sun his beacon red  
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's<sup>8</sup> head,

The deep-mouthed bloodhounds' heavy  
bay

Resounded up the rocky way, <sup>35</sup>  
And faint, from farther distance borne,

Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

### II

As Chief, who hears his warder call,  
"To arms! the foemen storm the wall,"

The antlered monarch of the waste <sup>40</sup>  
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.

But ere his fleet career he took,

<sup>7</sup> *Glenartney*, the valley of the Artney, a small river northeast of the scene of the poem. For all geographical references, see the map on page 307. <sup>8</sup> *Benvoirlich*. "Ben" is Scottish for "mountain."



The dewdrops from his flanks he shook;  
 Like crested leader proud and high  
 Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky; 45  
 A moment gazed adown the dale,  
 A moment snuffed the tainted gale,  
 A moment listened to the cry,  
 That thickened as the chase drew nigh;  
 Then, as the headmost foes appeared, 50  
 With one brave bound the copse he  
     cleared,  
 And, stretching forward free and far,  
 Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

## III

Yelled on the view the opening pack;<sup>9</sup>  
 Rock, glen, and cavern paid them  
     back; 55  
 To many a mingled sound at once  
 The awakened mountain gave response.  
 A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong;  
 Clattered a hundred steeds along;  
 Their peal the merry horns rung out; 60  
 A hundred voices joined the shout.  
 With hark and whoop and wild halloo,  
 No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.  
 Far from the tumult fled the roe;  
 Close in her covert covered the doe; 65  
 The falcon, from her cairn on high,  
 Cast on the rout a wondering eye,  
 Till far beyond her piercing ken  
 The hurricane had swept the glen.  
 Faint, and more faint, its failing din 70  
 Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,<sup>10</sup>  
 And silence settled, wide and still,  
 On the lone wood and mighty hill.

## IV

Less loud the sounds of silvan war  
 Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var, 75  
 And roused the cavern, where, 'tis told,  
 A giant made his den of old;  
 For ere that steep ascent was won,  
 High in his pathway, hung the sun,  
 And many a gallant, stayed perforce, 80  
 Was fain to breathe his faltering horse,  
 And of the trackers of the deer

<sup>9</sup> yelled . . . pack, the foremost dogs bayed as they saw the stag. <sup>10</sup> linn, cascade.

Scarce half the lessening pack was near;  
 So shrewdly on the mountain side  
 Had the bold burst their mettle tried. 85

## V

The noble stag was pausing now  
 Upon the mountain's southern brow,  
 Where broad extended, far beneath,  
 The varied realms of fair Menteith.<sup>11</sup>  
 With anxious eye he wandered o'er 90  
 Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,  
 And pondered refuge from his toil,  
 By far Lochard<sup>12</sup> or Aberfoyle.  
 But nearer was the copsewood gray  
 That waved and wept on Loch-Ach-  
     ray, 95  
 And mingled with the pine-trees blue  
 On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.  
 Fresh vigor with the hope returned,  
 With flying foot the heath he spurned,  
 Held westward with unwearied race, 100  
 And left behind the panting chase.

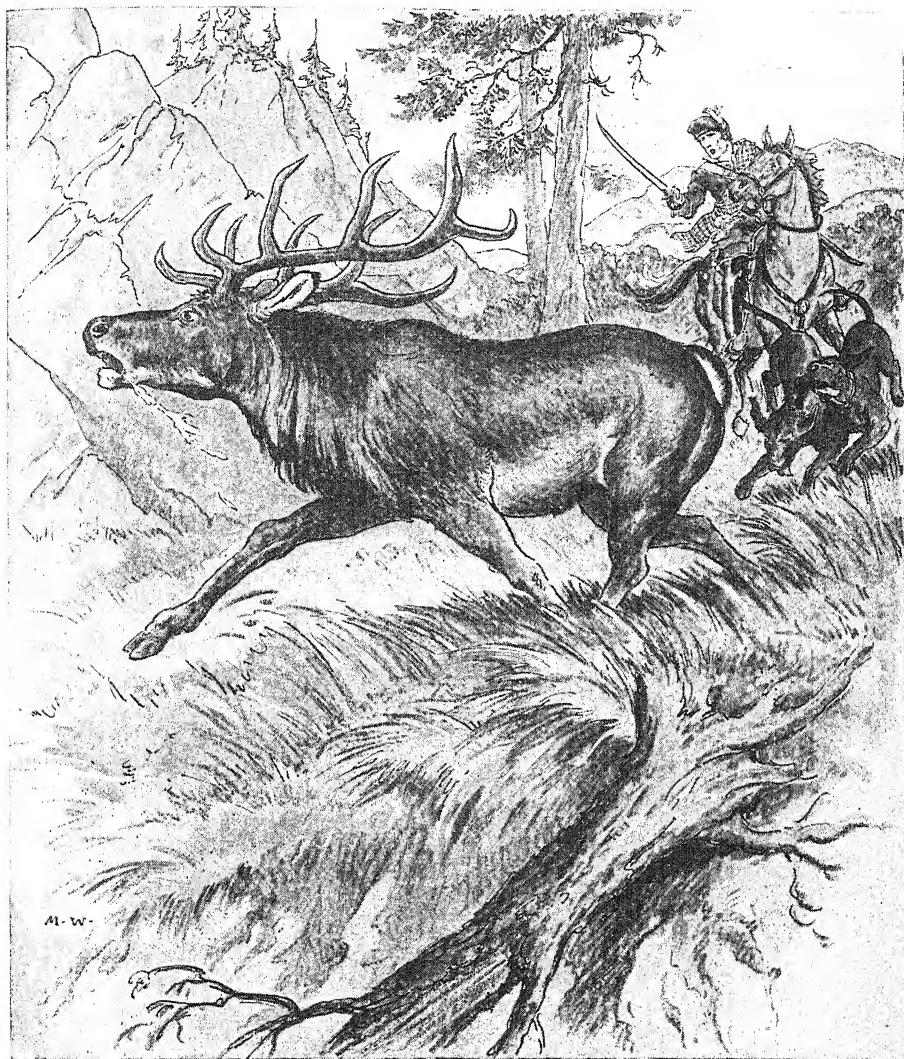
## VI

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,  
 As swept the hunt through Cambus-  
     more;  
 What reins were tightened in despair,  
 When rose Benledi's ridge in air; 105  
 Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,  
 Who shunned to stem the flooded  
     Teith—  
 For twice that day, from shore to shore,  
 The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.  
 Few were the stragglers, following  
     far, 110  
 That reached the lake of Vennachar;  
 And when the Brigg of Turk<sup>13</sup> was  
     won,  
 The headmost horseman rode alone.

## VII

Alone, but with unbated zeal,  
 That horseman plied the scourge and  
     steel; 115  
 For jaded now, and spent with toil,

<sup>11</sup> Menteith, a village and district along the Teith River. <sup>12</sup> Lochard. "Loch" is the Scotch for "lake." <sup>13</sup> Brigg of Turk, a bridge still in existence.



### The laboring stag strained full in view

Embossed with foam, and dark with  
soil,  
While every gasp with sobs he drew,  
The laboring stag strained full in view.  
Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's<sup>14</sup>  
breed, 120  
Unmatched for courage, breath, and  
speed,  
Fast on his flying traces came, 122

<sup>14</sup> St. Hubert, the patron saint of hunters.

And all but won that desperate game;  
For, scarce a spear's length from his  
haunch,  
Vindictive toiled the bloodhounds  
stanch; 125  
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,  
Nor farther might the quarry strain.  
Thus up the margin of the lake,  
Between the precipice and brake, 129  
O'er stock and rock their race they take.

## VIII

The hunter marked that mountain high,  
The lone lake's western boundary,  
And deemed the stag must turn to bay  
Where that huge rampart barred the  
way;

Already glorying in the prize, 135  
Measured his antlers with his eyes;  
For the death-wound and death-halloo,  
Mustered his breath, his whinyard<sup>15</sup>  
drew—

But thundering as he came prepared,  
With ready arm and weapon bared, 140  
The wily quarry shunned the shock,  
And turned him from the opposing  
rock;

Then dashing down a darksome glen,  
Soon lost to hound and Hunter's ken,  
In the deep Trosachs<sup>16</sup> wildest nook 145  
His solitary refuge took.

There, while close couched, the thicket  
shed

Cold dews and wild-flowers on his head,  
He heard the baffled dogs in vain  
Rave through the hollow pass amain, 150  
Chiding the rocks that yelled again.

## IX

Close on the hounds the Hunter came,  
To cheer them on the vanished game;  
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,  
The gallant horse exhausted fell. 155  
The impatient rider strove in vain  
To rouse him with the spur and rein,  
For the good steed, his labors o'er,  
Stretched his stiff limbs, to rise no more;  
Then, touched with pity and remorse, 160  
He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse.  
"I little thought, when first thy rein  
I slacked upon the banks of Seine,<sup>17</sup>  
That Highland eagle e'er should feed  
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!  
Woe worth<sup>18</sup> the chase, woe worth the  
day, 166  
That costs thy life, my gallant gray!"

<sup>15</sup> *whinyard*, short sword. <sup>16</sup> *Trosachs*, a wild and beautiful defile.

<sup>17</sup> *Seine*, the river of France on which Paris is situated.

<sup>18</sup> *Woe worth*, woe be to.

## X

Then through the dell his horn re-  
sounds,

From vain pursuit to call the hounds.  
Back limped, with slow and crippled  
pace, 170

The sulky leaders of the chase;  
Close to their master's side they pressed,  
With drooping tail and humbled crest;  
But still the dingle's<sup>19</sup> hollow throat  
Prolonged the swelling bugle-note. 175  
The owlets started from their dream;  
The eagles answered with their scream;  
Round and around the sounds were cast,  
Till echo seemed an answering blast.  
And on the Hunter hied his way, 180  
To join some comrades of the day;  
Yet often paused, so strange the road,  
So wondrous were the scenes it showed.

## XI

The western waves of ebbing day  
Rolled o'er the glen their level way; 185  
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,  
Was bathed in floods of living fire.  
But not a setting beam could glow  
Within the dark ravines below,  
Where twined the path in shadow hid,  
Round many a rocky pyramid, 191  
Shooting abruptly from the dell  
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;  
Round many an insulated<sup>20</sup> mass,  
The native bulwarks of the pass, 195  
Huge as the tower which builders vain  
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.<sup>21</sup>  
The rocky summits, split and rent,  
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,  
Or seemed fantastically set 200  
With cupola or minaret,  
Wild crests as pagod<sup>22</sup> ever decked,  
Or mosque of Eastern architect.  
Nor were these earthborn castles bare,  
Nor lacked they many a banner fair; 205  
For, from their shivered brows dis-  
played,

<sup>19</sup> *dingle*, small valley. <sup>20</sup> *insulated*, isolated.

<sup>21</sup> *Shinar's plain*, location of the tower of Babel; see Genesis xi, 1-9. <sup>22</sup> *pagod*, pagoda, a Chinese temple.

Far o'er the unfathomable glade,  
 All twinkling with the dewdrops sheen,  
 The brier-rose fell in streamers green,  
 And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,  
 Waved in the west-wind's summer  
 sighs. 211

## XII

Boon<sup>23</sup> nature scattered, free and wild,  
 Each plant or flower, the mountain's  
 child.

Here eglantine embalmed<sup>24</sup> the air,  
 Hawthorn and hazel mingled there; 215  
 The primrose pale and violet flower  
 Found in each cliff a narrow bower;  
 Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,  
 Emblems of punishment and pride,  
 Grouped their dark hues with every  
 stain 220

The weather-beaten crags retain.  
 With boughs that quaked at every  
 breath,

Gray birch and aspen wept beneath;  
 Aloft, the ash and warrior oak  
 Cast anchor in the rifted rock; 225  
 And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung  
 His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,  
 Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,  
 His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.  
 Highest of all, where white peaks  
 glanced, 230

Where glist'ning streamers waved and  
 danced,

The wanderer's eye could barely view  
 The summer heaven's delicious blue;  
 So wondrous wild, the whole might  
 seem

The scenery of a fairy dream. 235

## XIII

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep  
 A narrow inlet, still and deep,  
 Affording scarce such breadth of brim  
 As served the wild duck's brood to  
 swim.

Lost for a space, through thickets veer-  
 ing, 240

But broader when again appearing,  
 Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face  
 Could on the dark-blue mirror trace;  
 And farther as the Hunter strayed, 244  
 Still broader sweep its channels made.  
 The shaggy mounds no longer stood,  
 Emerging from entangled wood,  
 But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,  
 Like castle girdled with its moat;  
 Yet broader floods extending still 250  
 Divide them from their parent hill,  
 Till each, retiring, claims to be  
 An islet in an island sea.

## XIV

And now, to issue from the glen, 254  
 No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,  
 Unless he climb, with footing nice,<sup>25</sup>  
 A far projecting precipice.

The broom's<sup>26</sup> tough roots his ladder  
 made,

The hazel saplings lent their aid;  
 And thus an airy point he won, 260  
 Where, gleaming with the setting sun,  
 One burnished sheet of living gold,  
 Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,  
 In all her length far winding lay,  
 With promontory, creek, and bay, 265  
 And islands that, empurpled bright,  
 Floated amid the livelier light,  
 And mountains that like giants stand  
 To sentinel enchanted land.

High on the south, huge Benvenue 270  
 Down to the lake in masses threw  
 Crag, knolls, and mounds, confusedly  
 hurled,

The fragments of an earlier world;  
 A wildering<sup>27</sup> forest feathered o'er  
 His ruined sides and summit hoar, 275  
 While on the north, through middle air,  
 Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

## XV

From the steep promontory gazed  
 The stranger, raptured and amazed,  
 And, "What a scene were here," he  
 cried, 280

<sup>23</sup> Boon, kind, bountiful. <sup>24</sup> embalmed, per-  
 fumed.

<sup>25</sup> nice, careful. <sup>26</sup> broom, bushy shrub.  
<sup>27</sup> wildering, wild, bewildering.

"For princely pomp, or churchman's  
pride!

On this bold brow, a lordly tower;  
In that soft vale, a lady's bower;  
On yonder meadow, far away,  
The turrets of a cloister gray; 285  
How blithely might the bugle-horn  
Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!  
How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute  
Chime, when the groves were still and  
mute!

And when the midnight moon should  
lave 290

Her forehead in the silver wave,  
How solemn on the ear would come  
The holy matin's distant hum,  
While the deep peal's commanding tone  
Should wake, in yonder islet lone, 295  
A sainted hermit from his cell,  
To drop a bead with every knell—  
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,  
Should each bewildered stranger call  
To friendly feast and lighted hall. 300

## XVI

"Blithe were it then to wander here!  
But now—beshrew yon nimble deer—  
Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,  
The copse must give my evening fare;  
Some mossy bank my couch must be, 305  
Some rustling oak my canopy.  
Yet pass we that; the war and chase  
Give little choice of resting-place—  
A summer night, in greenwood spent,  
Were but tomorrow's merriment; 310  
But hosts may in these wilds abound,  
Such as are better missed than found;  
To meet with Highland plunderers here  
Were worse than loss of steed or deer.  
I am alone—my bugle-strain 315  
May call some straggler of the train;  
Or, fall the worst that may betide,  
Ere now this falchion<sup>28</sup> has been tried."

## XVII

But scarce again his horn he wound,<sup>29</sup>  
When lo! forth starting at the sound, 320  
From underneath an aged oak,

<sup>28</sup> *falchion*, sword. <sup>29</sup> *wound*, blew.

That slanted from the islet rock,  
A damsel guider of its way,  
A little skiff shot to the bay,  
That round the promontory steep 325  
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,  
Eddying, in almost viewless wave,  
The weeping willow-twig to lave,  
And kiss, with whispering sound and  
slow,  
The beach of pebbles bright as snow. 330  
The boat had touched this silver strand  
Just as the Hunter left his stand,  
And stood concealed amid the brake,  
To view this Lady of the Lake.  
The maiden paused, as if again 335  
She thought to catch the distant strain.  
With head upraised, and look intent,  
And eye and ear attentive bent,  
And locks flung back, and lips apart,  
Like monument of Grecian art, 340  
In listening mood, she seemed to stand,  
The guardian Naiad<sup>30</sup> of the strand.

## XVIII

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace  
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace  
Of finer form or lovelier face! 345  
What though the sun, with ardent  
frown,  
Had slightly tinged her cheek with  
brown—  
The sportive toil, which, short and light,  
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,  
Served too in hastier swell to show 350  
Short glimpses of a breast of snow.  
What though no rule of courtly grace  
To measured mood had trained her  
pace—  
A foot more light, a step more true,  
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the  
dew; 355  
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,  
Elastic from her airy tread.  
What though upon her speech there  
hung  
The accents of the mountain tongue—

<sup>30</sup> *Naiad*. In Greek mythology, the Naiads, or nymphs, were guardians of lakes, streams, etc.

Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear, 360  
The listener held his breath to hear!

## XIX

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;  
Her satin snood,<sup>31</sup> her silken plaid,<sup>32</sup>  
Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.  
And seldom was a snood amid 365  
Such wild, luxuriant ringlets hid,  
Whose glossy black to shame might  
bring

The plumage of the raven's wing;  
And seldom o'er a breast so fair,  
Mantled a plaid with modest care, 370  
And never brooch the folds combined  
Above a heart more good and kind.  
Her kindness and her worth to spy,  
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;  
Not Katrine in her mirror blue 375  
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,  
Than every free-born glance confessed  
The guileless movements of her breast;  
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,  
Or woe or pity claimed a sigh, 380  
Or filial love was glowing there,  
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,  
Or tale of injury called forth  
The indignant spirit of the North.  
One only passion unrevealed, 385  
With maiden pride the maid concealed,  
Yet not less purely felt the flame—  
O, need I tell that passion's name!

## XX

Impatient of the silent horn, 389  
Now on the gale her voice was borne—  
"Father!" she cried; the rocks around  
Loved to prolong the gentle sound.  
A while she paused, no answer came—  
"Malcolm, was thine the blast?" the  
name  
Less resolutely uttered fell, 395  
The echoes could not catch the swell.  
"A stranger I," the Huntsman said,  
Advancing from the hazel shade.  
The maid, alarmed, with hasty oar, 399  
Pushed her light shallop from the shore,

<sup>31</sup> *snood*, a band or ribbon which indicated that she was unmarried. <sup>32</sup> *plaid*, plaid shawl.

And when a space was gained between,  
Closer she drew her bosom's screen—  
So forth the startled swan would swing,  
So turn to prune<sup>33</sup> his ruffled wing. 404  
Then safe, though fluttered and amazed,  
She paused, and on the stranger gazed.  
Not his the form, nor his the eye,  
That youthful maidens wont to fly.<sup>34</sup>

## XXI

On his bold visage middle age  
Had slightly pressed its signet sage,<sup>35</sup> 410  
Yet had not quenched the open truth  
And fiery vehemence of youth;  
Forward and frolic glee was there,  
The will to do, the soul to dare, 414  
The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire,  
Of hasty love, or headlong ire.  
His limbs were cast in manly mold,  
For hardy sports or contest bold;  
And though in peaceful garb arrayed,  
And weaponless, except his blade, 420  
His stately mien as well implied  
A highborn heart, a martial pride,  
As if a Baron's crest he wore,  
And sheathed in armor trod the shore.  
Slighting the petty need he showed, 425  
He told of his benighted road;  
His ready speech flowed fair and free,  
In phrase of gentlest courtesy;  
Yet seemed that tone and gesture bland  
Less used to sue than to command. 430

## XXII

A while the maid the stranger eyed,  
And, reassured, at length replied,  
That Highland halls were open still  
To wildered<sup>36</sup> wanderers of the hill.  
"Nor think you unexpected come 435  
To yon lone isle, our desert home;  
Before the heath had lost the dew,  
This morn, a couch<sup>37</sup> was pulled for  
you;  
On yonder mountain's purple head 439  
Have ptarmigan<sup>38</sup> and heath-cock bled,

<sup>33</sup> *prune*, smooth. <sup>34</sup> *fly*, flee from. <sup>35</sup> *signet sage*, appearance or mark of wisdom.

<sup>36</sup> *wildered*, lost. <sup>37</sup> *couch*, i. e., heather for a couch. <sup>38</sup> *ptarmigan*, a bird of the grouse family.





"I well believe," the maid replied

And our broad nets have swept the mere,

To furnish forth your evening cheer."

"Now, by the rood,<sup>39</sup> my lovely maid,  
Your courtesy has erred," he said;

"No right have I to claim, misplaced,  
The welcome of expected guest. 446

A wanderer, here by fortune tost,  
My way, my friends, my courser lost,

<sup>39</sup> rood, holy cross.

I ne'er before, believe me, fair,  
Have ever drawn your mountain air, 450  
Till on this lake's romantic strand,  
I found a fay<sup>40</sup> in fairyland!"

XXIII

"I well believe," the maid replied,  
As her light skiff approached the side,  
"I well believe, that ne'er before 455

<sup>40</sup> fay, fairy.



Your foot has trod Loch Katrine's shore;  
 But yet, as far as yesternight,  
 Old Allan-bane foretold your plight—  
 A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent  
 Was on the visioned future bent. 460  
 He saw your steed, a dappled gray,  
 Lie dead beneath the birchen way;  
 Painted exact your form and mien,  
 Your hunting suit of Lincoln green,<sup>41</sup>  
 That tasseled horn so gayly gilt, 465  
 That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,  
 That cap with heron plumage trim,  
 And yon two hounds so dark and grim.  
 He bade that all should ready be  
 To grace a guest of fair degree; 470  
 But light I held his prophecy,  
 And deemed it was my father's horn  
 Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne."

## XXIV

The stranger smiled: "Since to your  
 home  
 A destined errant-knight I come, 475  
 Announced by prophet sooth and old,  
 Doomed, doubtless, for achievement  
 bold,  
 I'll lightly front each high emprise,<sup>42</sup>  
 For one kind glance of those bright  
 eyes.  
 Permit me, first, the task to guide 480  
 Your fairy frigate o'er the tide."  
 The maid, with smile suppressed and  
 sly,  
 The toil unwonted saw him try;  
 For seldom, sure, if e'er before,  
 His noble hand had grasped an oar. 485  
 Yet with main strength his strokes he  
 drew,  
 And o'er the lake the shallop flew;  
 With heads erect, and whimpering cry,  
 The hounds behind their passage ply.  
 Nor frequent does the bright oar break  
 The dark'ning mirror of the lake, 491  
 Until the rocky isle they reach,  
 And moor their shallop on the beach.

<sup>41</sup> *Lincoln green*, a cloth made in Lincoln, England, and frequently worn by Lowland hunters.

<sup>42</sup> *front . . . emprise*, face each noble adventure.

## XXV

The stranger viewed the shore around,  
 'Twas all so close with copsewood  
 bound, 495  
 Nor track nor pathway might declare  
 That human foot frequented there,  
 Until the mountain-maiden showed  
 A clambering, unsuspected road,  
 That winded through the tangled screen,  
 And opened on a narrow green, 501  
 Where weeping birch and willow round  
 With their long fibers swept the ground.  
 Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,  
 Some chief had framed a rustic bower.

## XXVI

It was a lodge of ample size, 506  
 But strange of structure and device;  
 Of such materials as, around,  
 The workman's hand had readiest  
 found.  
 Lopped of their boughs, their hoar  
 trunks bared, 510  
 And by the hatchet rudely squared,  
 To give the walls their destined height,  
 The sturdy oak and ash unite;  
 While moss and clay and leaves com-  
 bined  
 To fence each crevice from the wind. 515  
 The lighter pine-trees, overhead,  
 Their slender length for rafters spread,  
 And withered heath and rushes dry  
 Supplied a russet canopy.  
 Due westward, fronting to the green, 520  
 A rural portico was seen,  
 Aloft on native pillars borne,  
 Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,  
 Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine  
 The ivy and Idaean<sup>43</sup> vine, 525  
 The clematis, the favored flower  
 Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,  
 And every hardy plant could bear  
 Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.  
 An instant in this porch she stayed, 530  
 And gayly to the stranger said,  
 "On heaven and on thy lady call,  
 And enter the enchanted hall!"

<sup>43</sup> *Idaeon*, like those on Mt. Ida, a vine-covered mountain near Troy, in Asia Minor.

## XXVII

"My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,  
 My gentle guide, in following thee!" 535  
 He crossed the threshold—and a clang  
 Of angry steel that instant rang.  
 To his bold brow his spirit rushed,  
 But soon for vain alarm he blushed,  
 When on the floor he saw displayed, 540  
 Cause of the din, a naked blade  
 Dropped from the sheath, that careless  
 flung  
 Upon a stag's huge antlers swung;  
 For all around, the walls to grace,  
 Hung trophies of the fight or chase: 545  
 A target<sup>44</sup> there, a bugle here,  
 A battle-ax, a hunting spear,  
 And broadswords, bows and arrows  
 store,<sup>45</sup>  
 With the tusked trophies of the boar.  
 Here grins the wolf as when he died, 550  
 And there the wildcat's brindled hide  
 The frontlet of the elk adorns,  
 Or mantles o'er the bison's horns;  
 Pennons and flags defaced and stained,  
 That blackening streaks of blood re-  
 tained, 555  
 And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and  
 white,  
 With otter's fur and seal's unite,  
 In rude and uncouth tapestry all,  
 To garnish forth the silvan hall.

## XXVIII

The wondering stranger round him  
 gazed, 560  
 And next the fallen weapon raised—  
 Few were the arms whose sinewy  
 strength  
 Sufficed to stretch it forth at length.  
 And as the brand he poised and swayed,  
 "I never knew but one," he said, 565  
 "Whose stalwart arm might brook to  
 wield<sup>46</sup>  
 A blade like this in battlefield."  
 She sighed, then smiled and took the  
 word:

<sup>44</sup> target, shield.<sup>45</sup> store, in plenty.<sup>46</sup> brook to wield, be able to use.

"You see the guardian champion's  
 sword;  
 As light it trembles in his hand 570  
 As in my grasp a hazel wand;  
 My sire's tall form might grace the part  
 Of Ferragus, or Ascabart;<sup>47</sup>  
 But in the absent giant's hold<sup>48</sup>  
 Are women now, and menials old." 575

## XXIX

The mistress of the mansion came,  
 Mature of age, a graceful dame,  
 Whose easy step and stately port  
 Had well become a princely court,  
 To whom, though more than kindred  
 knew,<sup>49</sup> 580  
 Young Ellen gave a mother's due.  
 Meet welcome to her guest she made,  
 And every courteous rite was paid  
 That hospitality could claim,  
 Though all unasked his birth and name.  
 Such then the reverence to a guest, 585  
 That fellest<sup>50</sup> foe might join the feast,  
 And from his deadliest foeman's door  
 Unquestioned turn, the banquet o'er.  
 At length his rank the stranger names,  
 "The Knight of Snowdown, James Fitz-  
 James; 591  
 Lord of a barren heritage,  
 Which his brave sires, from age to age,  
 By their good swords had held with toil;  
 His sire had fallen in such turmoil, 595  
 And he, God wot,<sup>51</sup> was forced to stand  
 Off for his right with blade in hand.  
 This morning, with Lord Moray's train,  
 He chased a stalwart stag in vain,  
 Outstripped his comrades missed the  
 deer, 600  
 Lost his good steed, and wandered  
 here."

## XXX

Fain would the Knight in turn require<sup>52</sup>  
 The name and state of Ellen's sire.  
 Well showed the elder lady's mien

<sup>47</sup> Ferragus, Ascabart, legendary giants.  
<sup>48</sup> hold, castle. <sup>49</sup> though . . . knew, though it  
 was a closer bond than the kinship itself really  
 warranted. <sup>50</sup> fellest, most bitter. <sup>51</sup> wot,  
 knows. <sup>52</sup> Fain . . . require, he wished to ask.

That courts and cities she had seen; 605  
 Ellen, though more her looks displayed  
 The simple grace of silvan maid,  
 In speech and gesture, form and face,  
 Showed she was come of gentle race.  
 'Twere strange in ruder rank to find 610  
 Such looks, such manners, and such  
 mind.

Each hint the Knight of Snowdown  
 gave,

Dame Margaret heard with silence  
 grave;

Or Ellen, innocently gay,  
 Turned all inquiry light away— 615  
 "Weird women we— by dale and down  
 We dwell, afar from tower and town.  
 We stem the flood, we ride the blast,  
 On wandering knights our spells we  
 cast;

While viewless minstrels touch the  
 string, 620

'Tis thus our charmèd rimes we sing."  
 She sung, and still a harp unseen  
 Filled up the symphony between.

## XXXI

## SONG

"Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,  
 Sleep the sleep that knows not break-  
 ing; 625

Dream of battled fields no more,  
 Days of danger, nights of waking.

In our isle's enchanted hall,  
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing;  
 Fairy strains of music fall, 630  
 Every sense in slumber dewing.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,  
 Dream of fighting fields no more;  
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking. 635

"No rude sound shall reach thine ear,  
 Armor's clang, or war-steed champ-  
 ing;

Trump nor pibroch<sup>53</sup> summon here  
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramp-  
 ing.

<sup>53</sup> *pibroch* (pē'brōk), bagpipe.

Yet the lark's shrill fife may come 640

At the daybreak from the fallow,  
 And the bittern<sup>54</sup> sound his drum,

Booming from the sedgy shallow.

Ruder sounds shall none be near,

Guards nor warders challenge here; 645

Here's no war-steed's neigh and champ-  
 ing,

Shouting clans or squadrons stamping."

## XXXII

She paused—then, blushing, led the lay  
 To grace the stranger of the day.

Her mellow notes awhile prolong 650

The cadence of the flowing song,

Till to her lips in measured frame

The minstrel verse spontaneous came.

SONG (*Continued*)

"Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,

While our slumbrous spells assail ye,

Dream not, with the rising sun, 656

Bugles here shall sound reveillé.

Sleep! the deer is in his den;

Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;

Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen, 660

How thy gallant steed lay dying.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,

Think not of the rising sun,

For at dawning to assail ye,

Here no bugles sound reveillé." 665

## XXXIII

The hall was cleared—the stranger's bed  
 Was there of mountain heather spread,  
 Where oft a hundred guests had lain,  
 And dreamed their forest sports again.

But vainly did the heath-flower shed 670

Its moorland fragrance round his head;

Not Ellen's spell had lulled to rest

The fever of his troubled breast.

In broken dreams the image rose

Of varied perils, pains, and woes: 675

His steed now flounders in the brake;<sup>55</sup>

Now sinks his barge upon the lake;

Now leader of a broken host,

His standard falls, his honor's lost.

<sup>54</sup> *bittern*, a bird of the heron family.

<sup>55</sup> *brake*, thicket.

Then—from my couch may heavenly  
might

Chase that worst phantom of the night!—<sup>680</sup>  
Again returned the scenes of youth,  
Of confident, undoubting truth;  
Again his soul he interchanged  
With friends whose hearts were long  
estranged.<sup>685</sup>

They come, in dim procession led,  
The cold, the faithless, and the dead;  
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,  
As if they parted yesterday.  
And doubt distracts him at the view—  
O were his senses false or true?<sup>691</sup>  
Dreamed he of death, or broken vow,  
Or is it all a vision now?

## XXXIV

At length, with Ellen in a grove  
He seemed to walk, and speak of love;  
She listened with a blush and sigh;<sup>696</sup>  
His suit was warm, his hopes were high.  
He sought her yielded hand to clasp,  
And a cold gauntlet<sup>56</sup> met his grasp;  
The phantom's sex was changed and  
gone,<sup>700</sup>

Upon its head a helmet shone;  
Slowly enlarged to giant size,  
With darkened cheek and threatening  
eyes,

The grisly visage, stern and hoar,  
To Ellen still a likeness bore.<sup>705</sup>  
He woke, and, panting with affright,  
Recalled the vision of the night.

The hearth's decaying brands were red,  
And deep and dusky luster shed,  
Half showing, half concealing, all<sup>710</sup>  
The uncouth trophies of the hall.

Mid those the stranger fixed his eye  
Where that huge falchion hung on high,  
And thoughts on thoughts, a countless  
throng,

Rushed, chasing countless thoughts  
along,<sup>715</sup>

Until, the giddy whirl to cure,  
He rose, and sought the moonshine  
pure.

<sup>56</sup> gauntlet, metal glove.

## xxxv

The wild-rose, eglantine, and broom  
Wasted around their rich perfume,  
The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm;  
The aspens slept beneath the calm;<sup>721</sup>  
The silver light, with quivering glance,  
Played on the water's still expanse—  
Wild were the heart whose passion's  
sway

Could rage beneath the sober ray!<sup>725</sup>  
He felt its calm, that warrior guest,  
While thus he communed with his  
breast:

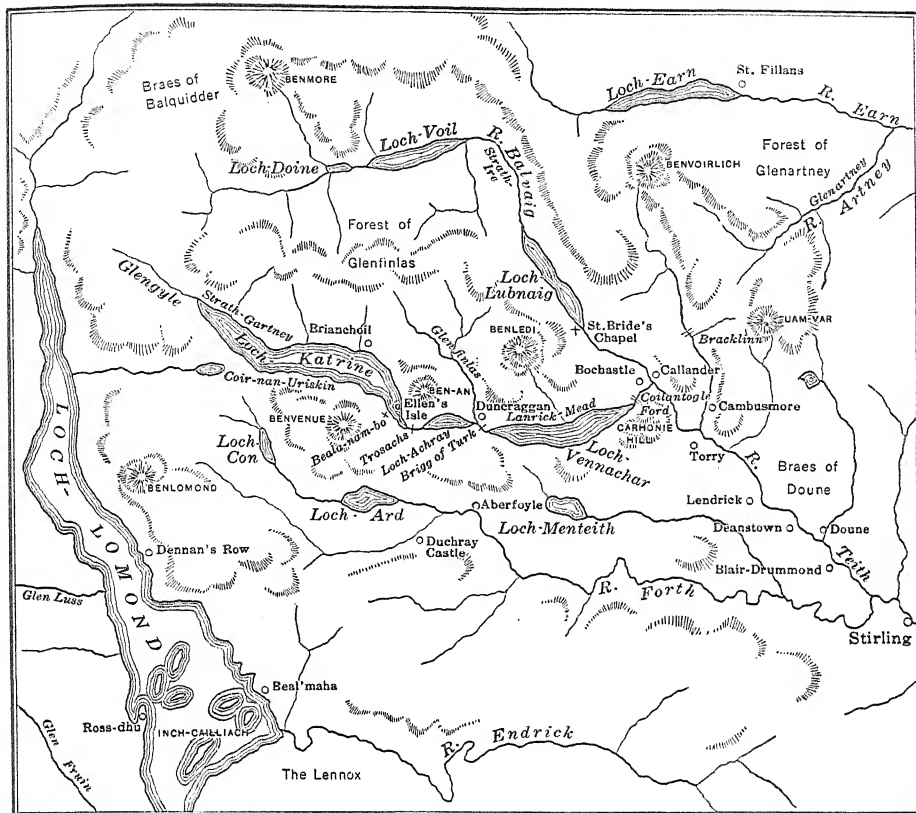
"Why is it, at each turn I trace  
Some memory of that exiled race?  
Can I not mountain-maiden spy,<sup>730</sup>  
But she must bear the Douglas eye?  
Can I not view a Highland brand,<sup>57</sup>  
But it must match the Douglas hand?  
Can I not frame a fevered dream,  
But still the Douglas is the theme?<sup>735</sup>  
I'll dream no more—by manly mind  
Not even in sleep is will resigned.  
My midnight orisons<sup>58</sup> said o'er,  
I'll turn to rest, and dream no more."  
His midnight orisons he told,<sup>740</sup>  
A prayer with every bead of gold,  
Consigned to heaven his cares and woes,  
And sunk in undisturbed repose,  
Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,  
And morning dawned on Benvenue.<sup>745</sup>

<sup>57</sup> brand, sword. <sup>58</sup> orisons, prayers.

## STUDY AIDS FOR CANTO FIRST

*The Story.* The following questions will help you keep in mind the important features of the story: Why do the hunters fail to catch the stag? What keeps the lone horseman from striking the stag down? What fear prompts the hunter to blow his bugle? Why does Ellen invite him to her home? Of what Scottish family does he dream? Does he seem to feel that he is in some danger in the Highlands? At what point in the canto was your interest greatest?

*The Characters.* Make a list of the characters with whom you have become acquainted in Canto First. Find lines that



MAP ILLUSTRATING "THE LADY OF THE LAKE"

reveal the chief qualities of Fitz-James and Ellen. What are you able to learn about the knight's life from his address to his dead horse and from his dream? What heightens your curiosity about Ellen and Dame Margaret? Who do you think will become the most important characters in the story? Why? Which character who has not yet actually appeared are you most eager to meet? Why?

*The Scenery.* The scenes in this canto are an essential part of the story: (a) Which is to you the most beautiful view? Read the stanza in which it is described. (b) Which scene has the most bearing on the events of the canto? Explain how it influences the succession of incidents.

*The Map.* The descriptions of scenery in this canto are quite accurate. In Scott's youth he had rambled all over this region

with a college friend who lived near Loch Katrine. He returned to it with his family when he began to write the poem, in 1809. Nearly all the places can be located on the map above. You can fix the course of events in your mind by tracing, on thin paper, some of the rivers, lakes, and mountains in black, and then entering the route of the hunter in red.

*The Form of the Poem.* If you read aloud parts of Canto First, you will notice how musical the poem is in meter, rime, and alliteration. (For definitions and illustrations of meter, alliteration, etc., see "Index of Special Terms," page 627.) Point out lines that seem to you especially musical. Find rimes which show that Scott probably pronounced certain words differently from the way we now pronounce them.

## CANTO SECOND

To follow the actions of Roderick Dhu in this canto, you need to understand the difference between the Lowlanders and the Highlanders in Scotland. Several references are made to the Lowlanders as "Saxons," a term usually applied only to the English. The reason for this term is that the Lowlanders were quite like the English (Saxons) in speech and dress. Furthermore, like the English, they were engaged in farming and herding, as they lived in the southeastern part of Scotland, where fields and meadows are common. The Highlanders, on the other hand, lived in the mountainous sections of Scotland and were mostly Celtic in origin, like the Irish. The Highlanders were divided into clans of bold fighting men, and frequently plundered the Lowlanders. The members of each clan followed their leader with valiant devotion, but they recognized no other law.

When King James V came to the throne of Scotland, he decided to suppress the lawless chieftains on the border between the Highlands and Lowlands. In June of 1529 he asked them to bring their dogs, as if for a hunt, and then captured them with his troops and hanged them. Roderick, a Highland chieftain, mentions this action in his speech (stanza xxviii) as a reason for fearing the Lowland hunting party which had brought James Fitz-James into the Highlands.

## THE ISLAND

## I

AT MORN the black-cock<sup>1</sup> trims his  
jetty wing;  
'Tis morning prompts the linnet's  
blithest lay;  
All Nature's children feel the matin  
spring  
Of life reviving, with reviving day;  
And while yon little bark glides down  
the bay,  
Wafting the stranger on his way  
again,

<sup>1</sup> *black-cock*, the heath-cock of Canto First, line 440, page 301.

Morn's genial influence roused a minstrel gray,<sup>2</sup>

And sweetly o'er the lake was heard  
thy strain,  
Mixed with the sounding harp, O white-haired Allan-bane!

## II

## SONG

"Not faster yonder rowers' might 10  
Flings from their oars the spray,  
Not faster yonder rippling bright,  
That tracks the shallop's course in light,  
Melts in the lake away,  
Than men from memory erase 15  
The benefits of former days;  
Then, stranger, go! Good speed the  
while,  
Nor think again of the lonely isle.

"High place to thee in royal court,  
High place in battle line; 20  
Good hawk and hound for silvan sport,  
Where beauty sees the brave resort;  
The honored meed be thine!  
True be thy sword, thy friend sincere,  
Thy lady constant, kind, and dear, 25  
And lost in love, and friendship's smile  
Be memory of the lonely isle.

## III

SONG (*Continued*)

"But if beneath yon southern sky  
A plaided stranger<sup>3</sup> roam,  
Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh, 30  
And sunken cheek and heavy eye,  
Pine for his Highland home;  
Then, warrior, then be thine to show  
The care that soothes a wanderer's woe;  
Remember then thy hap ere while,<sup>4</sup> 35  
A stranger in the lonely isle.

<sup>2</sup> *minstrel*. Scottish chieftains kept in their service a bard, whose duty it was to sing the exploits of their family. <sup>3</sup> *plaided stranger*, Highlander. <sup>4</sup> *thy hap ere while*, what happened to you at a former time.

"Or if on life's uncertain main  
 Mishap shall mar thy sail;  
 If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,  
 Woe, want, and exile thou sustain 40  
 Beneath the fickle gale;  
 Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,  
 On thankless courts, or friends estranged,  
 But come where kindred worth shall  
 smile,  
 To greet thee in the lonely isle." 45

## IV

As died the sounds upon the tide,  
 The shallop reached the mainland side,  
 And ere his onward way he took,  
 The stranger cast a lingering look,  
 Where easily his eye might reach 50  
 The Harper on the islet beach,  
 Reclined against a blighted tree,  
 As wasted, gray, and worn as he.  
 To minstrel meditation given, 54  
 His reverend brow was raised to heaven,  
 As from the rising sun to claim  
 A sparkle of inspiring flame.  
 His hand, reclined upon the wire,  
 Seemed watching the awakening fire;  
 So still he sat, as those who wait 60  
 Till judgment speak the doom of fate;  
 So still, as if no breeze might dare  
 To lift one lock of hoary hair;  
 So still, as life itself were fled  
 In the last sound his harp had sped. 65

## V

Upon a rock with lichens wild,  
 Beside him Ellen sat and smiled—  
 Smiled she to see the stately drake  
 Lead forth his fleet upon the lake,  
 While her vexed spaniel, from the beach,  
 Bayed at the prize beyond his reach? 71  
 Yet tell me, then, the maid who knows,  
 Why deepened on her cheek the rose?  
 Forgive, forgive, Fidelity!  
 Perchance the maiden smiled to see 75  
 Yon parting lingerer wave adieu,  
 And stop and turn to wave anew;  
 And, lovely ladies, ere your ire

Condemn the heroine of my lyre,  
 Show me the fair<sup>5</sup> would scorn to spy, 80  
 And prize such conquest of her eye!

## VI

While yet he loitered on the spot,  
 It seemed as Ellen marked him not;  
 But when he turned him to the glade,  
 One courteous parting sign she made; 85  
 And after, oft the knight would say  
 That not when prize of festal day  
 Was dealt him by the brightest fair,  
 Who e'er wore jewel in her hair,  
 So highly did his bosom swell 90  
 As at that simple mute farewell.  
 Now with a trusty mountain-guide,  
 And his dark stag-hounds by his side,  
 He parts—the maid, unconscious still,  
 Watched him wind slowly round the  
 hill; 95

But when his stately form was hid,  
 The guardian in her bosom chid—  
 "Thy Malcolm! vain and selfish maid!"  
 'Twas thus upbraiding conscience said—  
 "Not so had Malcolm idly hung 100  
 On the smooth phrase of southern  
 tongue;

Not so had Malcolm strained his eye  
 Another step than thine to spy.  
 Wake, Allan-bane," aloud she cried  
 To the old Minstrel by her side— 105  
 "Arouse thee from thy moody dream!  
 I'll give thy harp heroic theme,  
 And warm thee with a noble name;  
 Pour forth the glory of the Graeme!"<sup>6</sup>  
 Scarce from her lip the word had  
 rushed, 110

When deep the conscious maiden  
 blushed;  
 For of his clan, in hall and bower,  
 Young Malcolm Graeme was held the  
 flower.

## VII

The Minstrel waked his harp—three  
 times  
 Arose the well-known martial chimes,  
 And thrice their high, heroic pride 116

<sup>5</sup> fair, fair lady.

<sup>6</sup> Graeme, a powerful Scottish family.



In melancholy murmurs died.  
 "Vainly thou bidst, O noble maid,"  
 Clasping his withered hands, he said,  
 "Vainly thou bidst me wake the strain,  
 Though all unwont<sup>7</sup> to bid in vain. 121  
 Alas! than mine a mightier hand  
 Has tuned my harp, my strings has  
 spanned!

I touch the chords of joy, but low  
 And mournful answer notes of woe; 125  
 And the proud march, which victors  
 tread,  
 Sinks in the wailing for the dead.  
 O well for me, if mine alone  
 That dirge's deep, prophetic tone!  
 If, as my tuneful fathers said, 130  
 This harp, which erst<sup>8</sup> Saint Modan<sup>9</sup>  
 swayed,  
 Can thus its master's fate foretell,  
 Then welcome be the minstrel's<sup>c</sup> knell!

## VIII

"But ah! dear lady, thus it sighed  
 The eve thy sainted mother died; 135  
 And such the sounds which, while I  
 strove

To wake a lay of war or love,  
 Came marring all the festal mirth,  
 Appalling me who gave them birth,  
 And, disobedient to my call, 140  
 Wailed loud through Bothwell's<sup>10</sup> ban-  
 nered hall,

Ere Douglasses, to ruin driven,  
 Were exiled from their native heaven.  
 Oh! if yet worse mishap and woe,  
 My master's house must undergo, 145  
 Or aught but weal to Ellen fair,  
 Brood in these accents of despair,  
 No future bard, sad Harp! shall fling  
 Triumph or rapture from thy string;  
 One short, one final, strain shall flow, 150  
 Fraught with unutterable woe,  
 Then shivered shall thy fragment lie,  
 Thy master cast him down and die!"

<sup>7</sup> *unwont*, unused.

<sup>8</sup> *erst*, long ago.

<sup>9</sup> *Saint Modan*, a Scottish abbot of the seventh century.

<sup>10</sup> *Bothwell*, a castle near Glasgow belonging to the powerful Douglas family.

## IX

Soothing she answered him—"Assuage,  
 Mine honored friend, the fears of age;  
 All melodies to thee are known 156  
 That harp has rung, or pipe has blown,  
 In Lowland vale or Highland glen,  
 From Tweed to Spey<sup>11</sup>—what marvel,  
 then,

At times, unbidden notes should rise, 160  
 Confusedly bound in memory's ties,  
 Entangling, as they rush along,  
 The war-march with the funeral song?  
 Small ground is now for boding fear;  
 Obscure, but safe, we rest us here. 165  
 My sire, in native virtue great,  
 Resigning lordship, lands, and state,  
 Not then to fortune more resigned  
 Than yonder oak might give the wind;  
 The graceful foliage storms may reave,  
 The noble stem they cannot grieve. 171  
 For me"—she stooped, and, looking  
 round,

Plucked a blue harebell from the  
 ground—

"For me, whose memory scarce conveys  
 An image of more splendid days, 175  
 This little flower, that loves the lea,  
 May well my simple emblem be;  
 It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose  
 That in the King's own garden grows;  
 And when I place it in my hair, 180  
 Allan, a bard is bound to swear  
 He ne'er saw coronet so fair."  
 Then playfully the chaplet<sup>12</sup> wild  
 She wreathed in her dark locks, and  
 smiled.

## X

Her smile, her speech, with winning  
 sway, 185  
 Wiled the old harper's mood away.  
 With such a look as hermits throw,  
 When angels stoop to soothe their woe,  
 He gazed, till fond regret and pride  
 Thrilled to a tear, then thus replied: 190

<sup>11</sup> *From Tweed to Spey*, throughout the length of Scotland. The Tweed River is in the extreme southern part of Scotland, and the Spey River in the extreme northern part.

<sup>12</sup> *chaplet*, harebell, a blue flower.

"Loveliest and best! thou little know'st  
The rank, the honors, thou hast lost!  
O might I live to see thee grace,  
In Scotland's court, thy birthright place,  
To see my favorite's step advance, 195  
The lightest in the courtly dance,  
The cause of every gallant's sigh,  
And leading star of every eye,  
And theme of every minstrel's art,  
The Lady of the Bleeding Heart!"<sup>13</sup> 200

## XI

"Fair dreams are these," the maiden  
cried  
—Light was her accent, yet she sighed—  
"Yet is this mossy rock to me  
Worth splendid chair and canopy;  
Nor would my footsteps spring more  
gay 205  
In courtly dance than blithe strath-  
spey;<sup>14</sup>  
Nor half so pleased mine ear incline  
To royal minstrel's lay as thine.  
And then for suitors proud and high,  
To bend before my conquering eye— 210  
Thou, flattering bard! thyself wilt say  
That grim Sir Roderick owns its sway.  
The Saxon scourge,<sup>15</sup> Clan-Alpine's<sup>16</sup>  
pride,  
The terror of Loch Lomond's side,  
Would, at my suit, thou know'st, delay  
A Lennox foray<sup>17</sup>—for a day." 216

## XII

The ancient bard her glee repressed:  
"Ill hast thou chosen theme for jest!  
For who, through all this western wild,  
Named Black Sir Roderick e'er, and  
smiled? 220  
In Holy-Rood<sup>18</sup> a knight he slew;

<sup>13</sup> *Bleeding Heart*, the emblem of the Douglas family.

<sup>14</sup> *strathspey*, a country dance in Scotland.

<sup>15</sup> *Saxon scourge*, a cause of terror to the Lowlanders. <sup>16</sup> *Clan-Alpine*, the Highland clan led by the chieftain Roderick Dhu, the son of dame Margaret. Roderick was the champion of the banished Douglas family. <sup>17</sup> *Lennox foray*, a raid on the country of the Saxon or Lowland chieftain, Lennox.

<sup>18</sup> *Holy-Rood*, the king's castle in Edinburgh. It was for this crime that Roderick Dhu was exiled.

I saw, when back the dirk he drew,  
Courtiers give place before the stride  
Of the undaunted homicide;  
And since, though outlawed, hath his  
hand 225  
Full sternly kept his mountain land.  
Who else dared give—ah! woe the day,  
That I such hated truth should say—  
The Douglas, like a stricken deer,  
Disowned by every noble peer, 230  
Even the rude refuge we have here?  
Alas, this wild, marauding Chief  
Alone might hazard our relief,  
And now thy maiden charms expand,  
Looks for his guerdon<sup>19</sup> in thy hand; 235  
Full soon may dispensation<sup>20</sup> sought,  
To back his suit, from Rome be brought.  
Then, though an exile on the hill,  
Thy father, as the Douglas, still  
Be held in reverence and fear; 240  
And though to Roderick thou'rt so dear,  
That thou might'st guide with silken  
thread,  
Slave of thy will, this chieftain dread,  
Yet, O loved maid, thy mirth refrain!  
Thy hand is on a lion's mane." 245

## XIII

"Minstrel," the maid replied, and high  
Her father's soul glanced from her eye,  
"My debts to Roderick's house I know;  
All that a mother could bestow,  
To Lady Margaret's care I owe, 250  
Since first an orphan in the wild  
She sorrowed o'er her sister's child;  
To her brave chieftain son, from ire  
Of Scotland's King who shrouds<sup>21</sup> my  
sire,  
A deeper, holier debt is owed; 255  
And, could I pay it with my blood,  
Allan! Sir Roderick should command  
My blood, my life—but not my hand.  
Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell  
A votaress in Maronnan's cell,<sup>22</sup> 260

<sup>19</sup> *guerdon*, reward, by receiving you as wife. <sup>20</sup> *dispensation*, permission from the Pope, because Roderick and Ellen were cousins.

<sup>21</sup> *shrouds*, protects. <sup>22</sup> *Maronnan's cell*, a small chapel at the southeastern end of Loch Lomond. Ellen would become a nun rather than marry Roderick.

Rather through realms beyond the sea,  
 Seeking the world's cold charity,  
 Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word,  
 And ne'er the name of Douglas heard,  
 An outcast pilgrim will she rove, <sup>265</sup>  
 Than wed the man she cannot love.

## XIV

"Thou shakest, good friend, thy tresses  
 gray—

That pleading look, what can it say  
 But what I own?—I grant him brave,  
 But wild as Bracklinn's<sup>23</sup> thundering  
 wave; <sup>270</sup>

And generous—save vindictive mood  
 Or jealous transport chafe his blood;  
 I grant him true to friendly band,  
 As his claymore<sup>24</sup> is to his hand;  
 But oh! that very blade of steel <sup>275</sup>

More mercy for a foe would feel;  
 I grant him liberal, to fling  
 Among his clan the wealth they bring,  
 When back by lake and glen they wind,  
 And in the Lowland leave behind, <sup>280</sup>  
 Where once some pleasant hamlet stood,  
 A mass of ashes slaked with blood.  
 The hand that for my father fought,  
 I honor, as his daughter ought;  
 But can I clasp it reeking red <sup>285</sup>  
 From peasants slaughtered in their  
 shed?

No! wildly while his virtues gleam,  
 They make his passions darker seem,  
 And flash along his spirit high,  
 Like lightning o'er the midnight sky. <sup>290</sup>  
 While yet a child—and children know,  
 Instinctive taught, the friend and  
 foe—

I shuddered at his brow of gloom,  
 His shadowy plaid, and sable plume;  
 A maiden grown, I ill could bear <sup>295</sup>  
 His haughty mien and lordly air;  
 But, if thou join'st a suitor's claim,  
 In serious mood, to Roderick's name,  
 I thrill with anguish! or, if e'er  
 A Douglas knew the word, with fear. <sup>300</sup>

<sup>23</sup> *Bracklinn*, a cascade near Callander.

<sup>24</sup> *claymore*, sword.

To change such odious theme were  
 best—  
 What think'st thou of our stranger  
 guest?"

## XV

"What think I of him?—woe the while  
 That brought such wanderer to our isle!  
 Thy father's battle-brand, of yore <sup>305</sup>  
 For Tine-man<sup>25</sup> forged by fairy lore,  
 What time he leagued, no longer foes,  
 His Border<sup>26</sup> spears with Hotspur's  
 bows,<sup>27</sup>

Did, self-unsabarded,<sup>28</sup> foreshow  
 The footstep of a secret foe. <sup>310</sup>

If courtly spy hath harbored here,  
 What may we for the Douglas fear?  
 What for this island, deemed of old  
 Clan-Alpine's last and surest hold?

If neither spy nor foe, I pray <sup>315</sup>  
 What yet may jealous Roderick say?

—Nay, wave not thy disdainful head,  
 Bethink thee of the discord dread  
 That kindled when at Beltane game<sup>29</sup>

Thou ledst the dance with Malcolm  
 Graeme; <sup>320</sup>

Still, though thy sire the peace renewed,  
 Smolders in Roderick's breast the feud;  
 Beware!—But hark, what sounds are  
 these?

My dull ears catch no faltering breeze;  
 No weeping birch, nor aspens wake, <sup>325</sup>

Nor breath is dimpling in the lake;  
 Still is the canna's<sup>30</sup> hoary beard,

Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard—  
 And hark again! some pipe of war  
 Sends the bold pibroch from afar." <sup>330</sup>

## XVI

Far up the lengthened lake were spied  
 Four darkening specks upon the tide,

<sup>25</sup> *Tine-man*, "Lose-man." Archibald, an ancestor of Ellen's, was so called because he always lost his men in battle.

<sup>26</sup> *Border*, pertaining to the district lying between England and Scotland. <sup>27</sup> *Hotspur's bows*. In 1403 Archibald joined Hotspur, an English earl, against Henry IV of England.

<sup>28</sup> *self-unsabarded*. See Canto First, lines 538-543.

<sup>29</sup> *Beltane game*, May-day festival. <sup>30</sup> *canna*, cotton grass of Scotland.

That, slow enlarging on the view,  
Four manned and masted barges grew,  
And, bearing downwards from Glen-  
gyle, 335

Steered full upon the lonely isle.  
The point of Brianchoil they passed,  
And, to the windward as they cast,  
Against the sun they gave to shine  
The bold Sir Roderick's bannered Pine.<sup>31</sup>  
Nearer and nearer as they bear, 341  
Spears, pikes, and axes flash in air.  
Now might you see the tartans<sup>32</sup> brave,  
And plaids and plumage dance and  
wave;

Now see the bonnets sink and rise, 345  
As his tough oar the rower plies;  
See, flashing at each sturdy stroke,  
The wave ascending into smoke;  
See the proud pipers on the bow,  
And mark the gaudy streamers flow 350  
From their loud chanterers<sup>33</sup> down, and  
sweep

The furrowed bosom of the deep,  
As, rushing through the lake amain,  
They plied the ancient Highland strain.

## XVII

Ever, as on they bore, more loud 355  
And louder rung the pibroch proud.  
At first the sound, by distance tame,  
Mellowed along the waters came,  
And, lingering long by cape and bay,  
Wailed every harsher note away, 360  
Then bursting bolder on the ear,  
The clan's shrill Gathering<sup>34</sup> they could  
hear;

Those thrilling sounds, that call the  
might

Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.  
Thick beat the rapid notes, as when 365  
The mustering hundreds shake the glen,  
And hurrying at the signal dread,  
The battered earth returns their tread.  
Then prelude light, of livelier tone,

<sup>31</sup> *bannered Pine*, banner bearing a pine tree, the emblem of Roderick Dhu. <sup>32</sup> *tartans*, checkered woolen cloth, worn by the Highlanders. <sup>33</sup> *chanterers*, in a bagpipe, the finger pipe on which the melody is played. <sup>34</sup> *Gathering*, summons to a gathering.

Expressed their merry marching on, 370  
Ere peal of closing battle rose,  
With mingled outcry, shrieks, and  
blows;

And mimic din of stroke and ward,  
As broadsword upon target jarred;  
And groaning pause, ere yet again, 375  
Condensed, the battle yelled amain;  
The rapid charge, the rallying shout,  
Retreat borne headlong into rout,  
And bursts of triumph, to declare 379  
Clan-Alpine's conquest—all were there.  
Nor ended thus the strain; but slow  
Sunk in a moan prolonged and low,  
And changed the conquering clarion  
swell,  
For wild lament o'er those that fell.

## XVIII

The war-pipes ceased; but lake and  
hill

Were busy with their echoes still; 386  
And, when they slept, a vocal strain  
Bade their hoarse chorus wake again,  
While loud a hundred clansmen raise  
Their voices in their Chieftain's praise.  
Each boatman, bending to his oar, 391  
With measured sweep the burden<sup>35</sup> bore,  
In such wild cadence as the breeze  
Makes through December's leafless trees.  
The chorus first could Allan know, 395  
"Roderick Vich<sup>36</sup> Alpine, ho! iro!"  
And near, and nearer as they rowed,  
Distinct the martial ditty flowed.

## XIX

## BOAT SONG

Hail to the Chief who in triumph ad-  
vances!  
Honored and blessed be the evergreen  
Pine! 400  
Long may the tree, in his banner that  
glances,

<sup>35</sup> *burden*, chorus. <sup>36</sup> *Vich*, Gaelic for "de-  
scendant of." King Alpine was the half-  
mythical ancestor of Clan-Alpine.

Flourish, the shelter and grace of our  
line!

Heaven send it happy dew,  
Earth lend it sap anew,  
Gayly to burgeon,<sup>37</sup> and broadly to  
grow, 405

While every Highland glen  
Sends our shout back again,  
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu,"<sup>38</sup> ho!  
ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the  
fountain,  
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to  
fade;

When the whirlwind has stripped every  
leaf on the mountain, 411  
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in  
her shade.

Moored in the rifted rock,  
Proof to the tempest's shock,  
Firmer he roots him the ruder it  
blow; 415

Menteith and Breadalbane,<sup>39</sup> then,  
Echo his praise again,  
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho!  
ieroe!"

## XX

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in  
Glen Fruin,  
And Bannochar's<sup>40</sup> groans to our slo-  
gan replied; 420  
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smok-  
ing in ruin,  
And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead  
on her side.

Widow and Saxon<sup>41</sup> maid  
Long shall lament our raid,  
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and  
with woe; 425

Lennox and Leven-glen  
Shake when they hear again

<sup>37</sup> *burgeon*, to bud, sprout. <sup>38</sup> *dhu*, black. The phrase means "Black Roderick, a descendant of King Alpine." <sup>39</sup> *Breadalbane*, the district north of the scene of this story.

<sup>40</sup> *Bannochar*, a castle near Loch Lomond, where a terrible massacre had taken place.

<sup>41</sup> *Saxon*, Lowland.

"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho!  
ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the  
Highlands!

Stretch to your oars, for the evergreen  
Pine! 430

O that the rosebud<sup>42</sup> that graces yon  
islands

Were wreathed in a garland around  
him to twine!

O that some seedling gem,

Worthy such noble stem,

Honored and blessed in their shadow  
might grow; 435

Loud should Clan-Alpine then

Ring from her deepmost glen,

"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho!  
ieroe!"

## XXI

With all her joyful female band, 439  
Had Lady Margaret sought the strand.  
Loose on the breeze their tresses flew,  
And high their snowy arms they threw,  
As echoing back with shrill acclaim,  
And chorus wild, the Chieftain's name;  
While, prompt to please, with mother's  
art, 445

The darling passion of his heart,  
The Dame called Ellen to the strand,  
To greet her kinsman ere he land:

"Come, loiterer, come! a Douglas thou,  
And shun to wreath a victor's brow?"

Reluctantly and slow, the maid 451  
The unwelcome summoning obeyed,

And, when a distant bugle rung,  
In the mid-path aside she sprung—

"List, Allan-bane! From mainland cast  
I hear my father's signal blast. 456

Be ours," she cried, "the skiff to guide,  
And waft him from the mountain side."

Then, like a sunbeam, swift and bright,  
She darted to her shallop light, 460

And, eagerly while Roderick scanned,  
For her dear form, his mother's band,

The islet far behind her lay,  
And she had landed in the bay.

<sup>42</sup> *rosebud*, Ellen.

## XXII

Some feelings are to mortals given 465  
 With less of earth in them than heaven;  
 And if there be a human tear  
 From passion's dross refined and clear,  
 A tear so limpid and so meek  
 It would not stain an angel's cheek, 470  
 'Tis that which pious fathers shed  
 Upon a duteous daughter's head!  
 And as the Douglas to his breast  
 His darling Ellen closely pressed,  
 Such holy drops her tresses steeped, 475  
 Though 'twas an hero's eye that weeped.  
 Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue  
 Her filial welcomes crowded hung,  
 Marked she, that fear, affection's proof,  
 Still held a graceful youth aloof; 480  
 No! not till Douglas named his name,  
 Although the youth was Malcolm  
 Graeme.

## XXIII

Allan, with wistful look the while,  
 Marked Roderick landing on the isle;  
 His master piteously he eyed, 485  
 Then gazed upon the Chieftain's pride,  
 Then dashed with hasty hand away  
 From his dimmed eye the gathering  
 spray;  
 And Douglas, as his hand he laid  
 On Malcolm's shoulder, kindly said, 490  
 "Canst thou, young friend, no meaning  
 spy  
 In my poor follower's glistening eye?  
 I'll tell thee: he recalls the day  
 When in my praise he led the lay,<sup>43</sup>  
 O'er the arched gate of Bothwell<sup>44</sup>  
 proud, 495  
 While many a minstrel answered loud,  
 When Percy's Norman pennon,<sup>45</sup> won  
 In bloody field, before me shone,  
 And twice ten knights, the least a name  
 As mighty as yon Chief may claim, 500  
 Gracing my pomp, behind me came.  
 Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud

<sup>43</sup> lay, song. <sup>44</sup> Bothwell, Douglas's castle.  
<sup>45</sup> Percy's Norman pennon, captured by the  
 Douglas in the raid which led to the battle of  
 Otterburn.

Was I of all that marshaled crowd,  
 Though the waned crescent<sup>46</sup> owned my  
 might,  
 And in my train trooped lord and  
 knight, 505  
 Though Blantyre<sup>47</sup> hymned her holiest  
 lays,  
 And Bothwell's bards flung back my  
 praise,  
 As when this old man's silent tear,  
 And this poor maid's affection dear,  
 A welcome give more kind and true, 510  
 Than aught my better fortunes knew.  
 Forgive, my friend, a father's boast—  
 Oh! it out-beggars<sup>48</sup> all I lost!"

## XXIV

Delightful praise!—like summer rose,  
 That brighter in the dewdrop glows, 515  
 The bashful maiden's cheek appeared,  
 For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard.  
 The flush of shamefaced joy to hide,  
 The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide;  
 The loved caresses of the maid 520  
 The dogs with crouch and whimper  
 paid;  
 And, at her whistle, on her hand  
 The falcon took his favorite stand,  
 Closed his dark wing, relaxed his eye,  
 Nor, though unhooded, sought to fly. 525  
 And, trust, while in such guise she stood,  
 Like fabled Goddess<sup>49</sup> of the wood,  
 That if a father's partial thought  
 O'erweighed her worth and beauty  
 aught,  
 Well might the lover's judgment fail 530  
 To balance with a juster scale;  
 For with each secret glance he stole,  
 The fond enthusiast sent his soul.

## XXV

Of stature fair, and slender frame,  
 But firmly knit, was Malcolm Graeme.

<sup>46</sup> waned crescent, perhaps a reference to  
 the defeat of Scott's ancestor, also a Sir Walter  
 Scott, in his attempt to set the young king  
 free from the Douglas. Sir Walter's emblem  
 was a crescent moon. <sup>47</sup> Blantyre, a cloister  
 near Bothwell Castle. <sup>48</sup> out-beggars, makes  
 up for. <sup>49</sup> Goddess, probably Diana.

The belted plaid and tartan hose 536  
 Did ne'er more graceful limbs disclose;  
 His flaxen hair, of sunny hue,  
 Curled closely round his bonnet blue.  
 Trained to the chase, his eagle eye 540  
 The ptarmigan in snow could spy;  
 Each pass, by mountain, lake, and heath,  
 He knew, through Lennox and Men-  
 teith;

Vain was the bound of dark-brown doe  
 When Malcolm bent his sounding bow,  
 And scarce that doe, though winged  
 with fear, 546

Outstripped in speed the mountaineer;  
 Right up Benlomond could he press,  
 And not a sob his toil confess.  
 His form accorded with a mind 550  
 Lively and ardent, frank and kind;  
 A blither heart, till Ellen came,  
 Did never love nor sorrow tame;  
 It danced as lightsome in his breast,  
 As played the feather on his crest. 555  
 Yet friends, who nearest knew the  
 youth,

His scorn of wrong, his zeal for truth,  
 And bards, who saw his features bold,  
 When kindled by the tales of old,  
 Said, were that youth to manhood  
 grown, 560  
 Not long should Roderick Dhu's re-  
 nown

Be foremost voiced by mountain fame,  
 But quail to that of Malcolm Graeme.

## XXVI

Now back they wend their watery way,  
 And, "O my sire!" did Ellen say, 565  
 "Why urge thy chase so far astray?  
 And why so late returned? And why"—  
 The rest was in her speaking eye.  
 "My child, the chase I follow far,  
 'Tis mimicry of noble war; 570  
 And with that gallant pastime reft<sup>50</sup>  
 Were all of Douglas I have left.  
 I met young Malcolm as I strayed  
 Far eastward, in Glenfinlas' shade,  
 Nor strayed I safe; for, all around, 575

<sup>50</sup> *reft*, bereft, deprived.

Hunters and horsemen scoured the  
 ground.

This youth, though still a royal ward,  
 Risked life and land to be my guard,  
 And through the passes of the wood  
 Guided my steps, not unpursued; 580  
 And Roderick shall his welcome make,  
 Despite old spleen, for Douglas' sake.  
 Then must he seek Strath-Endrick  
 glen,<sup>51</sup>

Nor peril aught for me again." 584

## XXVII

Sir Roderick, who to meet them came,  
 Reddened at sight of Malcolm Graeme,  
 Yet, not in action, word, or eye,  
 Failed aught in hospitality.  
 In talk and sport they whiled away  
 The morning of that summer day; 590  
 But at high noon a courier light  
 Held secret parley with the knight,  
 Whose moody aspect soon declared  
 That evil were the news he heard.  
 Deep thought seemed toiling in his  
 head; 595

Yet was the evening banquet made,  
 Ere he assembled round the flame  
 His mother, Douglas, and the Graeme,  
 And Ellen, too; then cast around  
 His eyes, then fixed them on the ground,  
 As studying phrase that might avail 601  
 Best to convey unpleasant tale.  
 Long with his dagger's hilt he played,  
 Then raised his haughty brow, and  
 said:

## XXVIII

"Short be my speech—nor time af-  
 fords, 605  
 Nor my plain temper, glozing words.<sup>52</sup>  
 Kinsman and father—if such name  
 Douglas vouchsafe to Roderick's claim;  
 Mine honored mother—Ellen—why,  
 My cousin, turn away thine eye? 610  
 And Graeme, in whom I hope to know  
 Full soon a noble friend or foe,

<sup>51</sup> *Strath-Endrick glen*, in which was evidently Malcolm's home.

<sup>52</sup> *glozing words*, speech that is not plain and to the point.



When age shall give thee thy command,  
And leading in thy native land— 614

List all!—The King's vindictive pride  
Boasts to have tamed the Border-side,<sup>53</sup>  
Where chiefs, with hound and hawk  
who came

To share their monarch's silvan game,  
Themselves in bloody toils were snared;  
And when the banquet they prepared,  
And wide their loyal portals flung, 621  
O'er their own gateway struggling hung.  
Loud cries their blood from Meggat's<sup>54</sup>  
mead

From Yarrow braes, and banks of  
Tweed, 624

Where the lone streams of Ettrick glide,  
And from the silver Teviot's side;  
The dales, where martial clans did ride,  
Are now one sheepwalk, waste and  
wilde.

This tyrant of the Scottish throne,  
So faithless, and so ruthless known, 630  
Now hither comes; his end the same,  
The same pretext of silvan game.  
What grace for Highland Chiefs, judge  
ye

By fate of Border chivalry.  
Yet more; amid Glenfinlas' green, 635  
Douglas, thy stately form was seen.  
This by espial<sup>55</sup> sure I know;  
Your counsel in the strait I show."<sup>56</sup>

## XXIX

Ellen and Margaret fearfully  
Sought comfort in each other's eye, 640  
Then turned their ghastly look, each  
one,

This to her sire, that to her son.  
The hasty color went and came  
In the bold cheek of Malcolm Graeme;  
But from his glance it well appeared, 645  
'Twas but for Ellen that he feared;  
While, sorrowful, but undismayed,  
The Douglas thus his counsel said:

"Brave Roderick, though the tempest  
roar,

It may but thunder and pass o'er; 650  
Nor will I here remain an hour,  
To draw the lightning on thy bower;  
For well thou know'st, at this gray head  
The royal bolt were fiercest sped. 654  
For thee, who, at thy King's command,  
Canst aid him with a gallant band,  
Submission, homage, humbled pride,  
Shall turn the Monarch's wrath aside.  
Poor remnants of the Bleeding Heart,  
Ellen and I will seek, apart, 660  
The refuge of some forest cell,  
There, like the hunted quarry, dwell,  
Till on the mountain and the moor,  
The stern pursuit be passed and o'er."

## XXX

"No, by mine honor," Roderick said, 665  
"So help me Heaven, and my good  
blade!

No, never! Blasted be yon Pine,  
My fathers' ancient crest and mine,  
If from its shade in danger part  
The lineage of the Bleeding Heart! 670  
Hear my blunt speech: Grant me this  
maid

To wife, thy counsel to mine aid;  
To Douglas, leagued with Roderick  
Dhu,

Will friends and allies flock enow;  
Like cause of doubt, distrust, and grief  
Will bind to us each Western Chief. 676  
When the loud pipes my bridal tell,  
The Links of Forth<sup>57</sup> shall hear the  
knell,

The guards shall start in Stirling's  
porch.<sup>58</sup>  
And when I light the nuptial torch, 680  
A thousand villages in flames  
Shall scare the slumbers of King James!  
—Nay, Ellen, blench not thus away,  
And, mother, cease these signs, I pray;

<sup>53</sup> *Border-side*, part of Scotland claimed by both Highlanders and Lowlanders.

<sup>54</sup> *Meggat, Yarrow, Tweed, Ettrick, Teviot*, rivers in southern Scotland. <sup>55</sup> *espial*, spying.

<sup>56</sup> *Your . . . show*, give me your advice in the difficult situation that I have just described.

<sup>57</sup> *Links of Forth*, windings of the River Forth; that is, the eastern part of this region as opposed to the western (line 676).

<sup>58</sup> *Stirling's porch*, the gate of Stirling Castle, a royal residence in the town of Stirling, where King James was living at the time.

I meant not all my heat might say. 685  
 Small need of inroad, or of fight,  
 When the sage Douglas may unite  
 Each mountain clan in friendly band,  
 To guard the passes of their land, 689  
 Till the foiled king, from pathless glen,  
 Shall bootless<sup>59</sup> turn him home again."

## XXXI

There are who have, at midnight hour,  
 In slumber scaled a dizzy tower,  
 And, on the verge that beetled o'er<sup>60</sup>  
 The ocean tide's incessant roar, 695  
 Dreamed calmly out their dangerous  
 dream,

Till wakened by the morning beam;  
 When, dazzled by the eastern glow,  
 Such startler cast his glance below,  
 And saw unmeasured depth around, 700  
 And heard unintermitted sound,  
 And thought the battled fence so frail,  
 It waved like cobweb in the gale;  
 Amid his senses' giddy wheel,  
 Did he not desperate impulse feel, 705  
 Headlong to plunge himself below,  
 And meet the worst his fears foreshow?  
 Thus, Ellen, dizzy and astound,  
 As sudden ruin yawned around,  
 By crossing terrors wildly tossed, 710  
 Still for the Douglas fearing most,  
 Could scarce the desperate thought with-  
 stand,  
 To buy his safety with her hand.

## XXXII

Such purpose dread could Malcolm spy  
 In Ellen's quivering lip and eye, 715  
 And eager rose to speak—but ere  
 His tongue could hurry forth his fear,  
 Had Douglas marked the hectic strife,  
 Where death seemed combating with  
 life;

For to her cheek, in feverish flood, 720  
 One instant rushed the throbbing blood,  
 Then ebbing back, with sudden sway,  
 Left its domain as wan as clay.

<sup>59</sup> bootless, without gain.

<sup>60</sup> verge that beetled o'er, edge that extended over.

"Roderick, enough! enough!" he cried,  
 "My daughter cannot be thy bride; 725  
 Not that the blush to wooer dear,  
 Nor paleness that of maiden fear.  
 It may not be—forgive her, Chief,  
 Nor hazard aught for our relief.  
 Against his sovereign, Douglas ne'er 730  
 Will level a rebellious spear.  
 'Twas I that taught his youthful hand  
 To rein a steed and wield a brand;  
 I see him yet, the princely boy!  
 Not Ellen more my pride and joy; 735  
 I love him still, despite my wrongs,  
 By hasty wrath, and slanderous tongues.  
 O seek the grace you well may find,  
 Without a cause to mine combined."

## XXXIII

Twice through the hall the Chieftain  
 strode; 740  
 The waving of his tartans broad,  
 And darkened brow, where wounded  
 pride  
 With ire and disappointment vied,  
 Seemed, by the torch's gloomy light,  
 Like the ill Demon of the night, 745  
 Stooping his pinions' shadowy sway  
 Upon the nighted<sup>61</sup> pilgrim's way;  
 But, unrequited Love! thy dart  
 Plunged deepest its envenomed smart,  
 And Roderick, with thine anguish  
 stung, 750  
 At length the hand of Douglas wrung,  
 While eyes, that mocked at tears be-  
 fore,  
 With bitter drops were running o'er.  
 The death-pangs of long-cherished hope  
 Scarce in that ample breast had scope,  
 But, struggling with his spirit proud, 755  
 Convulsive heaved its checkered  
 shroud,<sup>62</sup>  
 While every sob—so mute were all—  
 Was heard distinctly through the hall.  
 The son's despair, the mother's look, 760  
 Ill might the gentle Ellen brook;  
 She rose, and to her side there came,  
 To aid her parting steps, the Graeme.

<sup>61</sup> nighted, benighted, lost. <sup>62</sup> checkered shroud, checked plaid.

## XXXIV

Then Roderick from the Douglas  
broke—

764

As flashes flame through sable smoke,  
Kindling its wreaths, long, dark, and  
low,

To one broad blaze of ruddy glow,  
So the deep anguish of despair  
Burst, in fierce jealousy, to air.

With stalwart grasp his hand he laid 770  
On Malcolm's breast and belted plaid:  
"Back, beardless boy!" he sternly said,  
"Back, minion! hold'st thou thus at  
naught

The lesson I so lately taught? 774

This roof, the Douglas, and that maid,  
Thank thou for punishment delayed."

Eager as greyhound on his game  
Fiercely with Roderick grappled  
Graeme.

"Perish my name, if aught afford  
Its Chieftain's safety save his sword!" 780  
Thus as they strove, their desperate  
hand

Gripped to the dagger or the brand,  
And death had been—but Douglas rose,  
And thrust between the struggling foes  
His giant strength: "Chieftains, forego!  
I hold the first who strikes, my foe. 786

Madmen, forbear your frantic jar!  
What! is the Douglas fall'n so far,  
His daughter's hand is deemed the spoil  
Of such dishonorable broil!" 790

Sullen and slowly they unclasp,  
As struck with shame, their desperate  
grasp,

And each upon his rival glared,  
With foot advanced, and blade half  
bared.

## XXXV

Ere yet the brands aloft were flung, 795  
Margaret on Roderick's mantle hung,  
And Malcolm heard his Ellen's scream,  
As faltered through terrific dream.

Then Roderick plunged in sheath his  
sword 799

And veiled his wrath in scornful word:  
"Rest safe till morning; pity 'twere

Such cheek should feel the midnight air!  
Then mayest thou to James Stuart tell,  
Roderick will keep the lake and fell,  
Nor lackey,<sup>63</sup> with his freeborn clan, 805  
The pageant pomp of earthly man.  
More would he of Clan-Alpine know,  
Thou canst our strength and passes  
show.

Malise, what ho!"—his henchman came;  
"Give our safe-conduct to the Graeme."  
Young Malcolm answered, calm and  
bold, 811

"Fear nothing for thy favorite hold;  
The spot an angel deigned to grace  
Is blessed, though robbers haunt the  
place.

Thy churlish courtesy for those 815  
Reserve, who fear to be thy foes.

As safe to me the mountain way  
At midnight as in blaze of day,  
Though with his boldest at his back  
Even Roderick Dhu beset the track. 820  
Brave Douglas—lovely Ellen—nay,  
Naught here of parting will I say.  
Earth does not hold a lonesome glen  
So secret but we meet again.

Chieftain! we too shall find an hour,"<sup>64</sup>  
He said, and left the silvan bower. 826

## XXXVI

Old Allan followed to the strand—  
Such was the Douglas's command—  
And anxious told,<sup>65</sup> how, on the morn,  
The stern Sir Roderick deep had sworn  
The Fiery Cross<sup>66</sup> should circle o'er 831  
Dale, glen, and valley, down and moor.  
Much were the peril to the Graeme  
From those who to the signal came;  
Far up the lake 'twere safest land; 835  
Himself would row him to the strand.  
He gave his counsel to the wind,  
While Malcolm did, unheeding, bind,  
Round dirk and pouch and broadsword  
rolled,

<sup>63</sup> *lackey*, serve.

<sup>64</sup> *find an hour*, i. e., to settle the quarrel begun here. <sup>65</sup> *told*, that is, warned Malcolm.

<sup>66</sup> *Fiery Cross*, the signal for the gathering of the clan for war. Its preparation and the carrying of it throughout the clan are given in Canto Third.

His ample plaid in tightened fold, 840  
 And stripped his limbs to such array  
 As best might suit the watery way—

## XXXVII

Then spoke abrupt: "Farewell to thee,  
 Pattern of old fidelity!"  
 The Minstrel's hand he kindly  
 pressed— 845  
 "Oh, could I point a place of rest!  
 My sovereign holds in ward my land,  
 My uncle leads my vassal band;  
 To tame his foes, his friends to aid,  
 Poor Malcolm has but heart and blade.  
 Yet, if there be one faithful Graeme 851  
 Who loves the chieftain of his name,  
 Not long shall honored Douglas dwell  
 Like hunted stag in mountain cell;  
 Nor, ere yon pride-swoll'n robber dare,  
 I may not give the rest to air! 856  
 Tell Roderick Dhu I owed him naught,  
 Not the poor service of a boat,  
 To waft me to yon mountain-side."  
 Then plunged he in the flashing tide. 860  
 Bold o'er the flood his head he bore,  
 And stoutly steered him from the shore;  
 And Allan strained his anxious eye,  
 Far mid the lake his form to spy,  
 Darkening across each puny wave, 865  
 To which the moon her silver gave.  
 Fast as the cormorant could skim,  
 The swimmer plied each active limb;  
 Then landing in the moonlight dell,  
 Loud shouted of his weal to tell. 870  
 The Minstrel heard the far halloo,  
 And joyful from the shore withdrew.

## STUDY AIDS FOR CANTO SECOND

*The Story.* With what feelings does Fitz-James leave Ellen? What meaning does Allan-bane now find in the dropping of Douglas's sword from its scabbard at the end of Canto First (lines 536-543)? Why does Douglas invite Malcolm to the isle? What advice does Douglas give Roderick with regard to King James's hunting party? How does Douglas expect to protect Ellen? Why do Roderick and Malcolm fight?

What action is Roderick undertaking? What does Malcolm promise Allan-bane he will do for Douglas? What situation or action in Canto Second was to you the most thrilling or dramatic?

*The Characters.* Possibly the most interesting part of this canto is the light it throws on the past of the characters. Look at them one by one. ALLAN-BANE. Where did he get his harp? What superstitious belief does he have in it? What has been his relation to the Douglas family? What does he tell of Ellen's past? What picture of Roderick's past does he still vividly recall? RODERICK. Why does Roderick protect Douglas and Ellen? What feeling does the thought of him arouse in Allan-bane? How does Ellen feel toward Roderick? How do his followers feel about him? DOUGLAS. What picture of his own past does Douglas give Malcolm? What had been his relations with King James V? How does he feel toward the King now? MALCOLM. What are Malcolm's relations to the King? How does he feel toward Roderick? Reviewing all these characters, what do you admire most in each one? Point out some act in which you particularly admire him.

*The Map.* You will have a clearer picture of the action if from time to time you turn to the map on page 307 and look up such places as: Lennox (line 216); Bracklinn, 270; Glengyle, 335; Brianchoil, 337; Glen Fruin, 419; Glen Luss, 421; Ross-dhu, 421; Benlomond, 548; Glenfinlas, 574; Strath-Endrick, 583, along the River Endrick.

*Songs.* Allan-bane's song (stanzas II-III) and the Boat Song (stanzas XIX-XX) invite comparison with Ellen's song in Canto First (stanzas XXXI-XXXII). What is the subject or purpose of each song? What is the mood or feeling that is uppermost in each? From each song select the stanza you like best and read it aloud to the class. Do you like it for its subject-matter, its feeling, or just for its musical quality?

Sir Walter Scott in this poem gives expression to his own feeling that there is something mysterious about the music of the harp. Find lines in both Cantos First and Second that make the reader feel that the harp is inspired.

## CANTO THIRD

## THE GATHERING

## I

TIME rolls his ceaseless course. The  
 race of yore,  
 Who danced our infancy upon their  
 knee,  
 And told our marveling boyhood leg-  
 ends store  
 Of their strange ventures happed by  
 land or sea,  
 How are they blotted from the things  
 that be! 5  
 How few, all weak and withered of  
 their force,  
 Wait on the verge of dark eternity,  
 Like stranded wrecks, the tide return-  
 ing hoarse,  
 To sweep them from our sight! Time  
 rolls his ceaseless course.

Yet live there still who<sup>1</sup> can remember  
 well 10  
 How, when a mountain chief his  
 bugle blew,  
 Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and  
 dell,  
 And solitary heath, the signal knew;  
 And fast the faithful clan around him  
 drew,  
 What time<sup>2</sup> the warning note was  
 keenly wound,<sup>3</sup> 15  
 What time aloft their kindred banner  
 flew,  
 While clamorous war-pipes yelled the  
 gathering sound,<sup>4</sup>  
 And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like  
 a meteor, round.

## II

The summer dawn's reflected hue  
 To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;  
 Mildly and soft the western breeze 21  
 Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,

<sup>1</sup> who, those who. <sup>2</sup> what time, when.

<sup>3</sup> keenly wound, sharply blown.

<sup>4</sup> yelled . . . sound, summoned the clansmen  
 to the gathering.

And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,  
 Trembled but dimpled not for joy;  
 The mountain-shadows on her breast 25  
 Were neither broken nor at rest;  
 In bright uncertainty they lie,  
 Like future joys to Fancy's eye.  
 The water-lily to the light  
 Her chalice reared of silver bright; 30  
 The doe awoke, and to the lawn,  
 Begemmed with dewdrops, led her  
 fawn;

The gray mist left the mountain-side;  
 The torrent showed its glistening pride;  
 Invisible in fleckèd sky, 35  
 The lark sent down her revelry;  
 The blackbird and the speckled thrush  
 Good-morrow gave from brake and  
 bush;

In answer cooed the cushat dove  
 Her notes of peace, and rest, and love. 40

## III

No thought of peace, no thought of  
 rest,  
 Assuaged the storm in Roderick's breast.  
 With sheathed broadsword in his hand,  
 Abrupt he paced the islet strand,  
 And eyed the rising sun, and laid 45  
 His hand on his impatient blade.  
 Beneath a rock, his vassals' care  
 Was prompt the ritual to prepare,  
 With deep and deathful meaning  
 fraught;

For such Antiquity had taught 50  
 Was preface meet,<sup>5</sup> ere yet abroad  
 The Cross of Fire should take its road.  
 The shrinking band stood oft aghast  
 At the impatient glance he cast—  
 Such glance the mountain eagle threw,  
 As, from the cliffs of Benvenue, 55  
 She spread her dark sails on the wind,  
 And, high in middle heaven reclined,  
 With her broad shadow on the lake,  
 Silenced the warblers of the brake. 60

## IV

A heap of withered boughs was piled,  
 Of juniper and rowan wild,

<sup>5</sup> preface meet, suitable beginning.

Mingled with shivers<sup>6</sup> from the oak,  
 Rent by the lightning's recent stroke.  
 Brian, the Hermit, by it stood, 65  
 Barefooted, in his frock and hood.  
 His grizzled beard and matted hair  
 Obscured a visage of despair;  
 His naked arms and legs, seamed o'er,  
 The scars of frantic penance bore. 70  
 That monk, of savage form and face,  
 The impending danger of his race  
 Had drawn from deepest solitude,  
 Far in Benharrow's<sup>7</sup> bosom rude.  
 Not his the mien of Christian priest, 75  
 But Druid's,<sup>8</sup> from the grave released,  
 Whose hardened heart and eye might  
 brook

On human sacrifice to look;  
 And much, 'twas said, of heathen lore  
 Mixed in the charms he muttered o'er. 80  
 The hallowed creed<sup>9</sup> gave only worse  
 And deadlier emphasis of curse;  
 No peasant sought that Hermit's prayer,  
 His cave the pilgrim shunned with care,  
 The eager huntsman knew his bound,<sup>10</sup>  
 And in mid chase called off his hound; 86  
 Or if, in lonely glen or strath,<sup>11</sup>  
 The desert-dweller met his path,  
 He prayed, and signed the cross be-  
 tween,  
 While terror took devotion's mien. 90

## v

Of Brian's birth strange tales were  
 told.  
 His mother watched a midnight fold,  
 Built deep within a dreary glen,  
 Where scattered lay the bones of men,  
 In some forgotten battle slain, 95  
 And bleached by drifting wind and rain.  
 It might have tamed a warrior's heart  
 To view such mockery of his art!  
 The knotgrass fettered there the hand  
 Which once could burst an iron band;  
 Beneath the broad and ample bone, 101

<sup>6</sup> *shivers*, splinters. <sup>7</sup> *Benharrow*, a mountain near Loch Lomond. <sup>8</sup> *Druid*, a priest in the ancient Celtic religion, which was supposed to sanction sacrifice of human beings (line 78).

<sup>9</sup> *hallowed creed*, Christianity. <sup>10</sup> *bound*, limits. <sup>11</sup> *strath*, wide river valley.

That bucklered<sup>12</sup> heart to fear unknown,  
 A feeble and a timorous guest,  
 The fieldfare<sup>13</sup> framed her lowly nest;  
 There the slow blindworm left his slime  
 On the fleet limbs that mocked at time;  
 And there, too, lay the leader's skull, 107  
 Still wreathed with chaplet, flushed and  
 full,

For heath-bell with her purple bloom  
 Supplied the bonnet and the plume. 110  
 All night, in this sad glen, the maid  
 Sat, shrouded in her mantle's shade;  
 She said no shepherd sought her side,  
 No hunter's hand her snood untied;  
 Yet ne'er again to braid her hair 115  
 The virgin snood did Alice wear;  
 Gone was her maiden glee and sport,  
 Her maiden girdle all too short,  
 Nor sought she, from that fatal night,  
 Or holy church or blessed rite, 120  
 But locked her secret in her breast,  
 And died in travail, unconfessed.

## vi

Alone, among his young compeers,  
 Was Brian from his infant years;  
 A moody and heartbroken boy, 125  
 Estranged from sympathy and joy,  
 Bearing each taunt which careless  
 tongue

On his mysterious lineage flung.  
 Whole nights he spent by moonlight  
 pale,

To wood and stream his hap<sup>14</sup> to wail,  
 Till, frantic, he as truth received 131  
 What of his birth the crowd believed,  
 And sought, in mist and meteor fire,  
 To meet and know his Phantom Sire!  
 In vain, to soothe his wayward fate, 135  
 The cloister oped her pitying gate;  
 In vain, the learning of the age  
 Unclasped the sable-lettered<sup>15</sup> page;  
 Even in its treasures he could find  
 Food for the fever of his mind. 140  
 Eager he read whatever tells

<sup>12</sup> *bucklered*, shielded, protected. <sup>13</sup> *fieldfare*, a species of thrush. <sup>14</sup> *hap*, misfortune.

<sup>15</sup> *sable-lettered*, black-lettered, because the books Brian read were printed in heavy-faced type.

Of magic, cabala,<sup>16</sup> and spells,  
 And every dark pursuit allied  
 To curious and presumptuous pride;  
 Till with fired brain and nerves o'er-  
     strung, 145  
 And heart with mystic horrors wrung,  
 Desperate he sought Benharrow's den,  
 And hid him from the haunts of men.

## VII

The desert gave him visions wild,  
 Such as might suit the specter's child. 150  
 Where with black cliffs the torrents toil,  
 He watched the wheeling eddies boil,  
 Till, from their foam, his dazzled eyes  
 Beheld the River Demon rise; 154  
 The mountain mist took form and limb  
 Of noontide hag or goblin grim;  
 The midnight wind came wild and  
     dread,  
 Swelled with the voices of the dead;  
 Far on the future battle-heath  
 His eyes beheld the ranks of death. 160  
 Thus the lone Seer, from mankind  
     hurled,

Shaped forth a disembodied world.  
 One lingering sympathy of mind  
 Still bound him to the mortal kind;  
 The only parent he could claim 165  
 Of ancient Alpine lineage came.  
 Late had he heard, in prophet's dream,  
 The fatal Ben-Shie's<sup>17</sup> boding scream;  
 Sounds, too, had come in midnight  
     blast  
 Of charging steeds,<sup>18</sup> careering fast 170  
 Along Benharrow's shingly<sup>19</sup> side,  
 Where mortal horseman ne'er might  
     ride;

The thunderbolt had split the pine—  
 All augured ill to Alpine's line.  
 He girt his loins, and came to show 175  
 The signals of impending woe,  
 And now stood prompt to bless or ban,  
 As bade the Chieftain of his clan.

<sup>16</sup> *cabala*, mysteries. <sup>17</sup> *Ben-Shie*, banshee, a kind of fairy supposed to watch over the family or clan and give warning.

<sup>18</sup> *charging steeds*. According to a Scottish superstition, the spirit of an ancestor will ride round the house to announce the death of someone in it. <sup>19</sup> *shingly*, pebbly.

## VIII

'Twas all prepared—and from the rock,  
 A goat, the patriarch of the flock, 180  
 Before the kindling pile was laid,  
 And pierced by Roderick's ready blade.  
 Patient the sickening victim eyed  
 The lifeblood ebb in crimson tide  
 Down his clogged beard and shaggy  
     limb, 185

Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim.  
 The grisly priest, with murmuring  
     prayer,  
 A slender crosslet formed with care,  
 A cubit's length in measure due; 190  
 The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,  
 Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach<sup>20</sup> wave  
 Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave,  
 And, answering Lomond's breezes deep,  
 Soothe many a chieftain's endless sleep.  
 The Cross, thus formed, he held on  
     high, 195  
 With wasted hand and haggard eye,  
 And strange and mingled feelings woke,  
 While his anathema<sup>21</sup> he spoke:

## IX

"Woe to the clansman who shall view  
 This symbol of sepulchral<sup>22</sup> yew, 200  
 Forgetful that its branches grew  
 Where weep the heavens their holiest  
     dew

On Alpine's dwelling low!  
 Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,  
 He ne'er shall mingle with their dust, 205  
 But, from his sires and kindred thrust,  
 Each clansman's execration just

Shall doom him wrath and woe."  
 He paused—the word the vassals took,  
 With forward step and fiery look; 210  
 On high their naked brands they shook;  
 Their clattering targets wildly strook;<sup>23</sup>

And first in murmur low,  
 Then, like the billow in his course,  
 That far to seaward finds his source, 215  
 And flings to shore his mustered force,

<sup>20</sup> *Inch-Cailliach*, the Isle of Nuns at the southern end of Loch Lomond, used as the clan burial-ground. <sup>21</sup> *anathema*, curse. <sup>22</sup> *sepulchral*, so called because the yew is common in burial grounds. <sup>23</sup> *strook*, struck.



Burst, with loud roar, their answer  
hoarse,

"Woe to the traitor, woe!"

Ben-an's gray scalp the accents knew;  
The joyous wolf from covert drew; 220  
The exulting eagle screamed afar—  
They knew the voice of Alpine's war.

## x

The shout was hushed on lake and fell,  
The Monk resumed his muttered spell;  
Dismal and low its accents came, 225  
The while he scathed<sup>24</sup> the Cross with  
flame;

And the few words that reached the air,  
Although the holiest name was there,  
Had more of blasphemy than prayer.  
But when he shook above the crowd 230  
Its kindled points, he spoke aloud:

"Woe to the wretch who fails to rear  
At this dread sign the ready spear!  
For, as the flames this symbol sear,  
His home, the refuge of his fear, 235

A kindred fate shall know;  
Far o'er its roof the volumed flame  
Clan-Alpine's vengeance shall proclaim,  
While maids and matrons on his name  
Shall call down wretchedness and  
shame, 240

And infamy and woe."

Then rose the cry of females, shrill  
As goshawk's<sup>25</sup> whistle on the hill,  
Denouncing misery and ill,  
Mingled with childhood's babbling trill

Of curses stammered slow; 246  
Answering, with imprecation dread,  
"Sunk be his home in embers red!  
And cursèd be the meanest shed  
That e'er shall hide the houseless head

We doom to want and woe!" 251  
A sharp and shrieking echo gave,  
Coir-Uriskin,<sup>26</sup> thy goblin cave!  
And the gray pass where birches wave  
On Beala-nam-bo.<sup>27</sup> 255

<sup>24</sup> *scathed*, scorched. <sup>25</sup> *goshawk*, a large hawk. <sup>26</sup> *Coir-Uriskin*, "Den of the Wild Men," a hollow in Benvenue, overhanging the south-eastern extremity of Loch Katrine, fully described in stanza xxvi. <sup>27</sup> *Beala-nam-bo*, "the Pass of Cattle," a beautiful glade higher up on Benvenue.

## xi

Then deeper paused the priest anew,  
And hard his laboring breath he drew,  
While, with set teeth and clenched hand,  
And eyes that glowed like fiery brand,  
He meditated curse more dread, 260  
And deadlier, on the clansman's head,  
Who, summoned to his chieftain's aid,  
The signal saw and disobeyed.

The crosslet's points of sparkling wood  
He quenched among the bubbling  
blood, 265

And, as again the sign he reared,  
Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard:  
"When flits this Cross from man to man,  
Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan,  
Burst be the ear that fails to heed! 270  
Palsied the foot that shuns to speed!  
May ravens tear the careless eyes,  
Wolves make the coward heart their  
prize!

As sinks that blood-stream in the earth,  
So may his heart's blood drench his  
hearth! 275

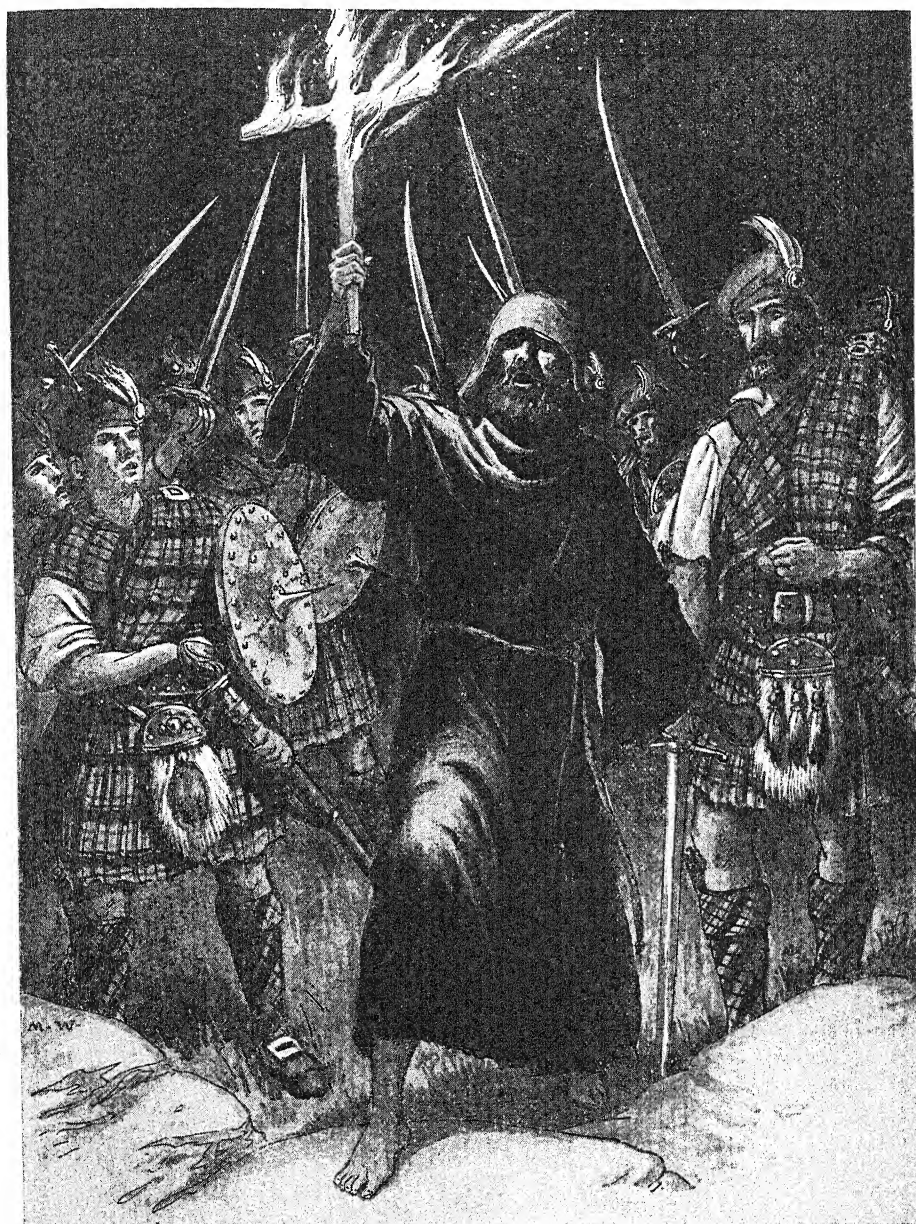
As dies in hissing gore the spark,  
Quench thou his light, Destruction dark!  
And be the grace to him denied,  
Bought by this sign to all beside!"  
He ceased; no echo gave again 280  
The murmur of the deep Amen.

## xii

Then Roderick, with impatient look,  
From Brian's hand the symbol took;  
"Speed, Malise, speed!" he said, and gave  
The crosslet to his henchman brave. 285  
"The muster-place be Lanrick mead—  
Instant the time—speed, Malise, speed!"  
Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,

A barge across Loch Katrine flew;  
High stood the henchman on the prow;  
So rapidly the barge-men row, 291  
The bubbles, where they launched the  
boat,

Were all unbroken and afloat,  
Dancing in foam and ripple still,  
When it had neared the mainland hill;  
And from the silver beach's side 296



"Woe to the wretch who fails"

Still was the prow three fathom wide,  
When lightly bounded to the land  
The messenger of blood and brand.

## XIII

Speed, Malise, speed! the dun deer's  
hide<sup>28</sup> 300

On fleeter foot was never tied.

Speed, Malise, speed! such cause of haste  
Thine active sinews never braced.

Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,  
Burst down like torrent from its  
crest; 305

With short and springing footstep pass  
The trembling bog and false morass;  
Across the brook like roebuck bound,  
And thread the brake like questing  
hound;

The crag is high, the scar<sup>29</sup> is deep, 310  
Yet shrink not from the desperate leap;  
Parched are thy burning lips and brow,  
Yet by the fountain pause not now;  
Herald of battle, fate, and fear,  
Stretch onward in thy fleet career! 315  
The wounded hind thou track'st not  
now

Pursuest not maid through greenwood  
bough,

Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace  
With rivals in the mountain race;  
But danger, death, and warrior deed 320  
Are in thy course—speed, Malise, speed!

## XIV

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,  
In arms the huts and hamlets rise;  
From winding glen, from upland  
brown, 324

They poured each hardy tenant down.  
Nor slacked the messenger his pace;  
He showed the sign, he named the place,  
And, pressing forward like the wind,  
Left clamor and surprise behind.

The fisherman forsook the strand, 330  
The swarthy smith took dirk and  
brand;<sup>30</sup>

<sup>28</sup> *dun deer's hide*. The Highland shoes were made of deerskin with the hair on the outside. <sup>29</sup> *scar*, cliff.

<sup>30</sup> *dirk and brand*, dagger and sword.

With changed cheer<sup>31</sup> the mower blithe  
Left in the half-cut swath the scythe;  
The herds without a keeper strayed,  
The plow was in mid-furrow stayed, 335  
The falc'ner tossed his hawk away,  
The hunter left the stag at bay;  
Prompt at the signal of alarms,  
Each son of Alpine rushed to arms;  
So swept the tumult and affray 340  
Along the margin of Achray.  
Alas, thou lovely lake! that e'er  
Thy banks should echo sounds of fear!  
The rocks, the bosky<sup>32</sup> thickets, sleep  
So stilly on thy bosom deep, 345  
The lark's blithe carol from the cloud  
Seems for the scene too gayly loud.

## XV

Speed, Malise, speed! the lake is past;  
Duncraggan's<sup>33</sup> huts appear at last,  
And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half  
seen, 350

Half hidden in the copse so green;  
There mayst thou rest, thy labor done,  
Their lord shall speed the signal on.  
As stoops the hawk upon his prey, 354  
The henchman shot him down the way.  
—What woeful accents load the gale?  
The funeral yell, the female wail!

A gallant hunter's sport is o'er,  
A valiant warrior fights no more.  
Who, in the battle or the chase, 360  
At Roderick's side shall fill his  
place!—

Within the hall, where torches' ray  
Supplies the excluded beams of day,  
Lies Duncan on his lowly bier, 364  
And o'er him streams his widow's  
tear.

His stripling son stands mournful by,  
His youngest weeps, but knows not  
why;

The village maids and matrons round  
The dismal coronach<sup>34</sup> resound.

<sup>31</sup> *cheer*, expression.

<sup>32</sup> *bosky*, thickly wooded.

<sup>33</sup> *Duncraggan*, a village.

<sup>34</sup> *coronach*, funeral dirge.

## XVI

## CORONACH

He is gone on the mountain, 370  
 He is lost to the forest,  
 Like a summer-dried fountain,  
 When our need was the sorest.  
 The font, reappearing, 374  
 From the raindrops shall borrow,  
 But to us comes no cheering,  
 To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper  
 Takes the ears that are hoary,  
 But the voice of the weeper 380  
 Wails manhood in glory.  
 The autumn winds rushing  
 Waft the leaves that are searest,  
 But our flower was in flushing,<sup>35</sup>  
 When blighting was nearest. 385

Fleet foot on the correi,<sup>36</sup>  
 Sage counsel in cumber,<sup>37</sup>  
 Red hand in the foray,  
 How sound is thy slumber!  
 Like the dew on the mountain, 390  
 Like the foam on the river,  
 Like the bubble on the fountain  
 Thou art gone, and forever!

## XVII

See Stumah,<sup>38</sup> who, the bier beside, 394  
 His master's corpse with wonder eyed—  
 Poor Stumah! whom his least halloo  
 Could send like lightning o'er the dew,  
 Bristles his crest and points his ears,  
 As if some stranger step he hears.  
 'Tis not a mourner's muffled tread 400  
 Who comes to sorrow o'er the dead,  
 But headlong haste or deadly fear  
 Urge the precipitate career.  
 All stand aghast—unheeding all,  
 The henchman bursts into the hall; 405  
 Before the dead man's bier he stood,  
 Held forth the Cross besmeared with  
 blood:

<sup>35</sup> *flushing*, full bloom. <sup>36</sup> *correi*, a hollow in a hillside where game might hide; here it means "chase." <sup>37</sup> *cumber*, trouble. <sup>38</sup> *Stumah*, "Faithful," the dog.

"The muster-place is Lanrick mead;  
 Speed forth the signal; clansmen,  
 speed!"

## XVIII

Angus, the heir of Duncan's line, 410  
 Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign.  
 In haste the stripling to his side  
 His father's dirk and broadsword tied;  
 But when he saw his mother's eye  
 Watch him in speechless agony, 415  
 Back to her opened arms he flew,  
 Pressed on her lips a fond adieu—  
 "Alas!" she sobbed—"and yet be gone,  
 And speed thee forth, like Duncan's  
 son!"  
 One look he cast upon the bier, 420  
 Dashed from his eye the gathering tear,  
 Breathed deep to clear his laboring  
 breast,  
 And tossed aloft his bonnet crest,  
 Then, like the high-bred colt, when,  
 freed,  
 First he essays his fire and speed, 425  
 He vanished, and o'er moor and moss  
 Sped forward with the Fiery Cross.  
 Suspended was the widow's tear  
 While yet his footsteps she could hear;  
 And when she marked the henchman's  
 eye 430

Wet with unwonted sympathy,  
 "Kinsman," she said, "his race is run  
 That should have sped thine errand on;  
 The oak has fallen—the sapling bough  
 Is all Duncraggan's shelter now. 435  
 Yet trust I well, his duty done,  
 The orphan's God will guard my son.  
 And you, in many a danger true,  
 At Duncan's hest<sup>39</sup> your blades that  
 drew, 439  
 To arms, and guard that orphan's head!  
 Let babes and women wail the dead."  
 Then weapon-clang and martial call  
 Resounded through the funeral hall,  
 While from the walls the attendant band  
 Snatched sword and targe<sup>40</sup> with hur-  
 ried hand; 445

<sup>39</sup> *hest*, behest, command.

<sup>40</sup> *targe*, shield.

And short and flitting energy  
 Glanced from the mourner's sunken eye,  
 As if the sounds to warrior dear  
 Might rouse her Duncan from his bier.  
 But faded soon that borrowed force; 450  
 Grief claimed his right, and tears their  
 course.

## XIX

Benledi saw the Cross of Fire;  
 It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.  
 O'er dale and hill the summons flew;  
 Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew;  
 The tear that gathered in his eye 456  
 He left the mountain breeze to dry;  
 Until, where Teith's young waters roll  
 Betwixt him and a wooded knoll  
 That graced the sable strath with green,  
 The chapel of St. Bride was seen. 461  
 Swoln was the stream, remote the  
 bridge,  
 But Angus paused not on the edge;  
 Though the dark waves danced dizzily,  
 Though reeled his sympathetic eye, 465  
 He dashed amid the torrent's roar.  
 His right hand high the crosslet bore,  
 His left the pole-ax grasped, to guide  
 And stay his footing in the tide.  
 He stumbled twice—the foam splashed  
 high; 470  
 With hoarser swell the stream raced  
 by;  
 And had he fall'n—forever there,  
 Farewell Duncraggan's orphan heir!  
 But still, as if in parting life,  
 Firmer he grasped the Cross of strife, 475  
 Until the opposing bank he gained,  
 And up the chapel pathway strained.

## XX

A blithesome rout that morning-tide  
 Had sought the chapel of St. Bride.  
 Her troth Tombea's<sup>41</sup> Mary gave 480  
 To Norman, heir of Armandave.  
 And, issuing from the Gothic arch  
 The bridal now resumed their march.  
 In rude but glad procession came

<sup>41</sup> *Tombea, Armandave, places near St. Bride's chapel.*

Bonneted sire and coif-clad<sup>42</sup> dame; 485  
 And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,  
 Which snooded maiden would not hear;  
 And children, that, unwitting why,  
 Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry;  
 And minstrels, that in measures vied 490  
 Before the young and bonny bride,  
 Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose  
 The tear and blush of morning rose.  
 With virgin step and bashful hand  
 She held the kerchief's snowy band; 495  
 The gallant bridegroom by her side  
 Beheld his prize with victor's pride,  
 And the glad mother in her ear  
 Was closely whispering word of cheer.

## XXI

Who meets them at the churchyard  
 gate? 500  
 The messenger of fear and fate!  
 Haste in his hurried accent lies,  
 And grief is swimming in his eyes.  
 All dripping from the recent flood,  
 Panting and travel-soiled he stood, 505  
 The fatal sign of fire and sword  
 Held forth, and spoke the appointed  
 word:  
 "The muster-place is Lanrick mead;  
 Speed forth the signal! Norman, speed!"  
 And must he change so soon the hand,  
 Just linked to his by holy band, 511  
 For the fell Cross of blood and brand?  
 And must the day so blithe that rose  
 And promised rapture in the close,  
 Before its setting hour, divide 515  
 The bridegroom from the plighted  
 bride?  
 O fatal doom!—it must! it must!  
 Clan-Alpine's cause, her Chieftain's  
 trust,

Her summons dread, brook no delay;  
 Stretch to the race—away! away! 520

## XXII

Yet slow he laid his plaid aside,  
 And, lingering, eyed his lovely bride,  
 Until he saw the starting tear  
 Speak woe he might not stop to cheer;

<sup>42</sup> *coif-clad, wearing a close-fitting cap.*

Then, trusting not a second look, 525  
In haste he sped him up the brook,  
Nor backward glanced, till on the heath  
Where Lubnaig's lake supplies the  
Teith.

—What in the racer's bosom stirred?  
The sickening pang of hope deferred,  
And memory with a torturing train 531  
Of all his morning visions vain.

Mingled with love's impatience came  
The manly thirst for martial fame;  
The stormy joy of mountaineers, 535  
Ere yet they rush upon the spears;  
And zeal for Clan and Chieftain burn-  
ing,

And hope, from well-fought field re-  
turning,  
With war's red honors on his crest,  
To clasp his Mary to his breast. 540  
Stung by such thoughts, o'er bank and  
brae,

Like fire from flint he glanced away,  
While high resolve, and feeling strong,  
Burst into voluntary song.

## XXIII

## SONG

The heath this night must be my bed, 545  
The bracken<sup>43</sup> curtain for my head,  
My lullaby the warder's tread,  
Far, far, from love and thee, Mary;  
Tomorrow eve, more stilly laid,  
My couch may be my bloody plaid, 550  
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!  
It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now  
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,  
I dare not think upon thy vow, 555  
And all it promised me, Mary.  
No fond regret must Norman know;  
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,  
His heart must be like bended bow,  
His foot like arrow free, Mary. 560

A time will come with feeling fraught,  
For, if I fall in battle fought,

<sup>43</sup> bracken, ferns.

Thy hapless lover's dying thought  
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.  
And if returned from conquered foes,  
How blithely will the evening close, 566  
How sweet the linnet sing repose,  
To my young bride and me, Mary!

## XXIV

Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,  
Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze,<sup>44</sup>  
Rushing, in conflagration strong, 571  
Thy deep ravines and dells along,  
Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow,  
And reddening the dark lakes below;  
Nor faster speeds it, nor so far, 575  
As o'er thy heaths the voice of war.  
The signal roused to martial coil  
The sullen margin of Loch Voil,  
Waked still Loch Doine, and to the  
source 579  
Alarmed, Balvaig, thy swampy course;  
Thence southward turned its rapid road  
Adown Strath-Gartney's valley broad,  
Till rose in arms each man might  
claim<sup>45</sup>

A portion in Clan-Alpine's name,  
From the gray sire, whose trembling  
hand 585  
Could hardly buckle on his brand,  
To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow  
Were yet scarce terror to the crow.  
Each valley, each sequestered glen,  
Mustered its little horde of men, 590  
That met as torrents from the height  
In Highland dales their streams unite,  
Still gathering, as they pour along,  
A voice more loud, a tide more strong,  
Till at the rendezvous they stood 595  
By hundreds, prompt for blows and  
blood,  
Each trained to arms since life began,  
Owning no tie but to his clan,  
No oath but by his chieftain's hand, 599  
No law but Roderick Dhu's command.

<sup>44</sup> *midnight blaze*. The hillsides were often burned by the shepherds in order that tender young heather might grow for the sheep.

<sup>45</sup> *might claim*, etc., who belonged to.

## XXV

That summer morn had Roderick Dhu  
 Surveyed the skirts of Benvenue,  
 And sent his scouts o'er hill and heath,  
 To view the frontiers of Menteith. 604  
 All backward came with news of truce:  
 Still lay each martial Graeme and Bruce;  
 In Rednoch courts no horsemen wait;  
 No banner waved on Cardross gate;  
 On Duchray's towers no beacon shone,  
 Nor scared the herons from Loch  
 Con— 610

All seemed at peace. Now wot ye why  
 The Chieftain, with such anxious eye,  
 Ere to the muster he repair,  
 This western frontier scanned with care?  
 In Benvenue's most darksome cleft, 615  
 A fair, though cruel, pledge was left;  
 For Douglas, to his promise true,  
 That morning from the isle withdrew,  
 And in a deep sequestered dell  
 Had sought a low and lonely cell. 620  
 By many a bard, in Celtic tongue,  
 Has Coir-nan-Uriskin<sup>46</sup> been sung;  
 A softer name the Saxons gave,  
 And called the grot the Goblin-cave.

## XXVI

It was a wild and strange retreat 625  
 As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet.  
 The dell, upon the mountain's crest,  
 Yawned like a gash on warrior's breast;  
 Its trench had stayed full many a rock,  
 Hurl'd by primeval earthquake shock  
 From Benvenue's gray summit wild, 631  
 And here, in random ruin piled,  
 They frowned incumbent o'er<sup>47</sup> the spot,  
 And formed the rugged, silvan grot.  
 The oak and birch, with mingled shade,  
 At noontide there a twilight made, 636  
 Unless when short and sudden shone  
 Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,  
 With such a glimpse as prophet's eye  
 Gains on thy depth, Futurity. 640  
 No murmur waked the solemn still,<sup>48</sup>  
 Save tinkling of a fountain rill;

<sup>46</sup> *Coir-nan-Uriskin*. "Den of the Shaggy Men," from an old superstition regarding its occupants. <sup>47</sup> *incumbent o'er*, hanging over.  
<sup>48</sup> *still*, stillness.

But when the wind chafed with the lake,  
 A sullen sound would upward break,  
 With dashing hollow voice, that spoke  
 The incessant war of wave and rock. 646  
 Suspended cliffs, with hideous sway,  
 Seemed nodding o'er the cavern gray.  
 From such a den the wolf had sprung,  
 In such the wildcat leaves her young; 650  
 Yet Douglas and his daughter fair  
 Sought for a space their safety there.  
 Gray Superstition's whisper dread  
 Debarred the spot to vulgar tread;  
 For there, she said, did fays<sup>49</sup> resort, 655  
 And satyrs hold their silvan court,  
 By moonlight tread their mystic maze,  
 And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

## XXVII

Now eve, with western shadows long,  
 Floated on Katrine bright and strong,  
 When Roderick, with a chosen few, 661  
 Repassed the heights of Benvenue.  
 Above the Goblin-cave they go,  
 Through the wild pass of Beal-nam-bo;  
 The prompt retainers speed before 665  
 To launch the shallop from the shore,  
 For 'cross Loch Katrine lies his way  
 To view the passes of Achray,  
 And place his clansmen in array.  
 Yet lags the chief in musing mind, 670  
 Unwonted sigh, his men behind.  
 A single page, to bear his sword,  
 Alone attended on his lord;  
 The rest their way through thickets  
 break,  
 And soon await him by the lake. 675  
 It was a fair and gallant sight,  
 To view them from the neighboring  
 height,  
 By the low-leveled sunbeam's light!  
 For strength and stature, from the clan  
 Each warrior was a chosen man, 680  
 As even afar might well be seen,  
 By their proud step and martial mien.  
 Their feathers dance, their tartans float,  
 Their targets gleam, as by the boat  
 A wild and warlike group they stand, 685  
 That well became such mountain-strand.

<sup>49</sup> *fays*, fairies.



## XXVIII

Their Chief, with step reluctant, still  
Was lingering on the craggy hill,  
Hard by where turned apart the road  
To Douglas's obscure abode. 690

It was but with that dawning morn  
That Roderick Dhu had proudly sworn  
To drown his love in war's wild roar,  
Nor think of Ellen Douglas more;  
But he who stems a stream with sand,  
And fetters flame with flaxen band, 696  
Has yet a harder task to prove—  
By firm resolve to conquer love!  
Eve finds the Chief, like restless ghost,  
Still hovering near his treasure lost; 700  
For though his haughty heart deny

A parting meeting to his eye,  
Still fondly strains his anxious ear,  
The accents of her voice to hear,  
And inly did he curse the breeze 705  
That waked to sound the rustling trees.  
But hark! what mingles in the strain?  
It is the harp of Allan-bane,  
That wakes its measure slow and high,  
Attuned to sacred minstrelsy. 710  
What melting voice attends the strings?  
'Tis Ellen, or an angel, sings.

## XXIX

## HYMN TO THE VIRGIN

*Ave Maria!*<sup>50</sup> maiden mild!

Listen to a maiden's prayer!  
Thou canst hear though from the wild,  
Thou canst save amid despair. 716  
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,  
Though banished, outcast, and re-  
viled—

Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;  
Mother, hear a suppliant child! 720

*Ave Maria!*

*Ave Maria!* undefiled!

The flinty couch we now must share  
Shall seem with down of eider piled,  
If thy protection hover there. 725  
The murky cavern's heavy air

<sup>50</sup> *Ave Maria*, Hail, Mary.

Shall breathe of balm if thou hast  
smiled;  
Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;  
Mother, list a suppliant child!

*Ave Maria!*

*Ave Maria!* stainless styled! 731

Foul demons of the earth and air,  
From this their wonted haunt exiled,  
Shall flee before thy presence fair.  
We bow us to our lot of care, 735  
Beneath thy guidance reconciled;  
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,  
And for a father hear a child!

*Ave Maria!*

## XXX

Died on the harp the closing hymn— 740  
Unmoved in attitude and limb,  
As listening still, Clan-Alpine's lord  
Stood leaning on his heavy sword,  
Until the page, with humble sign,  
Twice pointed to the sun's decline. 745  
Then while his plaid he round him cast,  
"It is the last time—'tis the last,"  
He muttered thrice, "the last time e'er  
That angel voice shall Roderick hear!"  
It was a goading thought—his stride 750  
Hied hastier down the mountain-side;  
Sullen he flung him in the boat,  
And instant 'cross the lake it shot.  
They landed in that silvery bay,  
And eastward held their hasty way, 755  
Till, with the latest beams of light,  
The band arrived on Lanrick height,  
Where mustered in the vale below  
Clan-Alpine's men in martial show.

## XXXI

A various scene the clansmen made; 760  
Some sate, some stood, some slowly  
strayed;

But most with mantles folded round,  
Were couched to rest upon the ground,  
Scarce to be known by curious eye, 764  
From the deep heather where they lie,  
So well was matched the tartan screen  
With heath-bell dark and brackens  
green,

Unless where, here and there, a blade  
Or lance's point a glimmer made,  
Like glowworm twinkling through the  
shade. 770

But when, advancing through the  
gloom,

They saw the Chieftain's eagle plume,  
Their shout of welcome, shrill and wide,  
Shook the steep mountain's steady side.  
Thrice it arose, and lake and fell 775

Three times returned the martial yell;  
It died upon Bochastle's plain,  
And Silence claimed her evening reign.

### STUDY AIDS FOR CANTO THIRD

*The Story.* Why does Roderick send out the Fiery Cross? What is the effect that it produces wherever it is carried? Where did Douglas take refuge? Why doesn't Roderick bid farewell to Ellen before joining his men? What part of the canto was most interesting to you? Read to the class a passage that you regard as stirring.

It would be interesting for each student to bring in two important questions on Canto Third and during the recitation period to get answers from the class. In writing your questions, select only the most important points in the story.

*The Characters.* (a) Of the new characters that appear—Brian, Malise, Angus, and Norman—which is to you the most interesting? Read a passage that supports your opinion. (b) Compare Roderick as he appears in stanza iii and in stanzas xxvii-xxx. What impression do you form of him in stanza xxxi?

*The Fiery Cross.* The Fiery Cross was a regularly-used means of calling a Highland clan together. These questions may help you understand this ancient Scottish ritual: What superstitious signs had brought Brian to the isle? Where did the wood for the fire come from? What was the source of the wood for the cross? What did its origin symbolize or mean in Brian's curse? What did the act of burning its tips symbolize? What meaning was there in using blood to put out the fire on the tips of the cross? Was the cross received

through the clan with fear or with unfailing loyalty?

*The Map.* (a) You will be helped in keeping the action of this canto in mind if you will look up on the map (page 307) such places as: Ellen's Isle (line 44); Inch-Cailliach, 191; Ben-an, 219; Coir-Uriskin, 253; Beala-nam-bo, 255; Lanrick Mead, 286. (b) You may be interested to make on thin paper a tracing of the map showing the route of the Fiery Cross in red.

*Songs.* What difference do you find between the "Coronach" (stanza xvi) and "Hymn to the Virgin" (stanza xxix) in mood or feeling? In subject-matter? What difference is there in the rime of the two? Which song do you like better? Read a stanza to illustrate your preference.

## CANTO FOURTH

### THE PROPHECY

#### I

"THE rose is fairest when 'tis bud-  
ding new,  
And hope is brightest when it dawns  
from fears;

The rose is sweetest washed with morn-  
ing dew,  
And love is loveliest when embalmed  
in tears.

O wilding<sup>1</sup> rose, whom fancy thus en-  
dears, 5

I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,  
Emblem of hope and love through fu-  
ture years!"

Thus spoke young Norman, heir of  
Armandave,

What time the sun arose on Vennachar's  
broad wave.

#### II

Such fond conceit, half said, half sung, 10  
Love prompted to the bridegroom's  
tongue.

All while he stripped the wild-rose  
spray,

<sup>1</sup> wilding, wild (poetic).

His ax and bow beside him lay,  
 For on a pass 'twixt lake and wood  
 A wakeful sentinel he stood. 15  
 Hark!—on the rock a footstep rung,  
 And instant to his arms he sprung.  
 "Stand, or thou diest!—What, Malise?—  
 soon

Art thou returned from Braes of  
 Doune.<sup>2</sup>

By thy keen step and glance I know 20  
 Thou bring'st us tidings of the foe."—  
 For while the Fiery Cross hied on,  
 On distant scout had Malise gone.—  
 "Where sleeps the Chief?" the hench-  
 man said.

"Apart, in yonder misty glade; 25  
 To his lone couch I'll be your guide."  
 Then called a slumberer by his side,  
 And stirred him with his slackened  
 bow—

"Up, up, Glentarkin! rouse thee, ho!  
 We seek the Chieftain; on the track 30  
 Keep eagle watch till I come back."

## III

Together up the pass they sped;  
 "What of the foeman?" Norman said.  
 "Varying reports from near and far;  
 This certain—that a band of war 35  
 Has for two days been ready bouné,<sup>3</sup>  
 At prompt command, to march from  
 Doune;

King James, the while, with princely  
 powers,

Holds revelry in Stirling towers.  
 Soon will this dark and gathering cloud  
 Speak on our glens in thunder loud. 41  
 Inured to bide such bitter bout,<sup>4</sup>

The warrior's plaid may bear it out;  
 But, Norman, how wilt thou provide  
 A shelter for thy bonny bride?" 45  
 "What! know ye not that Roderick's  
 care

To the lone isle hath caused repair  
 Each maid and matron of the clan,  
 And every child and aged man

<sup>2</sup> *Braes of Doune*, hill-slopes of the village of Doune.

<sup>3</sup> *ready bouné*, prepared. <sup>4</sup> *Inured . . . bout*, used to enduring such hard conflicts.

Unfit for arms; and given his charge, 50  
 Nor skiff nor shallop, boat nor barge,  
 Upon these lakes shall float at large,  
 But all beside the islet moor,  
 That such dear pledge may rest secure?"

## IV

"'Tis well advised—the Chieftain's plan  
 Bespeaks the father of his clan. 56

But wherefore sleeps Sir Roderick Dhu  
 Apart from all his followers true?"

"It is because last evening-tide  
 Brian an augury hath tried, 60  
 Of that dread kind which must not be  
 Unless in dread extremity,  
 The Taghairm<sup>5</sup> called; by which, afar,  
 Our sires foresaw the events of war.  
 Duncraggan's milk-white bull they  
 slew." 65

## MALISE

"Ah! well the gallant brute I knew!  
 The choicest of the prey we had,  
 When swept our merry-men Gallangad.<sup>6</sup>  
 His hide was snow, his horns were dark,  
 His red eye glowed like fiery spark; 70  
 So fierce, so tameless, and so fleet,  
 Sore did he cumber our retreat,  
 And kept our stoutest kerns<sup>7</sup> in awe,  
 Even at the pass of Beal 'maha.  
 But steep and flinty was the road, 75  
 And sharp the hurrying pikeman's goad,  
 And when we came to Dennan's Row,  
 A child might scatheless<sup>8</sup> stroke his  
 brow."

## V

## NORMAN

"That bull was slain; his reeking hide  
 They stretched the cataract beside, 80  
 Whose waters their wild tumult toss

<sup>5</sup> *Taghairm*, "Augury of the Hide," in which a chosen person was wrapped in the hide of a newly-slain bull and left in some wild place to receive answers to questions pertaining to future events.

<sup>6</sup> *swept . . . Gallangad*, a reference to a raid near Loch Lomond.

<sup>7</sup> *kerns*, light-armed foot soldiers.

<sup>8</sup> *scatheless*, without fear of injury, because of the animal's weariness.

Adown the black and craggy boss<sup>9</sup>  
 Of that huge cliff, whose ample verge  
 Tradition calls the Hero's Targe.<sup>10</sup>  
 Couched on a shelf beneath its brink, 85  
 Close where the thundering torrents  
     sink,  
 Rocking beneath their headlong sway,  
 And drizzled by the ceaseless spray,  
 Midst groan of rock, and roar of stream,  
 The wizard waits prophetic dream. 90  
 Nor distant rests the Chief—but hush!  
 See, gliding slow through mist and bush,  
 The hermit gains yon rock, and stands  
 To gaze upon our slumbering bands.  
 Seems he not, Malise, like a ghost, 95  
 That hovers o'er a slaughtered host?  
 Or raven on the blasted oak,  
 That, watching while the deer is broke,<sup>11</sup>  
 His morsel claims with sullen croak?"

## MALISE

"Peace! peace! to other than to me 100  
 Thy words were evil augury;  
 But still I hold Sir Roderick's blade  
 Clan-Alpine's omen and her aid,  
 Not aught that, gleaned from heaven or  
     hell,  
 Yon fiend-begotten Monk can tell. 105  
 The Chieftain joins him, see—and now,  
 Together they descend the brow."

## VI

And as they came, with Alpine's lord  
 The Hermit Monk held solemn word:  
 "Roderick! it is a fearful strife, 110  
 For man endowed with mortal life,  
 Whose shroud of sentient clay can still  
 Feel feverish pang and fainting chill,  
 Whose eye can stare in stony trance,  
 Whose hair can rouse like warrior's  
     lance— 115  
 'Tis hard for such to view, unfurled,  
 The curtain of the future world.  
 Yet, witness every quaking limb,  
 My sunken pulse, my eyeballs dim, 119  
 My soul with harrowing anguish torn—

This for my Chieftain have I borne!  
 The shapes that sought my fearful couch  
 A human tongue may ne'er avouch;  
 No mortal man—save he, who, bred  
 Between the living and the dead, 125  
 Is gifted beyond nature's law—  
 Had e'er survived to say he saw.  
 At length the fateful answer came,  
 In characters of living flame!  
 Not spoke in word, nor blazed in scroll,  
 But borne and branded on my soul: 131  
 WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST FOEMAN'S  
     LIFE,  
 THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE STRIFE."

## VII

"Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and care!  
 Good is thine augury, and fair. 135  
 Clan-Alpine ne'er in battle stood  
 But first our broadswords tasted blood.  
 A surer victim still I know,  
 Self-offered to the auspicious blow:  
 A spy<sup>12</sup> has sought my land this morn—  
 No eve shall witness his return! 141  
 My followers guard each pass's mouth,  
 To east, to westward, and to south;  
 Red Murdoch, bribed to be his guide,  
 Has charge to lead his steps aside, 145  
 Till, in deep path or dingle<sup>13</sup> brown,  
 He light on those shall bring him down.  
 —But see, who comes his news to show!  
 Malise! what tidings of the foe?"

## VIII

"At Doune, o'er many a spear and  
     glaive<sup>14</sup> 150  
 Two Barons proud their banners wave.  
 I saw the Moray's silver star,<sup>15</sup>  
 And marked the sable pale of Mar."  
 "By Alpine's soul, high tidings those!  
 I love to hear of worthy foes. 155  
 When move they on?" "Tomorrow's  
     noon  
 Will see them here for battle boune."  
 "Then shall it see a meeting stern!

<sup>9</sup> boss, here, a projection or jutting-out edge.  
<sup>10</sup> Hero's Targe, a rock in the forest of Glenfinlas. <sup>11</sup> broke, cut up.

<sup>12</sup> A spy, James Fitz-James.  
<sup>13</sup> dingle, a narrow valley. <sup>14</sup> glaive, sword.  
<sup>15</sup> silver star, coat-of-arms (as is, also, sable pale in the next line).

But, for the place—say, couldst thou  
learn

Nought of the friendly clans of Earn? 160  
Strengthened by them, we well might  
bide

The battle on Benledi's side.

Thou couldst not?—well! Clan-Alpine's  
men

Shall man the Trosachs' shaggy glen;  
Within Loch Katrine's gorge we'll fight,  
All in our maids' and matrons' sight, 166  
Each for his hearth and household fire,  
Father for child, and son for sire—  
Lover for maid beloved!—But why—

Is it the breeze affects mine eye? 170

Or dost thou come, ill-omened tear!

A messenger of doubt and fear?

No! sooner may the Saxon lance  
Unfix Benledi from his stance!<sup>16</sup> 174

Than doubt or terror can pierce through  
The unyielding heart of Roderick Dhu!  
'Tis stubborn as his trusty targe.

Each to his post—all know their charge."

The pibroch sounds, the bands advance,  
The broadswords gleam, the banners  
dance, 180

Obedient to the Chieftain's glance.

—I turn me from the martial roar,

And seek Coir-Uriskin once more.

## IX

Where is the Douglas?—he is gone;  
And Ellen sits on the gray stone 185

Fast by the cave, and makes her moan,

While vainly Allan's words of cheer

Are poured on her unheeding ear:

'He will return—dear lady, trust!—

With joy return—he will—he must. 190

Well was it time to seek, afar,

Some refuge from impending war,

When e'en Clan-Alpine's rugged swarm  
Are cowed by the approaching storm.

I saw their boats with many a light, 195

Floating the livelong yesternight,

Shifting like flashes darted forth

By the red streamers of the north;<sup>17</sup>

I marked at morn how close they ride,  
Thick moored by the lone islet's side, 200  
Like wild ducks couching in the fen,  
When stoops the hawk upon the glen.  
Since this rude race dare not abide  
The peril on the mainland side,  
Shall not thy noble father's care 205  
Some safe retreat for thee prepare?"

## X

## ELLEN

"No, Allan, no! Pretext so kind  
My wakeful terrors could not blind.  
When in such tender tone, yet grave,  
Douglas a parting blessing gave, 210  
The tear that glistened in his eye  
Drowned not his purpose fixed and  
high.

My soul, though feminine and weak,  
Can image his; e'en as the lake,  
Itself disturbed by slightest stroke, 215  
Reflects the invulnerable rock.

He hears report of battle rife,<sup>18</sup>

He deems himself the cause of strife.

I saw him redden when the theme

Turned, Allan, on thine idle dream 220

Of Malcolm Graeme in fetters bound,

Which I, thou saidst, about him wound.

Think'st thou he trowed thine omen  
ought?<sup>19</sup>

Oh, no! 'twas apprehensive thought 224

For the kind youth—for Roderick too—

Let me be just—that friend so true;

In danger both, and in our cause!

Minstrel, the Douglas dare not pause.

Why else that solemn warning given,

'If not on earth, we meet in heaven!' 230

Why else, to Cambus-kenneth's fane,<sup>20</sup>

If eve return him not again,

Am I to hie, and make me known?

Alas! he goes to Scotland's throne,

Buys his friend's safety with his own; 235

Hé goes to do—what I had done,

Had Douglas' daughter been his son!"

<sup>18</sup> rife, widespread.

<sup>19</sup> trowed . . . ought? paid any attention to  
your omen?

<sup>20</sup> Cambus-kenneth's fane, an abbey on the  
outskirts of Stirling.

<sup>16</sup> stance, station, foundations. <sup>17</sup> red stream-  
ers of the north, the colored lights of the  
Aurora Borealis.

## XI

"Nay, lovely Ellen—dearest, nay!  
 If aught should his return delay,  
 He only named yon holy fane 240  
 As fitting place to meet again.  
 Be sure he's safe; and for the Graeme—  
 Heaven's blessing on his gallant name!—  
 My visioned sight may yet prove true,  
 Nor bode of ill to him or you. 245  
 When did my gifted dream beguile?  
 Think of the stranger at the isle,  
 And think upon the harpings slow  
 That presaged this approaching woe!  
 Sooth<sup>21</sup> was my prophecy of fear; 250  
 Believe it when it augurs cheer.  
 Would we had left this dismal spot!  
 Ill luck still haunts a fairy grot.  
 Of such a wondrous tale I know—  
 Dear lady, change that look of woe, 255  
 My harp was wont thy grief to cheer."

## ELLEN

"Well, be it as thou wilt; I hear,  
 But cannot stop the bursting tear."  
 The Minstrel tried his simple art,  
 But distant far was Ellen's heart. 260

## XII

## BALLAD—ALICE BRAND

Merry it is in the good greenwood,  
 When the mavis and merle<sup>22</sup> are sing-  
 ing,  
 When the deer sweeps by, and the  
 hounds are in cry,  
 And the hunter's horn is ringing.  
 "O Alice Brand, my native land 265  
 Is lost for love of you;  
 And we must hold by wood and wold,<sup>23</sup>  
 As outlaws wont to do.

"O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so  
 bright, 269  
 And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,

<sup>21</sup> *Sooth*, true.<sup>22</sup> *mavis and merle*, thrush and blackbird.<sup>23</sup> *hold* . . . *wold*, endure living in wood and on plain.

That on the night of our luckless flight  
 Thy brother bold I slew.

"Now must I teach to hew the beech  
 The hand that held the glaive,  
 For leaves to spread our lowly bed, 275  
 And stakes to fence our cave.

"And for vest of pall,<sup>24</sup> thy fingers small,  
 That wont on harp to stray,  
 A cloak must shear from the slaugh-  
 tered deer,  
 To keep the cold away." 280

"O Richard! if my brother died,  
 'Twas but a fatal chance;  
 For darkling<sup>25</sup> was the battle tried,  
 And fortune sped the lance.

"If pall and vair<sup>26</sup> no more I wear, 285  
 Nor thou the crimson sheen,  
 As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray,  
 As gay the forest-green.

"And, Richard, if our lot be hard,  
 And lost thy native land, 290  
 Still Alice has her own Richard,  
 And he his Alice Brand."

## XIII

## BALLAD (Continued)

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good green-  
 wood,  
 So blithe Lady Alice is singing;  
 On the beech's pride, and oak's brown  
 side, 295  
 Lord Richard's ax is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,  
 Who woned<sup>27</sup> within the hill—  
 Like wind in the porch of a ruined  
 church,  
 His voice was ghostly shrill. 300

<sup>24</sup> *vest of pall*, garment of rich cloth.<sup>25</sup> *darkling*, in the dark.<sup>26</sup> *vair*, a kind of soft fur.<sup>27</sup> *woned*, dwelt.

"Why sounds yon stroke on beech and  
oak,  
Our moonlight's circle's screen?  
Or who comes here to chase the deer,  
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?  
Or who may dare on wold to wear 305  
The fairies' fatal green?"<sup>28</sup>

"Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,  
For thou wert christened man;  
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,  
For muttered word or ban. 310

"Lay on him the curse of the withered  
heart,  
The curse of the sleepless eye;  
Till he wish and pray that his life would  
part,  
Nor yet find leave to die."

## XIV

BALLAD (*Continued*)

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good green-  
wood, 315  
Though the birds have stilled their  
singing;  
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,  
And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,  
Before Lord Richard stands, 320  
And, as he crossed and blessed himself,  
"I fear not sign," quoth the grisly elf,  
"That is made with bloody hands."

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,  
That woman void of fear, 325  
"And if there's blood upon his hand,  
'Tis but the blood of deer."

"Now loud thou liest, thou bold of  
mood!  
It cleaves unto his hand,  
The stain of thine own kindly<sup>29</sup> blood,  
The blood of Ethert Brand." 331

<sup>28</sup> *fatal green*. The elves and gnomes wore green, and were angered when any mortal ventured to wear that color.

<sup>29</sup> *kindly*, kindred.

Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand,  
And made the holy sign,  
"And if there's blood on Richard's hand,  
A spotless hand is mine. 335

"And I conjure thee, Demon elf,  
By Him whom Demons fear,  
To show us whence thou art thyself,  
And what thine errand here?"

## XV

BALLAD (*Continued*)

"'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairyland 340  
When fairy birds are singing,  
When the court doth ride by their mon-  
arch's side,  
With bit and bridle ringing;

"And gayly shines the Fairyland—  
But all is glistening show, 345  
Like the idle gleam that December's  
beam  
Can dart on ice and snow.

"And fading, like that varied gleam,  
Is our inconstant shape,  
Who now like knight and lady seem, 350  
And now like dwarf and ape.

"It was between the night and day,  
When the Fairy King has power,  
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,  
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatched  
away 355  
To the joyless Elfin bower.

"But wist<sup>30</sup> I of a woman bold,  
Who thrice my brow durst sign,<sup>31</sup>  
I might regain my mortal mold,  
As fair a form as thine." 360

She crossed him once—she crossed him  
twice—  
That lady was so brave;  
The fouler grew his goblin hue,  
The darker grew the cave. 364

<sup>30</sup> *wist*, knew. <sup>31</sup> *sign*, mark with the sign of the cross.



She crossed him thrice, that lady bold;  
 He rose beneath her hand  
 The fairest knight on Scottish mold,  
 Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good greenwood. 369  
 When the mavis and merle are singing,  
 But merrier were they in Dunfermline<sup>32</sup>  
 gray,  
 When all the bells were ringing.

## xvi

Just as the minstrel sounds were stayed,  
 A stranger climbed the steepy glade;  
 His martial step, his stately mien, 375  
 His hunting suit of Lincoln green,  
 His eagle glance, remembrance claims—  
 'Tis Snowdown's Knight, 'tis James Fitz-  
 James.  
 Ellen beheld as in a dream,  
 Then, starting, scarce suppressed a  
 scream: 380  
 "O stranger! in such hour of fear,  
 What evil hap has brought thee here?"  
 "An evil hap how can it be  
 That bids me look again on thee?  
 By promise bound, my former guide<sup>33</sup>  
 Met me betimes this morning tide, 386  
 And marshaled, over bank and bourne,<sup>34</sup>  
 The happy path of my return."  
 "The happy path!—what! said he  
 naught  
 Of war, of battle to be fought, 390  
 Of guarded pass?" "No, by my faith!  
 Nor saw I aught could augur scathe."<sup>35</sup>  
 "O haste thee, Allan, to the kern<sup>36</sup>  
 —Yonder his tartans I discern;  
 Learn thou his purpose, and conjure 395  
 That he will guide the stranger sure!  
 What prompted thee, unhappy man?  
 The meanest serf in Roderick's clan  
 Had not been bribed by love or fear,  
 Unknown to him to guide thee here." 400

<sup>32</sup> *Dunfermline*, the residence and burial place of the early kings of Scotland.

<sup>33</sup> *my former guide*, Red Murdoch. See lines 92-95, page 309, and lines 140-147, page 334.

<sup>34</sup> *bourne*, stream.

<sup>35</sup> *augur scathe*, indicate danger. <sup>36</sup> *kern*, soldier.

## xvii

"Sweet Ellen, dear my life must be,  
 Since it is worthy care from thee;  
 Yet life I hold but idle breath  
 When love or honor's weighed with  
 death.  
 Then let me profit by my chance, 405  
 And speak my purpose bold at once.  
 I come to bear thee from a wild,  
 Where ne'er before such blossom  
 smiled;

By this soft hand to lead thee far  
 From frantic scenes of feud and war. 410  
 Near Bochastle my horses wait;  
 They bear us soon to Stirling gate.  
 I'll place thee in a lovely bower,  
 I'll guard thee like a tender flower"—  
 "O hush, Sir Knight! 'twere female art  
 To say I do not read thy heart; 416  
 Too much, before, my selfish ear  
 Was idly soothed my praise to hear.  
 That fatal bait hath lured thee back,  
 In deathful hour, o'er dangerous track;  
 And how, O how, can I atone 421  
 The wreck my vanity brought on!—  
 One way remains—I'll tell him all—  
 Yes! struggling bosom, forth it shall!  
 Thou, whose light folly bears the blame,  
 Buy thine own pardon with thy shame!  
 But first—my father is a man 427  
 Outlawed and exiled, under ban;  
 The price of blood is on his head,  
 With me 'twere infamy to wed. 430  
 Still wouldst thou speak?—then hear the  
 truth!

Fitz-James, there is a noble youth—  
 If yet he is!<sup>37</sup>—exposed for me  
 And mine to dread extremity—  
 Thou hast the secret of my heart; 435  
 Forgive, be generous, and depart!"

## xviii

Fitz-James knew every wily train<sup>38</sup>  
 A lady's fickle heart to gain,  
 But here he knew and felt them vain.  
 There shot no glance from Ellen's eye,

<sup>37</sup> *is*, is alive.

<sup>38</sup> *train*, lure, enticement.

To give her steadfast speech the lie; 441  
 In maiden confidence she stood,  
 Though mantled in her cheek the blood,  
 And told her love with such a sigh  
 Of deep and hopeless agony, 445  
 As<sup>39</sup> death had sealed her Malcolm's  
 doom,

And she sat sorrowing on his tomb.  
 Hope vanished from Fitz-James's eye,  
 But not with hope fled sympathy.  
 He proffered to attend her side, 450  
 As brother would a sister guide.  
 "O little know'st thou Roderick's heart!  
 Safer for both we go apart.  
 O haste thee, and from Allan learn  
 If thou may'st trust yon wily kern." 455  
 With hand upon his forehead laid,  
 The conflict of his mind to shade,  
 A parting step or two he made;  
 Then, as some thought had crossed his  
 brain, 459  
 He paused, and turned, and came again.

## xix

"Hear, lady, yet a parting word!  
 It chanced in fight that my poor sword  
 Preserved the life of Scotland's lord.  
 This ring the grateful Monarch gave,  
 And bade, when I had boon to crave, 465  
 To bring it back, and boldly claim  
 The recompense that I would name.  
 Ellen, I am no courtly lord,  
 But one who lives by lance and sword,  
 Whose castle is his helm and shield, 470  
 His lordship<sup>40</sup> the embattled field.  
 What from a prince can I demand,  
 Who neither reck<sup>41</sup> of state nor land?  
 Ellen, thy hand—the ring is thine;  
 Each guard and usher knows the sign.  
 Seek thou the king without delay— 476  
 This signet<sup>42</sup> shall secure thy way—  
 And claim thy suit, whate'er it be,  
 As ransom of his pledge to me."  
 He placed the golden circlet on, 480  
 Paused—kissed her hand—and then was  
 gone.

<sup>39</sup> As, as if. <sup>40</sup> lordship, lands, estate.

<sup>41</sup> reck, thinks. <sup>42</sup> signet, ring.

The aged Minstrel stood aghast,  
 So hastily Fitz-James shot past.  
 He joined his guide, and wending down  
 The ridges of the mountain brown, 485  
 Across the stream they took their way,  
 That joins Loch Katrine to Achray.

## xx

All in the Trosach's glen was still;  
 Noontide was sleeping on the hill;  
 Sudden his guide whooped loud and  
 high— 490  
 "Murdoch! was that a signal cry?"  
 He stammered forth—"I shout to scare  
 Yon raven from his dainty fare."  
 He looked—he knew the raven's prey,  
 His own brave steed: "Ah! gallant gray!  
 For thee—for me, perchance—'twere  
 well 496  
 We ne'er had seen the Trosachs' dell.  
 Murdoch, move first—but silently;  
 Whistle or whoop, and thou shalt die!"  
 Jealous and sullen on they fared, 500  
 Each silent, each upon his guard.

## xxi

Now wound the path its dizzy ledge  
 Around a precipice's edge,  
 When lo! a wasted female form,  
 Blighted by wrath of sun and storm, 505  
 In tattered weeds and wild array,  
 Stood on a cliff beside the way,  
 And glancing round her restless eye,  
 Upon the wood, the rock, the sky, 509  
 Seemed naught to mark, yet all to spy.  
 Her brow was wreathed with gaudy  
 broom;  
 With gesture wild she waved a plume  
 Of feathers, which the eagles fling  
 To crag and cliff from dusky wing;  
 Such spoils her desperate step had  
 sought, 515  
 Where scarce was footing for the goat.  
 The tartan plaid she first descried,  
 And shrieked till all the rocks replied;  
 As loud she laughed when near they  
 drew;



Blighted by wrath of sun and storm

For then the Lowland garb she knew;  
 And then her hands she wildly wrung,  
 And then she wept, and then she sung—  
 She sung!—the voice, in better time,<sup>43</sup>  
 Perchance to harp or lute might chime;  
 And now, though strained and rough-  
     ened, still  
 Rung wildly sweet to dale and hill. 525

<sup>43</sup> time, times.

XXII

SONG

They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,  
 They say my brain is warped and  
     wrung—  
 I cannot sleep on Highland brae,  
 I cannot pray in Highland tongue. 530  
 But were I now where Allan glides,

Or heard my native Devan's<sup>44</sup> tides,  
So sweetly would I rest, and pray  
That Heaven would close my wintry  
day! 534

'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid,  
They made me to the church repair;  
It was my bridal morn, they said,  
And my true love would meet me  
there.

But woe betide the cruel guile  
That drowned in blood the morning  
smile! 540

And woe betide the fairy dream!  
I only waked to sob and scream.

## XXIII

"Who is this maid? What means her  
lay?

She hovers o'er the hollow way,  
And flutters wide her mantle gray, 545  
As the lone heron spreads his wing,  
By twilight, o'er a haunted spring."

"'Tis Blanche of Devan," Murdoch said,  
"A crazed and captive Lowland maid,  
Ta'en on the morn she was a bride, 550  
When Roderick forayed Devan side.  
The gay bridegroom resistance made,  
And felt our Chief's unconquered blade.  
I marvel she is now at large,  
But oft she 'scapes from Maudlin's  
charge.<sup>45</sup> 555  
Hence, brain-sick fool!"—He raised his  
bow.

"Now, if thou strik'st her but one blow,  
I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far  
As ever peasant pitched a bar!"<sup>46</sup>—

"Thanks, champion, thanks!" the ma-  
niac cried, 560

And pressed her to Fitz-James's side.

"See the gray pennons I prepare,  
To seek my truelove through the air!  
I will not lend that savage groom,<sup>47</sup>  
To break his fall, one downy plume! 565  
No!—deep amid disjointed stones,

<sup>44</sup> *Devan*. The Allan and the Devan are streams flowing into the Firth of Forth near Stirling—in the Lowlands.

<sup>45</sup> *Maudlin's charge*, place of confinement.

<sup>46</sup> *pitched a bar*, a reference to a rural game.

<sup>47</sup> *that savage groom*, Red Murdoch.

The wolves shall batten<sup>48</sup> on his bones,  
And then shall his detested plaid,  
By bush and brier in mid-air stayed,  
Wave forth a banner fair and free, 570  
Meet signal for their revelry."

## XXIV

"Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still!"  
"Oh! thou look'st kindly, and I will.

Mine eye has dried and wasted been,  
But still it loves the Lincoln green; 575  
And, though mine ear is all unstrung,  
Still, still, it loves the Lowland tongue.

"For O my sweet William was forester  
true;

He stole poor Blanche's heart away!  
His coat it was all of the greenwood  
hue,  
And so blithely he trilled the Lowland  
lay! 581

"It was not that I meant to tell . . .  
But thou art wise and guessest well."  
Then, in a low and broken tone,  
And hurried note, the song went on. 585  
Still on the Clansman, fearfully,  
She fixed her apprehensive eye;  
Then turned it on the Knight, and then  
Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen.

## XXV

"The toils are pitched,<sup>49</sup> and the stakes  
are set, 590

Ever sing merrily, merrily;  
The bows they bend, and the knives  
they whet,  
Hunters<sup>50</sup> live so cheerily.

"It was a stag, a stag of ten,<sup>51</sup>  
Bearing its branches sturdily; 595  
He came stately down the glen,  
Ever sing hardily, hardily.

<sup>48</sup> *batten*, fatten.

<sup>49</sup> *toils are pitched*, snares are laid. <sup>50</sup> *Hunt-*  
*ers*, Clan Alpine's men.

<sup>51</sup> *stag of ten*, stag having ten branches on  
his antlers; hence, noble game, Fitz-James.

"It was there he met with a wounded  
doe,<sup>52</sup>

She was bleeding deathfully;  
She warned him of the toils below, 600  
Oh, so faithfully, faithfully!

"He had an eye, and he could heed,  
Ever sing warily, warily;  
He had a foot, and he could speed—  
Hunters watch so narrowly." 605

## XXVI

Fitz-James's mind was passion-tossed,  
When Ellen's hints and fears were lost;  
But Murdoch's shout suspicion wrought,  
And Blanche's song conviction brought.  
Not like a stag that spies the snare, 610  
But lion of the hunt aware,  
He waved at once his blade on high,  
"Disclose thy treachery, or die!"  
Forth at full speed the Clansman flew,  
But in his race his bow he drew; 615  
The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's crest.  
And thrilled in<sup>53</sup> Blanche's faded breast.  
Murdoch of Alpine! prove thy speed,  
For ne'er had Alpine's son such need!  
With heart of fire, and foot of wind, 620  
The fierce avenger is behind!  
Fate judges of the rapid strife—  
The forfeit death—the prize is life!  
Thy kindred ambush<sup>54</sup> lies before, 624  
Close couched upon the heathery moor;  
Them couldst thou reach!—it may not  
be—

Thine ambushed kin thou ne'er shalt  
see,

The fiery Saxon gains on thee!  
Resistless speeds the deadly thrust,  
As lightning strikes the pine to dust; 630  
With foot and hand Fitz-James must  
strain,

Ere he can win his blade again.  
Bent o'er the fall'n, with falcon eye,  
He grimly smiled to see him die;  
Then slower wended back his way, 635  
Where the poor maiden bleeding lay.

<sup>52</sup> wounded doe, Blanche.

<sup>53</sup> thrilled in, pierced. <sup>54</sup> kindred ambush,  
clansmen in ambush.

## XXVII

She sat beneath the birchen-tree,  
Her elbow resting on her knee;  
She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,  
And gazed on it, and feebly laughed; 640  
Her wreath of broom and feathers gray,  
Daggled with blood, beside her lay.  
The Knight to stanch the life-stream  
tried—

"Stranger, it is in vain!" she cried.  
"This hour of death has given me more  
Of reason's power than years before; 646  
For, as these ebbing veins decay,  
My frenzied visions fade away.  
A helpless injured wretch I die,  
And something tells me in thine eye, 650  
That thou wert mine avenger born.  
Seest thou this tress?—Oh, still I've  
worn

This little tress of yellow hair,  
Through danger, frenzy, and despair!  
It once was bright and clear as thine, 655  
But blood and tears have dimmed its  
shine.

I will not tell thee when 'twas shred,  
Nor from what guiltless victim's head—  
My brain would turn!—but it shall wave  
Like plumage on thy helmet brave, 660  
Till sun and wind shall bleach the stain,  
And thou wilt bring it me again.—  
I waver still.—O God! more bright  
Let reason beam her parting light!—  
Oh! by thy knighthood's honored sign,  
And for thy life preserved by mine, 666  
When thou shalt see a darksome man,  
Who boasts him Chief of Alpine's Clan,  
With tartans broad and shadowy plume  
And hand of blood, and brow of gloom,  
Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong, 671  
And wreak<sup>55</sup> poor Blanche of Devan's  
wrong!—

They watch for thee by pass and fell . . .  
Avoid the path . . . O God! . . . fare-  
well."

## XXVIII

A kindly heart had brave Fitz-James;  
Fast poured his eyes at pity's claims, 676

<sup>55</sup> wreak, avenge.

And now, with mingled grief and ire,  
 He saw the murdered maid expire.  
 "God, in my need, be my relief,  
 As I wreak this on yonder Chief!" 680  
 A lock from Blanche's tresses fair  
 He blended with her bridegroom's hair;  
 The mingled braid in blood he dyed,  
 And placed it on his bonnet-side:  
 "By Him whose word is truth! I swear  
 No other favor will I wear, 686  
 Till this sad token I imbrue"<sup>56</sup>  
 In the best blood of Roderick Dhu!  
 —But hark! what means yon faint hal-  
 loo?

The chase is up—but they shall know,  
 The stag at bay's a dangerous foe." 691  
 Barred from the known but guarded  
 way,

Through copse and cliffs Fitz-James  
 must stray,

And oft must change his desperate track,  
 By stream and precipice turned back. 695  
 Heartless, fatigued, and faint, at length,  
 From lack of food and loss of strength,  
 He couched him in a thicket hoar,  
 And thought his toils and perils o'er:  
 "Of all my rash adventures past, 700  
 This frantic feat must prove the last!  
 Who e'er so mad but might have  
 guessed

That all this Highland hornet's nest  
 Would muster up in swarms so soon 704  
 As e'er they heard of bands at Doune?  
 Like bloodhounds now they search me  
 out—

Hark, to the whistle and the shout!  
 If farther through the wilds I go,  
 I only fall upon the foe;  
 I'll couch me here till evening gray, 710  
 Then darkling try my dangerous way."

## XXIX

The shades of eve come slowly down,  
 The woods are wrapped in deeper  
 brown,  
 The owl awakens from her dell,  
 The fox is heard upon the fell; 715  
 Enough remains of glimmering light

<sup>56</sup> *imbrue*, stain.

To guide the wanderer's steps aright,  
 Yet not enough from far to show  
 His figure to the watchful foe.  
 With cautious step, and ear awake, 720  
 He climbs the crag and threads the  
 brake;  
 And not the summer solstice, there,  
 Tempered the midnight mountain air,  
 But every breeze, that swept the wold,  
 Benumbed his drenched limbs with cold.  
 In dread, in danger, and alone, 726  
 Famished and chilled, through ways un-  
 known,  
 Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;  
 Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,  
 A watch-fire close before him burned. 730

## XXX

Beside its embers red and clear,  
 Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer;  
 And up he sprung with sword in hand—  
 "Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!"  
 "A stranger." "What dost thou require?"  
 "Rest and a guide, and food and fire. 736  
 My life's beset, my path is lost,  
 The gale has chilled my limbs with  
 frost."

"Art thou a friend to Roderick?" "No."  
 "Thou darest not call thyself a foe?" 740  
 "I dare! to him and all the band  
 He brings to aid his murderous hand."  
 "Bold words!—but, though the beast of  
 game

The privilege of chase may claim, 744  
 Though space and law the stag we lend,  
 Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,  
 Who ever recked, where, how, or when  
 The prowling fox was trapped or slain?  
 Thus treacherous scouts—yet sure they  
 lie,

Who say thou camest a secret spy!" 750  
 "They do, by heaven!—Come"<sup>57</sup> Roder-  
 ick Dhu

And of his clan the boldest two,  
 And let me but till morning rest,  
 I write the falsehood on their crest."  
 "If by the blaze I mark aright, 755

<sup>57</sup> *Come*, let come.

Thou bear'st the belt and spur of  
Knight."

"Then by these tokens may'st thou  
know

Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."

"Enough, enough; sit down and share

A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare." 760

### XXXI

He gave him of his Highland cheer,

The hardened flesh of mountain deer;

Dry fuel on the fire he laid,

And bade the Saxon share his plaid.

He tended him like welcome guest, 765

Then thus his further speech addressed:

"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu

A clansman born, a kinsman true;

Each word against his honor spoke,

Demands of me avenging stroke; 770

Yet more—upon thy fate, 'tis said,

A mighty augury<sup>58</sup> is laid.

It rests with me to wind my horn—

Thou art with numbers overborne; 774

It rests with me, here, brand to brand,

Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand;

But, not for clan, nor kindred's cause,

Will I depart from honor's laws;

To assail a wearied man were shame,

And stranger is a holy name; 780

Guidance and rest, and food and fire,

In vain he never must require.

Then rest thee here till dawn of day;

Myself will guide thee on the way,

O'er stock and stone, through watch and

ward, 785

Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,

As far as Coilantogle's ford;

From thence thy warrant is thy sword."

"I take thy courtesy, by heaven,

As freely as 'tis nobly given!" 790

"Well, rest thee; for the bittorn's cry

Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."

With that he shook the gathered heath,

And spread his plaid upon the wreath;

And the brave foemen, side by side, 795

Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,

And slept until the dawning beam

Purpled the mountain and the stream.

<sup>58</sup> *augury*. See lines 132-133, page 334.

## STUDY AIDS FOR CANTO FOURTH

*The Story.* Your answers to the following questions will show you whether you have understood the main points in the narrative. Always find the passages that support your answer. In what two lines does Brian prophesy the outcome of the conflict? Where does Roderick plan to fight the battle? What explanation does Ellen have for her father's continued absence? What is her fear for James Fitz-James? Why does he give her the signet ring? What meaning does he see in Blanche's song? How does he escape the Clan-Alpine searchers? Why does the mountaineer (stanza xxx) spare him? At what point is Fitz-James in greatest peril? What dangers lie ahead of him? (Each student should make out two other questions to be answered by the class.)

*The Characters.* In answering these questions, read stanzas or quote lines. **RODERICK.** Where does he most clearly show his superstition? Do you admire him or dislike him? **FITZ-JAMES.** Why does he wish to find Ellen? What impression do you form of him from his conduct toward Ellen? Toward Blanche? Toward Red Murdoch? Toward the mountaineer? **ELLEN.** When do you like Ellen best—when she is talking about her father, when she warns Fitz-James about Roderick, or when she tells him of her love for Malcolm? **BLANCHE.** Tell in your own words Blanche of Devan's story. Why does she warn Fitz-James?

*Highland Life.* This canto reveals several characteristics of Highland life. What shows the superstition of the Highlanders? Their hospitality? The loyalty of follower to chieftain? The cruelty of Highland raids?

*The Map.* To fix the events of the canto in your mind, locate on the map, page 307, such places as: the Braes of Doune, line 19; the course of the raid that Malise tells of, stanza iv; Benledi, 162.

*The Ballad.* Allan-bane's ballad, "Alice Brand," probably reminds you of the folk ballads on pages 250-264. Which ballad does it most closely resemble in story? In characters?



## CANTO FIFTH

## THE COMBAT

## I

FAIR as the earliest beam of eastern  
light,  
When first, by the bewildered pilgrim  
spied,  
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,  
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming  
tide,  
And lights the fearful path on moun-  
tain-side,  
Fair as that beam, although the fair-  
est far,  
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,  
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's  
bright star,  
Through all the wreckful storms that  
cloud the brow of War.

## II

That early beam, so fair and sheen, 10  
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,  
When, rousing at its glimmer red,  
The warriors left their lowly bed,  
Looked out upon the dappled sky,  
Muttered<sup>1</sup> their soldier matins by, 15  
And then awaked their fire, to steal,  
As short and rude, their soldier meal.  
That o'er, the Gael<sup>2</sup> around him threw  
His graceful plaid of varied hue,  
And, true to promise,<sup>3</sup> led the way, 20  
By thicket green and mountain gray.  
A wildering path!—they winded now  
Along the precipice's brow,  
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,  
The windings of the Forth and Teith, 25  
And all the vales between that lie,  
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;  
Then, sunk in copse,<sup>4</sup> their farthest  
glance  
Gained not the length of horseman's  
lance.

<sup>1</sup> *Muttered*, etc., said their morning prayers.

<sup>2</sup> *Gael*, Highlander; i.e., Roderick Dhu.

<sup>3</sup> *true to promise*. See Canto Fourth, stanza xxxi, page 344.

<sup>4</sup> *sunk in copse*, etc., in the midst of woods so thick that they could not see ahead of them.

'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain 30  
Assistance from the hand to gain;  
So tangled oft that, bursting through,  
Each hawthorn shed her showers of  
dew—  
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,  
It rivals all but Beauty's tear! 35

## III

At length they came where, stern and  
steep,  
The hill sinks down upon the deep.  
Here Vennachar in silver flows,  
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose;  
Ever the hollow path twined on, 40  
Beneath steep bank and threatening  
stone;  
An hundred men might hold the post  
With hardihood against a host.  
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak  
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak, 45  
With shingles<sup>5</sup> bare, and cliffs between,  
And patches bright of bracken<sup>6</sup> green,  
And heather black, that waved so high,  
It held the copse in rivalry.  
But where the lake slept deep and still, 50  
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;  
And oft both path and hill were torn,  
Where wintry torrent down had borne,  
And heaped upon the cumbered land  
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand. 55  
So toilsome was the road to trace,  
The guide, abating of his pace,  
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,  
And asked Fitz-James by what strange  
cause  
He sought these wilds, traversed by few,  
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu. 61

## IV

"Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,  
Hangs in my belt, and by my side;  
Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,  
"I dreamt not now to claim its aid. 65  
When here, but three days since, I came,  
Bewildered in pursuit of game,  
All seemed as peaceful and as still  
As the mist slumbering on yon hill;

<sup>5</sup> *shingles*, stony places. <sup>6</sup> *bracken*, ferns.

Thy dangerous Chief was then afar, 70  
 Nor soon expected back from war.  
 Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide,  
 Though deep perchance the villain lied."  
 "Yet why a second venture try?"  
 "A warrior thou, and ask me why! 75  
 Moves our free course by such fixed  
 cause

As gives the poor mechanic laws?  
 Enough, I sought to drive away  
 The lazy hours of peaceful day;  
 Slight cause will then suffice to guide 80  
 A Knight's free footsteps far and wide—  
 A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,  
 The merry glance of mountain maid;  
 Or, if a path be dangerous known,  
 The danger's self is lure alone." 85

## V

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;  
 Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,  
 Say, heard ye naught of Lowland war,  
 Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?"  
 "No, by my word—of bands prepared 90  
 To guard King James's sports I heard;  
 Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear  
 This muster of the mountaineer,  
 Their pennons will abroad be flung,  
 Which else in Doune had peaceful  
 hung." 95

"Free be they flung!—for we were loath  
 Their silken folds should feast the moth.  
 Free be they flung!—as free shall wave  
 Clan-Alpine's Pine in banner brave. 99  
 But, stranger, peaceful since you came,  
 Bewildered in the mountain game,  
 Whence the bold boast by which you  
 show

Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?"  
 "Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew 104  
 Naught of thy chieftain, Roderick Dhu,  
 Save as an outlawed, desperate man,  
 The chief of a rebellious clan,  
 Who, in the Regent's<sup>7</sup> court and sight,  
 With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight;  
 Yet this alone might from his part 110  
 Sever each true and loyal heart."

## VI

Wrathful at such arraignment foul,<sup>8</sup>  
 Dark lowered the clansman's sable  
 scowl.

A space he paused, then sternly said,  
 "And heard'st thou why he drew his  
 blade? 115  
 Heard'st thou that shameful word and  
 blow

Brought Roderick's vengeance on his  
 foe?

What recked<sup>9</sup> the Chieftain if he stood  
 On Highland heath or Holy-Rood?<sup>10</sup>  
 He rights such wrong where it is given,  
 If it were in the court of heaven." 121

"Still was it outrage—yet, 'tis true,  
 Not then claimed sovereignty his due,  
 While Albany, with feeble hand,  
 Held borrowed truncheon<sup>11</sup> of com-  
 mand, 125

The young King, mewed<sup>12</sup> in Stirling  
 tower,

Was stranger to respect and power.  
 But then, thy Chieftain's robber life!—  
 Winning mean prey by causeless strife,  
 Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain  
 His herds and harvest reared in vain—  
 Methinks a soul like thine should scorn  
 The spoils from such foul foray borne."

## VII

The Gael beheld him grim the while,  
 And answered with disdainful smile—  
 "Saxon, from yonder mountain high 136  
 I marked thee send delighted eye,  
 Far to the south and east, where lay,  
 Extended in succession gay, 139  
 Deep waving fields and pastures green,  
 With gentle slopes and groves between;  
 These fertile plains, that softened vale,  
 Were once the birthright of the Gael;  
 The stranger<sup>13</sup> came with iron hand,  
 And from our fathers reft the land. 145  
 Where dwell we now? See, rudely swell  
 Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.

<sup>8</sup> *arraignment foul*, unjust charges. <sup>9</sup> *recked*,  
 cared.

<sup>10</sup> *Holy-Rood*, the king's palace. <sup>11</sup> *truncheon*,  
 scepter. <sup>12</sup> *mewed*, confined.

<sup>13</sup> *stranger*, Lowlander.

<sup>7</sup> *Regent*, the Duke of Albany, who ruled for  
 a short time before James V became of age.

Ask we this savage hill we tread  
 For fattened steer or household bread;  
 Ask we for flocks these shingles dry, 150  
 And well the mountain might reply,  
 'To you, as to your sires of yore,  
 Belong the target and claymore!  
 I give you shelter in my breast,  
 Your own good blades must win the  
 rest.' 155

Pent in this fortress of the North,  
 Think'st thou we will not sally forth,  
 To spoil the spoiler as we may,  
 And from the robber rend the prey?  
 Aye, by my soul! While on yon plain 160  
 The Saxon rears one shock of grain;  
 While, of ten thousand herds, there  
 strays  
 But one along yon river's maze,  
 The Gael, of plain and river heir,  
 Shall, with strong hand, redeem his  
 share. 165  
 Where live the mountain Chiefs who  
 hold  
 That plundering Lowland field and fold  
 Is aught but retribution true?  
 Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."

## VIII

Answered Fitz-James, "And if I sought,  
 Think'st thou no other could be  
 brought? 171  
 What deem ye of my path waylaid?  
 My life given o'er to ambuscade?"  
 "As of a meed to rashness due;  
 Hadst thou sent warning fair and true—  
 I seek my hound, or falcon strayed, 176  
 I seek, good faith, a Highland maid—  
 Free hadst thou been to come and go;  
 But secret path marks secret foe.  
 Nor yet, for this, even as a spy, 180  
 Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to  
 die,  
 Save to fulfill an augury."  
 "Well, let it pass; nor will I now  
 Fresh cause of enmity avow,  
 To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.  
 Enough, I am by promise<sup>14</sup> tied 186

<sup>14</sup> *promise*. See page 343, lines 677-688.

To match me with this man of pride;  
 Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's  
 glen  
 In peace; but when I come again,  
 I come with banner, brand, and bow, 190  
 As leader seeks his mortal foe.  
 For lovelorn swain, in lady's bower,  
 Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,  
 As I, until before me stand  
 This rebel Chieftain and his band!" 195

## IX

"Have, then, thy wish!" He whistled  
 shrill  
 And he was answered from the hill;  
 Wild as the scream of the curlew,<sup>15</sup>  
 From crag to crag the signal flew. 199  
 Instant, through copse and heath,  
 arose  
 Bonnets and spears and bended bows;  
 On right, on left, above, below,  
 Sprung up at once the lurking foe;  
 From shingles gray their lances start,  
 The bracken bush sends forth the dart,  
 The rushes and the willow-wand 206  
 Are bristling into ax and brand,  
 And every tuft of broom gives life  
 To plaided warrior armed for strife.  
 That whistle garrisoned the glen 210  
 At once with full five hundred men,  
 As if the yawning hill to heaven  
 A subterranean host had given.  
 Watching their leader's beck and will,  
 All silent there they stood, and still. 215  
 Like the loose crags whose threatening  
 mass  
 Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,  
 As if an infant's touch could urge  
 Their headlong passage down the verge,  
 With step and weapon forward flung, 220  
 Upon the mountain-side they hung.  
 The mountaineer cast glance of pride  
 Along Benledi's living side,  
 Then fixed his eye and sable brow  
 Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou  
 now? 225  
 These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;  
 And, Saxon—I am Roderick Dhul!"

<sup>15</sup> *curlew*, a shore bird.

## x

Fitz-James was brave. Though to his heart

The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,  
He manned himself with dauntless air,  
Returned the Chief his haughty stare, 231  
His back against a rock he bore,  
And firmly placed his foot before:

"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I." 235  
Sir Roderick marked—and in his eyes  
Respect was mingled with surprise,  
And the stern joy which warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel.

Short space he stood, then waved his hand; 240

Down sunk the disappearing band;  
Each warrior vanished where he stood,  
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;  
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow  
In osiers pale and copses low; 245

It seemed as if their mother Earth  
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.  
The wind's last breath had tossed in air  
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair;  
The next but swept a lone hillside, 250  
Where heath and fern were waving wide.

The sun's last glance was glinted back  
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack, 256

The next, all unreflected, shone 254  
On bracken green and cold gray stone.

## xi

Fitz-James looked round—yet scarce believed

The witness that his sight received;  
Such apparition well might seem  
Delusion of a dreadful dream.

Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed, 260  
And to his look the Chief replied:

"Fear naught—nay, that I need not say—  
But—doubt not aught from mine array.  
Thou art my guest—I pledged my word  
As far as Coilantogle ford; 265

Nor would I call a clansman's brand

<sup>16</sup> *jack*, a cheap coat of armor, quilted and covered with strong leather.

For aid against one valiant hand,  
Though on our strife lay<sup>17</sup> every vale  
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.

So move we on—I only meant 270  
To show<sup>18</sup> the reed on which you leant,  
Deeming this path you might pursue  
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu."  
They moved—I said Fitz-James was brave,

As ever knight that belted glaive;<sup>19</sup> 275  
Yet dare not say that now his blood  
Kept on its wont and tempered flood,  
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew  
That seeming lonesome pathway through,

Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife 280  
With lances, that, to take his life,  
Waited but signal from a guide,  
So late dishonored and defied.

Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round  
The vanished guardians of the ground,  
And still, from copse and heather deep,  
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,  
And in the plover's shrilly strain  
The signal whistle heard again.

Nor breathed he free till far behind 290  
The pass was left; for then they wind  
Along a wide and level green,  
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,  
Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,  
To hide a bonnet or a spear. 295

## xii

The Chief in silence strode before,  
And reached that torrent's sounding shore,

Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,  
From Vennachar in silver breaks,  
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines 300

On Bochastle the moldering lines,<sup>20</sup>  
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,  
Of yore her eagle wings unfurled.  
And here his course the Chieftain stayed,

<sup>17</sup> *lay*, depended.

<sup>18</sup> *To show*, etc., to show how unsafe it was to travel here without permission.

<sup>19</sup> *belted glaive*, wore a sword in his belt.

<sup>20</sup> *moldering lines*, the grass-covered entrenchments of an ancient Roman camp.

Threw down his target and his plaid, <sup>305</sup>  
 And to the Lowland warrior said—  
 "Bold Saxon! to his promise just,  
 Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.  
 This murderous Chief, this ruthless  
 man,  
 This head of a rebellious clan, <sup>310</sup>  
 Hath led thee safe, through watch and  
 ward,  
 Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.  
 Now, man to man, and steel to steel,  
 A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.  
 See, here, all vantageless I stand, <sup>315</sup>  
 Armed, like thyself, with single brand;  
 For this is Coilantogle ford,  
 And thou must keep thee with thy  
 sword."

## XIII

The Saxon paused: "I ne'er delayed,  
 When foeman bade me draw my blade;  
 Nay more, brave Chief, I vowed thy  
 death; <sup>321</sup>  
 Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,  
 And my deep debt for life preserved,  
 A better meed have well deserved;  
 Can naught but blood our feud atone?  
 Are there no means?" "No, stranger,  
 none! <sup>326</sup>  
 And hear—to fire thy flagging zeal—  
 The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;  
 For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred  
 Between the living and the dead; <sup>330</sup>  
 'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,  
 His party conquers in the strife.'  
 "Then, by my word," the Saxon said,  
 "The riddle is already read.  
 Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff— <sup>335</sup>  
 There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.  
 Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy;  
 Then yield to Fate, and not to me.  
 To James, at Stirling, let us go,  
 When, if thou wilt be still his foe, <sup>340</sup>  
 Or if the King shall not agree  
 To grant thee grace and favor free,  
 I plight mine honor, oath, and word,  
 That, to thy native strengths restored,  
 With each advantage shalt thou stand,  
 That aids thee now to guard thy land."

## XIV

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's  
 eye— <sup>347</sup>  
 "Soars thy presumption, then, so high,  
 Because a wretched kern ye slew,  
 Homage to name to Roderick Dhu? <sup>350</sup>  
 He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!  
 Thou add'st but fuel to my hate;  
 My clansman's blood demands revenge.  
 Not yet prepared?—By heaven, I change  
 My thought, and hold thy valor light <sup>355</sup>  
 As that of some vain carpet knight,<sup>21</sup>  
 Who ill deserved my courteous care,  
 And whose best boast is but to wear  
 A braid of his fair lady's hair." <sup>359</sup>  
 "I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!  
 It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;  
 For I have sworn this braid to stain  
 In the best blood that warms thy vein.  
 Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth,<sup>22</sup> be-  
 gone!—  
 Yet think not that by thee alone, <sup>365</sup>  
 Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;  
 Though not from copse, or heath, or  
 cairn,  
 Start at my whistle clansmen stern,  
 Of this small horn one feeble blast  
 Would fearful odds against thee cast. <sup>370</sup>  
 But fear not—doubt not—which thou  
 wilt—  
 We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."  
 Then each at once his falchion drew,  
 Each on the ground his scabbard threw,  
 Each looked to sun, and stream, and  
 plain, <sup>375</sup>  
 As what they ne'er might see again;  
 Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,  
 In dubious strife they darkly closed.

## XV

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,  
 That on the field his targe he threw, <sup>380</sup>  
 Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide  
 Had death so often dashed aside;  
 For, trained abroad his arms to wield,  
 Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.

<sup>21</sup> *carpet knight*, a knight who would rather walk on the carpet of a palace than on the soil of a battlefield.

<sup>22</sup> *ruth*, pity.

He practiced every pass and ward, 385  
 To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;  
 While less expert, though stronger far,  
 The Gael maintained unequal war.  
 Three times in closing strife they stood,  
 And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;  
 No stinted draft, no scanty tide, 391  
 The gushing flood the tartans dyed.  
 Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,  
 And showered his blows like wintry  
     rain;  
 And, as firm rock, or castle-roof, 395  
 Against the winter shower is proof,  
 The foe, invulnerable still,  
 Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;  
 Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand  
 Forced Roderick's weapon from his  
     hand, 400  
 And backward borne upon the lea,  
 Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

## xvi

"Now, yield thee, or by Him who made  
 The world, thy heart's blood dyes my  
     blade!"—  
 "Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy! 405  
 Let recreant yield, who fears to die."  
 Like adder darting from his coil,  
 Like wolf that dashes through the toil,<sup>23</sup>  
 Like mountain-cat who guards her  
     young, 409  
 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;  
 Received, but recked not of a wound,  
 And locked his arms his foeman round.  
 Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!  
 No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!  
 That desperate grasp thy frame might  
     feel, 415  
 Through bars of brass and triple steel!  
 They tug, they strain! down, down they  
     go,  
 The Gael above, Fitz-James below.  
 The Chieftain's gripe his throat com-  
     pressed,  
 His knee was planted in his breast; 420  
 His clotted locks he backward threw,  
 Across his brow his hand he drew,

<sup>23</sup> *toil*, snare.

From blood and mist to clear his sight,  
 Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!  
 But hate and fury ill supplied 425  
 The stream of life's exhausted tide,  
 And all too late the advantage came,  
 To turn the odds of deadly game;  
 For, while the dagger gleamed on high,  
 Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and  
     eye. 430  
 Down came the blow! but in the heath  
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath.  
 The struggling foe may now unclasp  
 The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;  
 Unwounded from the dreadful close,<sup>24</sup>  
 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose. 436

## xvii

He faltered thanks to Heaven for life,  
 Redeemed, unhopd, from desperate  
     strife;  
 Next on his foe his look he cast,  
 Whose every gasp appeared his last; 440  
 In Roderick's gore he dipped the braid—  
 "Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are dearly  
     paid;  
 Yet with thy foe must die, or live,  
 The praise that faith and valor give." 445  
 With that he blew a bugle-note,  
 Undid the collar from his throat,  
 Unbonneted, and by the wave  
 Sat down his brow and hands to lave.  
 Then faint afar are heard the feet  
 Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet; 450  
 The sounds increase, and now are seen  
 Four mounted squires in Lincoln green;  
 Two who bear lance, and two who lead,  
 By loosened rein, a saddled steed; 454  
 Each onward held his headlong course,  
 And by Fitz-James reined up his horse—  
 With wonder viewed the bloody spot—  
 "Exclaim not, gallants! question not.  
 You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,  
 And bind the wounds of yonder knight;  
 Let the gray palfrey bear his weight, 461  
 We destined for a fairer freight,<sup>25</sup>  
 And bring him on to Stirling straight;  
 I will before at better speed,

<sup>24</sup> *close*, struggle.<sup>25</sup> *fairer freight*, Ellen.



Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung

To seek fresh horse and fitting weed.  
 The sun rides high—I must be boune<sup>26</sup>  
 To see the archer-game at noon;  
 But lightly Bayard clears the lea—  
 De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

<sup>26</sup> boune, ready.

XVIII

"Stand, Bayard, stand!" The steed  
 obeyed,  
 With arching neck and bended head,  
 And glancing eye and quivering ear  
 As if he loved his lord to hear.

470



No foot Fitz-James in stirrup stayed,  
 No grasp upon the saddle laid, 475  
 But wreathed his left hand in the mane,  
 And lightly bounded from the plain,  
 Turned on the horse his armed heel,  
 And stirred his courage with the steel.  
 Bounded the fiery steed in air; 480  
 The rider sat erect and fair;  
 Then like a bolt from steel crossbow  
 Forth launched, along the plain they go.  
 They dashed that rapid torrent through,  
 And up Carhonie's hill they flew; 485  
 Still at the gallop pricked the Knight,  
 His merry men followed as they might.  
 Along thy banks, swift Teith! they ride,  
 And in the race they mock thy tide;  
 Torry and Lendrick now are past, 490  
 And Deantown lies behind them cast;  
 They rise, the bannered towers of  
 Doune,  
 They sink in distant woodland soon;  
 Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike  
 fire,  
 They sweep like breeze through Ochter-  
 tyre; 495  
 They mark just glance and disappear  
 The lofty brow of ancient Kier;  
 They bathe their coursers' sweltering  
 sides,  
 Dark Forth! amid thy sluggish tides, 499  
 And on the opposing shore take ground,  
 With splash, with scramble, and with  
 bound.  
 Righthand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-  
 Forth!  
 And soon the bulwark of the North,  
 Gray Stirling, with her towers and town,  
 Upon their fleet career looked down. 505

## XIX

As up the flinty path they strained,  
 Sudden his steed the leader reined;  
 A signal to his squire he flung,  
 Who instant to his stirrup sprung:  
 "Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodsman  
 gray, 510  
 Who townward holds the rocky way,  
 Of stature tall and poor array?  
 Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,

With which he scales the mountain-  
 side?  
 Know'st thou from whence he comes, or  
 whom?" 515  
 "No, by my word—a burly groom  
 He seems, who in the field or chase  
 A baron's train would nobly grace."  
 "Out, out, De Vaux! can fear supply,  
 And jealousy, no sharper eye? 520  
 Afar, ere to the hill he drew,  
 That stately form and step I knew;  
 Like form in Scotland is not seen,  
 Treads not such step on Scottish green.  
 'Tis James of Douglas, by Saint Serle!<sup>27</sup>  
 The uncle of the banished Earl.<sup>28</sup> 526  
 Away, away, to court, to show  
 The near approach of dreaded foe;  
 The King must stand upon his guard;  
 Douglas and he must meet prepared."  
 Then righthand wheeled their steeds,  
 and straight 531  
 They won the castle's postern gate.

## XX

The Douglas, who had bent his way  
 From Cambus-Kenneth's abbey gray,  
 Now, as he climbed the rocky shelf, 535  
 Held sad communion with himself:  
 "Yes! all is true my fears could frame;  
 A prisoner lies the noble Graeme,  
 And fiery Roderick soon will feel  
 The vengeance of the royal steel. 540  
 I, only I, can ward their fate—  
 God grant the ransom come not late!  
 The Abbess hath her promise given,  
 My child shall be the bride of heaven.<sup>29</sup>  
 Be pardoned one repining tear! 545  
 For He, who gave her, knows how dear,  
 How excellent!—but that is by,  
 And now my business is—to die.  
 —Ye towers! within whose circuit dread  
 A Douglas<sup>30</sup> by his sovereign bled; 550

<sup>27</sup> *Saint Serle*. Perhaps Scott invented this saint to rhyme with "Earl."

<sup>28</sup> *banished Earl*, Archibald Douglas, sixth Earl of Angus, whom King James had banished as a traitor, as soon as he came to the throne.

<sup>29</sup> *bride of heaven*, a nun.

<sup>30</sup> *a Douglas*, William, the eighth Earl of Douglas, whom James II stabbed in 1452 in Stirling castle.

And thou, O sad and fatal mound!<sup>31</sup>  
 That oft hast heard the death-ax sound,  
 As on the noblest of the land  
 Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand—  
 The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb  
 Prepare—for Douglas seeks his doom!  
 —But hark! what blithe and jolly peal  
 Makes the Franciscan steeple<sup>32</sup> reel?  
 And see! upon the crowded street 559  
 In motley groups what maskers meet!  
 Banner and pageant, pipe and drum,  
 And merry morrice-dancers<sup>33</sup> come.  
 I guess, by all this quaint array,  
 The burghers hold their sports today. 564  
 James will be there; he loves such show,  
 Where the good yeoman bends his bow,  
 And the tough wrestler foils his foe,  
 As well as where, in proud career,  
 The high-born tilter shivers spear.  
 I'll follow to the Castle-park, 570  
 And play my prize<sup>34</sup>—King James shall  
 mark  
 If age has tamed these sinews stark,  
 Whose force so oft, in happier days,  
 His boyish wonder loved to praise.”

## XXI

The Castle gates were open flung, 575  
 The quivering drawbridge rocked and  
 rung,  
 And echoed loud the flinty street  
 Beneath the coursers' clattering feet,  
 As slowly down the steep descent  
 Fair Scotland's king and nobles went, 580  
 While all along the crowded way  
 Was jubilee and loud huzza.  
 And ever James was bending low,  
 To his white jennet's<sup>35</sup> saddle-bow,  
 Doffing his cap to city dame, 585  
 Who smiled and blushed for pride and  
 shame.  
 And well the simperer might be vain—  
 He chose the fairest of the train.

<sup>31</sup> *sad and fatal mound*, a point northeast of the castle, where state prisoners were executed.

<sup>32</sup> *Franciscan steeple*, Grayfriars, the most famous church in Stirling.

<sup>33</sup> *morrice-dancers*. The morrice (usually spelled “morris”) is an old-time dance.

<sup>34</sup> *play my prize*, play for the prize.

<sup>35</sup> *jennet*, a small Spanish horse.

Gravely he greets each city sire,  
 Commends each pageant's quaint attire,  
 Gives to the dancers thanks aloud, 591  
 And smiles and nods upon the crowd,  
 Who rend the heavens with their ac-  
 claims,  
 “Long live the Commons' King, King  
 James!”  
 Behind the King thronged peer and  
 knight, 595  
 And noble dame and damsel bright,  
 Whose fiery steeds ill brooked the stay  
 Of the steep street and crowded way.  
 But in the train you might discern  
 Dark lowering brow and visage stern;  
 There nobles mourned their pride re-  
 strained, 601  
 And the mean burgher's joys disdained;  
 And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan,  
 Were each from home a banished man,  
 There thought upon their own gray  
 tower, 605  
 Their waving woods, their feudal pow-  
 er,  
 And deemed themselves a shameful part  
 Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

## XXII

Now, in the Castle-park, drew out  
 Their checkered bands<sup>36</sup> the joyous rout.  
 There morricers, with bell at heel, 611  
 And blade in hand, their mazes<sup>37</sup> wheel;  
 But chief, beside the butts,<sup>38</sup> there stand  
 Bold Robin Hood<sup>39</sup> and all his band—  
 Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl,  
 Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl, 616  
 Maid Marion, fair as ivory bone,  
 Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John;  
 Their bugles challenge all that will,  
 In archery to prove their skill. 620  
 The Douglas bent a bow of might—  
 His first shaft centered in the white,<sup>40</sup>  
 And when in turn he shot again,  
 His second split the first in twain.

<sup>36</sup> *checkered bands*, groups of people dressed in gayly-colored cloth.

<sup>37</sup> *mazes*, dances.

<sup>38</sup> *butts*, targets for archery practice.

<sup>39</sup> *Bold Robin Hood*, etc., masquerades representing these traditional characters.

<sup>40</sup> *the white*, the white center of the target.

From the King's hand must Douglas  
take 625

A silver dart, the archer's stake;  
Fondly he watched, with watery eye,  
Some answering glance of sympathy—  
No kind emotion made reply!  
Indifferent<sup>41</sup> as to archer wight, 630  
The monarch gave the arrow bright.

## XXIII

Now, clear the ring! for, hand to hand,  
The manly wrestlers take their stand.  
Two o'er the rest superior rose,  
And proud demanded mightier foes, 635  
Nor called in vain; for Douglas came.  
—For life is Hugh of Larbert lame;  
Scarce better John of Alloa's fare,  
Whom, senseless, home his comrades  
bear.

Prize of the wrestling match, the King  
To Douglas gave a golden ring, 641  
While coldly glanced his eye of blue,  
As frozen drop of wintry dew.  
Douglas would speak, but in his breast  
His struggling soul his words sup-  
pressed; 645

Indignant then he turned him where  
Their arms the brawny yeomen bare,  
To hurl the massive bar in air.  
When each his utmost strength had  
shown,

The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone 650  
From its deep bed, then heaved it high,  
And sent the fragment through the sky,  
A rood<sup>42</sup> beyond the farthest mark;  
And still in Stirling's royal park,  
The gray-haired sires, who know the  
past, 655

To strangers point the Douglas-cast,  
And moralize on the decay  
Of Scottish strength in modern day.

## XXIV

The vale with loud applauses rang; 659  
The Ladies' Rock<sup>43</sup> sent back the clang.

<sup>41</sup> *Indifferent*, etc., as indifferent as if he were  
a common archer.

<sup>42</sup> *rood*, seven or eight yards.

<sup>43</sup> *Ladies' Rock*, a hillock from which the  
ladies watched the games.

The King, with look unmoved, be-  
stowed

A purse well-filled with pieces broad.  
Indignant smiled the Douglas proud,  
And threw the gold among the crowd,  
Who now, with anxious wonder, scan,  
And sharper glance, the dark, gray man;  
Till whispers rose among the throng,  
That heart so free and hand so strong  
Must to the Douglas blood belong.

The old men marked and shook the  
head, 670

To see his hair with silver spread,  
And winked aside, and told each son  
Of feats upon the English done,  
Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand  
Was exiled from his native land. 675  
The women praised his stately form,  
Though wrecked by many a winter's  
storm;

The youth with awe and wonder saw  
His strength surpassing Nature's law.  
Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd,  
Till murmur rose to clamors loud. 681  
But not a glance from that proud ring  
Of peers who circled round the King  
With Douglas held communion kind,  
Or called the banished man to mind; 685  
No, not from those who, at the chase,  
Once held his side the honored place,  
Begirt his board, and, in the field,  
Found safety underneath his shield;  
For he, whom royal eyes disown, 690  
When was his form to courtiers known!

## XXV

The Monarch saw the gambols fling,  
And bade let loose a gallant stag,  
Whose pride, the holiday to crown,  
Two favorite greyhounds should pull  
down, 695

That venison free, and Bordeaux wine,  
Might serve the archery to dine.  
But Lufra—whom from Douglas' side  
Nor bride nor threat could e'er divide,  
The fleetest hound in all the North—  
Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth. 701  
She left the royal hounds midway,  
And dashing on the antlered prey,

Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank,  
And deep the flowing lifeblood drank.  
The King's stout huntsman saw the  
sport 706

By strange intruder broken short,  
Came up, and with his leash unbound,  
In anger struck the noble hound. 709  
The Douglas had endured, that morn,  
The King's cold look, the nobles' scorn,  
And last, and worst to spirit proud,  
Had borne the pity of the crowd;  
But Lufra had been fondly bred,  
To share his board, to watch his bed, 715  
And oft would Ellen Lufra's neck  
In maiden glee with garlands deck;  
They were such playmates that with  
name

Of Lufra, Ellen's image came.  
His stifled wrath is brimming high, 720  
In darkened brow and flashing eye;  
As waves before the bark divide,  
The crowd gave way before his stride;  
Needs but a buffet and no more,  
The groom lies senseless in his gore. 725  
Such blow no other hand could deal,  
Though gauntleted in glove of steel.

## XXVI

Then clamored loud the royal train,  
And brandished swords and staves  
amain.

But stern the Baron's warning—"Back!  
Back, on your lives, ye menial pack! 731  
Beware the Douglas.—Yes! behold,  
King James! The Douglas, doomed of  
old,

And vainly sought for near and far,  
A victim to atone the war, 735  
A willing victim, now attends,  
Nor craves thy grace but for his friends."  
"Thus is my clemency repaid?  
Presumptuous lord!" the monarch said;  
"Of thy misproud<sup>44</sup> ambitious clan, 740  
Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,  
The only man, in whom a foe  
My woman-mercy would not know;  
But shall a Monarch's presence brook  
Injurious blow and haughty look? 745

<sup>44</sup> misproud, arrogant, haughty.

What ho! the Captain of our Guard!  
Give the offender fitting ward.<sup>45</sup>  
Break off the sports!"—for tumult rose,  
And yeomen 'gan to bend their bows—  
"Break off the sports!" he said, and  
frowned, 750  
"And bid our horsemen clear the  
ground."

## XXVII

Then uproar wild and misarray  
Marred the fair form of festal day.  
The horsemen pricked among the  
crowd,  
Repelled by threats and insult loud; 755  
To earth are borne the old and weak,  
The timorous fly, the women shriek;  
With flint, with shaft, with staff, with  
bar,  
The hardier urge tumultuous war.  
At once round Douglas darkly sweep 760  
The royal spears in circle deep,  
And slowly scale the pathway steep;  
While on the rear in thunder pour  
The rabble with disordered roar.  
With grief the noble Douglas saw 765  
The Commons rise against the law,  
And to the leading soldier said,  
"Sir John of Hyndford! 'Twas my blade  
That knighthood on thy shoulder laid;  
For that good deed, permit me then 770  
A word with these misguided men.

## XXVIII

"Hear, gentle friends! ere yet for me  
Ye break the bands of fealty.  
My life, my honor, and my cause  
I tender free to Scotland's laws. 775  
Are these so weak as must require  
The aid of your misguided ire?  
Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,  
Is then my selfish rage so strong,  
My sense of public weal so low, 780  
That, for mean vengeance on a foe,  
Those cords of love I should unbind  
Which knit my country and my kind?<sup>46</sup>  
O no! Believe, in yonder tower

<sup>45</sup> ward, confinement under guard.

<sup>46</sup> kind, kindred.

It will not soothe my captive hour 785  
 To know those spears our foes should  
     dread  
 For me in kindred gore are red;  
 To know, in fruitless brawl begun  
 For me, that mother wails her son;  
 For me, that widow's mate expires; 790  
 For me, that orphans weep their sires;  
 That patriots mourn insulted laws,  
 And curse the Douglas for the cause.  
 O let your patience ward<sup>47</sup> such ill, 794  
 And keep your right to love me still!"

## XXIX

The crowd's wild fury sunk again  
 In tears, as tempests melt in rain.  
 With lifted hands and eyes, they prayed  
 For blessings on his generous head,  
 Who for his country felt alone, 800  
 And prized her blood beyond his own.  
 Old men, upon the verge of life,  
 Blessed him who stayed the civil strife;  
 And mothers held their babes on high,  
 The self-devoted Chief to spy, 805  
 Triumphant over wrongs and ire,  
 To whom the prattlers owed a sire;  
 Even the rough soldier's heart was  
     moved;  
 As if behind some bier beloved,  
 With trailing arms and drooping head,  
 The Douglas up the hill he led, 811  
 And at the Castle's battled verge,  
 With sighs resigned his honored charge.

## XXX

The offended Monarch rode apart,  
 With bitter thought and swelling heart,  
 And would not now vouchsafe again 816  
 Through Stirling streets to lead his train.  
 "O Lennox, who would wish to rule  
 This changeling crowd, this common  
     fool?  
 Hear'st thou," he said, "the loud acclaim  
 With which they shout the Douglas  
     name? 821  
 With like acclaim, the vulgar throat  
 Strained for King James their morning  
     note;  
 With like acclaim they hailed the day 824

<sup>47</sup> ward, ward off.

When first I broke the Douglas' sway;  
 And like acclaim would Douglas greet,  
 If he could hurl me from my seat.  
 Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,  
 Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain!  
 Vain as the leaf upon the stream, 830  
 And fickle as a changeful dream;  
 Fantastic as a woman's mood,  
 And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood.  
 Thou many-headed monster-thing,  
 O who would wish to be thy king! 835

## XXXI

"But soft! what messenger of speed  
 Spurs hitherward his panting steed?  
 I guess his cognizance<sup>48</sup> afar—  
 What from our cousin, John of Mar?"  
 "He prays, my liege, your sports keep  
     bound 840  
 Within the safe and guarded ground;  
 For some foul purpose yet unknown—  
 Most sure for evil to the throne—  
 The outlawed Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,  
 Has summoned his rebellious crew; 845  
 'Tis said, in James of Bothwell's aid  
 These loose banditti<sup>49</sup> stand arrayed.  
 The Earl of Mar, this morn, from  
     Doune,  
 To break their muster marched, and  
     soon 849  
 Your Grace will hear of battle fought;  
 But earnestly the Earl besought,  
 Till for such danger he provide,  
 With scanty train you will not ride."

## XXXII

"Thou warn'st me I have done amiss—  
 I should have earlier looked to this; 855  
 I lost it in this bustling day.  
 Retrace with speed thy former way;  
 Spare not for spoiling of thy steed,  
 The best of mine shall be thy meed.  
 Say to our faithful Lord of Mar, 860  
 We do forbid the intended war.  
 Roderick, this morn, in single fight,  
 Was made our prisoner by a knight;  
 And Douglas hath himself and cause  
 Submitted to our kingdom's laws. 865

<sup>48</sup> cognizance, coat-of-arms.<sup>49</sup> banditti, outlaws.

The tidings of their leaders lost  
 Will soon dissolve the mountain host,  
 Nor would we that the vulgar<sup>50</sup> feel,  
 For their Chief's crimes, avenging steel.  
 Bear Mar our message, Braco; fly!" 870  
 He turned his steed—"My liege, I hie—  
 Yet, ere I cross this lily lawn,  
 I fear the broadswords will be drawn."  
 The turf the flying courser spurned,  
 And to his towers the King returned. 875

## XXXIII

Ill with King James's mood that day,  
 Suited gay feast and minstrel lay;  
 Soon were dismissed the courtly throng,  
 And soon cut short the festal song.  
 Nor less upon the saddened town 880  
 The evening sunk in sorrow down.  
 The burghers spoke of civil jar,  
 Of rumored feuds and mountain war,  
 Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu,  
 All up in arms—The Douglas too, 885  
 They mourned him pent<sup>51</sup> within the  
 hold,  
 "Where stout Earl William<sup>52</sup> was of  
 old."

And there his word the speaker stayed,  
 And finger on his lip he laid,  
 Or pointed to his dagger blade. 890  
 But jaded horsemen, from the west,  
 At evening to the Castle pressed;  
 And busy talkers said they bore  
 Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore;  
 At noon the deadly fray begun, 895  
 And lasted till the set of sun.  
 Thus giddy rumor shook the town,  
 Till closed the Night her pennons  
 brown.

<sup>50</sup> vulgar, Roderick's followers.

<sup>51</sup> pent, etc., confined in prison.

<sup>52</sup> Earl William. See line 550 and note, page 352.

## STUDY AIDS FOR CANTO FIFTH

*The Story.* What explanation of the troops of Mar does Fitz-James give Roderick Dhu? Why does Roderick "whistle shrill"? Why does he reject Fitz-James's offer to gain a pardon from King James? Why doesn't he succeed in killing Fitz-James? Why does Fitz-James ride so swiftly

to Stirling? What is Douglas's purpose in appearing at Stirling? In taking part in the games? Why doesn't the King recognize him? Why does Douglas address the crowd? What is the most thrilling moment in the canto? What do you expect to happen next?

*The Characters.* In the introductory stanza, Scott speaks of "martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star." Find stanzas in which some character illustrates each of these virtues. FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK. Do you admire Fitz-James or Roderick Dhu more in this canto? What does each think of the other? Why doesn't the news of Murdoch's death appall Roderick? How does the mention of Blanche of Devan's hair affect Fitz-James? Why had not Fitz-James blown his bugle earlier? DOUGLAS. What opinion do you form of Douglas in stanza xx? What opinion of him does the crowd form in stanza xxiv? What is your feeling toward him in stanza xxv? THE KING. What is your opinion of the King as he bestows the three prizes? What feeling for Douglas does he express in stanza xxvi? Is he justified in his feelings about the "changeling crowd"?

*Characteristics and Customs.* HIGHLANDERS. What three accusations does Fitz-James bring against Clan-Alpine's chief? What is Roderick's answer to each? (His arguments show the deepest feelings of the mountain chieftains.) SCOTLAND. The games at Stirling were parts of the festivals held in that age in every large town. The dancing, the archery, the gymnastic contests, all brought nobles and yeomen together on a footing of equality. Which of these sports are still quite common in our own country?

*The Map.* On the map, page 307, can you find the "three mighty lakes" (line 298) that flow out across Coilantogle ford? Can you follow Fitz-James's ride from Carhonie hill (line 485) to Stirling? In 1809 Scott took this ride to find out whether a horseman could make the distance in the three hours he allows Fitz-James. Scott actually made it.

*Descriptions.* Several stanzas in this canto contain vivid descriptions. What sharp contrast do you find in stanza ii? In stanza iii? What other description in the canto do you find picturesque?

## CANTO SIXTH

## THE GUARD-ROOM

## I

THE sun, awakening, through the smoky air

Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,  
Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,  
Of sinful man the sad inheritance;  
Summoning revelers from the lagging  
dance, 5

Scaring the prowling robber to his  
den;  
Gilding on battled tower the warder's  
lance,

And warning student pale to leave his  
pen,  
And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind  
nurse of men.

What various scenes, and, Oh! what  
scenes of woe, 10  
Are witnessed by that red and strug-  
gling beam!

The fevered patient, from his pallet low,  
Through crowded hospital beholds its  
stream;

The ruined maiden trembles at its  
gleam;

The debtor wakes to thought of gyve<sup>1</sup>  
and jail; 15

The lovelorn wretch starts from tor-  
menting dream;

The wakeful mother, by the glimmer-  
ing pale,

Trims<sup>2</sup> her sick infant's couch, and  
soothes his feeble wail.

## II

At dawn the towers of Stirling rang  
With soldier-step and weapon-clang, 20  
While drums, with rolling note, foretell  
Relief to weary sentinel.

Through narrow loop and casement  
barred,

The sunbeams sought the Court of  
Guard,<sup>3</sup>

And, struggling with the smoky air, 25  
Deaden'd the torches' yellow glare.  
In comfortless alliance shone  
The lights through arch of blackened  
stone,

And showed wild shapes in garb of war,  
Faces deformed with beard and scar, 30  
All haggard from the midnight watch,  
And fevered with the stern debauch;  
For the oak table's massive board,  
Flooded with wine, with fragments  
stored,

And beakers drained, and cups o'er-  
thrown, 35  
Showed in what sport the night had  
flown.

Some, weary, snored on floor and bench;  
Some labored still their thirst to quench;  
Some chilled with watching, spread  
their hands 40

O'er the huge chimney's dying brands,  
While round them, or beside them flung,  
At every step their harness<sup>4</sup> rung.

## III

These drew not for their fields the  
sword,

Like tenants of a feudal lord,  
Nor owned the patriarchal claim 45  
Of Chieftain in their leader's name;

Adventurers they, from far who roved,  
To live by battle which they loved.  
There the Italian's clouded face;

The swarthy Spaniard's there you trace;  
The mountain-loving Switzer there 51

More freely breathed in mountain-air;  
The Fleming<sup>5</sup> there despised the soil,  
That paid so ill the laborer's toil;

Their rolls showed French and German  
name; 55

And merry England's exiles came,  
To share, with ill-concealed disdain,  
Of Scotland's pay the scanty gain.

All brave in arms, well trained to wield  
The heavy halberd, brand, and shield; 60

In camps licentious, wild, and bold;  
In pillage fierce and uncontrolled;

<sup>1</sup> gyve, fetter. <sup>2</sup> Trims, smooths. <sup>3</sup> Court of Guard, the quarters of the soldiers.

<sup>4</sup> harness, armor. <sup>5</sup> Fleming, a native of the fertile country of Flanders, who despised the stony soil of Scotland.



And now, by holytide<sup>6</sup> and feast,  
From rules of discipline released.

## IV

They held debate of bloody fray, <sup>65</sup>  
Fought 'twixt Loch Katrine and Achray.  
Fierce was their speech, and, mid their  
words,

Their hands oft grappled to their  
swords;

Nor sunk their tone to spare the ear  
Of wounded comrades groaning near, <sup>70</sup>  
Whose mangled limbs, and bodies  
gored,

Bore token of the mountain sword,  
Though, neighboring to the Court of  
Guard,

Their prayers and feverish wails were  
heard;

Sad burden<sup>7</sup> to the ruffian joke, <sup>75</sup>  
And savage oath by fury spoke!—

At length up-started John of Brent,  
A yeoman from the banks of Trent;<sup>8</sup>

A stranger to respect or fear,  
In peace a chaser of the deer, <sup>80</sup>

In host a hardy mutineer,  
But still the boldest of the crew,  
When deed of danger was to do.

He grieved, that day, their games cut  
short, <sup>84</sup>

And marred the dicer's brawling sport,  
And shouted loud, "Renew the bowl!

And, while a merry catch I troll,<sup>9</sup>  
Let each the buxom chorus bear,

Like brethren of the brand and spear."

## V

## SOLDIER'S SONG

Our vicar still preaches that Peter and  
Poule<sup>10</sup> <sup>90</sup>

Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny  
brown bowl,

That there's wrath and despair in the  
jolly black-jack,<sup>11</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *holytide*, the holiday declared for the sports in Canto Fifth.

<sup>7</sup> *burden*, refrain or chorus.

<sup>8</sup> *Trent*, a river in eastern England.

<sup>9</sup> *catch I troll*, song I sing.

<sup>10</sup> *Poule*, Paul.

<sup>11</sup> *black-jack*, a vessel for beer, ale, etc.

And the seven deadly sins in a flagon of  
sack;<sup>12</sup>

Yet whoop, Barnaby! off with thy  
liquor,

Drink upsees out,<sup>13</sup> and a fig for the  
vicar! <sup>95</sup>

Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip  
The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear  
lip,

Says that Beelzebub lurks in her ker-  
chief so sly,

And Apollyon<sup>14</sup> shoots darts from her  
merry black eye;

Yet whoop, Jack! kiss Gillian<sup>15</sup> the  
quicker, <sup>100</sup>

Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for  
the vicar!

Our vicar thus preaches—and why  
should he not?

For the dues of his cure<sup>16</sup> are the placket  
and pot;<sup>17</sup>

And 'tis right of his office poor laymen  
to lurch,<sup>18</sup>

Who infringe the domains of our good  
Mother Church. <sup>105</sup>

Yet whoop, bully-boys! off with your  
liquor,

Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig  
for the vicar!

## VI

The warder's challenge, heard without,  
Stayed in mid-roar the merry shout.

A soldier to the portal went— <sup>110</sup>  
"Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent;

And—beat for jubilee the drum!  
A maid and minstrel with him come."

Bertram, a Fleming, gray and scarred,  
Was entering now the Court of Guard,

A harper with him, and in plaid <sup>116</sup>  
All muffled close, a mountain maid,

Who backward shrunk, to 'scape the  
view

<sup>12</sup> *sack*, strong white wine. <sup>13</sup> *upsees out*, to the bottom of the tankard.

<sup>14</sup> *Apollyon*, in *The Pilgrim's Progress*, a fiend armed with fiery darts whom Christian overcomes. <sup>15</sup> *Gillian*, Jill. <sup>16</sup> *cure*, parish.

<sup>17</sup> *placket and pot*, women and wine.

<sup>18</sup> *lurch*, swindle.

Of the loose scene and boisterous crew.  
 "What news?" they roared. "I only  
     know, 120  
 From noon till eve we fought with foe,  
 As wild and as untamable  
 As the rude mountains where they  
     dwell;  
 On both sides store of blood is lost,  
 Nor much success can either boast." 125  
 "But whence thy captives, friend? Such  
     spoil  
 As theirs must needs reward thy toil.  
 Old dost thou wax, and wars grow  
     sharp;  
 Thou now hast glee-maiden<sup>19</sup> and harp!  
 Get thee an ape, and trudge the land, 130  
 The leader of a juggler band."

## VII

"No, comrade; no such fortune mine.  
 After the fight these sought our line,  
 That aged harper and the girl,  
 And, having audience of the Earl, 135  
 Mar bade I should purvey them steed,  
 And bring them hitherward with speed.  
 Forbear your mirth and rude alarm,  
 For none shall do them shame or harm."  
 "Hear ye his boast?" cried John of  
     Brent, 140  
 Ever to strife and jangling bent;  
 "Shall he strike doe beside our lodge,  
 And yet the jealous niggard grudge  
 To pay the forester his fee?  
 I'll have my share, howe'er it be, 145  
 Despite of Moray, Mar, or thee."  
 Bertram his forward step withstood;  
 And, burning in his vengeful mood,  
 Old Allan, though unfit for strife,  
 Laid hand upon his dagger-knife; 150  
 But Ellen boldly stepped between,  
 And dropped at once the tartan  
     screen<sup>20</sup>—  
 So, from his morning cloud, appears  
 The sun of May, through summer tears.  
 The savage soldiery, amazed, 155  
 As on descended angel gazed;

<sup>19</sup> *glee-maiden*, a girl who assisted the medi-  
 eval jugglers and did tumbling and dancing.

<sup>20</sup> *tartan screen*, the tartan shawl drawn  
 close about her face.

Even hardy Brent, abashed and tamed,  
 Stood half admiring, half ashamed.

## VIII

Boldly she spoke, "Soldiers, attend!  
 My father was the soldier's friend; 160  
 Cheered him in camps, in marches led,  
 And with him in the battle bled.  
 Not from the valiant or the strong  
 Should exile's daughter suffer wrong."  
 Answered De Brent, most forward still  
 In every feat or good or ill, 166  
 "I shame me of the part I played;  
 And thou an outlaw's child, poor maid!  
 An outlaw I by forest laws,  
 And merry Needwood<sup>21</sup> knows the  
     cause. 170  
 Poor Rose—if Rose be living now"—  
 He wiped his iron eye and brow—  
 "Must bear such age, I think, as thou.  
 Hear ye, my mates; I go to call  
 The Captain of our watch to hall; 175  
 There lies my halberd on the floor;  
 And he that steps my halberd o'er,  
 To do the maid injurious part,  
 My shaft shall quiver in his heart! 179  
 Beware loose speech, or jesting rough;  
 Ye all know John de Brent. Enough."

## IX

Their Captain came, a gallant young—  
 Of Tullibardine's house<sup>22</sup> he sprung—  
 Nor wore he yet the spurs of knight;  
 Gay was his mien, his humor light, 185  
 And, though by courtesy controlled,  
 Forward his speech, his bearing bold.  
 The high-born maiden ill could brook  
 The scanning of his curious look  
 And dauntless eye; and, yet, in sooth, 190  
 Young Lewis was a generous youth;  
 But Ellen's lovely face and mien,  
 Ill suited to the garb and scene,  
 Might lightly bear construction strange,  
 And give loose fancy scope to range.  
 "Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid!  
 Come ye to seek a champion's aid,

<sup>21</sup> *Needwood*, a royal forest in England.

<sup>22</sup> *Tullibardine's house*, a noble family whose  
 castle was about twenty miles from Stirling.

On palfrey white, with harper hoar,  
 Like errant damosel of yore?  
 Does thy high quest a knight require,  
 Or may the venture suit a squire?" 201  
 Her dark eye flashed—she paused and  
 sighed—  
 "O what have I to do with pride!  
 Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and  
 strife,  
 A suppliant for a father's life, 205  
 I crave an audience of the King.  
 Behold, to back my suit, a ring,  
 The royal pledge of grateful claims,  
 Given by the Monarch to Fitz-James."

## X

The signet-ring young Lewis took, 210  
 With deep respect and altered look;  
 And said, "This ring our duties own;  
 And pardon, if to worth unknown,  
 In semblance mean obscurely veiled,  
 Lady, in aught my folly failed. 215  
 Soon as the day flings wide his gates,  
 The King shall know what suitor waits.  
 Please you, meanwhile, in fitting bower  
 Repose you till his waking hour;  
 Female attendance shall obey 220  
 Your hest, for service or array.  
 Permit I marshal you the way."  
 But, ere she followed, with the grace  
 And open bounty of her race,  
 She bade her slender purse be shared 225  
 Among the soldiers of the guard.  
 The rest with thanks their guerdon<sup>23</sup>

took;

But Brent, with shy and awkward look,  
 On the reluctant maiden's hold  
 Forced bluntly back the proffered gold—  
 "Forgive a haughty English heart, 231  
 And O forget its ruder part!  
 The vacant purse shall be my share,  
 Which in my barret-cap<sup>24</sup> I'll bear,  
 Perchance, in jeopardy of war, 235  
 Where gayer crests may keep afar."  
 With thanks—'twas all she could—the  
 maid  
 His rugged courtesy repaid.

<sup>23</sup> *guerdon*, reward. <sup>24</sup> *barret-cap*, a kind of small cap.

## XI

When Ellen forth with Lewis went,  
 Allan made suit to John of Brent: 240  
 "My lady safe, O let your grace  
 Give me to see my master's face!  
 His minstrel I—to share his doom  
 Bound from the cradle to the tomb.  
 Tenth in descent, since first my sires 245  
 Waked for his noble house their lyres,  
 Nor one of all the race was known  
 But prized its weal<sup>25</sup> above their own.  
 With the Chief's birth begins our care;  
 Our harp must soothe the infant heir, 250  
 Teach the youth tales of fight, and  
 grace

His earliest feat of field or chase;  
 In peace, in war, our rank we keep,  
 We cheer his board, we soothe his sleep,  
 Nor leave him till we pour our verse—  
 A doleful tribute!—o'er his hearse. 256  
 Then let me share his captive lot;  
 It is my right—deny it not!"  
 "Little we reck," said John of Brent,  
 "We Southern men, of long descent; 260  
 Nor wot we how a name—a word—  
 Makes clansmen vassals to a lord;  
 Yet kind my noble landlord's part—  
 God bless the house of Beaudesert!  
 And, but I<sup>26</sup> loved to drive the deer, 265  
 More than to guide the laboring steer,  
 I had not dwelt an outcast here.  
 Come, good old Minstrel, follow me;  
 Thy Lord and Chieftain shalt thou  
 see."

## XII

Then, from a rusted iron hook, 270  
 A bunch of ponderous keys he took,  
 Lighted a torch, and Allan led  
 Through grated arch and passage dread.  
 Portals they passed, where, deep within,  
 Spoke prisoner's moan and fetter's din;  
 Through rugged vaults, where, loosely  
 stored, 276  
 Lay wheel,<sup>27</sup> and ax, and headsman's  
 sword,

<sup>25</sup> *weal*, welfare.

<sup>26</sup> *And, but I*, and if I had not.

<sup>27</sup> *wheel*, an instrument of torture.

And many an hideous engine grim,  
 For wrenching joint and crushing limb,  
 By artist formed who deemed it shame  
 And sin to give their work a name. 281  
 They halted at a low-browed porch,  
 And Brent to Allan gave the torch,  
 While bolt and chain he backward  
 rolled,

And made the bar unhasp its hold. 285  
 They entered—'twas a prison-room  
 Of stern security and gloom,  
 Yet not a dungeon; for the day  
 Through lofty gratings found its way,  
 And rude and antique garniture<sup>28</sup> 290  
 Decked the sad walls and oaken floor,  
 Such as the rugged days of old  
 Deemed fit for captive noble's hold.

"Here," said De Brent, "thou mayst remain

Till the leech<sup>29</sup> visit him again. 295  
 Strict is his charge, the warders tell,  
 To tend the noble prisoner well."  
 Retiring then the bolt he drew,  
 And the lock's murmurs growled anew.  
 Roused at the sound, from lowly bed 300  
 A captive feebly raised his head:  
 The wondering Minstrel looked, and  
 knew—

Not his dear lord, but Roderick Dhu!  
 For, come from where Clan-Alpine  
 fought,

They, erring, deemed the Chief he  
 sought. 305

## XIII

As the tall ship, whose lofty prore<sup>30</sup>  
 Shall never stem the billows more,  
 Deserted by her gallant band,  
 Amid the breakers lies astrand,  
 So, on his couch, lay Roderick Dhu! 310  
 And oft his fevered limbs he threw  
 In toss abrupt, as when her sides  
 Lie rocking in the advancing tides,  
 That shake her frame with ceaseless  
 beat,

Yet cannot heave her from her seat— 315  
 Oh! how unlike her course at sea!  
 Or his free step on hill and lea!

<sup>28</sup> garniture, furnishings. <sup>29</sup> leech, physician.  
<sup>30</sup> prore, prow.

Soon as the Minstrel he could scan,  
 "What of thy lady?—of my clan?—  
 My mother?—Douglas?—tell me all! 320  
 Have they been ruined in my fall?  
 Ah, yes! or wherefore art thou here!  
 Yet speak—speak boldly—do not fear."  
 For Allan, who his mood well knew,  
 Was choked with grief and terror too.  
 "Who fought?—who fled?—Old man,  
 be brief— 326  
 Some might—for they had lost their  
 Chief.

Who basely live?—who bravely died?"  
 "O calm thee, Chief!" the Minstrel  
 cried,

"Ellen is safe";—"For that thank  
 Heaven!" 330

"And hopes are for the Douglas given;  
 The Lady Margaret, too, is well;  
 And, for thy clan—on field or fell,  
 Has never harp of minstrel told,  
 Of combat fought so true and bold. 335  
 Thy stately Pine is yet unbent,  
 Though many a goodly bough is rent."

## XIV

The Chieftain reared his form on high,  
 And fever's fire was in his eye;  
 But ghastly, pale, and livid streaks 340  
 Checkered his swarthy brow and cheeks.  
 "Hark, Minstrel! I have heard thee  
 play,

With measure bold, on festal day,  
 In yon lone isle, . . . again where ne'er  
 Shall harper play, or warrior hear! . . .  
 That stirring air that peals on high, 346  
 O'er Dermid's race our victory.  
 Strike it!—and then—for well thou  
 canst—

Free from thy minstrel spirit glanced,  
 Fling me the picture of the fight, 350  
 When met my clan the Saxon might.  
 I'll listen, till my fancy hears  
 The clang of swords, the crash of spears!  
 These grates, these walls, shall vanish  
 then,

For the fair field of fighting men, 355  
 And my free spirit burst away,  
 As if it soared from battle fray."



### The trembling Bard with awe obeyed

The trembling Bard with awe obeyed—  
 Slow on the harp his hand he laid;  
 But soon remembrance of the sight 360  
 He witnessed from the mountain's  
 height,  
 With what old Bertram told at night,  
 Awakened the full power of song,  
 And bore him in career along;  
 As shallop launched on river's tide, 365  
 That slow and fearful leaves the side,  
 But, when it feels the middle stream,  
 Drives downward swift as lightning's  
 beam.

xv

#### BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE<sup>31</sup>

"The Minstrel came once more to view  
 The eastern ridge of Benvenue, 370  
 For ere he parted, he would say  
 Farewell to lovely Loch Achray—  
 Where shall he find in foreign land  
 So lone a lake, so sweet a strand!

<sup>31</sup> *Beal' an Duine*. "A skirmish actually took place at a pass thus called in the Trosachs, and closed with the remarkable incident mentioned in the text."—SCOTT. It was, however, much later than the reign of James V.

There is no breeze upon the fern, 375  
 Nor ripple on the lake,  
 Upon her eyry nods the erne,<sup>32</sup>  
 The deer has sought the brake;  
 The small birds will not sing aloud,  
 The springing trout lies still, 380  
 So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,  
 That swathes, as with a purple shroud,  
 Benledi's distant hill.  
 Is it the thunder's solemn sound  
 That mutters deep and dread, 385  
 Or echoes from the groaning ground  
 The warrior's measured tread?  
 Is it the lightning's quivering glance  
 That on the thicket streams,  
 Or do they flash on spear and lance 390  
 The sun's retiring beams?  
 I see the dagger-crest of Mar,  
 I see the Moray's silver star,  
 Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,  
 That up the lake comes winding far! 395  
 To hero bouné for battle-strife,  
 Or bard of martial lay,  
 'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,  
 One glance at their array!

## xvi

"Their light-armed archers far and  
 near 400  
 Surveyed the tangled ground,  
 Their center ranks, with pike and  
 spear,  
 A twilight forest frowned,  
 Their barded<sup>33</sup> horsemen, in the rear,  
 The stern battalia<sup>34</sup> crowned. 405  
 No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,  
 Still were the pipe and drum;  
 Save heavy tread, and armor's clang,  
 The sullen march was dumb.  
 There breathed no wind their crests to  
 shake, 410  
 Or wave their flags abroad;  
 Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,  
 That shadowed o'er their road.  
 Their vaward<sup>35</sup> scouts no tidings  
 bring,

Can rouse no lurking foe, 415  
 Nor spy a trace of living thing,  
 Save when they stirred the roe;  
 The host moves, like a deep-sea wave,  
 Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,  
 High-swelling, dark, and slow. 420  
 The lake is passed, and now they gain  
 A narrow and a broken plain,  
 Before the Trosachs' rugged jaws;  
 And here the horse and spearmen pause,  
 While, to explore the dangerous glen, 425  
 Dive through the pass the archer-men.

## xvii

"At once there rose so wild a yell  
 Within that dark and narrow dell,  
 As all the fiends, from heaven that  
 fell,  
 Had pealed the banner-cry of hell! 430  
 Forth from the pass in tumult driv-  
 en,  
 Like chaff before the wind of heaven,  
 The archery appear;  
 For life! for life! their flight they ply—  
 And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,  
 And plaids and bonnets waving high, 436  
 And broadswords flashing to the sky,  
 Are maddening in the rear.  
 Onward they drive, in dreadful race,  
 Pursuers and pursued; 440  
 Before that tide of flight and chase,  
 How shall it keep its rooted place,  
 The spearmen's twilight wood?  
 'Down, down,' cried Mar, 'your lances  
 down!  
 Bear back both friend and foe!' 445  
 Like reeds before the tempest's frown,  
 That serried<sup>36</sup> grove of lances brown  
 At once lay leveled low;  
 And closely shouldering side to side,  
 The bristling ranks the onset bide. 450  
 We'll quell the savage mountaineer,  
 As their Tinchel<sup>37</sup> cows the game!  
 They come as fleet as forest deer;  
 We'll drive them back as tame.'

<sup>32</sup> *erne*, eagle. <sup>33</sup> *barded*, armored. <sup>34</sup> *battalia*,  
 army. <sup>35</sup> *vaward*, advance guard.

<sup>36</sup> *serried*, closely packed.  
<sup>37</sup> *Tinchel*, circle of hunters surrounding a  
 herd of deer and gradually closing in on them.

## XVIII

"Bearing before them, in their course, <sup>455</sup>  
 The relics of the archer force,  
 Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,  
 Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.

Above the tide, each broadsword  
 bright <sup>459</sup>

Was brandishing like beam of light,  
 Each targe was dark below;

And with the ocean's mighty swing,  
 When heaving to the tempest's wing,

They hurled them on the foe.

I heard the lance's shivering crash, <sup>465</sup>

As when the whirlwind rends the ash;

I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,

As if an hundred anvils rang!

But Moray wheeled his rearward rank  
 Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank, <sup>470</sup>

'My banner-man, advance!

I see,' he cried, 'their column shake.

Now gallants! for your ladies' sake,  
 Upon them with the lance!' <sup>474</sup>

The horsemen dashed among the rout,

As deer break through the broom;

Their steeds are stout, their swords are  
 out,

They soon make lightsome room,  
 Clan-Alpine's best are backward

borne— <sup>479</sup>

Where, where was Roderick then!

One blast upon his bugle-horn

Were worth a thousand men.

And reflux through the pass of fear

The battle's tide was poured; <sup>484</sup>

Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,

Vanished the mountain-sword.

As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and  
 steep,

Receives her roaring linn,<sup>38</sup>

As the dark caverns of the deep

Suck the wild whirlpool in, <sup>490</sup>

So did the deep and darksome pass

Devour the battle's mingled mass;

None linger now upon the plain,

Save those who ne'er shall fight  
 again.

## XIX

"Now westward rolls the battle's din, <sup>495</sup>

That deep and doubling<sup>39</sup> pass within.—

Minstrel, away! the work of fate

Is bearing on; its issue wait,

Where the rude Trosachs' dread defile

Opens on Katrine's lake and isle. <sup>500</sup>

Gray Benvenue I soon repassed,

Loch Katrine lay beneath me cast.

The sun is set, the clouds are met,

The lowering scowl of heaven

An inkly hue of livid blue <sup>505</sup>

To the deep lake has given;

Strange gusts of wind from mountain-  
 glen

Swept o'er the lake, then sunk again.

I heeded not the eddying surge, <sup>509</sup>

Mine eye but saw the Trosachs' gorge,

Mine ear but heard that sullen sound

Which like an earthquake shook the  
 ground,

And spoke the stern and desperate strife

That parts not but with parting life,

Seeming, to minstrel ear, to toll <sup>515</sup>

The dirge of many a passing soul.

Nearer it comes—the dim wood glen

The martial flood disgorged again,

But not in mingled tide;

The plaided warriors of the North <sup>520</sup>

High on the mountain thunder forth

And overhang its side;

While by the lake below appears

The dark'ning cloud of Saxon spears.

At weary bay each shattered band, <sup>525</sup>

Eyeing their foemen, sternly stand;

Their banners stream like tattered sail,

That flings its fragments to the gale,

And broken arms and disarray

Marked the fell havoc of the day. <sup>530</sup>

## xx

"Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,

The Saxon stood in sullen trance,

Till Moray pointed with his lance,

And cried—'Behold yon isle! <sup>534</sup>

See! none are left to guard its strand,

But women weak, that wring the hand;

<sup>38</sup> linn, here, waterfall.

<sup>39</sup> doubling, winding.



'Tis there of yore the robber band

Their booty wont to pile.  
My purse, with bonnet-pieces<sup>40</sup> store,  
To him will swim a bow-shot o'er, 540  
And loose a shallop from the shore.  
Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,  
Lords of his mate, and brood, and den.  
Forth from the ranks a spearman  
sprung,

On earth his casque and corselet<sup>41</sup> rung,  
He plunged him in the wave; 546  
All saw the deed—the purpose knew,  
And to their clamors Benvenue

A mingled echo gave;  
The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer,  
The helpless females scream for fear, 551  
And yells for rage the mountaineer.  
'Twas then, as by the outcry riven,  
Poured down at once the lowering  
heaven;

A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine's  
breast, 555

Her billows reared their snowy crest.  
Well for the swimmer swelled they  
high,

To mar the Highland marksman's eye;  
For round him showered, mid rain and  
hail,

The vengeful arrows of the Gael. 560  
In vain—he nears the isle—and lo!  
His hand is on a shallop's bow.  
Just then a flash of lightning came,  
It tinged the waves and strand with  
flame;

I marked Duncraggan's widowed  
dame, 565

Behind an oak I saw her stand,  
A naked dirk gleamed in her hand;  
It darkened—but, amid the moan  
Of waves, I heard a dying groan;  
Another flash!—the spearman floats 570  
A weltering corse beside the boats,  
And the stern matron o'er him stood,  
Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

<sup>40</sup> *bonnet-pieces*, gold coins on which the King's head was represented as wearing a bonnet instead of the usual crown.

<sup>41</sup> *casque and corselet*, helmet and armor.

<sup>42</sup> *Duncraggan's widowed dame*. See Canto Third, stanza xviii, page 327.

## XXI

"'Revenge! revenge!' the Saxons cried;  
The Gaels' exulting shout replied. 575  
Despite the elemental rage,  
Again they hurried to engage;  
But, ere they closed in desperate fight,  
Bloody with spurring came a knight, 579  
Sprung from his horse, and, from a crag,  
Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white  
flag.

Clarion and trumpet by his side  
Rung forth a truce-note high and wide,  
While, in the Monarch's name, afar  
An herald's voice forbade the war, 585  
For Bothwell's lord,<sup>43</sup> and Roderick  
bold,

Were both, he said, in captive hold."  
—But here the lay made sudden stand,  
The harp escaped the Minstrel's hand!—  
Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy 590  
How Roderick brooked his minstrelsy.

At first, the Chieftain, to the chime,  
With lifted hand, kept feeble time;  
That motion ceased—yet feeling strong  
Varied his look as changed the song; 595  
At length, no more his deafened ear  
The minstrel melody can hear;  
His face grows sharp—his hands are  
clenched,

As if some pang his heart-strings  
wrenched;

Set are his teeth, his fading eye 600  
Is sternly fixed on vacancy;  
Thus, motionless, and moanless, drew  
His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu!  
Old Allan-bane looked on aghast, 604  
While grim and still his spirit passed;  
But when he saw that life was fled,  
He poured his wailing o'er the dead.

## XXII

## LAMENT

"And art thou cold and lowly laid,  
Thy foeman's dread, thy people's aid,  
Breadalbane's<sup>44</sup> boast, Clan-Alpine's  
shade! 610

<sup>43</sup> *Bothwell's lord*, the Douglas. <sup>44</sup> *Breadalbane*. See note on line 416, page 314.

For thee shall none a requiem say?  
—For thee—who loved the minstrel's  
lay,

For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,  
The shelter of her exiled line,  
E'en in this prison-house of thine 615  
I'll wail for Alpine's honored Pine!

"What groans shall yonder valleys fill!  
What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill!  
What tears of burning rage shall thrill,  
When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,  
Thy fall before the race was won, 621  
Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun!  
There breathes not clansman of thy line,  
But would have given his life for thine.  
O woe for Alpine's honored Pine! 625

"Sad was thy lot on mortal stage!  
The captive thrush may brook the cage,  
The prisoned eagle dies for rage.  
Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain  
And, when its notes awake again, 630  
Even she,<sup>45</sup> so long beloved in vain,  
Shall with my harp her voice combine,  
And mix her woe and tears with mine,  
To wail Clan-Alpine's honored Pine."

## XXIII

Ellen, the while, with bursting heart,  
Remained in lordly bower apart, 636  
Where played, with many colored  
gleams,  
Through storied pane<sup>46</sup> the rising beams.  
In vain on gilded roof they fell,  
And lightened up a tapestried wall, 640  
And for her use a menial train  
A rich collation<sup>47</sup> spread in vain.  
The banquet proud, the chamber gay,  
Scarce drew one curious glance astray,  
Or if she looked, 'twas but to say, 645  
With better omen dawned the day  
In that lone isle, where waved on high  
The dun-deer's hide for canopy;  
Where oft her noble father shared  
The simple meal her care prepared,  
While Lufra, crouching by her side, 651

<sup>45</sup> *she*, Ellen. <sup>46</sup> *storied pane*, stained-glass windows depicting scenes. <sup>47</sup> *collation*, repast.

Her station claimed with jealous pride,  
And Douglas, bent on woodland game,  
Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Graeme,  
Whose answer, oft at random made, 655  
The wandering of his thoughts betrayed.  
Those who such simple joys have  
known,  
Are taught to prize them when they're  
gone.

But sudden, see, she lifts her head!  
The window seeks with cautious tread.  
What distant music has the power 661  
To win her in this woeful hour!  
'Twas from a turret that o'erhung  
Her latticed bower, the strain was sung.

## XXIV

LAY OF THE IMPRISONED  
HUNTSMAN

"My hawk is tired of perch and hood,<sup>48</sup>  
My idle greyhound loathes his food, 666  
My horse is weary of his stall,  
And I am sick of captive thrall.  
I wish I were as I have been,  
Hunting the hart in forest green, 670  
With bended bow and bloodhound free,  
For that's the life is meet for me.

"I hate to learn the ebb of time,  
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,  
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl, 675  
Inch after inch, along the wall.  
The lark was wont my matins ring,  
The sable rook my vespers sing;  
These towers, although a king's they be,  
Have not a hall of joy for me. 680

"No more at dawning morn I rise,  
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,  
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,  
And homeward wend with evening  
dew;  
A blithesome welcome blithely meet, 685  
And lay my trophies at her feet,  
While fled the eve on wing of glee—  
That life is lost to love and me!"

<sup>48</sup> *perch and hood*. Hawks, when not being flown, were hooded and chained to a perch.

## xxv

The heartsick lay was hardly said,  
 The list'ner had not turned her head, 690  
 It trickled still, the starting tear,  
 When light a footstep struck her ear,  
 And Snowdown's graceful knight was  
 near.

She turned the hastier, lest again  
 The prisoner should renew his strain. 695  
 "O welcome, brave Fitz-James!" she  
 said;

"How may an almost orphan maid  
 Pay the deep debt?"—"O say not so!  
 To me no gratitude you owe.  
 Not mine, alas! the boon to give, 700  
 And bid thy noble father live;  
 I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,  
 With Scotland's king thy suit to aid.  
 No tyrant he, though ire and pride  
 May lay his better mood aside. 705  
 Come, Ellen, come! 'tis more than time,  
 He holds his court at morning prime."  
 With beating heart, and bosom wrung,  
 As to a brother's arm she clung.  
 Gently he dried the falling tear, 710  
 And gently whispered hope and cheer;  
 Her faltering steps, half led, half  
 stayed,<sup>49</sup>  
 Through gallery fair, and high arcade,  
 Till, at his touch, its wings of pride  
 A portal arch unfolded wide. 715

## xxvi

Within 'twas brilliant all and light,  
 A thronging scene of figures bright;  
 It glowed on Ellen's dazzled sight,  
 As when the setting sun has given  
 Ten thousand hues to summer even, 720  
 And from their tissue, fancy frames  
 Aërial knights and fairy dames.  
 Still by Fitz-James her footing stayed;  
 A few faint steps she forward made, 724  
 Then slow her drooping head she raised,  
 And fearful round the presence gazed;  
 For him she sought, who owned this  
 state,  
 The dreaded Prince whose will was  
 fatal—

<sup>49</sup> stayed, supported.

She gazed on many a princely port,  
 Might well have ruled a royal court; 730  
 On many a splendid garb she gazed—  
 Then turned bewildered and amazed,  
 For all stood bare; and, in the room,  
 Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.  
 To him each lady's look was lent; 735  
 On him each courtier's eye was bent;  
 Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,  
 He stood, in simple Lincoln green,  
 The center of the glittering ring—  
 And Snowdown's Knight is Scotland's  
 King. 740

## xxvii

As wreath of snow, on mountain-breast,  
 Slides from the rock that gave it rest,  
 Poor Ellen glided from her stay,  
 And at the Monarch's feet she lay;  
 No word her choking voice com-  
 mands— 745  
 She showed the ring—she clasped her  
 hands.  
 Oh! not a moment could he brook,  
 The generous Prince, that suppliant  
 look!  
 Gently he raised her—and, the while, 749  
 Checked with a glance the circle's smile;  
 Graceful, but grave, her brow he kissed,  
 And bade her terrors be dismissed:  
 "Yes, Fair; the wandering poor Fitz-  
 James  
 The fealty of Scotland claims.  
 To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring; 755  
 He will redeem his signet-ring.  
 Ask naught for Douglas; yester even  
 His Prince and he have much for-  
 given.  
 Wrong hath he had from slanderous  
 tongue,  
 I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong. 760  
 We could not, to the vulgar crowd,  
 Yield what they craved with clamor  
 loud;  
 Calmly we heard and judged his cause,  
 Our council aided, and our laws. 764  
 I stanch'd thy father's death-feud stern,  
 With stout De Vaux and Gray Glen-  
 cairn;



Her faltering steps, half led, half stayed

And Bothwell's lord henceforth we  
own

The friend and bulwark of our throne.  
But, lovely infidel,<sup>50</sup> how now?  
What clouds thy misbelieving brow? 770  
Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid;  
Thou must confirm this doubting  
maid."

<sup>50</sup> *infidel*, unbeliever.

XXVIII

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,  
And on his neck his daughter hung. 774  
The Monarch drank, that happy hour,  
The sweetest, holiest draft of Power—  
When it can say, with godlike voice,  
Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice!  
Yet would not James the general eye  
On Nature's raptures long should pry;

He stepped between—"Nay, Douglas,  
 nay, 781  
 Steal not my proselyte away!  
 The riddle 'tis my right to read,  
 That brought this happy chance to  
 speed.

—Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray 785  
 In life's more low but happier way,  
 'Tis under name which veils my power  
 Nor falsely veils—for Stirling's tower  
 Of yore the name of Snowdown claims,  
 And Normans call me James Fitz-James.  
 Thus watch I o'er insulted laws, 791  
 Thus learn to right the injured cause."  
 Then, in a tone apart and low—  
 "Ah, little traitress! none must know  
 What idle dream, what lighter thought,  
 What vanity full dearly bought, 796  
 Joined to thine eye's dark witchcraft,  
 drew

My spell-bound steps to Benvenue,  
 In dangerous hour, and all but gave  
 Thy Monarch's life to mountain glaive!"  
 Aloud he spoke, "Thou still dost hold 801  
 That little talisman of gold,  
 Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring—  
 What seeks fair Ellen of the King?" 804

## XXIX

Full well the conscious maiden guessed  
 He probed the weakness of her breast;  
 But, with that consciousness, there came  
 A lightening of her fears for Graeme,  
 And more she deemed the Monarch's  
 ire 809  
 Kindled 'gainst him who, for her sire,  
 Rebellious broadsword boldly drew;  
 And, to her generous feeling true,  
 She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu.  
 "Forbear thy suit—the King of kings  
 Alone can stay life's parting wings. 815  
 I know his heart, I know his hand,  
 Have shared his cheer, and proved his  
 brand—

My fairest earldom would I give  
 To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live!—  
 Hast thou no other boon to crave? 820  
 No other captive friend to save?"  
 Blushing, she turned her from the King,  
 And to the Douglas gave the ring,

As if she wished her sire to speak 824  
 The suit that stained her glowing cheek.  
 "Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,  
 And stubborn justice holds her course.  
 Malcolm, come forth!"—and, at the  
 word,

Down kneeled the Graeme to Scotland's  
 lord.

"For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,  
 From thee may Vengeance claim her  
 dues, 831

Who, nurtured underneath our smile,  
 Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,  
 And sought, amid thy faithful clan,  
 A refuge for an outlawed man, 835  
 Dishonoring thus thy loyal name—  
 Fetters and warder for the Graeme!"  
 His chain of gold the King unstrung,  
 The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,  
 Then gently drew the glittering band,  
 And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand. 841

Harp of the North, farewell! The hills  
 grow dark,  
 On purple peaks a deeper shade de-  
 scending;

In twilight copse the glowworm lights  
 her spark,

The deer, half-seen, are to the covert  
 wending. 845

Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain  
 lending,

And the wild breeze, thy wilder min-  
 strelsy;

Thy numbers sweet with Nature's ves-  
 pers blending,

With distant echo from the fold and  
 lea,

And herdboy's evening pipe, and hum  
 of housing bee. 850

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel  
 harp!

Yet, once again, forgive my feeble  
 sway,

And little reck I of the censure sharp  
 May idly cavil at an idle lay.

Much have I owed thy strains on life's  
 long way, 855

Through secret woes the world has  
 never known,  
 When on the weary night dawned wear-  
 ier day,  
 And bitterer was the grief devoured  
 alone.  
 That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress!  
 is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow  
 retire, 860  
 Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy  
 string!

'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of  
 fire,  
 'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic  
 wing.  
 Receding now, the dying numbers ring  
 Fainter and fainter down the rugged  
 dell, 865  
 And now the mountain breezes scarcely  
 bring  
 A wandering witch-note of the dis-  
 tant spell—  
 And now, 'tis silent all!—Enchantress,  
 fare thee well!

### STUDY AIDS FOR CANTO SIXTH

*The Story.* In addition to answering these questions, be prepared to ask three others for your classmates to answer. How do Ellen and Allan-bane happen to come to Stirling? Why is Allan-bane shown into the cell of Roderick Dhu? What is to you the most exciting part of the Battle of Beal' an Duine? What is Ellen's greatest surprise in the presence-chamber of the King? How early do you guess Fitz-James's identity?

*The Characters.* What new facts do you learn of the life of Allan-bane? Where in this canto do you admire Roderick Dhu most? Fitz-James? Ellen?

*Songs.* Two of the songs, "Lament" (stanza xxii) and "Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman" (stanza xxiv), may be compared. Which expresses the deeper, truer feeling? Which has the more picturesque expressions? Read parts to support your answers.

### A BACKWARD GLANCE

*The Poem as a Whole.* 1. Two elements of interest run through the plot of this poem, conflict and mystery. (a) **CONFLICT.** What do you think is the most dramatic struggle running through the plot? Who are the chief persons in it? What are the main events? What part of the struggle was to you most thrilling? What other conflicts were of interest to you? (b) **MYSTERY.** Make a list of the cases of concealed identity in the poem. What are the hints in each case by which the poet keeps the reader guessing about the identity? Where, in each case, is the identity made clear? Which is the most dramatic revelation of all?

2. Make a list of the important characters. (a) Describe, for each one, a scene in which you liked him or her most. The choices of the class may lead to an informal debate. (b) The two chief contenders for the hand of Ellen are Roderick Dhu and Malcolm Graeme. Which of them is the

more prominent in the story? Why does Scott bring him into so many of the scenes?

3. Highland scenery and customs are interestingly presented throughout the poem. (a) Which stanzas best reveal the loveliness of the scenery? Its wildness? Which description of the scenery do you like best? (b) Explain the beliefs and customs connected with the Fiery Cross, the Highland minstrel, Highland hospitality. Be prepared to give a talk of four or five minutes upon one of the following topics: the Highland Clan, Highland raids and the reasons for them, Highland dress and tartans, Highland superstitions.

*The Metrical Romance.* Poems are often divided into classes, or "types," according to their themes or kinds of treatment. Earlier in this book you read a selection from Homer's *Odyssey*, the famous epic of ancient Greece; later, you became acquainted with a group of folk ballads,

and other brief story-poems of more recent times.

In some ways *The Lady of the Lake* resembles both a ballad and an epic. Like the ballad, Scott's poem tells a simple, straightforward story. It is, however, much too long to be classed as a ballad. In another respect *The Lady of the Lake* is like an epic: it makes use of the legends of a past age, grouping many of these about a famous national character. Yet this poem cannot be called an epic, because King James, though a national figure, is not, like Ulysses, a hero around whom national ideals and legends are centered. Besides, one of the chief elements in Scott's poem is the love of Ellen and Malcolm, and the great epics do not dwell on love stories.

From the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries many poets in every civilized country wrote long romances in verse, which have been called Metrical Romances. The most famous of these centered around King Arthur of England, and the adventures of his heroic knights. *The Lady of the Lake* may be grouped with these old metrical romances. It, too, is filled with legends of adventure, even though medieval knights do not ride through its pages.

The meter of a poem is in keeping with the mood or spirit of its story. In which poem, the epic or this metrical romance, does the meter add dignity and stateliness to the story? In which one does the meter hurry the reader from one event to the next?

## A READING LIST

### I. BACKGROUND

Lockhart, John Gibson, *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott*. Chapters xix and xx of this famous biography tell of the writing and publication of *The Lady of the Lake*.

Scott, Sir Walter, *Tales of a Grandfather*. Chapters xxvi-xxviii cover very interestingly the reign of James V.

Stevenson, Robert Louis, *Kidnapped*. Chapters xv, xvi, xix, xxi, xxiii, xxv give instances of Highland hospitality that offer an interesting comparison with Canto Fourth of *The Lady of the Lake*.

### II. SCOTT'S POEMS

*Marmion*. In reading this stirring poem, omit the introduction to each canto. Canto Sixth is considered the most spirited of all Scott's poetic writings. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Some students find it a little hard to follow the story. Canto Second and Canto Fourth, however, are very famous.

### III. SCOTT'S PROSE ROMANCES

Three of Scott's novels are particularly interesting to readers of *The Lady of the Lake*: *The Abbott*, which introduces Mary Queen of Scots, the daughter of James V; *Rob Roy*, which recounts many Highland exploits that took place in the Loch Lomond

region; and *Waverley*, which, in Evan Dhu, gives you a memorable portrait of a true Scot.

### IV. STORIES OF SCOTLAND

Adams, Katharine, *Thistle Inn*. A Scotch lassie carries messages through the Highlands for "Bonnie Prince Charlie" (Charles II of England).

Atkinson, Eleanor, *Greyfriars Bobby*. This is the story of a Scotch terrier, but Auld Jock, his master, is equally worth meeting.

Barrie, Sir James M., *The Little Minister*. A famous novel about the Scotch of our own day.

Broster, Dorothy Kathleen, *Flight of the Heron* and *Gleam of the North*. Both these books tell of the romantic days when "Bonnie Prince Charlie" tried to get back his kingdom.

Gray, Elizabeth J., *Meggy MacIntosh*. This is about Highland clansmen who fought in our own Revolution.

Lang, Andrew, *Tartan Tales*. A famous Scotsman relates some fascinating stories about events in Scotch history.

Marshall, Henrietta Elizabeth, *Scotland's Story*. This book includes both Scottish legends and tales of real heroes.

Porter, Jane, *Scottish Chiefs*. If you haven't already read this universal favorite, you will thrill with the heroism of William Wallace and Robert Bruce.



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## UNIT VIII

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# History Told through Drama

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### SHAKESPEARE'S *JULIUS CAESAR*

#### AN INTRODUCTION

If you are to understand and enjoy Shakespeare's great play about Julius Caesar, you will need to know something about Roman life in the days of the famous emperor. Let us step back for a few moments into that early time and follow the career of Lucius Sergius Marcus. His name is nowhere recorded in history, but the story of his life will show how the days passed with a Roman citizen of humble rank.

Marcus was born near Rome, in 80 B.C. His father's little farm was surrounded by the large estates of rich "patrician" (high-born) Roman families. Marcus's chief playmate was the son of an overseer who directed the labor of slaves on one of these estates.

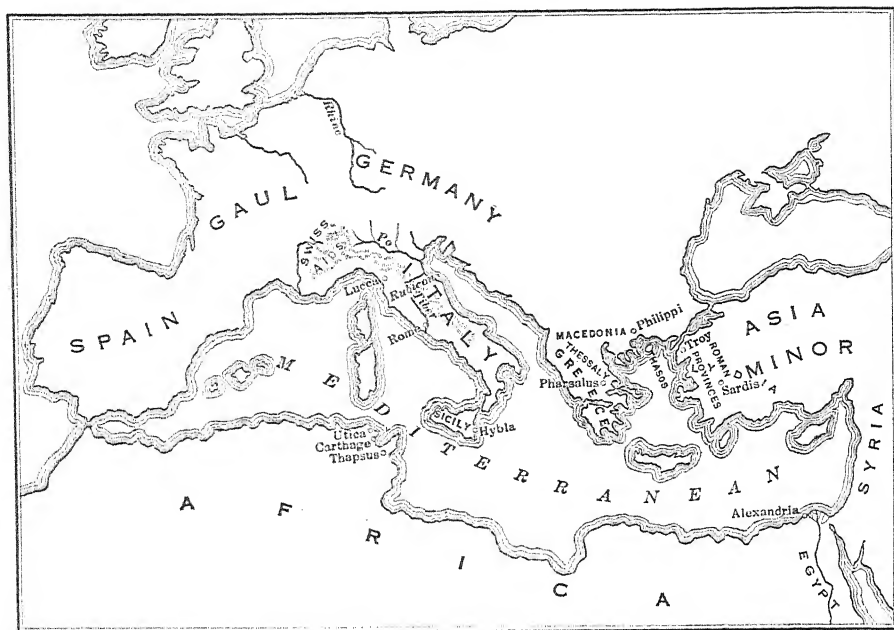
While Marcus was still in his cradle, a famous Roman general named Sulla returned with his victorious armies from Asia Minor (see map on page 374) and overthrew the government at Rome. To understand his action we must know something about the Roman government. In the early days, long before the time of Sulla, the city had been ruled by a succession of kings who became very oppressive. About four hundred years before the birth of Marcus the people, under the leadership of Lucius Junius Brutus, rose up against one of these harsh kings and banished him from the city. To carry on the government an assembly of the people each year elected two officers called "consuls," who held

office for one year only. There was also a senate made up of life members, chiefly from among the patricians. They were so powerful that the consuls nearly always followed their wishes.

As time went on, the senators became more and more selfish, until the common people, or "plebeians," as they were called, rose up against them. While Sulla, a patrician general, was fighting in Asia Minor, they overthrew the senate and placed one of the consuls in charge of the government. But soon after this event Sulla returned to Rome with his army. Very quickly he overthrew the common people and made the senate more powerful than ever.

Marcus's father had a hard struggle to make a living on his little farm. At times he had to borrow money, until he was heavily in debt. His difficulties were increased when Marcus, his only son, was forced to enter the army and was sent into northern Italy.

Marcus was greatly surprised by life in the army. He had pictured the officers as very stern; but his captain spent most of his time in gambling, and the soldiers idled away a good part of each day. In March, 58 B.C., a new leader named Julius Caesar came to take charge. He made a very pleasing impression. From the gossip of the camp Marcus learned that Caesar, although a patrician, had always been on the side of the common people. The year before he



MAP OF THE ROMAN TERRITORY

had been a consul and had passed many laws to help the plebeians.

Marcus learned further that, instead of the senate, the real rulers of Rome were now three men: Crassus, the richest man in Rome; Pompey, a great general; and Caesar. These men had agreed that for five years Caesar should be governor of Gaul, a large part of which was in the region now known as France. Hardly had Caesar started for his new province when he had to defend his country from invasion by Swiss and German tribes. Marcus was amazed at the skill with which his leader won victory after victory. In one of these battles Marcus saved Caesar's life by stopping a German spear with his own shield. For this brave act Caesar made him a member of his personal bodyguard.

One of the most striking scenes that Marcus ever saw was in 55 B.C. at Lucca, in northern Italy. There Caesar enter-

tained Pompey and Crassus with a magnificent display that showed how great a fortune he had gained from his conquered provinces in Gaul. The three leaders agreed that Caesar should hold his governorship of Gaul for another five years, that Pompey should govern Spain, and that Crassus should rule the Roman provinces in the East.

Marcus believed that Caesar had completely conquered the Gauls and Germans, but no sooner was the conference at Lucca ended than the great commander had to hurry back to Gaul. For nearly five years more he put down revolt after revolt with remarkable energy and skill. By 50 B.C. his reckless courage and the speed of his operations had enabled him to subdue Gaul completely. Traders moved freely throughout the region, and immense sums in taxes flowed into Caesar's chests and the Roman treasury.

Caesar's great success and fame brought him into a new danger. For Pompey now turned against him and sided with the senate, which ordered Caesar to resign from his command of the army. Caesar had expected his enemies would take this step, and to protect himself had caused two of his supporters—his own nephew, Mark Antony, and another trusted friend—to be elected "tribunes." Tribunes were officers whose duty had been to protect the common people against any abuse by the patricians. They had a right to veto any law. When the senate voted that Caesar was a public enemy because he refused to give up his command of the army, the tribunes vetoed this action. To escape the anger of the patricians they were forced to flee for safety to Caesar's camp.

Marcus long remembered the evening on which, as a guard, he stood outside the door and heard Mark Antony report to Caesar the events that had just happened in Rome. At that time Caesar and his army were in northern Italy. When the great general learned that the senate and their patrician supporters were planning to destroy him, and to oppress the common people, he decided to overthrow their power. He therefore called upon his loyal soldiers to follow him against Pompey, Sulla, and the senatorial army. At once they set out for Rome and quickly gained control not only of the capital city but of all Italy. At this time part of Pompey's army was in Spain, but Pompey fled to Greece with most of his followers.

Marcus had always believed strongly in the old Roman government and had thought nothing ought to be changed in it. Only his great love for his leader caused him to approve of Caesar's appointing his own friends to rule in

Rome when he led his army into Spain against Pompey's forces. But after Caesar's victorious campaign there, Marcus was overjoyed to see his beloved commander elected "dictator" by the popular assembly, an office which gave him unlimited powers.

In 48 B.C. Caesar led his army in battle against Pompey in Greece, and there completely overwhelmed the senatorial army. Pompey fled to Egypt. Then followed a succession of rapid victories for Caesar. First, he pursued his enemy into Egypt, where Pompey met a sudden death. After that the conqueror hastened into Asia and overcame the patrician forces there in a single battle. Then he returned unexpectedly to Rome and used his powers as dictator to raise money, pass some important bills, and appoint the necessary judges and other officers. Three months later he attacked the last stronghold of the senatorial party in northern Africa, completely destroying the armies that opposed him.

The proudest moment of Marcus's life was during the "triumph" that followed Caesar's return to Rome. The procession of chariots, the rich display of spoils from Gaul, from the East, from Africa, fairly dazzled the Roman people, who shouted themselves hoarse with enthusiasm. Caesar now began to reform the government, but his work was interrupted by an uprising in Spain, led by the eldest son of Pompey. When Caesar led his army into Spain, and overthrew his enemies there, he became at last undisputed master of the whole Roman world.

Marcus now took part in another triumph, in which all Rome gave honor to Caesar. He had already been made emperor for life, a title that gave him command over all Roman territory.



TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION OF CAESAR

Now he was made dictator for life, money was coined showing the image of his head, and his statue was added to those of the seven kings of early Rome that stood in the Capitol.

Yet, to Marcus the government did not seem greatly changed from that of his father's time. The senate still met, though it no longer controlled the raising and spending of money, for Caesar kept that power in his own hands. But it still discussed public matters and gave

advice. To be sure, many of the old senators had died fighting in Pompey's armies, and Caesar had filled their places with men who were friendly to him. Yet the emperor had tried to see that all the different classes of citizens were represented in the government. Caesar's actions caused a good deal of grumbling among the patricians, but Marcus was glad that the senate had been forced to give way to Caesar.

The common people still met in their

assembly to pass laws and elect officers. At first it seemed to Marcus quite natural that the people should enthusiastically support Caesar, since he had supported the popular party against the senate for thirty years. But after a while Marcus began to see that the tribunes represented Caesar more than they did the people. The plebeians seemed to care very little about voting. Many of them, like Marcus himself, were former soldiers who now had no way of earning a living. The only reason they could stay in Rome was that the government gave them wheat and barley. Rich office-seekers found it easy to win enough votes to gain an election. They would secure the favor of these poor voters by providing free games and contests.

Caesar saw the danger in such a mob of idle voters, crowded together in Rome. He therefore settled many of his old soldiers on farms in Italy or in the provinces. He also tried to keep the governors and other officers of the provinces from plundering the people there.

Many Romans, as Marcus learned, wanted to give Caesar the title of king, but he would not accept this honor, for he knew how bitterly the people hated the memory of the old kings. He preferred to keep most of the forms of government that had grown up in the four centuries of the Roman republic. For the year 44 B.C. Caesar was elected consul, along with Mark Antony.

Caesar now felt himself so secure in his power that he no longer needed the protection of a bodyguard. He therefore provided land for each of his guards. To Marcus he gave a farm in the new province beyond the Po River.

On his way from Rome to his new home, Marcus visited the region he had left when he entered the army, some

fifteen years earlier. No trace of his father or his father's home was left. After a long search, however, Marcus found his boyhood playmate, the son of the overseer. His friend was now himself an overseer and had become a strong supporter of the patricians. He told how the farm that Marcus had lived on had been sold to pay the debts, and how the old father had gone to Rome, where he had died among some relatives.

Marcus fell into a heated argument with his former playmate, who began to say bitter things against Caesar.

"But you must admit that Caesar rules the country wisely," said Marcus.

"Not for a moment!" cried the overseer. "Caesar is ruining the country. There is no future ahead of a man today. In the old times he could get some office in a Roman province and soon come home a rich man. Now he can hardly get enough from an office to make it worth while. No, we've had too much of this one-man rule! Times were much better when the senate and the patricians ruled Rome!"

"But were the poor people better off in those days?" asked Marcus.

"Oh, the plebeian rabble!" exclaimed the other. "What rights have they?"

With this dispute fresh in mind, Marcus went on his way to his farm. But hardly had he reached it when the frightful news came to him that the kind master of fifteen years, the victorious general, and the wise ruler, had been assassinated by a band of his political enemies.

\* \* \*

How Caesar met his tragic death and how the band of assassins met their own fate, you will now learn from reading Shakespeare's famous play—*Julius Caesar*.

# JULIUS CAESAR

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

DRAMATIS PERSONAE<sup>1</sup>

JULIUS CAESAR	
OCTAVIUS CAESAR	
MARCUS ANTONIUS	} <i>triumvirs<sup>2</sup> after the death of Julius Caesar</i>
M. AEMILIUS LEPIDUS	
CICERO	
PUBLIUS	} <i>senators</i>
POPILIUS LENA	
MARCUS BRUTUS	
CASSIUS	} <i>conspirators against Julius Caesar</i>
CASCA	
TREBONIUS	
LIGARIUS	
DECIUS BRUTUS	
METELLUS CIMBER	
CINNA	
FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, tribunes	
ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, a teacher of rhetoric <sup>3</sup>	
A Soothsayer <sup>4</sup>	
CINNA, a poet	
Another poet	
LUCILIUS	} <i>friends to Brutus and Cassius</i>
TITINIUS	
MESSALA	
YOUNG CATO	
VOLUMNIUS	
VARRO	} <i>servants to Brutus</i>
CLITUS	
CLAUDIUS	
STRATO	
LUCIUS	
DARDANIUS	
PINDARUS, servant to Cassius	

CALPURNIA, wife to Caesar

PORTIA, wife to Brutus

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

SCENE: Rome; the neighborhood of Sardis;<sup>5</sup> the neighborhood of Philippi<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Dramatis Personae*, the persons in the drama.

<sup>2</sup> *triumvirs*, three men who have control of the government.

<sup>3</sup> *rhetoric*, the art of speaking and writing well.

<sup>4</sup> *Soothsayer*, one who can tell what will happen in the future. In Caesar's day the soothsayer's powers were widely believed in.

<sup>5</sup> *Sardis*, the capital of Lydia in Asia Minor. <sup>6</sup> *Philippi*, a city in Macedonia, Greece, now in ruins.

## ACT FIRST

SCENE I. *Rome. A street*

[This first scene strikes the keynote of the play. The tribunes, Flavius and Marullus, who are officers supposed to look out for the interests of the common people, or "commoners," in this scene are false to their duties and talk in favor of the senate and the dead Pompey. The mob, of whom only two speak, are excited over the prospect of a show of some kind at Caesar's "triumph." They are not important enough individually to be named, but collectively they can determine the future, because he who is popular with the "commoners" can rule Rome. Caesar, we here see, has won them completely.]

Caesar has just returned from Spain, where he defeated the last army of his opponents, led by Pompey's sons. He is at the height of his power. Nevertheless, some of the Roman citizens resent the celebration of a victory over Roman blood.]

*Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain commoners*

FLAVIUS. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home.  
Is this a holiday? What! know you not, Being mechanical,<sup>1</sup> you ought not walk Upon a laboring day without the sign Of your profession?<sup>2</sup> Speak, what trade art thou? 5

FIRST COMMONER. Why, sir, a carpenter.

MARULLUS. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?  
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?

You, sir, what trade are you?

SECOND COMMONER. Truly, sir, in respect of<sup>3</sup> a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.<sup>4</sup> 12

MARULLUS. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

SECOND COMMONER. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

MARULLUS. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

SECOND COMMONER. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out<sup>5</sup> with me; yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you. 21

MARULLUS. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

SECOND COMMONER. Why, sir, cobble you.

FLAVIUS. Thou art a cobbler, art thou? 25

SECOND COMMONER. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl; I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper<sup>6</sup> men as ever trod upon neat's leather<sup>7</sup> have gone upon my handiwork.

FLAVIUS. But wherefore art not in thy shop today? 35  
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

SECOND COMMONER. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Caesar and to rejoice in his triumph.<sup>8</sup> 41

MARULLUS. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?  
What tributaries<sup>9</sup> follow him to Rome, To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things! 45

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,

<sup>1</sup> *mechanical*, working-men. <sup>2</sup> *sign of your profession*, the tools used or the ordinary clothing worn in your trade.

<sup>3</sup> *in respect of*, in comparison with. <sup>4</sup> *cobbler*. In Shakespeare's time the word referred to any kind of bungling worker.

<sup>5</sup> *be not out*, do not be out of temper. Note the play upon the two meanings of "out."  
<sup>6</sup> *proper*, fine, handsome. <sup>7</sup> *neat's leather*, ox-hide, shoe-leather.

<sup>8</sup> *triumph*. See pages 375-376. <sup>9</sup> *tributaries*, conquered rulers.



Knew you not Pompey?<sup>10</sup> Many a time  
and oft  
Have you climbed up to walls and bat-  
tlements,  
To towers and windows, yea, to chim-  
ney-tops,  
Your infants in your arms, and there  
have sat 50  
The livelong day, with patient expecta-  
tion,  
To see great Pompey pass the streets of  
Rome;  
And when you saw his chariot but ap-  
pear,  
Have you not made an universal shout,  
That Tiber<sup>11</sup> trembled underneath her  
banks, 55  
To hear the replication<sup>12</sup> of your sounds  
Made in her concave shores?  
And do you now put on your best at-  
tire?  
And do you now cull out<sup>13</sup> a holiday?  
And do you now strew flowers in his  
way 60  
That comes in triumph over Pompey's  
blood?<sup>14</sup>  
Be gone!  
Run to your houses, fall upon your  
knees,  
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague<sup>15</sup>  
That needs must light on this ingrati-  
tude. 65  
FLAVIUS. Go, go, good countrymen,  
and, for this fault,  
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;  
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep  
your tears  
Into the channel, till the lowest<sup>16</sup> stream  
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.  
[*Exeunt*<sup>17</sup> all the commoners]

<sup>10</sup> *Pompey*, a great general overcome by Caesar some three years before at the battle of Pharsalus, B.C. 48. Pompey was a supporter of the senate. <sup>11</sup> *Tiber*. Rome is on the Tiber River. <sup>12</sup> *replication*, echo. <sup>13</sup> *cull out*, choose.

<sup>14</sup> *Pompey's blood*. Pompey's sons, one of whom had recently been killed. <sup>15</sup> *intermit the plague*, ward off the pestilence.

<sup>16</sup> *till the lowest*, etc., till the lowest level of the water rises to the high-water mark.

<sup>17</sup> *Exeunt*, they go off the stage. The word *Exit* is used to mean "he (or she) goes off the stage."

See, whether their basest metal<sup>18</sup> be not  
moved; 71  
They vanish tongue-tied in their guilti-  
ness.  
Go you down that way toward the Cap-  
itol;  
This way will I; disrobe the images,<sup>19</sup>  
If you do find them decked with cere-  
monies. 75  
MARULLUS. May we do so?  
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.<sup>20</sup>  
FLAVIUS. It is no matter; let no images  
Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll  
about,  
And drive away the vulgar<sup>21</sup> from the  
streets; 80  
So do you too, where you perceive them  
thick.  
These growing feathers plucked from  
Caesar's wing  
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,<sup>22</sup>  
Who else would soar above the view of  
men  
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. 85  
[*Exeunt*]

<sup>18</sup> *metal*, spirit. <sup>19</sup> *disrobe the images*, etc., remove any decorations on the statues of Caesar. <sup>20</sup> *Lupercal*, the Lupercalia, a feast celebrated on February 15, in honor of Lupercus, the god of shepherds. <sup>21</sup> *the vulgar*, the common people.

<sup>22</sup> *pitch*, in falconry, the height to which the falcon flies before swooping on its prey. Plucking feathers from the bird's wings would keep it from flying too high.

## STUDY AIDS

1. Judging from this scene alone, what conflict do you think the play is going to develop? Will the play be tragic or comic?
2. Are your sympathies with the tribunes or with the common people? Why?
3. Do you think the speech of Marullus beginning "Wherefore rejoice?" (line 42) is poetical? Select particular lines that bear out your opinion.
4. Punning is a favorite source of humor in Shakespeare's plays. Point out examples in the cobbler's speeches, lines 14-34.  
*Class Reading or Acting.* The tribunes' rebuke of the commoners (lines 1-70).

SCENE II. *A public place*

[This scene exhibits more definitely the conflict suggested in scene i. We see the power of Caesar recognized in the attempt to crown him king. We see the beginnings of the conspiracy against him and are made to feel that Brutus will be persuaded to head it.]

The scene introduces most of the chief characters and gives the key to their natures. Brutus is a quiet, thoughtful man who takes no part in public matters. Cassius, on the contrary, is an alert, active man, strongly influenced by jealousy. Casca prides himself on his crude bluntness. Caesar has become so accustomed to rule that he takes for granted that his orders will be carried out, yet he apparently has a keen sense of what will please the people. Though his ambition is strong, he tries always to secure popular approval.]

*Flourish.*<sup>1</sup> Enter CAESAR; ANTONY, for the course;<sup>2</sup> CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIVS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a great crowd following, among them a soothsayer.<sup>3</sup>

CAESAR. Calpurnia!

CASCA. Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

CAESAR. Calpurnia!

CALPURNIA. Here, my lord.

CAESAR. Stand you directly in Antonius' way.

When he doth run his course. Antonius!

ANTONY. Caesar, my lord? 5

CAESAR. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,

To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say, The barren, touchèd in this holy chase, Shake off their sterile curse.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Flourish*, a trumpet-peal to announce the approach of distinguished persons. <sup>2</sup> *for the course*, anointed with olive-oil and wearing a girdle of goatskin. At the feast of Lupercal the priests, thus attired, ran around the old city on the Palatine Hill, striking with a white leather thong those whom they met.

<sup>3</sup> *soothsayer*, an official foreteller of events. <sup>4</sup> *sterile curse*, state of being childless. Caesar's only child, his daughter Julia, had died some years before.

ANTONY. I shall remember:

When Caesar says "do this," it is performed. 10

CAESAR. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Flourish*]

SOOTHSAYER. Caesar!

CAESAR. Ha! Who calls?

CASCA. Bid every noise be still; peace yet again!

CAESAR. Who is it in the press that calls on me? 15

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry "Caesar!" Speak; Caesar is turned to hear.

SOOTHSAYER. Beware the ides of March.<sup>5</sup>

CAESAR. What man is that?

BRUTUS. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

CAESAR. Set him before me; let me see his face. 20

CASSIUS. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

CAESAR. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

SOOTHSAYER. Beware the ides of March.

CAESAR. He is a dreamer; let us leave him; pass.

[*Sennet.*<sup>6</sup> *Exeunt all except BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*]

CASSIUS. Will you go see the order of the course? 25

BRUTUS. Not I.

CASSIUS. I pray you, do.

BRUTUS. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part

Of that quick<sup>7</sup> spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;

I'll leave you. 31

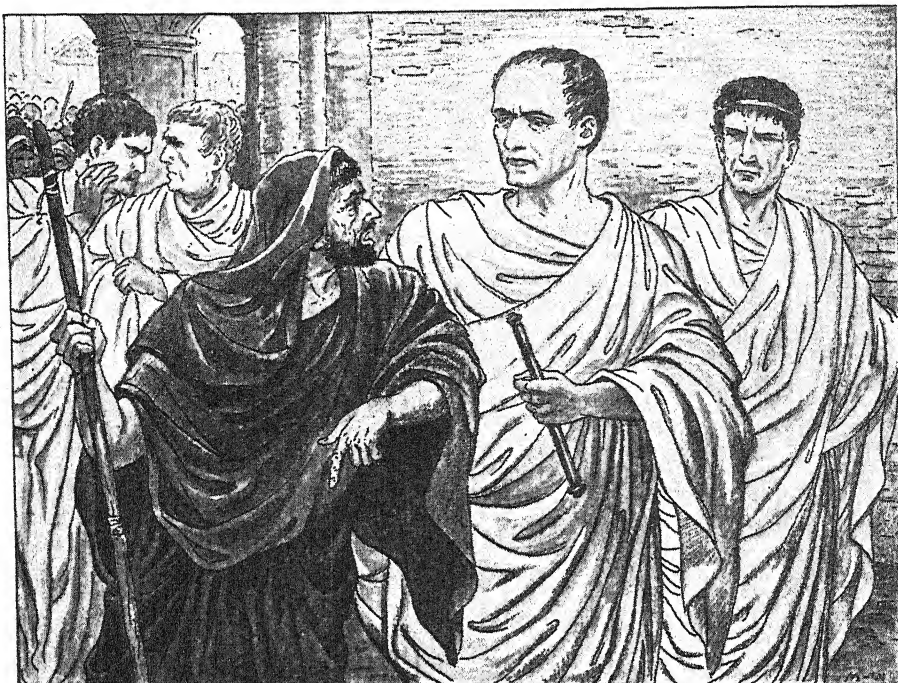
CASSIUS. Brutus, I do observe you now of late—

I have not from your eyes that gentleness

<sup>5</sup> *ides of March*, March 15.

<sup>6</sup> *Sennet*, a set of notes on a trumpet to signal the march of the procession.

<sup>7</sup> *quick*, lively.



## Beware the ides of March

And show<sup>8</sup> of love as<sup>9</sup> I was wont to have;

You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand<sup>10</sup> 35

Over your friend that loves you.

BRUTUS. Cassius,

Be not deceived; if I have veiled my look,

I turn the trouble of my countenance

Merely<sup>11</sup> upon myself. Vexed I am

Of late with passions of some difference,<sup>12</sup> 40

Conceptions only proper to<sup>13</sup> myself,

Which give some soil<sup>14</sup> perhaps to my behaviors;

But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—

<sup>8</sup> show, evidence. <sup>9</sup> as, here used as a relative pronoun, equivalent to our "that."

<sup>10</sup> bear . . . a hand, keep a tight rein on, as a cautious rider might with a strange horse.

<sup>11</sup> Merely, entirely. <sup>12</sup> passions of some difference, contradictory feelings.

<sup>13</sup> only proper to, concerning only.

<sup>14</sup> soil, unpleasantness.

Among which number, Cassius, be you one<sup>15</sup>—

Nor construe any further my neglect, 45  
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,

Forgets the shows of love to other men.

CASSIUS. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;

By means whereof<sup>16</sup> this breast of mine hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations. 50

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRUTUS. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself

But by reflection, by some other things.

CASSIUS. 'Tis just;<sup>17</sup>

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,

<sup>15</sup> be you one, be assured that you are one.

<sup>16</sup> By means whereof, because of which. <sup>17</sup> just, true.

That you have no such mirrors as will  
turn 56

Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
That you might see your shadow.<sup>18</sup> I  
have heard

Where many of the best respect<sup>19</sup> in  
Rome,

Except immortal Caesar,<sup>20</sup> speaking of  
Brutus 60

And groaning underneath this age's  
yoke,

Have wished that noble Brutus had his  
eyes.<sup>21</sup>

BRUTUS. Into what dangers would you  
lead me, Cassius,  
That you would have me seek into my-  
self

For that which is not in me? 65

CASSIUS. Therefore, good Brutus, be  
prepared to hear;

And since you know you cannot see  
yourself

So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
Will modestly<sup>22</sup> discover to yourself  
That of yourself which you yet know  
not of. 70

And be not jealous on<sup>23</sup> me, gentle Bru-  
tus.

Were I a common laughter,<sup>24</sup> or did  
use

To stale<sup>25</sup> with ordinary oaths my love  
To every new protester;<sup>26</sup> if you know

That I do fawn on men and hug them  
hard 75

And after scandal them,<sup>27</sup> or if you  
know

That I profess myself<sup>28</sup> in banqueting  
To all the rout,<sup>29</sup> then hold me danger-  
ous.

[*Flourish and shout*]

<sup>18</sup> shadow, reflection. <sup>19</sup> best respect, most highly esteemed. <sup>20</sup> immortal Caesar. Is this said seriously or sarcastically? <sup>21</sup> had his eyes, saw himself, as the one best fitted to lead.

<sup>22</sup> modestly, truthfully. <sup>23</sup> jealous on, suspicious of. <sup>24</sup> laughter, buffoon, or clown. <sup>25</sup> did use to stale, were accustomed to make stale with too frequent use.

<sup>26</sup> protester, one who makes a strong profession of friendship. <sup>27</sup> after scandal them, afterwards slander them. <sup>28</sup> profess myself, declare my friendship. <sup>29</sup> rout, common crowd.

BRUTUS. What means this shouting?

I do fear, the people

Choose Caesar for their king.

CASSIUS. Aye, do you fear it? 80  
Then must I think you would not have  
it so.

BRUTUS. I would not, Cassius; yet I  
love him well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so  
long?

What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,  
Set honor<sup>30</sup> in one eye and death i' th'  
other, 86

And I will look on both indifferently,  
For let the gods so speed<sup>31</sup> me as I love  
The name of honor more than I fear  
death.

CASSIUS. I know that virtue to be in  
you, Brutus, 90

As well as I do know your outward  
favor.<sup>32</sup>

Well, honor is the subject of my story.

I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life; but, for my single  
self,

I had as lief<sup>33</sup> not be as live to be 95

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Caesar; so were you;  
We both have fed as well, and we can

both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he;

For once, upon a raw and gusty day, 100

The troubled Tiber chafing with her  
shores,

Caesar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius,  
now,

Leap in with me into this angry flood,

And swim to yonder point?" Upon the  
word,

Accoutered as I was, I plunged in 105

And bade him follow; so indeed he did.

The torrent roared, and we did buffet it  
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside

<sup>30</sup> Set honor, etc., even if the honorable course of action brings death, Brutus will still pursue it.

<sup>31</sup> speed, make prosperous.

<sup>32</sup> favor, appearance.

<sup>33</sup> lief, pronounce as "lieve" to bring out the pun with "live."

And stemming it with hearts of controversy,<sup>34</sup>

But ere we could arrive the point proposed,<sup>110</sup>

Caesar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"

I, as Aeneas<sup>35</sup> our great ancestor,  
Did from the flames of Troy upon his  
shoulder

The old Anchises<sup>36</sup> bear, so from the  
waves of Tiber

Did I the tired Caesar. And this man<sup>115</sup>  
Is now become a god, and Cassius is

A wretched creature and must bend his  
body,

If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
And when the fit was on him, I did  
mark<sup>120</sup>

How he did shake; 'tis true, this god did  
shake;

His coward lips<sup>37</sup> did from their color  
fly,

And that same eye whose bend<sup>38</sup> doth  
awe the world

Did lose his<sup>39</sup> luster; I did hear him  
groan.

Aye, and that tongue of his that bade the  
Romans<sup>125</sup>

Mark him and write his speeches in  
their books,

Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink,  
Titinius,"

As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze  
me

A man of such a feeble temper should

So get the start<sup>40</sup> of the majestic world

And bear the palm alone.<sup>131</sup>

[*Shout; flourish*]

BRUTUS. Another general shout!

<sup>34</sup> with hearts of controversy, swimming strongly and courageously. <sup>35</sup> Aeneas, a survivor of the siege of Troy, who settled in Italy.

<sup>36</sup> Anchises, the father of Aeneas.

<sup>37</sup> His coward lips, etc. The prose would be, "The color left his lips." Cassius is apparently thinking of a soldier deserting his flag or colors.

<sup>38</sup> bend, look. <sup>39</sup> his, its. "Its" was just coming into use when the play was written. <sup>40</sup> So get the start, etc. The figure is from foot-racing. A branch of palm was given to the victor.

I do believe that these applauses are  
For some new honors that are heaped on  
Caesar.

CASSIUS. Why, man, he doth bestride  
the narrow world<sup>135</sup>

Like a Colossus,<sup>41</sup> and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs and peep  
about

To find ourselves dishonorable graves.  
Men at some time are masters of their  
fates;

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our  
stars,<sup>42</sup><sup>140</sup>

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
Brutus and Caesar: what should be in  
that "Caesar"?

Why should that name be sounded more  
than yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a  
name;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth  
as well;<sup>145</sup>

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with  
'em,

"Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as  
"Caesar."

Now, in the names of all the gods at  
once,

Upon what meat doth this our Caesar  
feed,

That he is grown so great? Age, thou  
art shamed!<sup>150</sup>

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble  
bloods!

When went there by an age, since the  
great flood,<sup>43</sup>

But it was famed with more than with  
one man?

When could they say till now, that  
talked of Rome,

That her wide walls encompassed but  
one man?<sup>155</sup>

<sup>41</sup> Colossus. According to tradition, the entrance to the harbor of Rhodes was spanned by a statue of Apollo so gigantic that ships passed between the legs.

<sup>42</sup> stars. In Shakespeare's day people believed that men's lives were influenced by the position of the stars at their birth.

<sup>43</sup> great flood, the flood of Greek mythology, from which Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha alone survived.

Now is it Rome indeed and room  
enough,  
When there is in it but one only man.  
Oh, you and I have heard our fathers  
say,

There was a Brutus<sup>44</sup> once that would  
have brooked  
The eternal devil to keep his state in  
Rome 160  
As easily as a king.<sup>45</sup>

BRUTUS. That you do love me, I am  
nothing jealous;<sup>46</sup>  
What you would work me to, I have  
some aim;<sup>47</sup>  
How I have thought of this and of these  
times,

I shall recount hereafter; for this present,  
I would not, so<sup>48</sup> with love I might entreat you, 166  
Be any further moved. What you have  
said

I will consider; what you have to say  
I will with patience hear, and find a time  
Both meet to hear and answer such high  
things. 170  
Till then, my noble friend, chew<sup>49</sup> upon  
this:

Brutus had rather be a villager  
Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
Under these hard conditions as<sup>50</sup> this  
time

Is like to lay upon us. 175  
CASSIUS. I am glad that my weak  
words

Have struck but thus much show of fire  
from Brutus.

BRUTUS. The games are done, and  
Caesar is returning.

CASSIUS. As they pass by, pluck Casca  
by the sleeve;

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell  
you 180  
What hath proceeded<sup>51</sup> worthy note to-  
day.

*Re-enter CAESAR and his train*

BRUTUS. I will do so. But, look you,  
Cassius,<sup>52</sup>  
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's  
brow,  
And all the rest look like a chidden  
train.

Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero 185  
Looks with such ferret<sup>53</sup> and such fiery  
eyes

As we have seen him in the Capitol,  
Being crossed in conference by some  
senators.

CASSIUS. Casca will tell us what the  
matter is.

CAESAR. Antonius! 190

ANTONY. Caesar?

CAESAR. Let me have men about me  
that are fat,  
Sleek-headed<sup>54</sup> men and such as sleep o'  
nights.

Yond<sup>55</sup> Cassius has a lean and hungry  
look;

He thinks too much; such men are dan-  
gerous. 195

ANTONY. Fear him not, Caesar; he's  
not dangerous;

He is a noble Roman and well-given.<sup>56</sup>

CAESAR. Would he were fatter! But I  
fear him not;

Yet if my name<sup>57</sup> were liable to fear, 199  
I do not know the man I should avoid .  
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads  
much;

He is a great observer, and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men; he  
loves no plays,

<sup>44</sup> *a Brutus*, Lucius Junius Brutus, who drove out a tyrant and helped to establish the Roman republic. Brutus claimed descent from him.

<sup>45</sup> *that would . . . king*, who would have fought the devil just as quickly as a Roman king in order to maintain the republic he had established.

<sup>46</sup> *am nothing jealous*, have no doubt.

<sup>47</sup> *aim*, idea. <sup>48</sup> *so*, provided that. <sup>49</sup> *chew*, think. <sup>50</sup> *as*, which.

<sup>51</sup> *proceeded*, etc., happened worthy of notice.

<sup>52</sup> *Cassius* must be pronounced in three syllables here and in several other places, to make the line read smoothly.

<sup>53</sup> *ferret*. The ferret has red eyes. <sup>54</sup> *Sleek-headed*, smooth-combed.

<sup>55</sup> *Yond*, old form of "yon." <sup>56</sup> *well-given*, well-disposed. <sup>57</sup> *my name*, I.

As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort 205

As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit

That could be moved to smile at anything.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease  
Whiles<sup>58</sup> they behold a greater than themselves, 209

And therefore are they very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be feared  
Than what I fear; for always I am Caesar.

Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,

And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Exeunt CAESAR and all his train but CASCA*]

CASCA. You pulled me by the cloak; would you speak with me? 216

BRUTUS. Aye, Casca; tell us what hath chanced today,

That Caesar looks so sad.<sup>59</sup>

CASCA. Why, you were with him, were you not?

BRUTUS. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

CASCA. Why, there was a crown offered him; and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting. 226

BRUTUS. What was the second noise for?

CASCA. Why, for that too.

CASSIUS. They shouted thrice; what was the last cry for?

CASCA. Why, for that too. 230

BRUTUS. Was the crown offered him thrice?

CASCA. Aye, marry,<sup>60</sup> was't, and he put by thrice, every time gentler than other;

and at every putting-by mine honest neighbors shouted. 235

CASSIUS. Who offered him the crown?

CASCA. Why, Antony.

BRUTUS. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

CASCA. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it; it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again. But, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by. And still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted and clapped their chapped hands and threw up their sweaty nightcaps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown that it had almost choked Caesar; for he swoounded<sup>61</sup> and fell down at it; and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

CASSIUS. But, soft, I pray you; what, did Caesar swoond? 261

CASCA. He fell down in the marketplace, and foamed at the mouth, and was speechless.

BRUTUS. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling sickness.<sup>62</sup> 265

CASSIUS. No, Caesar hath it not; but you and I

And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

CASCA. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theater, I am no true man.

BRUTUS. What said he when he came unto himself? 274

<sup>58</sup> *Whiles*, while. <sup>59</sup> *sad*, serious. <sup>60</sup> *marry*, merely an exclamation; originally an oath, "By Mary."

<sup>61</sup> *swoounded*, swooned. <sup>62</sup> *falling sickness*, old name for epilepsy.



CASCA. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me<sup>63</sup> ope<sup>64</sup> his doublet<sup>65</sup> and offered them his throat to cut. An<sup>66</sup> I had been a man of any occupation,<sup>67</sup> if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said if he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less. 292

BRUTUS. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

CASCA. Aye.

CASSIUS. Did Cicero say anything?

CASCA. Aye, he spoke Greek.

CASSIUS. To what effect? 297

CASCA. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again; but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads. But, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it. 307

CASSIUS. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

CASCA. No, I am promised forth.<sup>68</sup>

CASSIUS. Will you dine with me tomorrow? 311

CASCA. Aye, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner worth the eating.

CASSIUS. Good; I will expect you.

CASCA. Do so. Farewell, both.

[Exit]

BRUTUS. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!

He was quick mettle<sup>69</sup> when he went to school.

CASSIUS. So is he now in execution Of any bold or noble enterprise, 320  
However he puts on this tardy form.<sup>70</sup>  
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,  
Which gives men stomach to digest his words

With better appetite.

BRUTUS. And so it is. For this time I will leave you; 325

Tomorrow, if you please to speak with me,

I will come home to you; or, if you will, Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

CASSIUS. I will do so; till then, think of the world. [Exit BRUTUS]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet I see, Thy honorable metal may be wrought From that it is disposed.<sup>71</sup> Therefore it is meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes;

For who so firm that cannot be seduced? Caesar doth bear me hard;<sup>72</sup> but he loves

Brutus. 335

If I were<sup>73</sup> Brutus now, and he were Cassius,

He should not humor me. I will this night,

In several hands,<sup>74</sup> in at his windows throw,

As if they came from several citizens, Writings all tending to the great opinion That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely 341

<sup>69</sup> was quick mettle, had a lively mind, as opposed to his present blunt manner.

<sup>70</sup> tardy form, sluggishness. <sup>71</sup> that it is disposed, that to which it is disposed. Cassius is much pleased with the impression he has made on Brutus. <sup>72</sup> doth bear me hard, bears a grudge against me. <sup>73</sup> If I were, etc. If Brutus were Cassius, Brutus should not play upon me as I have just done upon him. <sup>74</sup> hands, styles of handwriting.

<sup>63</sup> me, used merely for vividness. <sup>64</sup> ope, old form of "open." <sup>65</sup> doublet, a man's close-fitting outer garment, worn in Shakespeare's day but not in Caesar's.

<sup>66</sup> An, if. <sup>67</sup> man of any occupation, man of some mechanical trade instead of a gentleman of leisure.

<sup>68</sup> Am promised forth, have accepted an invitation to go out.

Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at;  
And after this let Caesar seat him sure;  
For we will shake him, or worse days  
endure.<sup>75</sup> [Exit]

<sup>75</sup> *sure, endure.* In Shakespeare's plays a rhiming couplet often marks the close of a scene or the exit of an actor.

### STUDY AIDS

1. What is your first impression of Caesar? What physical weaknesses of Caesar are mentioned in the scene? Is he superstitious? Is he a haughty man? Has he warm friends? Is he a good judge of men? What is his attitude toward the people? From this scene would you think of Caesar as one of the greatest figures in history?

2. What is your first impression of Brutus? Why does he not follow the crowd? Does he trust the people? Why does he distrust Caesar? What is Cassius's opinion of Brutus? Do you think Brutus will join the conspiracy? If so, what will be his reasons?

3. Do you think Cassius skillful in engaging Brutus in conversation? Do you think his flattery would make a pleasing impression on Brutus? Answer by commenting on some piece of flattery in the scene. Is Cassius moved chiefly by patriotism or by jealousy? In answer take up some of his references to Caesar. What arguments for action against Caesar does he use with Brutus?

4. What is your first impression of Casca? Do you change it while he is talking to Cassius and Brutus? What is their opinion of him?

5. What part in future events do you think each character is to play?

6. So far as the story or action of the play is concerned, what has this scene accomplished? Where does the story really begin? That is, where do you first get a definite notion of the direction the story is to take?

*Class Reading or Acting.* Cassius begins to arouse Brutus (lines 25-177); Caesar's opinion of Cassius and of Antony (lines 190-214); Casca on the offer of the crown (lines 215-307).

### SCENE III. *The same. A street*

[Though there is no indication here to the audience, this scene takes place one month later than the preceding, on the night before March 15, the "Ides of March." We see the further development of the conspiracy and the threatening omens that forbode the death of Caesar. Casca again shows that he is largely influenced by circumstances. Cicero has all the calm of a philosopher.]

*Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.*

CICERO. Good-even, Casca; brought<sup>1</sup> you Caesar home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

CASCA. Are not you moved, when all the sway<sup>2</sup> of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero, I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds

Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen

The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,

To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds;

But never till tonight, never till now, Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.

10  
Either there is a civil strife in heaven, Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,

Incenses them to send destruction.<sup>3</sup>

CICERO. Why, saw you anything more wonderful?<sup>4</sup>

CASCA. A common slave—you know him well by sight—

<sup>1</sup> brought, escorted. <sup>2</sup> sway, established order.

<sup>3</sup> Either . . . destruction, either the gods are fighting each other or they are sending destruction upon the inhabitants of this world for insolence toward them. "Destruction" is pronounced in four syllables.

<sup>4</sup> more wonderful, stranger—that is, than the storm just described.

Held up his left hand, which did flame  
and burn

Like twenty torches joined, and yet his  
hand,

Not sensible of fire, remained un-  
scorched.

Besides—I ha' not since put up my  
sword—

Against<sup>5</sup> the Capitol I met a lion, 20  
Who glared upon me, and went surly  
by,

Without annoying me; and there were  
drawn

Upon a heap<sup>6</sup> a hundred ghastly women,  
Transformèd with their fear; who swore  
they saw

Men all in fire walk up and down the  
streets. 25

And yesterday the bird of night<sup>7</sup> did sit  
Even at noonday upon the market-place,  
Hooting and shrieking. When these  
prodigies

Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,  
"These<sup>8</sup> are their reasons; they are nat-  
ural"; 30

For, I believe, they are portentous things  
Unto the climate<sup>9</sup> that they point upon.

CICERO. Indeed, it is a strange-dis-  
posèd time;

But men may construe things after their  
fashion,

Clean from the purpose of the things  
themselves. 35

Comes Caesar to the Capitol tomorrow?

CASCA. He doth; for he did bid An-  
tonius

Send word to you he would be there to-  
morrow.

CICERO. Good-night then, Casca; this  
disturbèd sky

Is not to walk in.

CASCA. Farewell, Cicero. 40  
[Exit CICERO]

*Enter CASSIUS*

CASSIUS. Who's there?

CASCA. A Roman.

CASSIUS. Casca, by your voice.

CASCA. Your ear is good. Cassius,  
what night<sup>10</sup> is this!

CASSIUS. A very pleasing night to hon-  
est men.

CASCA. Who ever knew the heavens  
menace so?

CASSIUS. Those that have known the  
earth so full of faults. 45

For my part, I have walked about the  
streets,

Submitting me unto the perilous night,  
And, thus unbracèd,<sup>11</sup> Casca, as you see,  
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-  
stone;<sup>12</sup> 50

And when the cross<sup>13</sup> blue lightning  
seemed to open 50

The breast of heaven, I did present my-  
self

Even in the aim and very flash of it.

CASCA. But wherefore did you so  
much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble  
When the most mighty gods by tokens  
send 55

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

CASSIUS. You are dull, Casca, and  
those sparks of life

That should be in a Roman you do  
want,

Or else you use not. You look pale and  
gaze

And put on<sup>14</sup> fear and cast yourself in  
wonder, 60

To see the strange impatience of the  
heavens;

But if you would consider the true cause  
Why all these fires, why all these gliding  
ghosts,

Why birds and beasts from quality and  
kind,<sup>15</sup>

<sup>10</sup> *what night*, what a night! <sup>11</sup> *unbracèd*, unbuttoned; Shakespeare is thinking of the English doublet.

<sup>12</sup> *thunder-stone*, the stone or bolt that was believed to fall with the lightning flash.

<sup>13</sup> *cross*, zigzag. <sup>14</sup> *put on*, actually suffer.

<sup>15</sup> *from quality and kind*, contrary to their nature.

<sup>5</sup> *Against*, opposite. <sup>6</sup> *Upon a heap*, into a crowd. <sup>7</sup> *bird of night*, the owl, whose hooting was regarded as of ill-omen. <sup>8</sup> *These*, such and such. <sup>9</sup> *climate*, country.

Why old men<sup>16</sup> fool, and children calculate, 65

Why all these things change from their ordinance<sup>17</sup>

Their natures and preformèd faculties<sup>18</sup>

To monstrous quality<sup>19</sup>—why, you shall find

That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,

To make them instruments of fear and warning 70

Unto some monstrous state.<sup>20</sup>

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man

Most like this dreadful night,

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars

As doth the lion in the Capitol, 75

A man no mightier than thyself or me

In personal action, yet prodigious grown

And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

CASCA. 'Tis Caesar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

CASSIUS. Let it be who it is; for Romans now 80

Have thews<sup>21</sup> and limbs like to their ancestors;

But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,

And we are governed with our mothers' spirits;

Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

CASCA. Indeed, they say the senators tomorrow 85

Mean to establish Caesar as a king;

And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,

In every place save here in Italy.

CASSIUS. I know where I will wear this dagger then;

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius; 90

Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat. Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,

Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,

Can be retentive<sup>22</sup> to the strength of spirit; 95

But life, being weary of these wordly bars,

Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

If I know this, know all the world besides,

That part of tyranny that I do bear

I can shake off at pleasure.

[Thunder still]

CASCA. So can I; 100

So every bondman in his own hand bears

The power to cancel his captivity.

CASSIUS. And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?

Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf

But that he sees the Romans are but sheep; 105

He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire

Begin it with weak straws; what trash is Rome,

What rubbish and what offal, when it serves

For the base matter to illuminate 110

So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief, Where hast thou led me? I perhaps

speaking this

Before a willing bondman; then I know My answer must be made.<sup>23</sup> But I am

armed,

And dangers are to me indifferent. 115

CASCA. You speak to Casca, and to such a man

That is no fleeing<sup>24</sup> telltale. Hold, my hand.<sup>25</sup>

<sup>16</sup> *Why old men*, etc. Everything is topsy-turvy; old men are foolish, and children are full of wisdom.

<sup>17</sup> *ordinance*, what they are ordained to be.

<sup>18</sup> *preformèd faculties*, natural habits. <sup>19</sup> *monstrous quality*, strange nature.

<sup>20</sup> *state*, state of affairs. <sup>21</sup> *thews*, muscles.

<sup>22</sup> *be retentive*, etc., forcibly confine the spirit.

<sup>23</sup> *My answer . . . made*, I shall have to answer for what I said.

<sup>24</sup> *fleeing*, sneering. <sup>25</sup> *Hold, my hand*, stop, here's my hand on it.

Be factious<sup>26</sup> for redress of all these  
griefs,<sup>27</sup>

And I will set this foot of mine as far  
As who goes farthest.

CASSIUS. There's a bargain made.  
Now know you, Casca, I have moved  
already 121

Some certain of the noblest-minded Ro-  
mans

To undergo<sup>28</sup> with me an enterprise  
Of honorable-dangerous consequence;  
And I do know, by this, they stay for me  
In Pompey's porch;<sup>29</sup> for now, this fear-  
ful night, 126

There is no stir or walking in the streets;  
And the complexion of the element<sup>30</sup>  
In favor's<sup>31</sup> like the work we have in  
hand,

Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. 130  
CASCA. Stand close awhile, for here  
comes one in haste.

CASSIUS. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him  
by his gait;  
He is a friend.

*Enter CINNA*

Cinna, where haste you so?

CINNA. To find out you. Who's that?  
Metellus Cimber?

CASSIUS. No, it is Casca; one incor-  
porate<sup>32</sup> 135

To our attempts. Am I not stayed<sup>33</sup> for,  
Cinna?

CINNA. I am glad on't. What a fear-  
ful night is this!

There's two or three of us have seen  
strange sights.

CASSIUS. Am I not stayed for? tell me.

CINNA. Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could 140  
But win the noble Brutus to our party—

CASSIUS. Be you content; good Cinna,  
take this paper,

And look you lay it in the praetor's<sup>34</sup>  
chair,

Where Brutus may but find it; and  
throw this 144

In at his window; set this up with wax  
Upon old Brutus's<sup>35</sup> statue. All this done,  
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you  
shall find us.

Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?  
CINNA. All but Metellus Cimber; and  
he's gone

To seek you at your house. Well, I will  
hie, 150

And so bestow these papers as you bade  
me.

CASSIUS. That done, repair to Pom-  
pey's theater. [*Exit CINNA*]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day  
See Brutus at his house; three parts of  
him

Is ours already, and the man entire 155  
Upon the next encounter yields him  
ours.

CASCA. Oh, he sits high in all the peo-  
ple's hearts;

And that which would appear offense in  
us,

His countenance,<sup>36</sup> like richest al-  
chemy,<sup>37</sup>

Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

CASSIUS. Him and his worth and our  
great need of him 161

You have right well conceited.<sup>38</sup> Let us  
go,

For it is after midnight; and ere day  
We will awake him and be sure of him.

[*Exeunt*]

<sup>34</sup> *praetor*, one of the magistrates of Rome. Brutus was a praetor at this time. <sup>35</sup> *old Brutus*, Lucius Junius Brutus, referred to in I, ii, 159 (page 385).

<sup>36</sup> *countenance*, support. <sup>37</sup> *alchemy*. It was a genuine belief of Shakespeare's time that base metals, such as lead, could be changed into gold. <sup>38</sup> *conceited*, judged.

<sup>26</sup> *factious*, active in forming a faction or party.

<sup>27</sup> *griefs*, grievances. <sup>28</sup> *undergo*, undertake.

<sup>29</sup> *Pompey's porch*, a porch attached to Pompey's theater.

<sup>30</sup> *complexion of the element*, aspect of the heavens.

<sup>31</sup> *favor*, appearance. <sup>32</sup> *incorporate*, closely united. <sup>33</sup> *stayed*, waited.

## STUDY AIDS

1. Why does Casca join the conspiracy? What is his opinion of Brutus? Why do Cassius and Casca desire Brutus to be among the conspirators?

2. Is Cassius superstitious? What two examples of his alertness occur in this scene? How does his method of winning Casca differ from his method with Brutus? Is he sincere in his speech, "I know where I will wear" (lines 89-100)? What evidence have we of Cassius's leadership in the conspiracy?

3. Do you think the plans of the conspirators are practical and well arranged?

4. Does the scene produce in you a sense of foreboding? Point out the details that give you your impression.

*Class Reading or Acting.* Casca and Cassius on the prodigies, or omens (lines 41-130).

#### ACT I AS A WHOLE

1. Tell or write the story of Act I in brief form. Begin with the events that happened first and proceed step by step to the end of the act. Then in a single sentence state what the act accomplishes. What title would be appropriate for this act?

2. What events are you now looking forward to? How have you been led to expect them?

3. If your class were producing the play, to which character would you assign your best actor? Which part do you consider second in importance? Give reasons in both cases.

4. What information about Roman politics do you gain from this act? Which party seems to trust the common people more? Why is objection raised to Caesar's becoming king? Which party is the more patriotic, that is, thinks more of the good of Rome?

#### ACT SECOND

##### SCENE I. *Rome. BRUTUS's orchard*

[As Act I shows the beginning of the conspiracy, so Act II shows its completion. All the events take place during the night before the ides of March. In scene i we see the final meeting of the conspirators. Here the humane character of Brutus is revealed. In the conspiracy he is acting from motives of the highest patriotism, but because of his trust in men he makes decisions that endanger the outcome of the enterprise.]

##### *Enter BRUTUS*

BRUTUS. What, Lucius, ho!  
I cannot by the progress of the stars,  
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!

I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.

When,<sup>1</sup> Lucius, when? Awake, I say!  
What, Lucius! 5

##### *Enter LUCIUS*

LUCIUS. Called you, my lord?

BRUTUS. Get me a taper<sup>2</sup> in my study,  
Lucius.

When it is lighted, come and call me here.

LUCIUS. I will, my lord. [*Exit*]

BRUTUS. It must be<sup>3</sup> by his death; and for my part, 10  
I know no personal cause to spurn<sup>4</sup> at him,

But for the general.<sup>5</sup> He would be crowned;

How that might change his nature, there's the question.

It is the bright day that brings forth<sup>6</sup> the adder;

And that craves wary walking. Crown him?<sup>7</sup>—that— 15

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him, That at his will he may do danger with. The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins

Remorse<sup>7</sup> from power; and, to speak truth of Caesar,

I have not known when his affections swayed 20

More than his reason.<sup>8</sup> But 'tis a common proof<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *When, What*, mere exclamations. <sup>2</sup> *taper*, a lighted wick in a lamp or bowl of oil. <sup>3</sup> *It must be*, etc. Brutus has been debating with himself about the way to keep Caesar from becoming king. This line shows his conclusion. <sup>4</sup> *spurn*, strike. <sup>5</sup> *general*, good of everyone.

<sup>6</sup> *brings forth the adder*, hatches it. If the senate actually crowns Caesar, the new title may lead him to act with less moderation than heretofore. Therefore he (the adder) must be killed before he can do any harm.

<sup>7</sup> *Remorse*, pity. <sup>8</sup> *affections* . . . *reason*, feelings governed more than his judgment. <sup>9</sup> *proof*, experience.

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;

But when he once attains the upmost round,  
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees

By which he did ascend. So Caesar may;  
 Then, lest he may, prevent.<sup>10</sup> And, since the quarrel

Will bear no color<sup>11</sup> for the thing he is,  
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,

Would run to these and these extremities;

And therefore think him as a serpent's egg

Which, hatched, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,  
 And kill him in the shell.

*Re-enter LUCIUS*

LUCIUS. The taper burneth in your closet,<sup>12</sup> sir.

Searching the window for a flint, I found

This paper, thus sealed up; and I am sure

It did not lie there when I went to bed.  
*[Gives him the letter]*

BRUTUS. Get you to bed again; it is not day.

Is not tomorrow, boy, the ides of March?

LUCIUS. I know not, sir.

BRUTUS. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

LUCIUS. I will, sir. *[Exit]*

BRUTUS. The exhalations<sup>13</sup> whizzing in the air

Give so much light that I may read by them.

*[Opens the letter and reads]*  
 Brutus, thou sleepest; awake, and see thyself.<sup>14</sup>  
 Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!

"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!"  
 Such instigations have been often dropped

Where I have took them up.  
 "Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out;

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe?  
 What, Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive,<sup>15</sup> when he was called a king.

"Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated  
 To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise;

If the redress will follow, thou receivest  
 Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

*Re-enter LUCIUS*

LUCIUS. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

BRUTUS. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

*[Exit LUCIUS]*  
 Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,  
 I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
 And the first motion,<sup>16</sup> all the interim is  
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream;  
 The Genius<sup>17</sup> and the mortal instruments

Are then in council; and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
 The nature of an insurrection.

<sup>10</sup> prevent, let us forestall. <sup>11</sup> color, sufficient excuse. Brutus argues thus: "What Caesar is now gives no excuse for opposing him, but his present tendencies, developed by the title of king, would run to extremes. Since he is therefore likely to become tyrannical, let us kill him before his tyranny begins."

<sup>12</sup> closet, private room.

<sup>13</sup> exhalations, meteors.

<sup>14</sup> see thyself. Recall Cassius's argument with Brutus, I, ii, 54-62 (pages 382-3). This is one of the papers he speaks of in the same scene, lines 337-342 (page 387).

<sup>15</sup> My ancestors . . . drive. Lucius Junius Brutus drove out the last of the Tarquins, the tyrannical kings of Rome. <sup>16</sup> motion, impulse. <sup>17</sup> The Genius, etc., soul and body.



*Re-enter* LUCIUS

LUCIUS. Sir, 'tis your brother<sup>18</sup> Cassius at the door, 70

Who doth desire to see you.

BRUTUS. Is he alone?

LUCIUS. No, sir, there are moe<sup>19</sup> with him.

BRUTUS. Do you know them?

LUCIUS. No, sir; their hats are plucked about their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,

That by no means I may discover them by any mark of favor.<sup>20</sup>

BRUTUS. Let them enter. 76

[*Exit* LUCIUS]

They are the faction. O conspiracy, Sham'st thou to show thy dang'rous brow by night,

When evils are most free? Oh, then by day

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough 80

To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability;

For if thou path,<sup>21</sup> thy native semblance on,

Not Erebus<sup>22</sup> itself were dim enough To hide thee from prevention.<sup>23</sup> 85

*Enter the conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

CASSIUS. I think we are too bold upon your rest;

Good-morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

BRUTUS. I have been up this hour, awake all night.

Know I these men that come along with you?

CASSIUS. Yes, every man of them; and no man here 90

But honors you; and every one doth wish

You had but that opinion of yourself Which every noble Roman bears of you.

This is Trebonius.

BRUTUS. He is welcome hither.

CASSIUS. This, Decius Brutus.

BRUTUS. He is welcome too. 95

CASSIUS. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.

BRUTUS. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves

Betwixt your eyes and night?

CASSIUS. Shall I entreat a word? 100

[*BRUTUS and CASSIUS whisper*]<sup>24</sup>

DECIUS. Here lies the east; doth not the day break here?

CASCA. No.

CINNA. Oh, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines

That fret<sup>25</sup> the clouds are messengers of day.

CASCA. You shall confess that you are both deceived. 105

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,

Which is a great way growing on the south,

Weighing<sup>26</sup> the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence up higher toward the north

He first presents his fire; and the high east 110

Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

BRUTUS. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

CASSIUS. And let us swear our resolution.

BRUTUS. No, not an oath; if not the face of men,

<sup>18</sup> brother, Cassius had married Junia, the sister of Brutus. <sup>19</sup> moe, more. <sup>20</sup> favor, face, countenance. <sup>21</sup> path, pursue thy course.

<sup>22</sup> Erebus, in Greek mythology, the region between Earth and Hades; here, the lower world. <sup>23</sup> prevention, discovery.

<sup>24</sup> whisper. The conversation in lines 101-111 screens the whispered conference between Brutus and Cassius, showing that none of the conspirators listen to it.

<sup>25</sup> fret, ornament. <sup>26</sup> Weighing, etc., if you consider how young the year is. As a matter of fact, where would the sun rise on March 15?

The sufferance of our souls, the time's  
abuse—<sup>27</sup> 115

If these be motives weak, break off be-  
times,

And every man hence to his idle bed;<sup>28</sup>  
So let high-sighted<sup>29</sup> tyranny range on,  
Till each man drop by lottery.<sup>30</sup> But if  
these,

As I am sure they do, bear fire enough  
To kindle cowards and to steel with  
valor 121

The melting spirits of women, then,  
countrymen,

What need we any spur but our own  
cause

To prick us to redress? What other  
bond

Than secret Romans, that have spoke  
the word, 125

And will not palter?<sup>31</sup> And what other  
oath

Than honesty to honesty engaged,  
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?  
Swear priests and cowards and men  
cautelous,<sup>32</sup>

Old feeble carrions,<sup>33</sup> and such suffering  
souls 130

That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes  
swear

Such creatures as men doubt; but do not  
stain

The even virtue of our enterprise,  
Nor th' insuppressive<sup>34</sup> mettle of our  
spirits,

To think that or<sup>35</sup> our cause or our per-  
formance 135

Did need an oath; when every drop of  
blood

That every Roman bears, and nobly  
bears,

<sup>27</sup> if not . . . abuse, if the shame that can be seen even in men's faces for falling from the republican ideals of their fathers, the distress in our souls, and the political evils of the present.

<sup>28</sup> hence . . . bed, go to his bed and lie there idle. <sup>29</sup> high-sighted, supercilious. <sup>30</sup> by lottery, according to the whim of Caesar.

<sup>31</sup> palter, trifle.

<sup>32</sup> cautelous, deceitful. <sup>33</sup> carrions, carcases, men virtually dead already. <sup>34</sup> insuppressive, insuppressible. <sup>35</sup> To think that or, by thinking that either.

Is guilty of a several bastardy,<sup>36</sup>  
If he do break the smallest particle

Of any promise that hath passed from  
him. 140

CASSIUS. But what of Cicero? shall  
we sound him?

I think he will stand very strong with  
us.

CASCA. Let us not leave him out.

CINNA. No, by no means.

METELLUS. Oh, let us have him, for  
his silver hairs

Will purchase us a good opinion 145

And buy men's voices to commend our  
deeds;

It shall be said, his judgment ruled our  
hands;

Our youths and wildness shall no whit  
appear,

But all be buried in his gravity.

BRUTUS. Oh, name him not; let us not  
break with him;<sup>37</sup> 150

For he will never follow anything

That other men begin.

CASSIUS. Then leave him out.

CASCA. Indeed he is not fit.

DECIOUS. Shall no man else be touched  
but only Caesar?

CASSIUS. Decius, well urged. I think  
it is not meet, 155

Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar,  
Should outlive Caesar; we shall find of  
him<sup>38</sup>

A shrewd contriver;<sup>39</sup> and, you know,  
his means,

If he improve them, may well stretch so  
far

As to annoy us all; which to prevent, 160

Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

BRUTUS. Our course will seem too  
bloody, Caius Cassius,

To cut the head off and then hack the  
limbs,

Like wrath in death and envy after-  
wards;

<sup>36</sup> a several, etc., a separate distinct act of treason, which shows him to be no true Roman. <sup>37</sup> break with him, disclose the matter to him. <sup>38</sup> of him, in him. <sup>39</sup> shrewd contriver, mischievous schemer.

For Antony is but a limb of Caesar; 165  
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers,  
Caius.

We all stand up against the spirit of  
Caesar;  
And in the spirit of men there is no  
blood.

Oh, that we then could come by Caesar's  
spirit, 169

And not dismember Caesar! But, alas,  
Caesar must bleed for it! And, gentle  
friends,

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;  
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the  
gods,

Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds;  
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
Stir up their servants<sup>40</sup> to an act of rage,  
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall  
make

Our purpose necessary and not envious:  
Which so appearing to the common  
eyes,

We shall be called purgers, not mur-  
derers. 180

And for Mark Antony, think not of  
him;

For he can do no more than Caesar's  
arm

When Caesar's head is off.

CASSIUS. Yet I fear him;

For in the ingrafted love he bears to  
Caesar—

BRUTUS. Alas, good Cassius, do not  
think of him; 185

If he love Caesar, all that he can do  
Is to himself, take thought and die<sup>41</sup> for  
Caesar;

And that were much he should; for he  
is given

To sports, to wildness, and much com-  
pany.

TREBONIUS. There is no fear<sup>42</sup> in him;  
let him not die; 190

<sup>40</sup> *servants*, bodies. Is the advice in lines 175-177 very lofty and honorable?

<sup>41</sup> *take thought and die*, grieve himself to death. Brutus thinks it would be very remarkable for so lighthearted a man to do that.

<sup>42</sup> *fear*, cause of fear.

For he will live, and laugh at this here-  
after.

[*Clock strikes*]

BRUTUS. Peace! count the clock.

CASSIUS. The clock hath  
stricken three.

TREBONIUS. 'Tis time to part.

CASSIUS. But it is doubtful yet,  
Whether Caesar will come forth today,  
or no;

For he is superstitious grown of late, 195  
Quite from the main<sup>43</sup> opinion he held  
once

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.  
It may be, these apparent<sup>44</sup> prodigies,  
The unaccustomed terror of this night,  
And the persuasion of his augurers<sup>45</sup>  
May hold him from the Capitol today.

DECIVS. Never fear that; if he be so  
resolved,

I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear  
That unicorns<sup>46</sup> may be betrayed with  
trees,

And bears<sup>47</sup> with glasses, elephants with  
holes, 205

Lions with toils, and men with flatter-  
ers;

But when I tell him he hates flatterers,  
He says he does, being then most flat-  
tered.

Let me work;

For I can give his humor the true bent,  
And I will bring him to the Capitol. 211

CASSIUS. Nay, we will all of us be  
there to fetch him.

BRUTUS. By the eighth hour; is that  
the uttermost?

CINNA. Be that the uttermost, and fail  
not then.

<sup>43</sup> *main*, strong. <sup>44</sup> *apparent*, which have appeared. <sup>45</sup> *augurers*, Caesar's official soothsayers, who predicted future events.

<sup>46</sup> *unicorn*. This fabulous animal was said to be caught by being induced to pursue the hunter, who stepped behind a tree, into which the animal ran his one horn and remained fixed.

<sup>47</sup> *bears*, etc. Bears were attracted with mirrors, and while their attention was diverted, the hunter could take sure aim; elephants were trapped by pitfalls covered with branches. Lions (next line) were captured with nets.

METELLUS. Caius Ligarius doth bear  
Caesar hard, 215  
Who rated<sup>48</sup> him for speaking well of  
Pompey;

I wonder none of you have thought of  
him.

BRUTUS. Now, good Metellus, go  
along by him;<sup>49</sup>  
He loves me well, and I have given him  
reasons;

Send him but hither, and I'll fashion  
him.<sup>50</sup> 220

CASSIUS. The morning comes upon 's;  
we'll leave you, Brutus.  
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all  
remember

What you have said, and show your-  
selves true Romans.

BRUTUS. Good gentlemen, look fresh  
and merrily; 224

Let not our looks put on our purposes,<sup>51</sup>  
But bear it as our Roman actors do,

With untired spirits and formal con-  
stancy;

And so good-morrow to you every one.  
[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS*]

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no mat-  
ter; 229

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber;  
Thou hast no figures<sup>52</sup> nor no fantasies,  
Which busy care draws in the brains of  
men;

Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

*Enter PORTIA*

PORTIA. Brutus, my lord!

BRUTUS. Portia, what mean you?  
Wherefore rise you now? 234

It is not for your health thus to commit  
Your weak condition to the raw, cold  
morning.

PORTIA. Nor for yours neither. You've  
ungently, Brutus,  
Stole from my bed; and yesternight, at  
supper,

<sup>48</sup> *rated*, scolded. <sup>49</sup> *by him*, by way of his house. <sup>50</sup> *fashion him*, shape him according to our wishes. <sup>51</sup> *put on our purposes*, show what we plan. <sup>52</sup> *figures*, images which come in dreams.

You suddenly arose, and walked about,  
Musing and sighing, with your arms  
across,<sup>53</sup> 240

And when I asked you what the matter  
was,

You stared upon me with ungentle  
looks;

I urged you further; then you scratched  
your head,

And too impatiently stamped with your  
foot;

Yet I insisted; yet you answered not, 245  
But, with an angry wafture of your  
hand,

Gave sign for me to leave you; so I did,  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience<sup>54</sup>

Which seemed too much enkindled, and  
withal

Hoping it was but an effect of humor,<sup>55</sup>  
Which sometime hath his hour with  
every man. 251

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,  
And could it work so much upon your  
shape

As it hath much prevailed on your con-  
dition,<sup>56</sup>

I should not know you, Brutus. Dear  
my lord, 255

Make me acquainted with your cause of  
grief.

BRUTUS. I am not well in health, and  
that is all.

PORTIA. Brutus is wise, and, were he  
not in health,

He would embrace the means to come  
by it.

BRUTUS. Why, so I do. Good Portia,  
go to bed. 260

PORTIA. Is Brutus sick? And is it  
physical<sup>57</sup>

To walk unbracèd<sup>58</sup> and suck up the  
humors<sup>59</sup>

<sup>53</sup> *arms across*, arms folded. <sup>54</sup> *impatience*. Pronounce as four syllables.

<sup>55</sup> *humor*, mood or caprice. In Shakespeare's time the body was supposed to contain four humors, or forms of moisture—blood, choler, phlegm, and melancholy. The predominance of any one of these determined one's mood.

<sup>56</sup> *condition*, disposition. <sup>57</sup> *physical*, whole-some. <sup>58</sup> *unbracèd*, with doublet unbuttoned. <sup>59</sup> *humors*, moisture, dampness.

Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus  
sick,  
And will he steal out of his wholesome  
bed, 264  
To dare the vile contagion of the night  
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged  
air?<sup>60</sup>  
To add unto his sickness? No, my  
Brutus;  
You have some sick offense<sup>61</sup> within  
your mind,  
Which, by the right and virtue of my  
place,  
I ought to know of; and, upon my  
knees, 270  
I charm you, by my once commended  
beauty,  
By all your vows of love and that great  
vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, yourself, your  
half,  
Why you are heavy, and what men to-  
night 275  
Have had resort to you; for here have  
been  
Some six or seven, who did hide their  
faces  
Even from darkness.  
BRUTUS. Kneel not, gentle Portia.  
PORTIA. I should not need, if you were  
gentle Brutus.  
Within the bond of marriage, tell me,  
Brutus, 280  
Is it excepted I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you? Am I yourself  
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,<sup>62</sup>  
To keep with you at meals, comfort  
your bed,  
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I  
but in the suburbs 285  
Of your good pleasure? If it be no  
more,  
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.  
BRUTUS. You are my true and honor-  
able wife,

<sup>60</sup> *rheumy and unpurged air*, impure air causing colds in the head. <sup>61</sup> *sick offense*, trouble that makes you sick. <sup>62</sup> *in sort or limitation*, only after a fashion or to a limited extent.

As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart. 290

PORTIA. If this were true, then should  
I know this secret.

I grant I am a woman, but withal  
A woman that Lord Brutus took to  
wife;

I grant I am a woman; but withal  
A woman well-reputed, Cato's<sup>63</sup> daugh-  
ter. 295

Think you I am no stronger than my  
sex,

Being so fathered and so husbanded?  
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose  
'em.

I have made strong proof of my con-  
stancy,

Giving myself a voluntary wound 300  
Here in the thigh; can I bear that with  
patience,

And not my husband's secrets?  
BRUTUS. O ye gods!

Render me worthy of this noble wife!  
[*Knocking within*]

Hark, hark! one knocks; Portia, go in  
awhile; 304

And by and by thy bosom shall partake  
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to  
thee,

All the charactery<sup>64</sup> of my sad brows;  
Leave me with haste.

[*Exit PORTIA*]  
Lucius, who's that knocks?

*Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS*

LUCIUS. Here is a sick man that  
would speak with you. 310

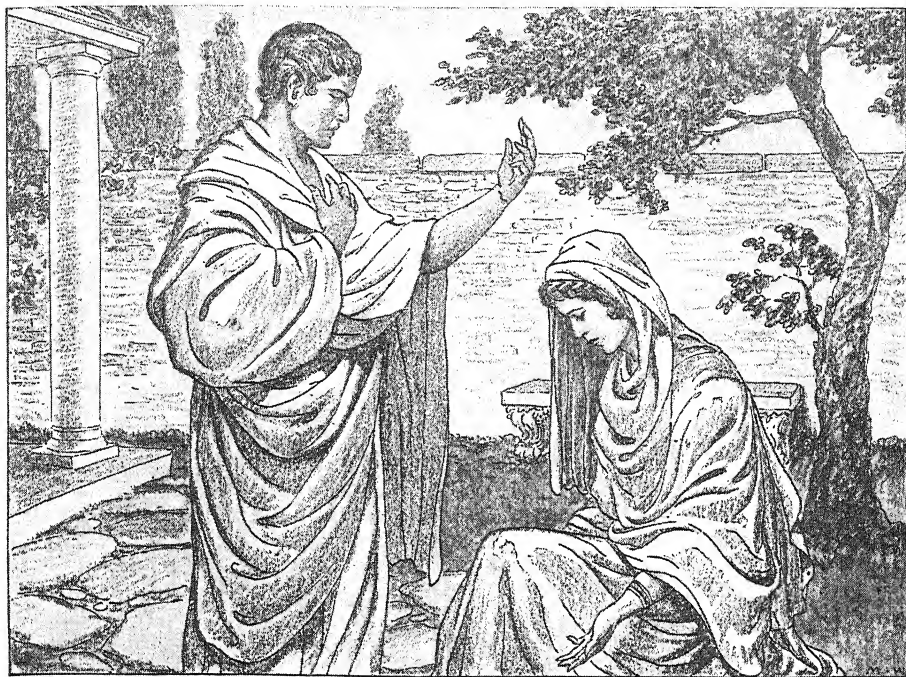
BRUTUS. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus  
spake of.

Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

LIGARIUS. Vouchsafe<sup>65</sup> good-morrow  
from a feeble tongue.

BRUTUS. Oh, what a time have you  
chose out, brave Caius,

<sup>63</sup> *Cato*, Marcus Portius Cato, a noble Roman patriot, who committed suicide as a protest against Caesar's power. <sup>64</sup> *charactery*, expression; accent is on the second syllable. <sup>65</sup> *Vouchsafe*, condescend to accept.



As dear to me as are the ruddy drops that visit my sad heart

To wear a kerchief!<sup>66</sup> Would you were not sick! 315

LIGARIUS. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand

Any exploit worthy the name of honor.

BRUTUS. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,

Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

LIGARIUS. By all the gods that Romans bow before, 320

I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!

Brave son, derived from honorable loins! Thou, like an exorcist,<sup>67</sup> hast conjured up

My mortified spirit.<sup>68</sup> Now bid me run, And I will strive with things impossible; Yea, get the better of them. What's to do? 326

<sup>66</sup> *kerchief*. In Shakespeare's day a sick person wore a kerchief, or white cloth, about his head. <sup>67</sup> *exorcist*, here, one who calls up a spirit. <sup>68</sup> *mortified spirit*, my spirit that was dead.

BRUTUS. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

LIGARIUS. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

BRUTUS. That must we also. What it is, my Caius, I shall unfold to thee, as we are going 330 To whom it must be done.

LIGARIUS. Set on your foot, And with a heart new-fired I follow you, To do I know not what; but it sufficeth That Brutus leads me on.

BRUTUS. Follow me, then. [Exeunt]

## STUDY AIDS

1. Do you find any new traits in the character of Brutus in this scene? Do his soliloquies add to your respect for him? Take each soliloquy up separately and explain the reason for your answer.

2. How forceful are Brutus's reasons for sparing Antony? What do the other

conspirators think of Brutus's judgment? Why have they formed this opinion? Is he the leader or the tool of the conspirators, or is he sometimes the one, sometimes the other? Give instances to prove your answer.

3. In this scene what evidence do you find of Brutus's patriotism? What motives prompt each of the other conspirators?

4. Why is Lucius introduced into this scene? What would be lost if he were omitted?

5. What do we learn of Brutus from his conversation with Portia? Why is she regarded as a noble Roman matron?

6. What evidence do you find of the practical side of Cassius? Is he a good judge of character? Is he a man who can select the best way of reaching a desired end? Quote passages that support your answers.

7. How far is the story carried by this scene? Where do we first learn of Brutus's decision to lead the conspiracy? What do Brutus and Cassius whisper about while Decius and Casca talk in lines 101-111? How complete are the plans for the assassination? How do the conspirators guard against informers?

8. Exactly what is Brutus's argument in lines 28-34? Do you think it a fair argument—one that it would be safe to follow in life today?

9. In the whole passage, is Brutus seeking to learn what it is wise to do, or is he trying to convince himself of the wisdom of a course of action he has already settled upon? Do you like him better or less as a result of this speech?

10. How should this passage be read, rapidly or deliberately? Why?

*Class Reading or Acting.* Brutus muses over the conspiracy (lines 10-85); the conspiracy is completed (lines 86-228); Brutus and Portia (lines 233-309).

## SCENE II. *Caesar's house*

[The scene not only advances the plans of the conspirators rapidly, but, in the dialogue between Caesar and Calpurnia, provides a strong contrast with the scene between Brutus and Portia.]

*Thunder and lightning. Enter CAESAR, in his nightgown.*<sup>1</sup>

CAESAR. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace tonight:

Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,

"Help! ho! they murder Caesar!"  
Who's within?

*Enter a servant*

SERVANT. My lord?

CAESAR. Go bid the priests do present<sup>2</sup> sacrifice

And bring me their opinions of success.<sup>3</sup>

SERVANT. I will, my lord. [Exit]

*Enter CALPURNIA*

CALPURNIA. What mean you, Caesar?  
Think you to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house today.

CAESAR. Caesar shall forth; the things that threatened me

Ne'er looked but on my back; when they shall see

The face of Caesar, they are vanishèd.

CALPURNIA. Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,<sup>4</sup>

Yet now they fright me. There is one within,

Besides the things that we have heard and seen,

Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.<sup>5</sup>

A lioness hath whelpèd in the streets;

And graves have yawned, and yielded up their dead;

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,

In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,

Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;  
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,

Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,

<sup>1</sup> *nightgown*, dressing-gown. <sup>2</sup> *present*, immediate. <sup>3</sup> *success*, the result.

<sup>4</sup> *stood on ceremonies*, believed in signs and omens. <sup>5</sup> *watch*, watchman, or guard.



And ghosts did shriek and squeal about  
the streets.

O Caesar! these things are beyond all  
use,<sup>6</sup>

And I do fear them. 25

CAESAR. What can be<sup>7</sup> avoided  
Whose end is purposed by the mighty  
gods?

Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these pre-  
dictions

Are to the world in general as to<sup>8</sup> Caesar.

CALPURNIA. When beggars die, there  
are no comets seen; 30

The heavens themselves blaze forth the  
death of princes.

CAESAR. Cowards die many times be-  
fore their deaths;

The valiant never taste of death but  
once.

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men  
should fear, 35

Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come.

*Re-enter servant*

What say the augurers?

SERVANT. They would not have you to  
stir forth today.

Plucking the entrails of an offering  
forth,

They could not find a heart within the  
beast. 40

CAESAR. The gods do this in shame of  
cowardice;

Caesar should be a beast without a  
heart

If he should stay at home today for fear.  
No, Caesar shall not; danger knows full  
well

That Caesar is more dangerous than he.  
We are two lions littered in one day, 45

And I the elder and more terrible;

And Caesar shall go forth.

CALPURNIA. Alas, my lord,

<sup>6</sup> use, custom. <sup>7</sup> What can be, etc. Caesar is apparently a fatalist; that is, he thinks the gods make important events, such as death, inevitable.

<sup>8</sup> as to, as much as to.

Your wisdom is consumed in confi-  
dence.

Do not go forth today; call it my fear 50  
That keeps you in the house, and not  
your own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-  
house;

And he shall say you are not well today.

Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

CAESAR. Mark Antony shall say I am  
not well; 55

And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

*Enter DECIVS*

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them  
so.

DECIVS. Caesar, all hail! good-mor-  
row, worthy Caesar;

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

CAESAR. And you are come in very  
happy time, 60

To bear my greetings to the senators

And tell them that I will not come to-  
day—

Cannot, is false, and that I dare not,  
falsely.

I will not come today; tell them so,  
Decius.

CALPURNIA. Say he is sick.

CAESAR. Shall Caesar send a lie?

Have I in conquest stretched mine arm  
so far, 65

To be afraid to tell graybeards the  
truth?

Decius, go tell them Caesar will not  
come.

DECIVS. Most mighty Caesar, let me  
know some cause,

Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so.

CAESAR. The cause is in my will; I  
will not come; 71

That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But for your private satisfaction,

Because I love you, I will let you know:  
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at  
home; 75

She dreamt tonight<sup>9</sup> she saw my statuë,

<sup>9</sup> tonight, last night. It is now morning.

Which, like a fountain with an hundred  
spouts,  
Did run pure blood; and many lusty  
Romans  
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands  
in it;  
And these does she apply for warnings,  
and portents, <sup>80</sup>  
And evils imminent; and on her knee  
Hath begged that I will stay at home  
today.

DECIVS. This dream is all amiss inter-  
preted;  
It was a vision fair and fortunate:  
Your statue spouting blood in many  
pipes, <sup>85</sup>  
In which so many smiling Romans  
bathed,  
Signifies that from you great Rome shall  
suck  
Reviving blood, and that great men  
shall press  
For tinctures,<sup>10</sup> stains, relics, and cogni-  
zance.<sup>11</sup>  
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.  
CAESAR. And this way have you well  
expounded it.

DECIVS. I have, when you have heard  
what I can say;  
And know it now: the senate have con-  
cluded  
To give this day a crown to mighty  
Caesar.  
If you shall send them word you will  
not come, <sup>95</sup>  
Their minds may change. Besides, it  
were a mock  
Apt to be rendered,<sup>12</sup> for someone to say,  
"Break up the senate till another time,  
When Caesar's wife shall meet with bet-  
ter dreams."  
If Caesar hide himself, shall they not  
whisper, <sup>100</sup>  
"Lo, Caesar is afraid?"  
Pardon me, Caesar; for my dear, dear  
love

<sup>10</sup> *tinctures*. It was a custom to preserve as  
relics handkerchiefs stained with the blood of  
noted persons. <sup>11</sup> *cognizance*, badge.

<sup>12</sup> *Apt to be rendered*, likely to be made.

To your proceeding bids me tell you  
this;  
And reason<sup>13</sup> to my love is liable.  
CAESAR. How foolish do your fears  
seem now, Calpurnia! <sup>105</sup>  
I am ashamed I did yield to them.  
Give me my robe, for I will go.

*Enter* PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS,  
METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS,  
and CINNA

And look where Publius is come to fetch  
me.  
PUBLIUS. Good-morrow, Caesar.  
CAESAR. Welcome, Publius.  
What, Brutus, are you stirred so early,  
too? <sup>110</sup>  
Good-morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,  
Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy  
As that same ague which hath made you  
lean.  
What is 't o'clock?  
BRUTUS. Caesar, 'tis stricken eight.  
CAESAR. I thank you for your pains  
and courtesy. <sup>115</sup>

*Enter* ANTONY

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,  
Is notwithstanding up. Good-morrow,  
Antony.  
ANTONY. So to most noble Caesar.  
CAESAR. Bid them prepare within;  
I am to blame to be thus waited for.  
Now, Cinna; now, Metellus; what, Tre-  
bonius! <sup>120</sup>  
I have an hour's talk in store for you;  
Remember that you call on me today:  
Be near me, that I may remember you.  
TREBONIUS. Caesar, I will; [*Aside*]  
and so near will I be  
That your best friends shall wish I had  
been further. <sup>125</sup>  
CAESAR. Good friends, go in, and taste  
some wine with me;  
And we, like friends, will straightway  
go together.

<sup>13</sup> *reason*, etc., my love makes me say what  
my reason would forbid.

BRUTUS. [*Aside*] That every like<sup>14</sup> is  
not the same, O Caesar,  
The heart of Brutus yearns<sup>15</sup> to think  
upon! [*Exeunt*]

<sup>14</sup> every like, etc., that is, we are like friends, but we are not friends. <sup>15</sup> yearns, grieves. Brutus knows that Caesar is drinking with them hospitably, and he grieves that the conspirators in taking this pledge of friendship merely deepen their treachery.

Here will I stand till Caesar pass along,  
And as a suitor will I give him this.  
My heart laments that virtue cannot live  
Out of<sup>3</sup> the teeth of emulation. <sup>16</sup>  
If thou read this, O Caesar, thou mayst  
live;  
If not, the Fates with traitors do con-  
trive.<sup>4</sup> [*Exit*]

<sup>3</sup> Out of, etc., safe from envious rivalry.

<sup>4</sup> contrive, plot.

## STUDY AIDS

1. What incidents in this scene arouse suspense? What do you look forward to when the scene closes?

2. Do you think Caesar is disturbed by the portents? Is he afraid of death? Is it Calpurnia or the augurs who make him decide to stay at home? Why is Decius successful in persuading him to go to the Senate? What opinion do you form of him from his reception of his visitors? Is it consistent with your previous impressions?

3. Why is Calpurnia alarmed? Why does she try to dissuade Caesar from going? How does her appeal differ from Portia's appeal to Brutus? Why is she silent while Decius speaks? How do you suppose she looks when Caesar decides to go?

SCENE III. *A street near the Capitol*

*Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper*

ARTEMIDORUS. Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you; security gives way to<sup>1</sup> conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,<sup>2</sup> <sup>11</sup>

ARTEMIDORUS.

<sup>1</sup> security gives way to, false confidence makes a way for. <sup>2</sup> lover, friend.

## STUDY AIDS

1. How does this scene increase our anticipation of the assassination?

2. How does the warning here differ from the superstitious portents of earlier scenes?

3. What possibility of escape has Caesar?

SCENE IV. *Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus*

*Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS*

PORTIA. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;

Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.

Why dost thou stay?

LUCIUS. To know my errand, madam.

PORTIA. I would have had thee there, and here again,

Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there. <sup>5</sup>

O constancy,<sup>1</sup> be strong upon my side; Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.

How hard it is for women to keep counsel!<sup>2</sup>

Art thou here yet?

LUCIUS. Madam, what should I do? Run to the Capitol, and nothing else? <sup>11</sup> And so return to you, and nothing else?

<sup>1</sup> constancy, self-control. <sup>2</sup> counsel, a secret.

PORTIA. Yes, bring me word, boy, if  
thy lord look well,  
For he went sickly forth; and take good  
note

What Caesar doth, what suitors press to  
him. 15

Hark, boy! what noise is that?

LUCIUS. I hear none, madam.

PORTIA. Prithee, listen well;  
I hear a bustling rumor,<sup>3</sup> like a fray,  
And the wind brings it from the Cap-  
itol.

LUCIUS. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter the soothsayer*

PORTIA. Come hither, fellow; which  
way hast thou been? 21

SOOTHSAYER. At mine own house,  
good lady.

PORTIA. What is 't o'clock?

SOOTHSAYER. About the ninth hour,  
lady.

PORTIA. Is Caesar yet gone to the Cap-  
itol?

SOOTHSAYER. Madam, not yet; I go to  
take my stand, 25  
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

PORTIA. Thou hast some suit to Cae-  
sar, hast thou not?

SOOTHSAYER. That I have, lady; if it  
will please Caesar  
To be so good to Caesar as to hear me,  
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

PORTIA. Why, know'st thou any  
harm's intended toward him? 31

SOOTHSAYER. None that I know will  
be, much that I fear may chance.  
Good-morrow to you. Here the street is  
narrow;

The throng that follows Caesar at the  
heels,

Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,  
Will crowd a feeble man almost to  
death. 36

I'll get me to a place more void, and  
there

Speak to great Caesar as he comes along.

[Exit]

<sup>3</sup> bustling rumor, confused noise.

PORTIA. I must go in. Aye me, how  
weak a thing

The heart of woman is! O Brutus, 40  
The heavens speed thee in thine enter-  
prise!

[To herself] Sure, the boy heard me;

[To Lucius] Brutus hath a suit  
That Caesar will not grant. Oh, I grow  
faint.

Run, Lucius, and commend me<sup>4</sup> to my  
lord;

Say I am merry; come to me again, 45  
And bring me word what he doth say to  
thee. [Exeunt severally]

<sup>4</sup> commend me, give my good wishes.

## STUDY AIDS

1. How does this scene further arouse our suspense?
2. Why does Portia appear so much excited? Do you share her anxiety?

### ACT II AS A WHOLE

1. Continue the story of the play as you began it for Act I, including the summarizing sentence. What title would be appropriate for this act?
2. Is your interest in coming events any more eager than it was at the close of Act I? What incidents and scenes have helped most to this result? Have you a more definite expectation than at the close of Act I?
3. What new characters are introduced, and why is each introduced?
4. What incidents in this act arouse sympathy and respect for Brutus? Do any incidents arouse similar feelings for Caesar?
5. It has been said that Brutus is a dreamer and mistakenly assumes that other Romans have the same high principles that govern his own conduct. Prove or disprove this statement from the first two acts.
6. Note carefully the arguments of Brutus (scene i, 10-34) for the assassination of Caesar. Are they sound ones?
7. Is there any evidence, in the discussions of the conspirators, of the power of the common people of Rome?

## ACT THIRD

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol*

[All the events of Act III take place on the ides of March; that is, on the day after the events covered by Act II. The first scene presents the achievement of the conspiracy. The action is rapid. The short, whispered conversations show how much everyone except Caesar is wrought up. He is unconscious of the suppressed excitement about him.]

*A crowd of people: among them ARTEMIDORUS and the soothsayer. Flourish.*  
*Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others*

CAESAR. [*To the soothsayer*] The ides of March are come.

SOOTHSAYER. Aye, Caesar; but not gone.

ARTEMIDORUS. Hail, Caesar! read this schedule.

DECIUS. Trebonius doth desire you to o'erread,

At your best leisure, this his humble suit. 5

ARTEMIDORUS. O Caesar, read mine first; for mine's a suit

That touches Caesar nearer; read it, great Caesar.

CAESAR. What touches us ourself shall be last served.

ARTEMIDORUS. Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

CAESAR. What, is the fellow mad?

PUBLIUS. Sirrah, give place. 10

CASSIUS. What, urge you your petitions in the street?

Come to the Capitol.

CAESAR *goes up to the senate-house, the rest following.*

POPILIUS. I wish your enterprise today may thrive.

CASSIUS. What enterprise, Popilius?

POPILIUS.

Fare you well.

[*Advances to CAESAR*]

BRUTUS. What said Popilius Lena? 15

CASSIUS. He wished today our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

BRUTUS. Look, how he makes to<sup>1</sup> Caesar; mark him.

CASSIUS. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, 20

Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back, For I will slay myself.

BRUTUS. Cassius, be constant;<sup>2</sup> Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;

For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

CASSIUS. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus, 25

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS*]

DECIUS. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,

And presently<sup>3</sup> prefer his suit to Caesar.

BRUTUS. He is addressed;<sup>4</sup> press near and second him.

CINNA. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand. 30

CAESAR. Are we all ready? What is now amiss

That Caesar and his senate must redress?

METELLUS. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat An humble heart— [*Kneeling*]

CAESAR. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings<sup>5</sup> and these lowly courtesies 36

Might fire the blood of ordinary men, And turn pre-ordinance<sup>6</sup> and first decree

<sup>1</sup> makes to, presses toward. <sup>2</sup> constant, firm. <sup>3</sup> presently, at once. <sup>4</sup> addressed, prepared.

<sup>5</sup> couchings, stoopings.

<sup>6</sup> pre-ordinance, etc., turn what has been ordained and decreed from the beginning into laws as subject to whim and caprice as children's rules.

Into the law of children. Be not fond,  
 To think<sup>7</sup> that Caesar bears such rebel  
 blood 40  
 That will be thawed from the true  
 quality  
 With that which melteth fools; I mean,  
 sweet words,  
 Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-  
 fawning.  
 Thy brother by decree is banishèd;  
 If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for  
 him, 45  
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.  
 Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor with-  
 out cause  
 Will he be satisfied.

METELLUS. Is there no voice more  
 worthy than my own,  
 To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's  
 ear 50  
 For the repealing<sup>8</sup> of my banished  
 brother?

BRUTUS. I kiss thy hand, but not in  
 flattery, Caesar;  
 Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may  
 Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

CAESAR. What, Brutus!

CASSIUS. Pardon, Caesar; Caesar,  
 pardon. 55  
 As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,  
 To beg enfranchisement for Publius  
 Cimber.

CAESAR. I could be well moved, if I  
 were as you.  
 If I could pray to move, prayers would  
 move me;  
 But I am constant as the northern star, 60  
 Of whose true-fixed and resting quality  
 There is no fellow in the firmament.  
 The skies are painted with unnumbered  
 sparks;  
 They are all fire and every one doth  
 shine;  
 But there's but one in all doth hold his  
 place. 65  
 So in the world; 'tis furnished well with  
 men,

<sup>7</sup> fond, To think, so foolish as to think.  
<sup>8</sup> repealing, recalling.

And men are flesh and blood, and ap-  
 prehensive;<sup>9</sup>

Yet in the number I do know but one  
 That unassailable holds on his rank,  
 Unshaked of motion; and that I am he,  
 Let me a little show it, even in this; 71  
 That I was constant Cimber should be  
 banished,

And constant do remain to keep him so.

CINNA. O Caesar—

CAESAR. Hence! wilt thou lift up  
 Olympus?<sup>10</sup>

DECIUS. Great Caesar—

CAESAR. Doth not Brutus boot-  
 less kneel?<sup>11</sup>

CASCA. Speak, hands, for me!

[CASCA first, then the other conspirators  
 and MARCUS BRUTUS stab CAESAR]

CAESAR. *Et tu, Brute!*<sup>12</sup> Then fall,  
 Caesar!

[Dies]

CINNA. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny  
 is dead!

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the  
 streets.

CASSIUS. Some to the common pul-  
 pits,<sup>13</sup> and cry out, 80

"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchise-  
 ment!"

BRUTUS. People and senators, be not  
 affrighted;

Fly not; stand still; ambition's debt is  
 paid.

CASCA. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

DECIUS. And Cassius too.

BRUTUS. Where's Publius? 85

CINNA. Here, quite confounded with  
 this mutiny.

METELLUS. Stand fast together, lest  
 some friend of Caesar's

Should chance—

BRUTUS. Talk not of standing. Pub-  
 lius, good cheer;

<sup>9</sup> apprehensive, intelligent. <sup>10</sup> Olympus, a  
 high mountain in Greece.

<sup>11</sup> bootless kneel, kneel in vain. <sup>12</sup> *Et tu, Brute*, and thou too, Brutus! <sup>13</sup> common pul-  
 pits, the platforms in the Forum, from which  
 speakers addressed the people. The Forum  
 was a public square in Rome.



The death of Caesar



There is no harm intended to your person,  
90

Nor to no Roman else; so tell them,  
Publius.

CASSIUS. And leave us, Publius; lest  
that the people,  
Rushing on us, should do your age some  
mischief.

BRUTUS. Do so; and let no man  
abide<sup>14</sup> this deed  
But we the doers.

*Re-enter* TREBONIUS

CASSIUS. Where is Antony? 95

TREBONIUS. Fled to his house amazed.  
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out,  
and run

As it were doomsday.

BRUTUS. Fates, we will know  
your pleasures;  
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the  
time

And drawing days out, that men stand  
upon.<sup>15</sup> 100

CASSIUS. Why, he that cuts off twenty  
years of life  
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

BRUTUS. Grant that, and then is death  
a benefit;  
So are we Caesar's friends, that have  
abridged

His time of fearing death. Stoop, Ro-  
mans, stoop, 105

And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's  
blood

Up to the elbows, and besmear our  
swords;

Then walk we forth, even to the mar-  
ket-place,

And, waving our red weapons o'er our  
heads,

Let's all cry, "Peace, freedom, and  
liberty!" 110

CASSIUS. Stoop, then, and wash. How  
many ages hence  
Shall this our lofty scene be acted  
over

<sup>14</sup> *abide*, answer for. <sup>15</sup> *stand upon*, concern themselves with.

In states unborn and accents yet un-  
known!

BRUTUS. How many times shall Cae-  
sar bleed in sport, 114

That now on Pompey's basis<sup>16</sup> lies along  
No worthier than the dust!

CASSIUS. So oft as that shall be,  
So often shall the knot<sup>17</sup> of us be called  
The men that gave their country liberty.

DECURIUS. What, shall we forth?

CASSIUS. Aye, every man away;  
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his  
heels 120

With the most boldest and best hearts of  
Rome.

*Enter a servant*

BRUTUS. Soft! who comes here? A  
friend of Antony's.

SERVANT. Thus, Brutus, did my mas-  
ter bid me kneel;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall  
down;

And, being prostrate, thus he bade me  
say: 125

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and hon-  
est;

Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and lov-  
ing;

Say I love Brutus, and I honor him;  
Say I feared Caesar, honored him, and  
loved him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony 130  
May safely come to him, and be re-  
solved<sup>18</sup>

How Caesar hath deserved to lie in  
death,

Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead  
So well as Brutus living; but will follow

The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus  
Thorough<sup>19</sup> the hazards of this untrod  
state 136

With all true faith. So says my master  
Antony.

BRUTUS. Thy master is a wise and  
valiant Roman;

<sup>16</sup> *Pompey's basis*, base of Pompey's statue.  
<sup>17</sup> *knot*, group.

<sup>18</sup> *resolved*, informed. <sup>19</sup> *Thorough*, through (old form).

Caesar's tyranny, and our hearts in genuine brotherly affection for you.

Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca,  
 yours;  
 Though last, not least in love, yours,  
 good Trebonius. 180  
 Gentlemen all—alas, what shall I say?  
 My credit now stands on such slippery  
 ground,  
 That one of two bad ways you must  
 conceit<sup>29</sup> me,  
 Either a coward or a flatterer.  
 That I did love thee, Caesar, oh, 'tis  
 true;  
 If then thy spirit look upon us now, 195  
 Shall it not grieve thee dearer<sup>30</sup> than thy  
 death,  
 To see thy Antony making his peace,  
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,  
 Most noble! in the presence of thy  
 corse?  
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,  
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy  
 blood, 201  
 It would become me better than to close  
 In terms of friendship with thine ene-  
 mies.  
 Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou  
 bayed,<sup>31</sup> brave hart;  
 Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunt-  
 ers stand, 205  
 Signed in thy spoil,<sup>32</sup> and crimsoned in  
 thy lethe.<sup>33</sup>  
 O world, thou wast the forest to this  
 hart;  
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of  
 thee.  
 How like a deer, stricken by many  
 princes,  
 Dost thou here lie! 210  
 CASSIUS. Mark Antony—  
 ANTONY. Pardon me, Caius  
 Cassius;  
 The enemies of Caesar shall say this;  
 Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.<sup>34</sup>

CASSIUS. I blame you not for praising  
 Caesar so;  
 But what compact mean you to have  
 with us? 215  
 Will you be pricked<sup>35</sup> in number of our  
 friends;  
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you?  
 ANTONY. Therefore I took your hands,  
 but was, indeed,  
 Swayed from the point, by looking  
 down on Caesar.  
 Friends am I with you all and love you  
 all, 220  
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me  
 reasons  
 Why and wherein Caesar was danger-  
 ous.  
 BRUTUS. Or else were this a savage  
 spectacle;  
 Our reasons are so full of good regard<sup>36</sup>  
 That were you, Antony, the son of  
 Caesar, 225  
 You should be satisfied.  
 ANTONY. That's all I seek;  
 And am moreover suitor that I may  
 Produce<sup>37</sup> his body to the market-place;  
 And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
 Speak in the order<sup>38</sup> of his funeral. 230  
 BRUTUS. You shall, Mark Antony.  
 CASSIUS. Brutus, a word with you.  
 [Aside to BRUTUS] You know not  
 what you do; do not consent  
 That Antony speak in his funeral:  
 Know you how much the people may be  
 moved  
 By that which he will utter?  
 BRUTUS. By your pardon; 235  
 I will myself into the pulpit first,  
 And show the reason of our Caesar's  
 death;  
 What Antony shall speak, I will protest  
 He speaks by leave and by permission,  
 And that we are contented Caesar shall  
 Have all true rites and lawful cere-  
 monies. 241

<sup>29</sup> conceit, think of. <sup>30</sup> dearer, more intensely.  
<sup>31</sup> bayed, brought to bay. <sup>32</sup> Signed in thy spoil,  
 bearing the stains of your blood.

<sup>33</sup> lethe apparently means death. "Lethe," in  
 Greek mythology, was a river in the under-  
 world, a drink of whose waters caused forget-  
 fulness.

<sup>34</sup> modesty, moderation.

<sup>35</sup> pricked, marked, checked off. <sup>36</sup> full of  
 good regard, capable of being placed in such a  
 favorable light.

<sup>37</sup> Produce, exhibit. <sup>38</sup> order, etc., course of  
 his funeral ceremonies.

It shall advantage more than do us wrong.<sup>39</sup>

CASSIUS. I know not what may fall;  
I like it not.

BRUTUS. Mark Antony, here, take you  
Caesar's body.

You shall not in your funeral speech  
blame us, 245

But speak all good you can devise of  
Caesar,

And say you do't by our permission;  
Else shall you not have any hand at all  
About his funeral; and you shall speak  
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,  
After my speech is ended.

ANTONY. Be it so; 251  
I do desire no more.

BRUTUS. Prepare the body then, and  
follow us.

*[Exeunt all but ANTONY]*

ANTONY. Oh, pardon me, thou bleed-  
ing piece of earth,  
That I am meek and gentle with these  
butchers! 255

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
That ever livèd in the tide of times.  
Woe to the hand that shed this costly  
blood!

Over thy wounds now do I prophesy—  
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their  
ruby lips, 260

To beg the voice and utterance of my  
tongue—

A curse shall light upon the limbs of  
men;

Domestic fury and fierce civil strife  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;  
Blood and destruction shall be so in use  
And dreadful objects so familiar 266  
That mothers shall but smile when they  
behold

Their infants quartered with the hands  
of war;

All pity choked with custom of fell  
deeds;

And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
With Ate<sup>40</sup> by his side come hot from  
hell, 271

<sup>39</sup> *wrong*, harm. <sup>40</sup> *Ate*, goddess of revenge.

Shall in these confines with a mon-  
arch's voice

Cry "Havoc,"<sup>41</sup> and let slip<sup>42</sup> the dogs of  
war;

That this foul deed shall smell above the  
earth 274

With carrion men, groaning for burial.

*Enter a servant*

You serve Octavius Caesar,<sup>43</sup> do you not?

SERVANT. I do, Mark Antony.

ANTONY. Caesar did write for him to  
come to Rome.

SERVANT. He did receive his letters,  
and is coming;

And bid me say to you by word of  
mouth— 280

O Caesar!— *[Seeing the body]*

ANTONY. Thy heart is big; get thee  
apart and weep.

Passion,<sup>44</sup> I see, is catching; for mine  
eyes,

Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in  
thine, 284

Began to water. Is thy master coming?

SERVANT. He lies tonight within seven  
leagues of Rome.

ANTONY. Post back with speed and  
tell him what hath chanced:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous  
Rome,

No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;  
Hie hence and tell him so. Yet, stay  
awhile; 290

Thou shalt not back till I have borne  
this corse

Into the market-place; there shall I try,  
In my oration, how the people take

The cruel issue of these bloody men;  
According to the which, thou shalt dis-  
course 295

To young Octavius of the state of things.  
Lend me your hand.

*[Exeunt with CAESAR's body]*

<sup>41</sup> *Havoc*, the signal in war that no mercy was to be shown. <sup>42</sup> *let slip*, release.

<sup>43</sup> *Octavius Caesar*, a grandnephew and the chief heir of Julius Caesar; after Caesar's death he took over, with two others, control of the government. <sup>44</sup> *Passion*, grief.

## STUDY AIDS

1. How does Caesar show the sternness of his nature in this scene? Why does Shakespeare emphasize this trait here? Does Caesar show fear of death when death comes upon him?

2. Is Brutus consistently the patriot in this scene? Does he treat Antony as you had expected him to? Why does he treat him in so friendly a fashion? How does he seek to win the support of Antony? Why does he allow Antony to speak at the funeral? Why does he suppose his speech before Antony's will win the people?

3. What evidence of the practical alertness of Cassius do you find before the blows are struck? Does the gentle side of Cassius appear after the assassination? Why does he distrust Antony? How does Cassius try to secure his support? Why does Cassius object to Antony's speaking at the funeral? Why does he interrupt Antony's lament over Caesar?

4. Why does Antony, in his message, compliment Brutus? Why does Antony openly express to the conspirators his sorrow for Caesar's death? Do you think Brutus or Cassius the more likely to win Antony's support? What is the surface meaning of each of Antony's speeches? What is the real meaning of each? Why does he wish to speak at the funeral? What promise does he make about his speech? What do you learn of his purpose from his final soliloquy? Do you think him as practical as Cassius? Why are we told that Octavius is near?

*Class Reading or Acting.* The assassination of Caesar (lines 1-121); Antony and the conspirators (lines 147-252).

SCENE II. *The Forum*

[This is the greatest acting scene of the play. The crowd is much impressed by the character of Brutus, but it does not follow his reasoning at all. Antony does not try to win them by argument, but appeals to their feelings so skillfully that he soon overthrows the influence of Brutus. The scene shows the rising of the movement of revenge.]

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of citizens*

CITIZENS. We will be satisfied;<sup>1</sup> let us be satisfied.

BRUTUS. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street, And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;

And public reasons shall be rendered Of Caesar's death.

FIRST CITIZEN. I will hear Brutus speak.

SECOND CITIZEN. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,<sup>2</sup> When severally we hear them rendered.

[Exit CASSIUS, with some of the citizens. BRUTUS goes into the pulpit]

THIRD CITIZEN. The noble Brutus is ascended; silence!

BRUTUS. Be patient till the last.<sup>3</sup> Romans, countrymen, and lovers!<sup>2</sup> hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe; censure<sup>3</sup> me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his

<sup>1</sup> will be satisfied, demand satisfaction, or revenge, for Caesar's death.

<sup>2</sup> lovers, friends. <sup>3</sup> censure, judge.

fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

ALL. None, Brutus, none. 44

BRUTUS. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated,<sup>4</sup> wherein he was worthy, nor his offenses enforced,<sup>5</sup> for which he suffered death. 51

*Enter ANTONY and others, with CAESAR'S body*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death. 61

ALL. Live, Brutus! live! live!

FIRST CITIZEN. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

SECOND CITIZEN. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

THIRD CITIZEN. Let him be Caesar.<sup>6</sup>

FOURTH CITIZEN. Caesar's better parts 65

Shall be crowned in Brutus.

FIRST CITIZEN. We'll bring him to his house

With shouts and clamors.

BRUTUS. My countrymen—

SECOND CITIZEN. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

FIRST CITIZEN. Peace, ho!

BRUTUS. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, 70

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.

Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Caesar's glories, which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allowed to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart, 75  
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[Exit]

FIRST CITIZEN. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

THIRD CITIZEN. Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

ANTONY. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding<sup>7</sup> to you. 80

[Goes into the pulpit]

FOURTH CITIZEN. What does he say of Brutus?

THIRD CITIZEN. He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

FOURTH CITIZEN. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here. 84

FIRST CITIZEN. This Caesar was a tyrant.

THIRD CITIZEN. Nay, that's certain; We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

SECOND CITIZEN. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

ANTONY. You gentle Romans—

CITIZENS. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

ANTONY. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears; 89

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interrèd with their bones;

So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Caesar was ambitious;<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *beholding*, beholden, indebted.

<sup>4</sup> *extenuated*, lessened. <sup>5</sup> *enforced*, exaggerated. <sup>6</sup> *Let him be Caesar*. This shows how the entire point of Brutus's speech has been missed.

<sup>8</sup> *ambitious*. Pronounce here and in the following speeches as four syllables, but "ambition" as only three.

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,  
And grievously hath Caesar answered it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus and the  
rest—

For Brutus is an honorable<sup>9</sup> man;  
So are they all, all honorable men—  
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to  
me; 101

But Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honorable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to  
Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers<sup>10</sup>  
fill; 105

Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?  
When that the poor have cried, Caesar  
hath wept—

Ambition should be made of sterner  
stuff—

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honorable man. 110  
You all did see that on the Lupercal  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse; was this  
ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And, sure, he is an honorable man. 115  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus  
spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once, not without  
cause;

What cause withholds you, then, to  
mourn for him?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish  
beasts, 120

And men have lost their reason. Bear  
with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with  
Caesar,

And I must pause till it come back to  
me.

FIRST CITIZEN. Methinks there is much  
reason in his sayings.

<sup>9</sup> *honorable*, ironical in meaning, but should  
not be read so. Why?

<sup>10</sup> *general coffers*, the public treasury, to  
which Caesar turned over money from his sale  
of captives of war.

SECOND CITIZEN. If thou consider  
rightly of the matter, 125  
Caesar has had great wrong.

THIRD CITIZEN. Has he, masters?  
I fear there will a worse come in his  
place.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Marked ye his  
words? He would not take the  
crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not am-  
bitious.

FIRST CITIZEN. If it be found so, some  
will dear abide<sup>11</sup> it. 130

SECOND CITIZEN. Poor soul! his eyes  
are red as fire with weeping.

THIRD CITIZEN. There's not a nobler  
man in Rome than Antony.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Now mark him, he  
begins again to speak.

ANTONY. But yesterday the word of  
Caesar might

Have stood against the world; now lies  
he there, 135

And none so poor<sup>12</sup> to do him reverence.  
O masters, if I were disposed to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and  
rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius  
wrong,

Who, you all know, are honorable men.  
I will not do them wrong; I rather

choose 141  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself  
and you,

Than I will wrong such honorable men.  
But here's a parchment with the seal of

Caesar;

I found it in his closet; 'tis his will. 145  
Let but the commons hear this testa-  
ment—

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to  
read—

And they would go and kiss dead  
Caesar's wounds

And dip their napkins<sup>13</sup> in his sacred  
blood,

<sup>11</sup> *abide*, pay for it. <sup>12</sup> *so poor*, etc., so hum-  
ble as to pay any regard to Caesar.

<sup>13</sup> *napkins*, handkerchiefs.



Yea, beg a hair of him for memory, 150  
 And, dying, mention it within their  
 wills,  
 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
 Unto their issue.<sup>14</sup>

FOURTH CITIZEN. We'll hear the will;  
 read it, Mark Antony.

ALL. The will, the will! We will hear  
 Caesar's will. 155

ANTONY. Have patience, gentle  
 friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Caesar  
 loved you.

You are not wood, you are not stones,  
 but men;

And, being men, hearing the will of  
 Caesar,

It will inflame you, it will make you  
 mad. 160

'Tis good you know not that you are his  
 heirs;

For, if you should, oh, what would come  
 of it!

FOURTH CITIZEN. Read the will; we'll  
 hear it, Antony;

You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.

ANTONY. Will you be patient? Will  
 you stay awhile? 165

I have o'ershot myself<sup>15</sup> to tell you of it.  
 I fear I wrong the honorable men

Whose daggers have stabbed Caesar; I  
 do fear it.

FOURTH CITIZEN. They were traitors;  
 honorable men!

ALL. The will! The testament! 170

SECOND CITIZEN. They were villains,  
 murderers. The will! read the will.

ANTONY. You will compel me, then,  
 to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of  
 Caesar,

And let me show you him that made the  
 will.

Shall I descend? And will you give me  
 leave? 175

SEVERAL CITIZENS. Come down.

SECOND CITIZEN. Descend.

<sup>14</sup> issue, children.

<sup>15</sup> o'ershot myself, gone too far.

THIRD CITIZEN. You shall have leave.  
 [ANTONY comes down from the pulpit]

FOURTH CITIZEN. A ring; stand round.

FIRST CITIZEN. Stand from the  
 hearse,<sup>16</sup> stand from the body. 180

SECOND CITIZEN. Room for Antony,  
 most noble Antony.

ANTONY. Nay, press not so upon me;  
 stand far off.<sup>17</sup>

SEVERAL CITIZENS. Stand back; room;  
 bear back!

ANTONY. If you have tears, prepare to  
 shed them now.

You all do know this mantle; I remem-  
 ber 185

The first time ever Caesar put it on;  
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his  
 tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii;<sup>18</sup>  
 Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger  
 through;

See what a rent the envious<sup>19</sup> Casca  
 made; 190

Through this the well-belovèd Brutus  
 stabbed;

And as he plucked his cursèd steel away,  
 Mark how the blood of Caesar followed  
 it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved<sup>20</sup>  
 If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's  
 angel;<sup>21</sup> 196

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar  
 loved him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;  
 For when the noble Caesar saw him  
 stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors'  
 arms, 200

Quite vanquished him; then burst his  
 mighty heart;

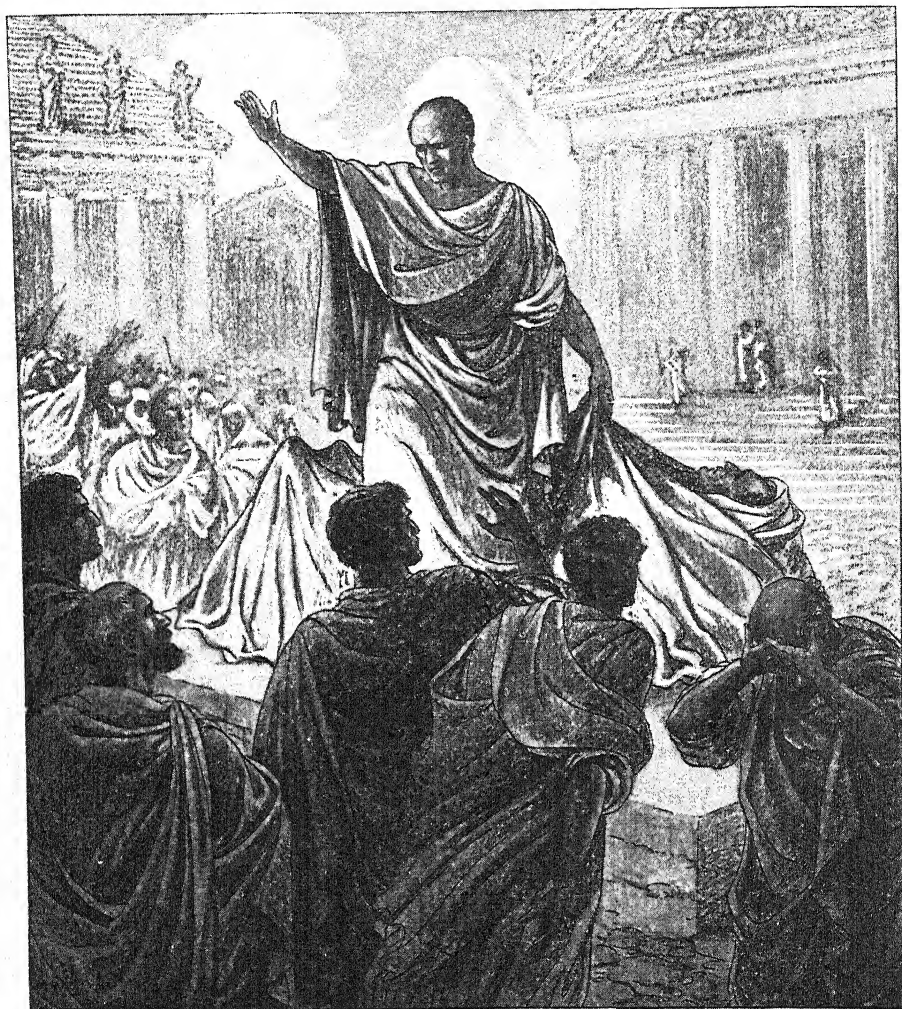
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
 Even at the base of Pompey's statuë,

Which all the while ran blood, great  
 Caesar fell.

<sup>16</sup> hearse, bier. <sup>17</sup> far off, farther off. <sup>18</sup> the Nervii, a tribe of Gaul.

<sup>19</sup> envious, malicious. <sup>20</sup> resolved, assured.

<sup>21</sup> angel, best-loved friend.



If you have tears, prepare to shed them now

O what a fall was there, my countrymen! 205

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.

O now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel

The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold 210

Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here, [*Lifting CAESAR's mantle*]

Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

FIRST CITIZEN. O piteous spectacle!

SECOND CITIZEN. O noble Caesar!

THIRD CITIZEN. O woeful day! 215

FOURTH CITIZEN. O traitors, villains!

FIRST CITIZEN. O most bloody sight!

SECOND CITIZEN. We will be revenged.

ALL. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn!

Fire! Kill! Slay!

Let not a traitor live!

220

ANTONY. Stay, countrymen.

FIRST CITIZEN. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

SECOND CITIZEN. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

ANTONY. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up 225

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you. 230

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is,

But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him; 235

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood; I only speak right on.

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths, 240

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue

In every wound of Caesar that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. 245

ALL. We'll mutiny.

FIRST CITIZEN. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

THIRD CITIZEN. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

ANTONY. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

ALL. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony! 250

ANTONY. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what;

Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves?

Alas, you know not; I must tell you, then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

ALL. Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will. 255

ANTONY. Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.<sup>22</sup>

SECOND CITIZEN. Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

THIRD CITIZEN. O royal Caesar! 260

ANTONY. Hear me with patience.

ALL. Peace, ho!

ANTONY. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbors and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tiber; he hath left them you, 265

And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves. Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?

FIRST CITIZEN. Never, never. Come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place, And with the brands fire the traitors' houses. 271

Take up the body.

SECOND CITIZEN. Go fetch fire.<sup>23</sup>

THIRD CITIZEN. Pluck down benches.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Pluck down forms,<sup>24</sup> windows, anything. 275

[*Exeunt citizens with the body*]

<sup>22</sup> drachmas. The drachma was worth about twenty cents, but it would purchase much more than an equivalent sum today.

<sup>23</sup> fire. Pronounce here as two syllables.

<sup>24</sup> forms, benches.

ANTONY. Now let it work. Mischief,  
thou art afoot,  
Take thou what course thou wilt!

*Enter a servant*

How now, fellow!

SERVANT. Sir, Octavius is already come  
to Rome.

ANTONY. Where is he?

SERVANT. He and Lepidus<sup>25</sup> are at  
Caesar's house. 280

ANTONY. And thither will I straight  
to visit him.

He comes upon a wish.<sup>26</sup> Fortune is  
merry,

And in this mood will give us anything.

SERVANT. I heard him say, Brutus and  
Cassius

Are rid like madmen through the gates  
of Rome. 285

ANTONY. Belike<sup>27</sup> they had some no-  
tice of the people,

How I had moved them. Bring me to  
Octavius.

[*Exeunt*]

<sup>25</sup> *Lepidus*, a staunch supporter of Caesar. With Octavius Caesar and Antony he formed the triumvirate (three rulers) who controlled the government after Caesar's death.

<sup>26</sup> *upon a wish*, exactly as I could have wished. <sup>27</sup> *Belike*, probably.

### STUDY AIDS

1. Why does Shakespeare present this scene rather than the one in the "other street" where Cassius speaks?

2. What kind of speech do you think Cassius delivered?

3. How would the speech of Brutus have affected you if you had been in the mob?

4. Why does Antony's speech arouse the mob? Point out passages that lead up gradually to the result.

5. What is Antony's purpose in pausing after line 123? What effect has the pause on the mob?

6. Read aloud the passages referring to the "honorable Brutus." Do you speak sarcastically or in sincere tones? Before

answering, consider well the attitude of the mob after Brutus's speech.

7. Draw up a plan of Antony's speech. Did he have this plan in mind from the beginning? Did he know the effect this speech was going to have?

8. Select the parts of each speech that you like best and be prepared to deliver them before the class. After several members have delivered their selections, the class may wish to determine by vote which passage is the most eloquent. This passage might be memorized.

9. Why did Antony seek to win the mob? What power did the mob of common people have in Rome?

10. Had Brutus, by the assassination, provided an opportunity for the Roman people to have greater freedom than they had possessed under Caesar? How did the people feel about it?

11. From this scene would you judge the Roman people of that day capable of carrying on self-government? Give reasons for your answer.

*Class Reading or Acting.* Brutus to the citizens (lines 1-76); Antony and the mob (lines 77-277).

### SCENE III. *A street*

*Enter CINNA the poet*

CINNA. I dreamt tonight<sup>1</sup> that I did  
feast with Caesar,  
And things<sup>2</sup> unluckily charge my fan-  
tasy;

I have no will to wander forth of  
doors,

Yet something leads me forth.

*Enter citizens*

FIRST CITIZEN. What is your name? 5

SECOND CITIZEN. Whither are you  
going?

THIRD CITIZEN. Where do you dwell?

FOURTH CITIZEN. Are you a married  
man or a bachelor?

<sup>1</sup> *tonight*, last night. <sup>2</sup> *And things*, etc., my imagination is burdened by things that forbode ill-fortune.

SECOND CITIZEN. Answer every man directly.

FIRST CITIZEN. Aye, and briefly.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Aye, and wisely.

THIRD CITIZEN. Aye, and truly, you were best.<sup>3</sup> 16

CINNA. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely, I say, I am a bachelor. 22

SECOND CITIZEN. That's as much as to say they are fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang<sup>4</sup> for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

CINNA. Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

FIRST CITIZEN. As a friend or an enemy? 30

CINNA. As a friend.

SECOND CITIZEN. That matter is answered directly.

FOURTH CITIZEN. For your dwelling—briefly. 35

CINNA. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

THIRD CITIZEN. Your name, sir, truly.

CINNA. Truly, my name is Cinna.

FIRST CITIZEN. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator. 40

CINNA. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses. 45

CINNA. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

FOURTH CITIZEN. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going. 50

THIRD CITIZEN. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands; to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all; some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'; away, go! 55

[*Exeunt*]

<sup>3</sup> you were best, it were best for you.

<sup>4</sup> bear me a bang, receive a blow from me.

## STUDY AIDS

1. Do you think the good humor of the crowd consistent with its illogical cruelty?
2. Is such a mob spirit consistent with the capacity for self-government?
3. Does this scene advance the plot?

### ACT III AS A WHOLE

1. Continue the story of the play as you did for Acts I and II, and include the summarizing sentence. What title would be appropriate for this act? It should fit in with your titles for the preceding acts.
2. Take up the several appearances of Brutus in this act and show whether his actions are consistent with what you already know of him.
3. In the same way, show whether Cassius acts consistently.
4. Does Antony bear out Brutus's opinion of him? What motives prompt Antony's actions immediately after the assassination? Do you think he or Cassius understands human nature better?
5. Does the mob of common people act here as you would have predicted from Act I? Trace the feelings of the mob by the speeches of the citizens.
6. Compare the orations of Brutus and Antony as to subject, plan, and manner of delivery. Are modern orations similar in any respects?
7. Where in this act does the plot take a turn? Is the audience made aware of the change then or later? When do the characters begin to feel the change?

## ACT FOURTH

### SCENE I. *A house in Rome*

[In the three preceding acts events have moved rapidly. The fourth act must be supposed to happen a long time after Act III. It shows the two opposing forces preparing for the final struggle.]

Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus actually met, some nineteen months after the assassination of Caesar, near Bologna. Shakespeare puts the scene in Rome for greater simplicity, and for the same reason omits all the intervening events.]

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, *seated  
at a table*

ANTONY. These many, then, shall die;  
their names are pricked.<sup>1</sup>

OCTAVIUS. Your brother too must die;  
consent you, Lepidus?

LEPIDUS. I do consent—

OCTAVIUS. Prick him down,  
Antony.

LEPIDUS. Upon condition Publius shall  
not live,

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

ANTONY. He shall not live; look, with  
a spot I damn<sup>2</sup> him. 6

But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house;  
Fetch the will hither, and we shall deter-  
mine

How to cut off some charge in legacies.<sup>3</sup>

LEPIDUS. What, shall I find you here?

OCTAVIUS. Or here, or at the Capitol.

[Exit LEPIDUS]

ANTONY. This is a slight unmeritable  
man,<sup>4</sup> 12

Meet to be sent on errands; is it fit,  
The three-fold world divided, he should  
stand

One of the three to share it?

OCTAVIUS. So you thought him; 15  
And took his voice<sup>5</sup> who should be  
pricked to die,

In our black sentence and proscription.

ANTONY. Octavius, I have seen more  
days than you;

And though we lay these honors on this  
man,

To ease ourselves of divers sland'rous  
loads, 20

He shall but bear them as the ass bears  
gold,

To groan and sweat under the business,  
Either led or driven, as we point the  
way;

And having brought our treasure where  
we will,

<sup>1</sup>pricked, checked. <sup>2</sup>damn, condemn to death. <sup>3</sup>cut off . . . legacies, prevent the payment of certain legacies in Caesar's will by killing the heirs.

<sup>4</sup>slight unmeritable man, an unimportant man deserving little consideration.

<sup>5</sup>voice, vote.

Then take we down his load, and turn  
him off, 25

Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,  
And graze in commons.<sup>6</sup>

OCTAVIUS. You may do your will;  
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.<sup>7</sup>

ANTONY. So is my horse, Octavius;  
and for that

I do appoint him store of provender. 30

It is a creature that I teach to fight,

To wind,<sup>8</sup> to stop, to run directly on,

His corporal motion governed by my  
spirit.

And, in some taste<sup>9</sup> is Lepidus but so;

He must be taught and trained and bid  
go forth; 35

A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds

On abjects, orts,<sup>10</sup> and imitations,

Which, out of use and staled by other  
men,

Begin his fashion;<sup>11</sup> do not talk of him

But as a property.<sup>12</sup> And now, Octa-  
vius, 40

Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius

Are levying powers; we must straight  
make head;<sup>13</sup>

Therefore let our alliance be combined,

Our best friends made,<sup>14</sup> our means  
stretched;<sup>15</sup>

And let us presently go sit in council, 45

How covert matters may be best dis-  
closed,<sup>16</sup>

And open perils surest answered.<sup>17</sup>

OCTAVIUS. Let us do so; for we are at  
the stake,<sup>18</sup>

And bayed about with many enemies;

And some that smile have in their  
hearts, I fear, 50

Millions of mischiefs. [Exeunt]

<sup>6</sup>commons, public pastures. <sup>7</sup>soldier. Pronounce as three syllables. <sup>8</sup>wind, turn. <sup>9</sup>in some taste, in some small degree. <sup>10</sup>abjects, orts, etc., things thrown away, and broken fragments. <sup>11</sup>Begin his fashion, are the newest fashion with him.

<sup>12</sup>property, tool. <sup>13</sup>straight make head, immediately prepare to fight. <sup>14</sup>made, made secure. <sup>15</sup>stretched, made as large as we can stretch them. <sup>16</sup>disclosed, discovered. <sup>17</sup>answered, met. <sup>18</sup>at the stake. In Shakespeare's day one of the popular amusements was bear-baiting. A bear was tied to a stake and then set upon by dogs.

## STUDY AIDS

1. Why do the triumvirs calmly mark friends and relatives for death? What does this act show of their character? Of their harmony? Of their growing strength?

2. Why does Antony send Lepidus away? What do you think of his manner of carrying out Caesar's will? Has Antony changed since we last saw him?

3. Does this scene in any way correspond to Act II, scene i?

SCENE II. *Camp near Sardis.*<sup>1</sup> *Before BRUTUS's tent*

[After the assassination Rome was in the hands of Antony. Cassius went to Syria and Brutus to Macedonia. All their activities are omitted for simplicity until the visit of Cassius to Brutus at Sardis. The scene occurs in B. C. 42, about a year after the preceding scene.]

*Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and soldiers; TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them*

BRUTUS. Stand, ho!

LUCILIUS. Give the word, ho! and stand.

BRUTUS. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

LUCILIUS. He is at hand; and Pindarus<sup>2</sup> is come

To do you salutation from his master. 5

BRUTUS. He greets me well.<sup>3</sup> Your master, Pindarus,

In his own change,<sup>4</sup> or by ill officers, Hath given me some worthy cause to wish

Things done, undone; but, if he be at hand,

I shall be satisfied.<sup>5</sup>

PINDARUS. I do not doubt 10

But that my noble master will appear  
Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

BRUTUS. He is not doubted. A word,  
Lucilius,

How he received you; let me be resolved.<sup>6</sup>

LUCILIUS. With courtesy and with respect enough; 15

But not with such familiar instances,<sup>7</sup>  
Nor with such free and friendly conference,

As he hath used of old.

BRUTUS. Thou hast described  
A hot friend cooling; ever note, Lucilius,  
When love begins to sicken and decay, 20  
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple  
faith;

But hollow men, like horses hot at  
hand,<sup>8</sup>

Make gallant show and promise of their  
mettle;

But when they should endure the bloody  
spur, 25

They fall<sup>9</sup> their crests, and, like deceitful  
jades,<sup>10</sup>

Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

LUCILIUS. They mean this night in  
Sardis to be quartered;

The greater part, the horse in general,  
Are come with Cassius.

BRUTUS. Hark! he is arrived. 30  
[*Low march within*]

March gently on to meet him.

*Enter CASSIUS and his powers*

CASSIUS. Stand, ho!

BRUTUS. Stand, ho! Speak the word  
along.

FIRST SOLDIER. Stand!

SECOND SOLDIER. Stand! 35

THIRD SOLDIER. Stand!

CASSIUS. Most noble brother, you have  
done me wrong.

<sup>1</sup> Sardis, the capital of Lydia, in Asia Minor.  
<sup>2</sup> Pindarus, Cassius's servant.

<sup>3</sup> greets me well, his greeting finds me in good health. <sup>4</sup> In his own change, etc., because of some change in him, or by the misconduct of his officers. <sup>5</sup> be satisfied, have a satisfactory explanation.

<sup>6</sup> resolved, informed. <sup>7</sup> familiar instances, marks of familiarity.

<sup>8</sup> hot at hand, restless or spirited when reined in. <sup>9</sup> fall, let fall. <sup>10</sup> jades, worthless horses.



BRUTUS. Judge me, you gods! Wrong  
I mine enemies?  
And if not so, how should I wrong a  
brother?

CASSIUS. Brutus, this sober form of  
yours hides wrongs; 40

And when you do them—

BRUTUS. Cassius, be content;<sup>11</sup>

Speak your griefs softly; I do know you  
well.

Before the eyes of both our armies  
here,

Which should perceive nothing but love  
from us,

Let us not wrangle; bid them move  
away; 45

Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your  
griefs,<sup>12</sup>

And I will give you audience.

CASSIUS. Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges  
off

A little from this ground.

BRUTUS. Lucilius, do you the like;  
and let no man 50

Come to our tent till we have done our  
conference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.  
[*Exeunt*]

<sup>11</sup> content, calm.

<sup>12</sup> enlarge your griefs, express fully your  
grievances.

### STUDY AIDS

1. What, do you assume, have been the  
relations of these two leaders since we last  
saw them? How does this picture of con-  
ditions in the camp of Cassius and Brutus  
compare with the picture in the preceding  
scene?

2. What traits of Brutus reappear in this  
scene? Is it natural that he should wish to  
conceal the quarrel from the troops?

3. Is it natural that Cassius should enter  
in an angry mood? Has he shown anger  
before in the play?

4. Does this scene add anything to the  
plot? Why is it introduced?

### SCENE III. BRUTUS'S tent

[This "quarrel scene" is a fine example  
of the clash between strong personalities  
—a kind of conflict common in drama.]

#### *Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS*

CASSIUS. That you have wronged me  
doth appear in this:

You have condemned and noted<sup>1</sup> Lucius  
Pella

For taking bribes here of the Sardians;  
Wherein my letters, praying on his side  
Because I knew the man, were slighted  
off.<sup>2</sup> 5

BRUTUS. You wronged yourself to  
write in such a case.

CASSIUS. In such a time as this it is not  
meet

That every nice<sup>3</sup> offense should bear his  
comment.<sup>4</sup>

BRUTUS. Let me tell you, Cassius, you  
yourself

Are much condemned to have an itch-  
ing<sup>5</sup> palm; 10

To sell and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.

CASSIUS. I an itching palm!

You know that you are Brutus that  
speaks this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else  
your last.

BRUTUS. The name of Cassius honors  
this corruption, 15  
And chastisement doth therefore hide  
his head.

CASSIUS. Chastisement!

BRUTUS. Remember March, the ides  
of March remember;

Did not great Julius bleed for justice'  
sake?

What villain touched his body, that did  
stab, 20

And not for justice? What, shall one of  
us,

That struck the foremost man of all this  
world

<sup>1</sup> noted, marked for disgrace. <sup>2</sup> slighted off,  
disregarded. <sup>3</sup> nice, trivial. <sup>4</sup> bear his com-  
ment, be noticed and criticized: his means  
"its." <sup>5</sup> itching, covetous.

But for supporting robbers, shall we  
 now  
 Contaminate our fingers with base  
 bribes,  
 And sell the mighty space of our large  
 honors 25  
 For so much trash as may be grasped  
 thus?  
 I had rather be a dog, and bay the  
 moon,  
 Than such a Roman.

CASSIUS. Brutus, bait not me;  
 I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,  
 To hedge me in;<sup>6</sup> I am a soldier, I, 30  
 Older in practice, abler than yourself  
 To make conditions.<sup>7</sup>

BRUTUS. Go to; you are not,  
 Cassius.

CASSIUS. I am.

BRUTUS. I say you are not.

CASSIUS. Urge me no more, I shall  
 forget myself; 35  
 Have mind upon your health, tempt me  
 no further.

BRUTUS. Away, slight man!

CASSIUS. Is't possible?

BRUTUS. Hear me, for I will speak.  
 Must I give way and room to your rash  
 choler?

Shall I be frightened when a madman  
 stares? 40

CASSIUS. O ye gods, ye gods! must I  
 endure all this?

BRUTUS. All this! aye, more. Fret till  
 your proud heart break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you  
 are,

And make your bondmen tremble.  
 Must I budge?

Must I observe you?<sup>8</sup> Must I stand and  
 crouch 45

Under your testy humor? By the gods,  
 You shall digest the venom of your  
 spleen,<sup>9</sup>

Though it do split you; for, from this  
 day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my  
 laughter,

When you are waspish.

CASSIUS. Is it come to this? 50

BRUTUS. You say you are a better  
 soldier;

Let it appear so; make your vaunting  
 true,

And it shall please me well; for mine  
 own part,

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

CASSIUS. You wrong me every way;  
 you wrong me, Brutus; 55

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:

Did I say "better"?

BRUTUS. If you did, I care not.

CASSIUS. When Caesar lived, he durst  
 not thus have moved me.

BRUTUS. Peace, peace! you durst not  
 so have tempted him.

CASSIUS. I durst not! 60

BRUTUS. No.

CASSIUS. What, durst not tempt him!

BRUTUS. For your life you durst not.

CASSIUS. Do not presume too much  
 upon my love;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

BRUTUS. You have done that you  
 should be sorry for. 65

There is no terror, Cassius, in your  
 threats,

For I am armed so strong in honesty  
 That they pass by me as the idle wind,  
 Which I respect not. I did send to you  
 For certain sums of gold, which you  
 denied me; 70

For I can raise no money by vile means;  
 By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
 And drop my blood for drachmas, than  
 to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their  
 vile trash

By any indirection;<sup>10</sup> I did send 75  
 To you for gold to pay my legions,  
 Which you denied me; was that done  
 like Cassius?

Should I have answered Caius Cassius  
 so?

<sup>10</sup> *indirection*, dishonest method.

<sup>6</sup> *hedge me in*, hamper me by interfering.  
<sup>7</sup> *make conditions*, deal with his subordinates  
 mentioned above. <sup>8</sup> *observe you*, treat you with  
 reverence. <sup>9</sup> *spleen*, fit of anger.

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters<sup>11</sup> from his  
friends, 80

Be ready, gods, with all your thunder-  
bolts;

Dash him to pieces!

CASSIUS. I denied you not.

BRUTUS. You did.

CASSIUS. I did not; he was but a fool  
that brought

My answer back. Brutus hath rived<sup>12</sup>  
my heart; 85

A friend should bear his friend's infirm-  
ities,

But Brutus makes mine greater than  
they are.

BRUTUS. I do not, till you practice  
them on me.

CASSIUS. You love me not.

BRUTUS. I do not like your faults.

CASSIUS. A friendly eye could never  
see such faults. 90

BRUTUS. A flatterer's would not,  
though they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

CASSIUS. Come, Antony, and young  
Octavius, come,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is awearry of the world; 95

Hated by one he loves; braved<sup>13</sup> by his  
brother;

Checked like a bondman; all his faults  
observed,

Set in a notebook, learned, and conned  
by rote,<sup>14</sup>

To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my  
dagger, 100

And here my naked breast; within, a  
heart

Dearer than Plutus<sup>15</sup> mine, richer than  
gold;

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;  
I, that denied thee gold, will give my  
heart;

Strike, as thou did'st at Caesar; for, I  
know, 105

When thou didst hate him worst, thou  
lovedst him better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

BRUTUS. Sheathe your dagger.

Be angry when you will, it shall have  
scope;

Do what you will, dishonor shall be  
humor.<sup>16</sup>

O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb 110  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;

Who, much enforced, shows a hasty  
spark,

And straight is cold again.

CASSIUS. Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his  
Brutus,

When grief and blood ill-tempered<sup>17</sup>  
vexeth him? 115

BRUTUS. When I spoke that, I was ill-  
tempered too.

CASSIUS. Do you confess so much?  
Give me your hand.

BRUTUS. And my heart too.

CASSIUS. O Brutus!

BRUTUS. What's the matter?

CASSIUS. Have not you love enough to  
bear with me,

When that rash humor which my  
mother gave me 120

Makes me forgetful?

BRUTUS. Yes, Cassius; and, from  
henceforth,

When you are over-earnest with your  
Brutus,

He'll think your mother chides, and  
leave you so.

POET. [*Within*] Let me go in to see  
the generals;

There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis  
not meet 125

They be alone.

LUCILIUS. [*Within*] You shall not  
come to them.

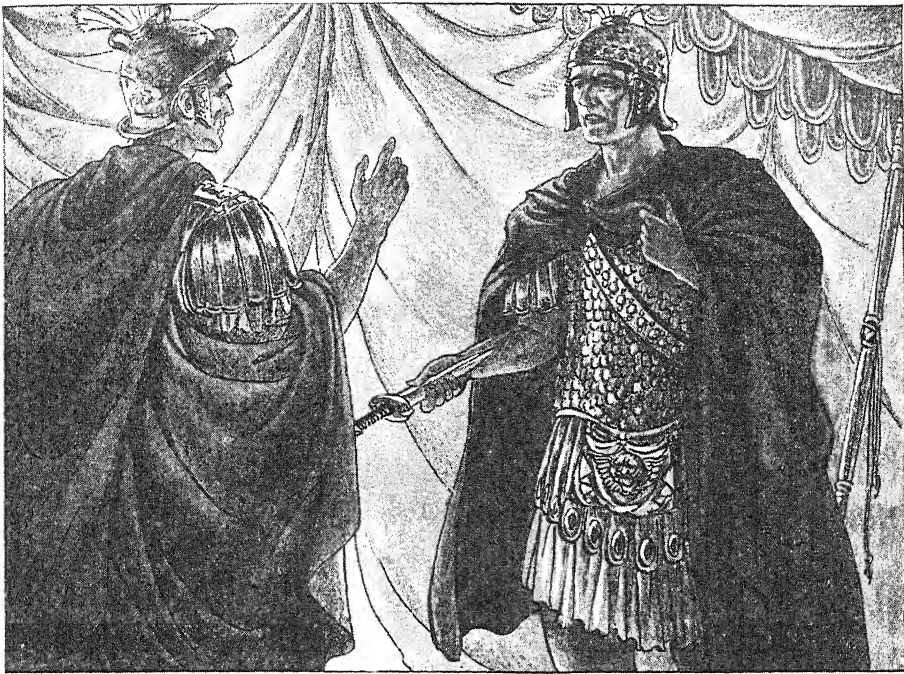
<sup>11</sup> rascal counters, worthless coins. <sup>12</sup> rived, pierced, torn.

<sup>13</sup> braved, defied.

<sup>14</sup> conned by rote, memorized. <sup>15</sup> Plutus, god of wealth.

<sup>16</sup> dishonor shall be humor, when you are insulting I shall call it your whim.

<sup>17</sup> blood ill-tempered, blood mixed poorly with the other "humors" of the body (phlegm, melancholy, and cholera).



Strike, as thou didst at Caesar

POET. [*Within*] Nothing but death  
shall stay me.

*Enter poet, followed by* LUCILIUS, TI-  
TINIUS, and LUCIUS

CASSIUS. How now! what's the mat-  
ter?

POET. For shame, you generals! what  
do you mean? 130

Love, and be friends, as two such men  
should be;

For I have seen more years, I'm sure,  
than ye.

CASSIUS. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this  
cynic rime!

BRUTUS. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy  
fellow, hence!

CASSIUS. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis  
his fashion. 135

BRUTUS. I'll know his humor, when  
he knows his time.

What should the wars do with these jig-  
ging<sup>18</sup> fools?

<sup>18</sup> *jigging, riming.*

Companion, hence!

CASSIUS. Away, away, be gone!  
[*Exit poet*]

BRUTUS. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the  
commanders

Prepare to lodge their companies to-  
night. 140

CASSIUS. And come yourselves, and  
bring Messala with you

Immediately to us.

[*Exeunt* LUCILIUS and TITINIUS]

BRUTUS. Lucius, a bowl of wine!

[*Exit* LUCIUS]

CASSIUS. I did not think you could  
have been so angry.

BRUTUS. O Cassius, I am sick of many  
griefs.

CASSIUS. Of your philosophy you  
make no use, 145

If you give place to accidental evils.

BRUTUS. No man bears sorrow better.

Portia is dead.

CASSIUS. Ha! Portia!

BRUTUS. She is dead.

CASSIUS. How 'scaped I killing when  
I crossed you so? 150  
O insupportable and touching loss!  
Upon what sickness?

BRUTUS. Impatient of my absence,  
And grief that young Octavius with  
Mark Antony  
Have made themselves so strong—for  
with her death  
That tidings came—with this she fell  
distract,<sup>19</sup> 155

And, her attendants absent, swallowed  
fire.<sup>20</sup>

CASSIUS. And died so?

BRUTUS. Even so.

CASSIUS. O ye immortal gods!

*Re-enter LUCIUS, with wine and taper*

BRUTUS. Speak no more of her. Give  
me a bowl of wine.  
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

[*Drinks*]

CASSIUS. My heart is thirsty for that  
noble pledge. 160  
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the  
cup;

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.  
[*Drinks*]

BRUTUS. Come in, Titinius!

[*Exit LUCIUS*]

*Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA*

Welcome, good Messala.  
Now sit we close about this taper here 165  
And call in question<sup>21</sup> our necessities.

CASSIUS. Portia, art thou gone?

BRUTUS. No more, I pray you.  
Messala, I have here received letters,  
That young Octavius and Mark Antony  
Come down upon us with a mighty  
power,<sup>22</sup> 170  
Bending their expedition toward Phil-  
ippi.

MESSALA. Myself have letters of the  
selfsame tenor.

BRUTUS. With what addition?

MESSALA. That by proscription and  
bills of outlawry,  
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus 175  
Have put to death an hundred senators.

BRUTUS. Therein our letters do not  
well agree;

Mine speak of seventy senators that died  
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

CASSIUS. Cicero one!

MESSALA. Cicero is dead, 180  
And by that order of proscription.

Had you your letters from your wife, my  
lord?

BRUTUS. No, Messala.

MESSALA. Nor nothing in your letters  
writ of her?

BRUTUS. Nothing, Messala.<sup>23</sup> 184

MESSALA. That, methinks, is  
strange.

BRUTUS. Why ask you? hear you  
aught of her in yours?

MESSALA. No, my lord.

BRUTUS. Now, as you are a Roman,  
tell me true.

MESSALA. Then like a Roman bear the  
truth I tell;

For certain she is dead, and by strange  
manner. 190

BRUTUS. Why, farewell, Portia. We  
must die, Messala;

With meditating that she must die once,  
I have the patience to endure it now.

MESSALA. Even so great men great  
losses should endure.

CASSIUS. I have as much of this in  
art<sup>24</sup> as you, 195

But yet my nature could not bear it so.

BRUTUS. Well, to our work alive.<sup>25</sup>

What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?<sup>26</sup>

CASSIUS. I do not think it good.

BRUTUS. Your reason?

CASSIUS. This it is:

<sup>19</sup> *Nothing, Messala.* Perhaps the friends of Brutus had not written him directly; he may therefore be still hoping for better news.

<sup>24</sup> *art, theory.*

<sup>25</sup> *our work alive, the work that we, who are still living, have to do.* <sup>26</sup> *presently, at once.*

<sup>19</sup> *distract, distracted.* <sup>20</sup> *swallowed, fire.* According to Plutarch, she "took hot burning coals and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close that she choked herself."  
<sup>21</sup> *call in question, discuss.* <sup>22</sup> *power, army.*

'Tis better that the enemy seek us; 200  
So shall he waste his means, weary his  
soldiers,

Doing himself offense;<sup>27</sup> whilst we,  
lying still,  
Are full of rest, defense, and nimbleness.

BRUTUS. Good reasons must, of  
force,<sup>28</sup> give place to better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this  
ground 205

Do stand but in a forced affection;  
For they have grudged us contribution.  
The enemy marching along by them,  
By them shall make a fuller number up,  
Come on refreshed, new-added, and en-  
couraged; 210

From which advantage shall we cut him  
off,

If at Philippi we do face him there,  
These people at our back.

CASSIUS. Hear me, good brother.

BRUTUS. Under your pardon. You  
must note beside,

That we have tried the utmost of our  
friends, 215

Our legions are brim-full, our cause is  
ripe;

The enemy increaseth every day;  
We, at the height, are ready to decline.  
There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to  
fortune; 220

Omitted,<sup>29</sup> all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat;  
And we must take the current when it  
serves,

Or lose our ventures.<sup>30</sup> 224

CASSIUS. Then, with your will,  
go on;

We'll along ourselves, and meet them at  
Philippi.

BRUTUS. The deep of night is crept  
upon our talk,

And nature must obey necessity;

<sup>27</sup> offense, harm.

<sup>28</sup> of force, of necessity.

<sup>29</sup> Omitted, neglected.

<sup>30</sup> ventures, merchandise put on board ves-  
sels in hope of profit.

Which we will niggard<sup>31</sup> with a little  
rest.

There is no more to say?

CASSIUS. No more. Good night. 230  
Early tomorrow will we rise, and hence.

BRUTUS. Lucius! [*Enter LUCIUS*] My  
gown.

[*Exit LUCIUS*] Farewell, good Mes-  
sala.

Good-night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cas-  
sius,

Good-night, and good repose.

CASSIUS. O my dear brother!

This was an ill beginning of the night.

Never come such division 'tween our  
souls! 236

Let it not, Brutus.

BRUTUS. Everything is well.

CASSIUS. Good-night, my lord.

BRUTUS. Good-night, good brother.

TITINIUS. } Good-night, Lord Brutus.

MESSALA. }

BRUTUS. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS*]

*Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instru-  
ment?

LUCIUS. Here in the tent.

BRUTUS. What, thou speak'st  
drowsily? 240

Poor knave,<sup>32</sup> I blame thee not; thou art  
o'erwatched.<sup>33</sup>

Call Claudius and some other of my  
men;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my  
tent.

LUCIUS. Varro and Claudius! 245

*Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS*

VARRO. Calls my lord?

BRUTUS. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent  
and sleep;

It may be I shall raise you by and by  
On business to my brother Cassius.

<sup>31</sup> niggard, supply sparingly.

<sup>32</sup> knave, boy; used as a term of loving  
familiarity.

<sup>33</sup> o'erwatched, tired out with watching.

VARRO. So please you, we will stand  
and watch your pleasure. 250

BRUTUS. I will not have it so; lie  
down, good sirs;

It may be I shall otherwise bethink  
me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought  
for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

VARRO and CLAUDIUS lie down

LUCIUS. I was sure your lordship did  
not give it me. 255

BRUTUS. Bear with me, good boy, I  
am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes  
awhile,

And touch thy instrument a strain or  
two?

LUCIUS. Aye, my lord, an't please you.

BRUTUS. It does, my boy;

I trouble thee too much, but thou art  
willing. 260

LUCIUS. It is my duty, sir.

BRUTUS. I should not urge thy duty  
past thy might;

I know young bloods look for a time of  
rest.

LUCIUS. I have slept, my lord, already.

BRUTUS. It was well done; and thou  
shalt sleep again; 265

I will not hold thee long; if I do live,

I will be good to thee.

[*Music, and a song*]

This is a sleepy tune. O murd'rous  
slumber,

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my  
boy,

That plays thee music? Gentle knave,  
good night; 270

I will not do thee so much wrong to  
wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy in-  
strument;

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy,  
good night.

Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf  
turned down

Where I left reading? Here it is, I  
think. 275

*Enter the Ghost of CAESAR*

How ill this taper burns!<sup>34</sup> Ha! who  
comes here?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes  
That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me. Art thou anything?  
Art thou some god, some angel, or some  
devil, 280

That mak'st my blood cold and my hair  
to stare?<sup>35</sup>

Speak to me what thou art.

GHOST. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRUTUS. Why com'st thou?

GHOST. To tell thee thou shalt see me  
at Philippi.

BRUTUS. Well; then I shall see thee  
again? 285

GHOST. Aye, at Philippi.

BRUTUS. Why, I will see thee at  
Philippi, then.

[*Exit Ghost*]

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest;  
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with  
thee. 290

Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs,  
awake!

Claudius!

LUCIUS. The strings, my lord, are  
false.<sup>36</sup>

BRUTUS. He thinks he still is at his  
instrument.

Lucius, awake!

LUCIUS. My lord? 295

BRUTUS. Didst thou dream, Lucius,  
that thou so criedst out?

LUCIUS. My lord, I do not know that  
I did cry.

BRUTUS. Yes, that thou didst; didst  
thou see anything?

LUCIUS. Nothing, my lord.

BRUTUS. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah

<sup>34</sup> *How ill this taper burns!* It was a com-  
mon belief that wicks burned low and blue in  
the presence of a ghost.

<sup>35</sup> *stare*, bristle.

<sup>36</sup> *false*, out of tune.



Claudius! [To VARRO] Fellow thou,  
awake! 301

VARRO. My lord?

CLAUDIUS. My lord?

BRUTUS. Why did you so cry out, sirs,  
in your sleep?

VARRO. } Did we, my lord?

CLAUDIUS. } Aye, saw you anything?

VARRO. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

CLAUDIUS. Nor I, my lord. 306

BRUTUS. Go and commend me to my  
brother Cassius;

Bid him set on<sup>37</sup> his power betimes be-  
fore,

And we will follow.

VARRO. } It shall be done,

CLAUDIUS. } my lord. [Exeunt]

<sup>37</sup> set on, etc., advance his forces early.

## STUDY AIDS

1. What is your feeling for Brutus on closing this scene? Why does Brutus censure Cassius? Does he treat Cassius as an equal or as an inferior at the beginning of the quarrel? What is his opinion of Caesar now? Has his opinion changed? Is he at all envious of Cassius? How much has a sense of honor and how much a need for money to do with the quarrel? Could Brutus afford to accept money collected as Cassius had collected his? What reconciles the two friends? Why does Brutus drive the poet out, whereas Cassius laughs at him? Why does Brutus say so little of Portia—from lack of feeling or from deep grief? Give reasons for your answer. Do you consider the reasoning of Cassius or of Brutus the better with regard to the proposed advance to Philippi? What traits of these leaders come out in the scene with Lucius? How many things are implied about Brutus's tastes and disposition by lines 251-254?

2. In staging the play, would you have the ghost of Caesar appear on the stage?

Or should it exist only in Brutus's mind? Why does Shakespeare introduce it in this scene?

3. Why is Cassius angry with Brutus? Why does he become reconciled—because he is convinced he (Cassius) is wrong or because he loves Brutus too well to remain unfriendly? Where, earlier in the play, has he been swayed by personal feelings? On what earlier occasions have he and Brutus differed in opinion? Whose judgment has prevailed in each case? Whose judgment has proved sounder in each case? What difference of judgment arises in this scene? Whose judgment prevails?

4. In the quarrel on which side do your sympathies lie? Would the scene make a good one for acting today? Why, or why not?

5. What ideals of friendship are expressed during the quarrel? How far do Brutus and Cassius live up to them? Do you think these ideals could be lived up to today?

*Class Reading or Acting.* The quarrel of Brutus and Cassius (lines 1-123); Brutus on the night before Philippi (lines 240-309).

## ACT IV AS A WHOLE

1. Continue the story as you have treated it for the three preceding acts. Do your four summarizing sentences now tell a connected story? Do your titles for the four acts harmonize with one another?

2. What new characters appear in this act? Why are they introduced?

3. Were you surprised that Brutus and Cassius quarreled? That is, had they treated each other in earlier scenes in such a way as to lead you to expect a quarrel? Does the quarrel throw any new light on their characters?

4. This play brings out the methods used by rival political parties to gain control of the Roman government. What methods do modern political parties (as Republicans and Democrats in the United States) employ to win against their opponents? Why have methods changed?

## ACT FIFTH

[In the autumn of B. C. 42, shortly after the meeting at Sardis, Brutus and Cassius took their armies into Macedonia, in Europe, to the plains of Philippi. There they pitched camp on two hills, Brutus to the north of Cassius. When Antony and Octavius arrived, Antony forced Cassius into a battle, during which he captured the southern hill and set fire to the camp. The forces of Brutus, without orders, attacked the camp of the enemy. When Brutus became aware of the burning of the southern camp, he sent out horsemen to find Cassius. But Cassius, not being able in the dust of battle to tell who the horsemen were, dispatched Titinius to find out. The horsemen of course received Titinius with open arms, but Cassius, thinking that the messenger had been captured, forced his slave to kill him. When a second battle, twenty days later, went against Brutus, he took his own life to keep from falling into the hands of Antony.]

SCENE I. *The plains of Philippi*

*Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army*

OCTAVIUS. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered;  
You said the enemy would not come down,  
But keep the hills and upper regions;  
It proves not so; their battles<sup>1</sup> are at hand;  
They mean to warn<sup>2</sup> us at Philippi here,  
Answering before we do demand of them.  
ANTONY. Tut, I am in their bosoms,<sup>3</sup>  
and I know  
Wherefore they do it; they could be content  
To visit other places; and come down  
With fearful bravery,<sup>4</sup> thinking by this  
face

10

<sup>1</sup> battles, troops. <sup>2</sup> warn, summon to battle.

<sup>3</sup> am in their bosoms, know their intentions.

<sup>4</sup> fearful bravery, bravery only in appearance.

To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;  
But 'tis not so.

*Enter a messenger*

MESSANGER. Prepare you, generals;  
The enemy comes on in gallant show;  
Their bloody sign<sup>5</sup> of battle is hung out,  
And something to be done immediately.

ANTONY. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,  
Upon the left hand of the even field.

OCTAVIUS. Upon the right hand<sup>6</sup> I;  
keep thou the left.

ANTONY. Why do you cross me in this exigent?<sup>7</sup>

OCTAVIUS. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

20

[*March*]

*Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others*

BRUTUS. They stand, and would have parley.

CASSIUS. Stand fast, Titinius; we must out and talk.

OCTAVIUS. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

ANTONY. No, Caesar,<sup>8</sup> we will answer on their charge.

Make forth; the generals would have some words.

25

OCTAVIUS. Stir not until the signal.

BRUTUS. Words before blows; is it so, countrymen?

OCTAVIUS. Not that we love words better, as you do.

BRUTUS. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

ANTONY. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words;

30

<sup>5</sup> bloody sign. The signal for beginning the battle was a scarlet coat.

<sup>6</sup> right hand, considered more important than the left in battle. <sup>7</sup> exigent, critical moment.

<sup>8</sup> Caesar, i. e., Octavius, who had assumed the name Caius Julius Caesar Octavianus.

Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,

Crying "Long live! hail, Caesar!"

CASSIUS. Antony,  
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;

But for your words, they rob the Hybla<sup>9</sup> bees,

And leave them honeyless.

ANTONY. Not stingless too. 35

BRUTUS. Oh, yes, and soundless too;  
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,

And very wisely threat before you sting.

ANTONY. Villains, you did not so,  
when your vile daggers

Hacked one another in the sides of Caesar;

You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like hounds,

And bowed like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;

Whilst damnèd Casca, like a cur, behind

Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!

CASSIUS. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself; 45

This tongue had not offended so today,

If Cassius might have ruled.<sup>10</sup>

OCTAVIUS. Come, come, the cause; if arguing make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look; 50

I draw a sword against conspirators;

When think you that the sword goes up again?

Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds

Be well avenged; or till another Caesar<sup>11</sup>

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors. 55

BRUTUS. Caesar, thou canst not die by traitor's hands,

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

OCTAVIUS. So I hope;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

BRUTUS. Oh, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,

Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable. 60

CASSIUS. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor,

Joined with a masker<sup>12</sup> and a reveler!

ANTONY. Old Cassius still!

OCTAVIUS. Come, Antony, away!

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth;

If you dare fight today, come to the field; 65

If not, when you have stomachs.<sup>13</sup>

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army*]

CASSIUS. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.<sup>14</sup>

BRUTUS. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

LUCILIUS. [*Standing forth*] My lord?

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart*]

CASSIUS. Messala,

MESSALA. [*Standing forth*] What says my general? 70

CASSIUS. Messala,

This is my birthday; as<sup>15</sup> this very day

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala;

Be thou my witness that against my will,

As Pompey was,<sup>16</sup> am I compelled to set

Upon one battle all our liberties. 76

You know that I held<sup>17</sup> Epicurus strong

And his opinion; now I change my mind,

<sup>12</sup> *masker*, one wearing a mask in a masquerade. <sup>13</sup> *stomachs*, courage. <sup>14</sup> *all* . . . hazard, everything depends on chance.

<sup>15</sup> *as*. The word is unnecessary here. <sup>16</sup> *As Pompey was*. Pompey was defeated by Caesar at the battle of Pharsalus, B. C. 48, because he was forced into action by the impatience of the men about him.

<sup>17</sup> *held*, etc., believed in the doctrine of Epicurus, who taught that there was no meaning in signs or omens.

<sup>9</sup> *Hybla*, a town in Sicily noted for its honey.

<sup>10</sup> *This tongue . . . ruled*. Cassius had advised the death of Antony (see II, I, 155-161, page 395).

<sup>11</sup> *another Caesar*, etc., till you, traitors, have also slaughtered me, another Caesar.

And partly credit things that do pre-  
sage.

Coming from Sardis, on our former en-  
sign<sup>18</sup> 80

Two mighty eagles fell, and there they  
perched,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers'  
hands,

Who to Philippi here consorted<sup>19</sup> us;  
This morning are they fled away and  
gone;

And in their steads do ravens, crows,  
and kites<sup>20</sup> 85

Fly o'er our heads and downward look  
on us,

As we were sickly prey; their shadows  
seem

A canopy most fatal, under which  
Our army lies, ready to give up the  
ghost.

MESSALA. Believe not so.

CASSIUS. I but believe it partly; 90  
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved  
To meet all perils very constantly.<sup>21</sup>

BRUTUS. Even so, Lucilius.

CASSIUS. Now, most noble Brutus,  
The gods today stand friendly, that we  
may, 94

Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!  
But since the affairs of men rest still  
incertain,

Let's reason with the worst that may  
befall.

If we do lose this battle, then is this  
The very last time we shall speak to-  
gether; 99

What are you then determinèd to do?

BRUTUS. Even by the rule of that phil-  
osophy

By which I did blame Cato<sup>22</sup> for the  
death

Which he did give himself—I know not  
how,

But I do find it cowardly and vile,

For fear of what might fall, so to pre-  
vent 105

The time of life<sup>23</sup>—arming myself with  
patience

To stay the providence of some high  
powers

That govern us below.

CASSIUS. Then, if we lose this battle,  
You are contented to be led in triumph  
Thorough<sup>24</sup> the streets of Rome? 110

BRUTUS. No, Cassius, no; think not,  
thou noble Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to  
Rome;

He bears too great a mind. But this  
same day

Must end that work the ides of March  
begun;

And whether we shall meet again I  
know not. 115

Therefore our everlasting farewell take;  
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!  
If we do meet again, why, we shall  
smile;

If not, why then, this parting was well  
made.

CASSIUS. For ever, and for ever, fare-  
well, Brutus! 120

If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;  
If not, 'tis true this parting was well  
made.

BRUTUS. Why, then, lead on. Oh, that  
a man might know

The end of this day's business ere it  
come!

But it sufficeth that the day will end,  
And then the end is known. Come, ho!  
away! [Exeunt]

<sup>23</sup> I know not . . . life, it is cowardly to anticipate the natural limit of life by committing suicide. <sup>24</sup> Thorough, through.

<sup>18</sup> former ensign, foremost banner. <sup>19</sup> con-  
sorted, accompanied.

<sup>20</sup> kites, birds of the hawk family. They were considered birds of ill-omen. <sup>21</sup> con-  
stantly, with firmness.

<sup>22</sup> Cato. See note on II, I, 295, page 398.

## STUDY AIDS

1. During the parley does Brutus anywhere suggest reconciliation? Where does Antony charge the conspirators with murder? Where does Cassius remind Brutus he had favored killing Antony?

2. Do you regard the parley between the leaders of the two armies as dignified? Are any of the speeches witty? What part of the audience would the scene please most? Could such a scene occur in modern warfare?

3. What has been Cassius's attitude toward omens in earlier scenes? What is his attitude here? Is he inconsistent?

4. Why do Brutus and Cassius bid farewell so solemnly? How does their parting make you feel?

*Class Reading or Acting.* Misgivings before the battle (lines 67-126).

SCENE II. *The same. The field of battle*

*Alarum.*<sup>1</sup> Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA

BRUTUS. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills<sup>2</sup>  
Unto the legions on the other side.<sup>3</sup>

[*Loud alarum*]

Let them be set on at once; for I perceive But cold demeanor<sup>4</sup> in Octavius' wing, And sudden push gives them the overthrow.<sup>5</sup>

Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III. *Another part of the field*

*Alarums.* Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS

CASSIUS. Oh, look Titinius, look, the villains fly!

Myself have to mine own turned enemy; This ensign here of mine was turning back;

I slew the coward, and did take it<sup>1</sup> from him.

TITINIUS. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early; <sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Alarum*, the call to arms. <sup>2</sup> *bills*, dispatches. <sup>3</sup> *other side*, the left wing, led by Cassius. Brutus wishes the two wings to attack at the same time. <sup>4</sup> *cold demeanor*, signs of indifference or fear.

SCENE III. <sup>1</sup> *it*, the standard; "ensign" is used for both the standard and its bearer.

Who, having some advantage on Octavius,  
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,  
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

*Enter PINDARUS*

PINDARUS. Fly farther off, my lord, fly farther off;

Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord; Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

CASSIUS. This hill<sup>2</sup> is far enough.

Look, look, Titinius;

Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

TITINIUS. They are, my lord.

CASSIUS. Titinius, if thou lovest me, Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him, <sup>15</sup>  
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,<sup>3</sup>

And here again; that I may rest assured Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

TITINIUS. I will be here again, even with a thought.<sup>4</sup> [*Exit*]

CASSIUS. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill; <sup>20</sup>

My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,

And tell me what thou not'st about the field.

*PINDARUS ascends the hill*

This day I breathèd first; time is come round,

And where I did begin, there shall I end;

My life is run his compass.<sup>5</sup> Sirrah, what news? <sup>25</sup>

PINDARUS. [*Above*] O my lord!

CASSIUS. What news?

PINDARUS. [*Above*] Titinius is enclosed round about

<sup>2</sup> *This hill*, not the one he had fortified, but one nearer Philippi.

<sup>3</sup> *yonder troops*, the troops with Messala by whom Brutus had sent dispatches to Cassius in scene ii. <sup>4</sup> *with a thought*, quick as thought.

<sup>5</sup> *his compass*, its course.

With horsemen, that make to him on  
the spur;

Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost  
on him. 30

Now, Titinius! Now some light.<sup>6</sup> Oh,  
he lights, too.

He's ta'en. [*Shout*] And, hark! they  
shout for joy.

CASSIUS. Come down, behold no  
more.

Oh, coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my  
face! 35

PINDARUS *descends*

Come hither, sirrah;  
In Parthia<sup>7</sup> did I take thee prisoner;  
And then I swore thee, saving of thy  
life,<sup>8</sup>

That whatsoever I did bid thee do,  
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now,  
keep thine oath; 40

Now be a freeman;<sup>9</sup> and with this good  
sword,

That ran through Caesar's bowels,  
search this bosom.

Stand not to answer; here, take thou the  
hilts;

And, when my face is covered, as 'tis  
now,

Guide thou the sword.

[PINDARUS *stabs him*]

Caesar, thou art revenged 45  
Even with the sword that killed thee.

[*Dies*]

PINDARUS. So, I am free; yet would  
not so have been,

Durst I have done my will. O Cas-  
sius,

Far from this country Pindarus shall  
run,

Where never Roman shall take note of  
him. 50

[*Exit*]

*Re-enter* TITINIUS *with* MESSALA

<sup>6</sup> *light*, alight from their horses. <sup>7</sup> *Parthia*, an ancient province of Persia.

<sup>8</sup> *saving of thy life*, in saving thy life. <sup>9</sup> *be a freeman*. Cassius, about to die, frees his slave, according to the Roman custom.

MESSALA. It is but change,<sup>10</sup> Titinius;  
for Octavius

Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,  
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

TITINIUS. These tidings will well  
comfort Cassius.

MESSALA. Where did you leave him?

TITINIUS. All disconsolate, 55  
With Pindarus his bondman, on this  
hill.

MESSALA. Is not that he that lies upon  
the ground?

TITINIUS. He lies not like the living.  
O my heart!

MESSALA. Is not that he?

TITINIUS. No, this was he, Messala,  
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,  
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-  
night, 61

So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;  
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is  
gone;

Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our  
deeds are done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this  
deed. 65

MESSALA. Mistrust of good success  
hath done this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child.<sup>11</sup>  
Why dost thou show to the apt<sup>12</sup>  
thoughts of men

The things that are not? O error, soon  
conceived,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth, 70  
But kill'st the mother that engendered  
thee!

TITINIUS. What, Pindarus! Where  
art thou, Pindarus?

MESSALA. Seek him, Titinius, whilst  
I go to meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report  
Into his ears; I may say thrusting it; 75  
For piercing steel and darts envenomed  
Shall be as welcome to the ears of  
Brutus

As tidings of this sight.

<sup>10</sup> *change*, exchange, a gain here balanced by a loss there.

<sup>11</sup> *melancholy's child*. Cassius was of a melancholy disposition. <sup>12</sup> *apt*, receptive.



## Caesar, thou art revenged

TITINIUS. Hie you, Messala,  
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[Exit MESSALA]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave  
Cassius? 80

Did I not meet thy friends? And did  
not they

Put on my brows this wreath of victory,  
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not  
hear their shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every-  
thing!

But, hold thee, take this garland on thy  
brow; 85

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and  
I

Will do his bidding. Brutus, come  
apace,

And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.  
By your leave, gods—this is a Roman's  
part; 89

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titin-  
ius' heart.

[Kills himself]

*Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRU-  
TUS, young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS,  
and LUCILIUS.*



BRUTUS. Where, where, Messala, doth  
his body lie?

MESSALA. Lo, yonder, and Titinius  
mourning it.

BRUTUS. Titinius' face is upward.

CATO. He is slain.

BRUTUS. O Julius Caesar, thou art  
mighty yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our  
swords

In our own proper<sup>13</sup> entrails.

[*Low alarums*]

CATO. Brave Titinius!

Look, whether he have not crowned  
dead Cassius!

BRUTUS. Are yet two Romans living  
such as these?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee  
well!

It is impossible that ever Rome 100  
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe  
moe<sup>14</sup> tears

To this dead man than you shall see me  
pay.

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find  
time.

Come, therefore, and to Thasos<sup>15</sup> send  
his body;

His funerals shall not be in our camp,  
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come:

And come, young Cato; let us to the  
field.

Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on;  
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere  
night

We shall try fortune in a second fight.

[*Exeunt*]

<sup>13</sup> *proper*, merely emphasizes *own*. <sup>14</sup> *moe*,  
more. <sup>15</sup> *Thasos*, an island in the Aegean Sea.

## STUDY AIDS

1. Would Cassius have been defeated if  
the troops of Brutus had been present to  
support him? Give reasons.

2. Where in preceding scenes has Cas-  
sius referred to taking his own life? What  
reason had he for such an act here? What  
is your final estimate of Cassius's char-

acter? Has your opinion changed since the  
beginning of the play?

3. What is your feeling when you see  
Cassius die "even with the sword that  
killed" Caesar? Why does Brutus exclaim,  
"O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!"?  
Do you think he was right?

4. How does the death of Cassius af-  
fect Brutus? Did it affect him more or  
less than the death of Portia?

*Class Reading or Acting.* The death of  
Cassius (lines 1-46).

## SCENE IV. Another part of the field

*Alarum. Enter fighting, soldiers of both  
armies; then BRUTUS, young CATO,  
LUCILIUS, and others*

BRUTUS. Yet, countrymen, oh, yet  
hold up your heads!

CATO. What bastard doth not?<sup>1</sup> Who  
will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field;  
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's  
friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

BRUTUS. And I am Brutus, Marcus  
Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me  
for Brutus! [*Exit*]

LUCILIUS. O young and noble Cato,  
art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Ti-  
tinius;

And mayst be honored, being Cato's  
son.

FIRST SOLDIER. Yield, or thou diest.

LUCILIUS. Only I yield to die;  
There is so much that thou wilt kill me  
straight; [*Offering money*]

Kill Brutus, and be honored in his death.

FIRST SOLDIER. We must not. A noble  
prisoner!

SECOND SOLDIER. Room, ho! Tell An-  
tony Brutus is ta'en.

<sup>1</sup> *What bastard doth not?* Who is so base-  
born as not to do so?

FIRST SOLDIER. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

*Enter* ANTONY

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

ANTONY. Where is he?

LUCILIUS. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough; 20

I dare assure thee that no enemy  
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus;  
The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive or dead,  
He will be found like Brutus, like himself. 25

ANTONY. This is not Brutus, friend;  
but, I assure you

A prize no less in worth; keep this man safe;

Give him all kindness; I had rather have  
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,

And see whether Brutus be alive or dead; 30

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent  
How everything is chanced.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V. *Another part of the field*

*Enter* BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS,  
STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS

BRUTUS. Come, poor remains of  
friends, rest on this rock.

CLITUS. Statilius showed the torch-light,<sup>1</sup> but, my lord,

He came not back; he is or ta'en or slain.

BRUTUS. Sit thee down, Clitus; slaying is the word; 4

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.

[*Whispering*]

CLITUS. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

BRUTUS. Peace then! no words.

<sup>1</sup> torch-light. Statilius had promised to go into the camp of the enemy to see how many men were slain, and from there, if all was well, to lift up a torch-light. This he did, but was slain on his return.

CLITUS. I'll rather kill myself.

BRUTUS. Hark thee, Dardanius.

[*Whispering*]

DARDANIUS. Shall I do such a deed?

CLITUS. O Dardanius!

DARDANIUS. O Clitus! 10

CLITUS. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

DARDANIUS. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

CLITUS. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,

That it runs over even at his eyes.

BRUTUS. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word. 15

VOLUMNIUS. What says my lord?

BRUTUS. Why, this, Volumnius; The ghost of Caesar hath appeared to me

Two several times by night; at Sardis once,

And, this last night, here in Philippi fields;

I know my hour is come.

VOLUMNIUS. Not so, my lord. 20

BRUTUS. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit;<sup>2</sup>

[*Low alarums*]

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,  
Than tarry till they push us. Good

Volumnius, 25

Thou know'st that we two went to school together;

Even for that our love of old, I prithee,  
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

VOLUMNIUS. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still*]

CLITUS. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here. 30

BRUTUS. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

<sup>2</sup> the pit, the "last ditch."

Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,

My heart doth joy that yet in all my life I found no man but he was true to me.<sup>35</sup>

I shall have glory by this losing day  
More than Octavius and Mark Antony  
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.  
So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history; 40  
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,

That have but labored to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, "Fly, fly, fly!"*]

CLITUS. Fly, my lord, fly.

BRUTUS. Hence! I will follow.

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS*]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord;

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;<sup>3</sup> 45

Thy life hath had some smatch<sup>4</sup> of honor in it;

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

STRATO. Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord. 49

BRUTUS. Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on his sword*] Caesar, now be still; I killed not thee with half so good a will.

[*Dies*]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and the army*

OCTAVIUS. What man is that?

MESSALA. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

STRATO. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;

The conquerors can but make a fire of him; 55

For Brutus only overcame himself,  
And no man else hath honor by his death.

<sup>3</sup> good respect, good reputation. <sup>4</sup> smatch, touch.

LUCILIUS. So Brutus should be found.

I thank thee, Brutus,

That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

OCTAVIUS. All that served Brutus, I will entertain<sup>5</sup> them. 60

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

STRATO. Aye, if Messala will prefer<sup>6</sup> me to you.

OCTAVIUS. Do so, good Messala.

MESSALA. How died my master, Strato?

STRATO. I held the sword, and he did run on it. 65

MESSALA. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,

That did the latest service to my master.

ANTONY. This was the noblest Roman of them all:

All the conspirators, save only he,

Did that they did in envy of great Caesar; 70

He only, in a general honest thought  
And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world, "This was a man!" 75

OCTAVIUS. According to his virtue let us use him,

With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones tonight shall lie,

Most like a soldier, ordered honorably.

So call the field to rest; and let's away

To part<sup>7</sup> the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt*]

<sup>5</sup> entertain, take them into my service.

<sup>6</sup> prefer, hand over. <sup>7</sup> part, divide.

## STUDY AIDS

1. In scene iv is Brutus a man of action or a man of thought? Which has he been throughout the play? In scenes iv and v is he a heroic or a pathetic figure?

2. Why does Brutus have to ask four of his companions-in-arms to hold his sword before he finds one to do it? Why do you suppose Brutus had never found anyone untrue to him? Why does he refer to Caesar when he dies?

3. How does his death differ from that of Cassius? Do you think Antony's comparison of him with the other conspirators just? Is his fate due to evil-doing or to mistaken judgment?

*Class Reading or Acting.* The death of Brutus (lines 1-51).

#### ACT V AS A WHOLE

1. Summarize this act as you have the others throughout the play.

2. Do you think that the play ends properly? Should Brutus and Cassius have been allowed to live?

3. How many references are there to Caesar in this act? What impression do they make?

### A BACKWARD GLANCE

*The Play as a Whole.* 1. The theme of the play is the tragic attempt of the old republicanism of Rome, represented by Brutus, to turn back the new "imperialism" (government by one strong ruler) established by Julius Caesar. The story of the play may be arranged in steps which lead naturally to the conclusion. What are the steps in this tragedy? Who conceives the conspiracy against Caesar? How is it formed? Why is Brutus brought into it? Why does he consent to join? What definite plan of accomplishing their object do the conspirators agree to? What obstacles do they overcome? What speech crowns the achievement of their object?

2. To whom does the cause of Caesar descend after his assassination? What deeds of Caesar are used to turn the Roman people against the conspirators? What events make clear to the conspirators the change in their fortunes? Why are the republicans overthrown at Philippi?

3. The essential feature of a drama is a conflict of human wills. There is running through this play a conflict between the party of Brutus and the party of Caesar. Trace this conflict. Where does the conflict begin? By what steps does the party of Brutus gain its ends? Where does it begin to fail? What brings about its final overthrow?

4. You will also find a conflict of wills in nearly every scene. Choose one such scene and show how the characters of the persons taking part in the conflict are brought out.

5. We speak oftener of *seeing* a play than of *hearing* one. Pick out scenes in

*Julius Caesar* that you think would be impressive merely in pantomime; that is, without words. What two or three would be the most impressive of all? Why?

6. Shakespeare's plays dwell largely upon some of the profounder elements of life. Caesar represents a government controlled by one strong man. Brutus stands for a republican form of government. What human weaknesses does Caesar show? How is his affectionate nature brought out? How often and under what circumstances does Caesar's ghost appear to Brutus? Why is Caesar's influence strong even after his death?

7. Why was Caesar popular with the common people? Were Brutus and his party friendly to them or were they striving to put control into the hands of the patricians? What shows that Flavius and Marullus, the tribunes, were afraid of the support which the people were likely to give to Caesar? Where does Brutus express the same fear of popular support of Caesar? How do we know that Caesar wished to please the people? Where does Antony show his reliance on the people? How does he win them to support the party of Caesar? Is your chief feeling about Brutus admiration for his character or condemnation of his deeds?

8. It has been said that Brutus represents the old generation in Rome, and that Antony, though only two years younger, represents the new generation. If this is true, what were the traits of each generation? What ideals did each have? What virtues or vices did each display? What did each think of the common people?

What influence did each have with the people, and how was it exerted? How practical was each?

9. Cassius says:

Men at some time are masters of their fates.

Show that the play does, or does not, bear out this statement.

*Topics for Debate.* The following topics should lead to interesting debates. In any debate great care should be used to settle upon the exact points to be proved and to bring in evidence for each argument by quotations from the play itself.

Resolved: That the play should have been named "Marcus Brutus."

Resolved: That Cassius was a better leader than Brutus.

Resolved: That political idealists like Brutus make poor leaders.

Resolved: That Brutus was justified in assassinating Caesar.

*Familiar Quotations.* Locate the following familiar quotations and tell when, where, and by whom they were spoken:

- a. Oh, that a man might know  
The end of this day's business ere it come!

- b. Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
- c. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.
- d. This was the most unkindest cut of all.
- e. Cowards die many times before their deaths;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.
- f. Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.
- g. Though last, not least in love.
- h. The evil that men do lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones.
- i. Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more.
- j. There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
- k. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
- l. This was the noblest Roman of them all.
- m. A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.
- n. Even so great men great losses should endure.
- o. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
- p. My heart doth joy that yet in all my life  
I found no man but he was true to me.

## A READING LIST

### I. LIVES OF CAESAR

Abbott, Jacob: *History of Julius Caesar*. You will find this a picturesque account of Caesar's career.

Botsford, George Willis: *Julius Caesar*. This fills the number of *The Mentor* for March 1, 1918 (volume vi, number 2). It contains many interesting illustrations, several of them showing Rome in Caesar's day.

"Julius Caesar." This article in the *New International Encyclopedia* is a good brief account of Caesar's life.

Yonge, Charlotte Mary: *A Book of Worthies Gathered from the Old Histories, and Now Written Anew*. The last "worthy" in the book is Julius Caesar. The account is not very flattering to Caesar, but it will give you a good notion of life in Rome in his time.

### II. HISTORY

Farmer, Lydia Hoyt: *The Boys' Book of Famous Rulers*. A short, clear account of Caesar is on pages 110-141.

MacGregor, Mary: *The Story of Rome from the Earliest Times to the Death of Augustus*. An excellent account of Julius Caesar is given on pages 356-412.

Morris, Charles: *Historical Tales, the Romance of Reality: Roman*. Pages 204-226 deal with Caesar.

Plutarch: *Lives*. Of the many editions a good one is in three volumes in Everyman's Library. In volume ii are the interesting lives of Pompey and Caesar. In volume iii are lives of Cato the Younger, Cicero, Antony, Marcus Brutus. The last two are important for the light they throw on Caesar.

Wells, H. G.: *The Outline of History*. The whole movement which ended in Julius Caesar is described in chapter xxviii, which appears in volume i, pp. 493-521. You will find in these pages many views quite new to you.

### III. ROMAN LIFE

Johnston, Harold Whetstone: *The Private Life of the Romans*. (Revised Edition.) If you wish to produce the play in costume, this book will give you many details of the Roman house and furniture, and of dress and personal ornaments.

### IV. FICTION

Davis, William Stearns: *A Friend of Caesar. A Tale of the Fall of the Roman Republic. Time 50-47 B. C.* This interesting novel begins at the point where Pompey takes sides with the senate and ends soon after his death.

Masefield, John: *The Tragedy of Pompey the Great*. After reading

Shakespeare, you might be interested in seeing how a modern writer treats the same period in history.

### V. LIVES OF SHAKESPEARE

Mabie, Hamilton Wright: *William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man*. The many beautiful illustrations in this book give one a good idea of England and London in that day.

Neilson, William A., and Thorndike, Ashley H.: *The Facts about Shakespeare*. This small volume will give you most of the facts that are actually known about Shakespeare, his plays, and the theater in which they were produced.

Raleigh, Walter: *Shakespeare*, in the English Men of Letters Series. One of the best brief lives.

Rolfe, William J.: *Shakespeare, the Boy*. From this you will gain a good understanding of the conditions in which Shakespeare grew up.

## A REVIEW OF PART TWO

1. Part Two deals with men and women who lived in widely separated times and places, some of them so long ago that their lives are shrouded in mystery, and others more recently since men began to keep historical records. Still others dwelt in a shadowy world inhabited only by creatures of the imagination. You learned to know, as you read Part Two, a famous legendary hero, the central figure of a great epic that is one of the oldest poems in the world. Can you explain why the story of his exploits has come down to us through three thousand years? You also became acquainted with a great historical character, the subject of a drama written in the sixteenth century. What is his name? Can you mention two poems in Part Two that deal with a supernatural world?

2. You read the selections in Part Two mainly for the story, but some of them indirectly gave you information that in-

creased your knowledge of different periods of civilization. Which selection, for instance, told you about the customs and superstitions of the ancient Greeks? The Romans? The Scotch Highlanders?

3. The poetry in Part Two is "narrative"; that is, it is the kind of poetry that tells a story. The epic, the ballad, the metrical romance, and the historical drama are types of narrative poetry. You will find it a helpful review if you will discuss the characteristics of each type as you recall them from your reading of Part Two and give an example of each type.

4. Our chief interest in reading often lies in following a conflict between opposing characters. Who are the characters pitted against each other and what is the cause of the conflict in *The Lady of the Lake*? In the selection from the *Odyssey*? In *Julius Caesar*? In "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner"? In "Robin Hood Rescuing the Widow's Three Sons"? In

"Katharine Janfarie"? In which type—epic, ballad, metrical romance, or drama—does it seem to you the conflict reveals character most vividly?

5. Another element that maintains our interest in reading is mystery. Once our curiosity is aroused, we read on and on until the mystery is solved. Which selections in Part Two did you enjoy particularly on account of the element of mystery?

6. In our reading we are generally more interested in the story—in the succession of events—than in the characters. But in *Julius Caesar* the characters are for most readers the center of interest. We are curious to see how a certain character will act when face to face with some new difficulty. How are Cassius and Brutus changed in nature at the end of the play from what they were at the beginning? Do you recall characters in other selections who were changed by the events in the story?

7. Which selection in Part Two stands out in your memory for its humor? For its pathos? For its tragedy? For its vivid descriptions of nature? For the sheer beauty of its lines? For the poet's lively imagination? For its power to absorb your interest and take you out of your everyday surroundings? For the surprise it gave you?

8. Members of the class may read or recite their favorite passages and give the reasons for their choice. They may give other members an opportunity to name the title and author from which each passage is taken.

9. What famous British authors are represented in Part Two? Which one of them is a present-day writer?

10. A class period may be devoted profitably to a report on the outside reading that students have done from the suggested lists.





## PART THREE MAN AND HIS FELLOWS

### AN INTRODUCTION

Not long ago a college professor stated that he had not looked at a newspaper in three years. Being a teacher of English he loved literature, read widely in it, and, besides, lectured on the subject to his classes. But the real reason why he had not even glanced at a newspaper for three years was that he was writing a poem. It was a long poem which filled a whole volume when it finally appeared in print. By omitting the daily newspaper and even the current magazines from his reading he gained an hour or two every day for writing his poem.

In the same college was another professor who studied current affairs, such as the way men earn a living and how they deal with one another in factories and business. When he heard of the singular conduct of the English teacher, he remarked, "No one today can be intelligent unless he knows what is going on in the world. I do not mean the events in bold headlines in the morning paper. I mean the advances from day to day in the use of machines, the scientific discoveries, the agreements that unions and employers make with each other, and all the other matters that affect one's daily life. To ignore these developments is to fail in understanding the direction in which we are moving as a people; it brings about a

blindness to the happiness or misery of millions of our fellow human beings."

Perhaps you yourself have wondered just how much of one's reading should be devoted to the works of famous authors. In Part Two of this book you made brief excursions into the great literature of the world, from the distant days of Homer and Shakespeare, down to the present day. You also became acquainted with different types of literature—epics, ballads, modern narrative poems, dramas. Have you sometimes wondered why this material is called "literature," while the newspaper account of a baseball game or a train wreck is not? The question has puzzled older heads. Of one thing we may be sure—the great classics have endured for long periods of time because of their literary value. Take the *Odyssey* as an example. It could not have been enjoyed century after century if it were not true literature, recording the deep, the permanent things in life. We are interested in Ulysses because all men have an abiding love of home and an admiration for courage that overcomes every obstacle. Each generation of readers is intensely interested in human beings who are real. Ulysses is not merely admirable in many ways; he also has his human weaknesses, that make him stand out, even after three thousand

years, as a natural, life-like character. Such enduring literature is worth reading because it helps us to see more sympathetically into the minds and feelings of our fellow human beings.

Great literature has also another quality that gives it permanence; it reveals a charm or power of expression that makes it memorable. Literature, therefore, may be defined as "the expression of the *facts* of life, or the *interpretation* of life, or the *beauty* of life, in language of such enduring charm that men treasure it and will not let it die."

One need not, however, follow the example of the English professor who confined his reading to great books. Newspapers and other periodicals bring us accounts of incidents from far and near which are also necessary to an understanding of the world in which

we pass our daily lives. You will find in Part Three of this book, which you are now about to read, some ways of approaching this fascinating panorama of life about you. Not all of the selections are offered as great literature which will have a message for future ages. But the selections will help you now to appreciate the relationship of your fellow human beings to one another, to their country, and to the world's work.

A glance at the Contents for Part Three (pages vi-vii) will make this clear. When you have completed the three units in this part, you will have made a good start on the kind of reading that should be included in all your plans if you are to become an intelligent man or woman, fitted to lead a well-rounded life among your fellow-men.

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## UNIT IX

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# The Spirit of Good Will

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This Unit brings before us the question of how men should feel and act toward one another. Should they seek to gain for themselves a great place in the world, no matter what happens to their fellow-men? Or should they be guided by a spirit of good will, a genuine friendliness for other people and a real desire to lend a helping hand to others? The question is not here discussed in sermons or dry debates. It is reflected in stories, poems, essays, and a biographical sketch. As you read these interesting selections, stop to think from time to time how the "spirit of good will" that is the theme of this Unit is exhibited in your own community.

### THE NIGHT OF THE STORM

ZONA GALE

This story tells of the peril that lies in hate. The scene is laid in Wisconsin in pioneer days. Although the houses are scattered over the prairie, the spirit of neighborliness often draws the inhabitants close together. At times the feeling of general good will is broken by some fierce antagonism, as is the case in this tale. Read the story to see how the spirit of good will triumphs in the end over the spirit of hate.

AT ONE minute the prairie had been empty and white under a low gray sky. At the next minute the air was filled with fine, pelting snow which drove with fury and whirled in a biting wind.

On the main road across the Lewiston Open,<sup>1</sup> a man came riding. He was galloping with the wind, yet in all his haste he stopped at every one of the few scattered houses on the plain and pounded on the door. The women, already busy at supper, answered the

<sup>1</sup> Open, Prairie.

summons wondering, or the men came running from stables and cow-sheds, and to these the horseman cried his message, and was off before the gaping folk could stay him with questions.

"Stephen Mine's little girl's lost. She's been gone an hour. 'Nother searchin' party starts as soon's enough get to Stephen's. Take your lanterns and some rope."

With that he was off—Jake Mullet, on his way to Pillsbury's store in Lewiston to ring for the bucket brigade and to telephone to the few in the neighborhood who had telephones.

"Hannah Mine's girl," said the women. "Which one? Oh, not the baby. It can't be the baby!"

It went up like one cry, all over the Open, while the men made ready to leave and brought rope, and the women filled the lanterns. More than one woman girt her skirts about her and set forth with her man, certain that Hannah Mine needed comforting and, it might be, serving, and unable to wait at home in any case. But when they reached Mine's little house, they found that Han-

nah had gone with the first searching party, and their glances sweeping the three children huddled by the fire told the truth. The lost child was Hannah Mine's baby. Somewhere out in that storm, already for more than an hour, was Stephen and Hannah Mine's baby, three-year-old Lissa.

Meanwhile Jake Mullet was riding. And when he had done what he could in Lewiston, he took the lower road back, and now he was facing the storm, and its fury was growing with the darkness. When the first farmhouse light showed through the thick white, Jake groaned. She was so little—if night came, or if in two hours they had not found her, who could hope that they would be in time?

He continued to call at the little houses and to shout his message to any whom he met lumbering through the snow. But when he came to one house, on the forty<sup>2</sup> adjoining Stephen's forty, he did not stop.

"No use wastin' breath on Waldo Rowan," he thought, and galloped on. He crossed the cut—a queer, ragged gap in the plain, shallow and rock-filled—and saw a figure fighting its way on foot.

"Turn back to Mine's!" Jake shouted. "His little girl's lost. She's—"

Then he stopped. Here was Waldo Rowan himself, who had not spoken to Stephen and Hannah for ten years, as all the Open knew.

"They wouldn't have my help!" Waldo flung back.

Jake pounded on, carrying coils of rope for the searchers, who were now to spread in a great circle, threading the rope, and so come drawing in. He gave not another thought to the only one on the Open who had failed to answer his appeal. Everybody was used to this feud between Mine and Waldo. Stephen would have done the same if it had

been Waldo whose child was lost. But Waldo had no children to lose. In the days when he and Stephen were friends they had loved the same woman, and Stephen had won her—Waldo said, through a lie. She and Stephen had raised their family and seemed happy. Waldo married a girl of the village who had died, with their two-year-old baby, only a year ago. Since then he lived alone, and he was dead to Stephen, as Stephen was to him.

At his own line fence Waldo Rowan left the road and plunged into a grove of dwarf oak and on into a denser stretch of wood. It was evident that this storm was to continue for at least twenty-four hours, and he wanted a look at his traps. He found some empty, one dragged away, and in one something pitiful and struggling helplessly, and moaning, which he dispatched and dropped in his bag. And as he did so, he thought, as he had thought before: "Blowed if I wouldn't druther live on corn bread than do it. Blowed if I never set another trap."

He plunged down into the cut, which was the short way to his cabin. There was another reason for haste besides the weather. He had been out all day, and creeping in his veins came the giddiness and tremor which precede a chill; and with them, too, that curious lightness of head, of body, which presages a possible illness. He must get indoors, build a great fire, heat his kettle of soup, wrap up warmly, and sleep it off.

"I'd ought to had the doctor give me something when I met him this noon," Waldo thought. "What was't he said? He was going sixteen mile north. He won't be back tonight. I guess I can mope it out."<sup>3</sup>

The snow was of a deceiving softness and piled on the rocks of the cut as if

<sup>2</sup> forty, forty acres of land; a homestead.

<sup>3</sup> mope it out, get through with it in some dull way.

billows of foam had rolled in, lapped,<sup>4</sup> and now lay quiet. Here the wind roared through from the northeast, catching the tops of the white pines and making a furious singing. And on that wind Waldo heard a cry.

He heard it for a little before he knew that he heard it—with that strange inner ear which catches sound too light to be less delicately measured. An animal, or a way of the wind, he might have called it and thought no more; but when he was deep in the cut, and before he began the rough ascent, abruptly this cry rose on a single, piercing note, and fell again to its quiet pulsing. He listened.

Still uncertain what he had heard, he turned north and kept along the cut, at every few steps stopping to turn his head to the wind. He was ready to face back, and then it came again. There was no mistaking now, and he broke into a run.

For all his running, he made slow progress, for there was no trail up to the bottom of the cut, and the rocks were rough and huddled. He would have climbed the side and followed the trail on the west of the rim, but he had an instinct that whatever he sought cried from the bottom of the cut. He dared not halloo, for fear if this were, say, a child, he should frighten it. His impulse was to run back to the road and wait for the next passer to help him, but he dared not do that lest the faint cry be swallowed in a ruck<sup>5</sup> of snow and darkness. He kept on, stumbling, scrambling over rocks waist-high. Once the faint voice ceased for so long that he told himself that he had imagined the whole. Then it came again; there was now no mistaking what it was. Then it was silent until he heard it as a deep, sobbing breath behind him, and he had passed it.

He turned, sought on his hands and knees, called softly, whistled, as might be to a little dog. A faint, wailing cry

came from the slope just above him. He clambered toward it, his arms sweeping an arc; his hands brushed something yielding, and he was rewarded by a little scream of terror. He gathered the child in his arms.

She was very little and light. As soon as she felt herself on his breast, she yielded to him and snuggled weakly, like a spent puppy. This was an attitude that she knew, and she lay quiet, occasionally drawing a long, sobbing breath. She was cloaked and hooded, but Waldo, feeling for her hands, found them ice-cold, and one was bare. He unwound the scarf from his neck and wrapped her. All the time, the fact that it was Stephen Mine's child was barely in his consciousness. It was merely a child, terribly near freezing, terribly near death.

To retrace his steps over the rocks with her in his arms was another thing from forcing his own progress. Now he must move slowly and feel each step; he must go round the rock piles now, and not over them. He must get back to the point where the trail crossed the cut and ascended to his cabin. And now the darkness had almost fallen; the wind had its way with him, his neck was bared to the blowing snow, he was cutting his shoes on jagged points and edges of the rocks. When at last he found the up trail, made the ascent of the side, and traversed the distance to his cabin, he was shivering and chattering and hardly able to stand.

The cabin was cold, but he had left the fire ready to light. He laid the child on a quilt before the leaping blaze, untied her hood, and chafed her little hands. She was terribly cold and in a perilous drowsiness. Waldo brought in his kettle of soup, hung it on the crane, dipped a little in a tin cup, and held it in the blaze. When he had forced the warmed liquid between her lips, he undressed her feet and rubbed them with

<sup>4</sup> lapped, covered the rocks.

<sup>5</sup> ruck, mass.



He gathered the child in his arms

snow. Her cheeks and fingers were rosy, but he feared for the small white feet.

"How'll I get word to Stephen?" he thought, and in that area in which his sick brain was working there was no thought of anything wrong between

Stephen and him. All that had dropped away.

"Hannah's little girl," he thought once, and touched her hair wonderingly. He had never seen any of Hannah's children. As he sat there beside the

child, hearing her soft breathing, talking to her a little in awkward repetitions, nothing was in his mind save deep thankfulness that he had found her. Occasionally he would rouse her, and she would give her sleepy smile and close her eyes again. Once or twice she yawned, and he was enchanted by the little tasting curl<sup>o</sup> of her lips before she finally closed them.

His chill had now settled upon the man so that he was shaking. He drank a cupful of the soup, and said that it would have to be he who would go to tell Stephen that he had found her. But he could not leave her there alone, and he saw that when she was thoroughly warmed he must wrap her up and take her home. That half mile would not matter to him now—only he must make it soon, soon, before he grew worse. When the baby was warm and rested, they would go.

He sat down in his chair before the hot fire; the strong soup ran in his blood, his weariness preyed upon him, his head sank upon his breast.

He was wakened by a sound which at first he thought came from without—a calling and a trampling. Abruptly this impression changed, and his eyes went to the child in terror. It was she—it was her breathing. That rough, rattling sound was in her little throat, and in a moment Waldo knew. His two years of fatherhood were there to serve him, and he sprang up in that terror which all watchers upon children know.

In the same instant the noise which he had fancied without was sharpened and defined. It was as he had thought—a trampling of feet. He did not see the face outside the cabin window, but there was a leap of feet on to his threshold and Jake Mullet was there, looking like a snow man. And he whirled and shouted:

<sup>o</sup> *tasting curl*, curving of her lips as if she were tasting something.

“Stephen! Here—she’s here!”

There was a rush of cold air across the floor, and Waldo sprang before the child and lifted the quilt to cover her. At the same instant Stephen Mine leaped into the room.

“Here!” he cried out in a terrible voice. “Here!”

He strode forward, tore the quilt from Waldo’s hand, and looked. The door filled with faces, with figures crusted with snow, and the cruel night air swept in and possessed the cabin. Waldo turned to the throng at the door and shook both fists in the air.

“Get in or get out!” he shouted. “Don’t leave the door open on her. She’s sick.”

They crowded into the room, stamping and breathing loudly, and made way for a woman who came staggering in and threw herself beside the child. It was Hannah Mine, and she dared not touch the baby with her own stiff hands and in her wet garments. She only crouched beside her, and burst into terrible dry sobs. The cabin door was sharply shut, and then the thirty or more men and women who had crowded into the room became conscious of its fearful tension.

Stephen Mine stood with his child at his feet, and he lifted his head and looked at Waldo. Stephen was a huge man, black and thick. Waldo, small, and shaken by his chill, began to tell how all this had come about.

“In the cut, Stephen,” he said, “about a quarter mile down the cut, toward Rightsey’s. I’d been to look at my traps, and I heard her cry. She was in the bottom of the cut. I found her. I’ve rubbed snow on her feet—but I’m afraid—”

Stephen Mine came close to Waldo and looked down at him.

“You expect I’m going to believe that?” he said.

The silence in the room was instant and terrifying.



Waldo lifted his face. The matted hair was low on his forehead; he brushed it aside, and his clear eyes met Stephen's; but his shaking hands and his shaking voice gave doubt to his hearers. "Stephen, I swear—" he began, and Stephen laughed.

"I seen you sneaking past my place twice today," he said. "I know you. You found a way to get even at last, and you took it, you dog."

He stooped to the woman.

"Wrap her up, Hannah," he said.

Waldo put out his trembling hands.

"Stephen!" he cried. "The child's sick—she's done. You mustn't take her out. Stay here—you're all more than welcome—and keep care of her. I've got what she needs. Don't take her out into this."

"How do I know," said Stephen Mine, "what it is you mean to give her? Hannah, wrap her up."

The woman, still breathing heavily, put her hand on her husband's knee.

"No, no, Stephen," she said. "He's right. Can't you hear her breathe? Let her stay here—"

"So you and him can take care of her while I go for the doctor—is that it?" he sneered.

She seemed not to hear him.

"It's croup, Stephen," she said. "You can't take her out—" Stephen shook her off impatiently.

"I'll get out—I'll go for the doctor!" Waldo cried. "And I'll keep away. But you and Hannah stay with her, here."

"Wrap her up!" said Stephen Mine.

Two or three of the neighbor women came forward now, protesting, and Jake Mullet cried out:

"Look here, Mine. This ain't no time to remember old scores. You got the kid to think of."

"Wrap her up!" said Stephen Mine.

"Well, wait till one of us gets somewhere for a team," cried one of the men.

"Stephen—leave her here! I can wring out the hot cloths till the doctor comes—"

"I've—I've got the stuff here that was my baby's," Waldo chattered, but now they could hardly understand him.

"Wrap her up!" said Stephen Mine, and strode to the door.

The others gave way before him, and began to file out. Heavily Hannah Mine began drawing on the child's wraps, the sobs breaking through again. Some of the women gave of their own wraps, and, seeing that one little mitten was missing, they put two or three pairs on the still inert hands.

"You carry her," said Jake Mullet to Stephen, "and I'll go to Lewiston for the doctor."

"I'll carry her—yes," said Stephen Mine. "And then I'll go up yonder and telephone for the doctor. I'll not trouble any of you that'd have me leave her here."

He took the child from the mother and went out the door.

"He's beside himself," they whispered, and they understood that it was the disease of anger, or he would never have let them go away from their task of that night without so much as a word of thanks. Some lingered for a word with Waldo and would have heard more of his adventure, but all that he could say was, "In the cut," and again and again, "In the cut—all alone." They saw that he was a sick man, and they left him with kindly words of advice, and even—though these folk are chary of expression—an outstretched hand or two. But there were some who went out muttering a half-acceptance of Stephen's implication.

Alone, Waldo began moving about the cabin, mechanically folding the quilt on which the child had lain, sweeping away the snow where the trampling feet had been, carrying the kettle back to its place in the lean-to. He felt sore and

ill and weak. He felt stunned, as if he had been flung against some great impalpable thing which had struck back at him with living hands. He could no longer save a child from death and be believed. He had turned to evil in Stephen's eyes, so that what he did that was good seemed of evil. The black wall of hate which he and Stephen had builded was round them, and beyond lay now more hate and evil, born of this night.

Waldo began to think, "If the child should die, it would serve Stephen right"—but he could not finish that thought.

He pictured that slow fight through the snow, the child's breathing in the thick, cold air, the heart of the mother following, the neighbors falling off one by one at their own doors and their own waiting firesides. Then Stephen would leave the child with the mother while he went to the upper road for the doctor. Would he be in time? What if the doctor were out—and abruptly, through the blur of images in his mind, came the cheery face of the doctor, whom he had met on the road that noon, "driving sixteen miles north." When Waldo thought of that, it was as if his heart were a sword and smote him.

He ran to a little chest on a shelf and fumbled among its bottles. There it was, tightly corked, just as they had used it once when their baby had had such an illness; and they were alone with her, and had pulled her through. What if Hannah happened to have nothing?

He stood staring at the bottle. Then he began drawing on his mittens and his cap. His coat he had not had off the whole time. His scarf had been bundled up and carried away with the child. He let himself out into the storm.

His chill was passing and was succeeded by the light-headedness and the imperfect correlation<sup>7</sup> of the first stages of fever. To his fancy, wavering out and

seizing upon any figment, it was as if, behind the invisible drive of the snow, there was a glow of pale light. Now right, now left, it shone, as if at the back of his eyes; and he turned his head from side to side to find it. But there were only the cutting volleys of the snow in his face; and everywhere the siege of the wind. Then, as he fared on in the thick, impeding drifts, it was again as if he were beating toward and upon that great dark wall; and he kept saying to himself crazily that this was the wall that he and Stephen had raised, and that he must somehow get through it—beat it down, and get to the child to save her. Yet if he broke down the wall, something would rush upon him—Stephen's hatred, Stephen's hatred! And his own hatred for Stephen, for there was rage in his heart when he remembered the man's look and the man's word. But of these he did not think—he thought only of the child, and he set his teeth and charged at the wall of darkness, and would not wonder what lay beyond.

He went through the storm to Stephen's house in a maze of darkness and light.

Toward eight o'clock Stephen came struggling back from the house on the upper road. He had heard what Waldo had already heard, of the doctor driving sixteen miles north. And when he called Oxnard, his heart sinking at the thought of the eighteen miles which lay between, there was a delay which sapped his courage—and then the word that the wires must be down, for Oxnard did not answer. He could only leave his message with Central, for to drive the distance on such a night would mean to return too late.

Stephen came down from the upper road, and his strength and his pride were gone. Abruptly now he was empty of anger, empty of malice, empty of all save his terrible despair. It was strange to see the heat and the pride shrivel

<sup>7</sup> *imperfect correlation*, failure of the mental and physical powers to work together.

before the terrible fact that the baby might pay the price. "If she dies," he had heard Jake Mullet say, "we'll all know who killed her."

"O God! O God!" Stephen Mine said.

Abruptly, in the midst of the storm, he seemed to feel a lull, a silence. He went on.

It was before his gate that he stumbled over something yielding and mounded in the road. He stopped, touched the man, and with that which now at last is no decision, but merely the second nature of the race,<sup>8</sup> he got him into his arms and to his own door.

At the sound Hannah flung the door open, and from the dark and wind and snow Stephen staggered across the threshold with Waldo in his arms.

Stephen looked down at him as he would have looked at any other man.

"How is she?" was all that his lips formed.

"Alive," said Hannah Mine.

Waldo opened his eyes, and his snow-crusted mitten tried to find its way to his pocket.

"I brought something," he said. "We had it left; give it to her—"

At midnight, when, the message having reached him at last, the doctor came, Stephen met him with a smile.

"She's safe," he said. "She's sleeping. But there's a man here—a friend of ours—sick and done for. We got him into bed. Come and have a look at him."

Up some measureless corridor Waldo at last struggled, when many days had passed. And at its far end it seemed to him that Stephen's face was waiting. That was queer, because it had been years since Stephen had waited for him. Yet there he was, only behind him was still that dead wall, which neither of them could pass, and beyond it lay that old hatred and bitterness, accumulated

through the years. And then there was the child—he must find the child.

One day he opened his eyes on that corridor and saw it clear. A homely room, now his own, about which Stephen and Hannah were moving, and a neighbor in homely talk beside the stove.

"Honestly, you'll have to move out to make room for the truck they've brought him. The whole Open has lugged somethin' here."

And Stephen's voice—surely Stephen's voice was saying:

"That's all right; he deserved it."

And again the neighbor's voice:

"Well, I'll always be proud it was my husband found Lissa's little red mitten down the cut."

Then a child came to hang in the doorway, and to stare at the bed where Waldo was lying; and when she saw his eyes looking at her, she smiled and ran away—Stephen's child, safe and well and smiling.

Waldo lay still. But in his heart there was a certain singing. And it was as if he had stood close to that dead wall of hatred which he had feared, but its door swung open, and lo! there was nothing there.

## STUDY AIDS

1. Up to the time when Jake Mullet meets Waldo Rowan, what seem to be the chances of finding the baby?

2. Why did Mullet think that there was "no use wastin' breath on Waldo"? What did Waldo, himself, think about his joining the search when he first learned that Hannah Mine's baby was lost?

3. What qualities of Waldo are revealed while he is caring for the baby? When the neighbors come in? When he goes out into the storm with the medicine?

4. What is your impression of Stephen when he enters Waldo's house? When he finds Waldo at his gate? As he talks at the end?

<sup>8</sup> with that . . . race, instinctively.

5. It is worth while to note the different ways in which Waldo and Stephen are contrasted. (a) Consider such points as physical appearance, violence of feeling, kindness of heart, and so on, and try to find incidents that show how much the men are unlike in these respects. (b) What is the conflict between the two men? How does it turn out? How do the qualities of Waldo help to bring about this conclusion?

## EXTENSION READING

The conditions of pioneer life usually bring out the kindliness and neighborliness of people. Here are a few books that give widely different pictures of conditions that pioneers faced:

*Friendship Village*, by Zona Gale. This book tells of life in a Wisconsin village.

*Prairie Song and Western Story*, by Hamlin Garland. The son of pioneers, Garland gives a true picture of what the pioneer did, thought, and felt.

*The Covered Wagon*, by Emerson Hough. The pioneers are here on the march.

*Ramona*, by Helen Hunt Jackson, brings in the rivalry between the Indian and the white man.

*Caravans to Santa Fé*, by Alida Sims Malkus, tells of life along the old Santa Fé trail.

## GOOD WITS JUMP

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

The following story takes you among the very poor people in some of the "shires," or counties, of England. The tale concerns two girls whose generous impulses are striking examples of the "spirit of good will."

**R**OSIE PONT had been chicken-girl at Wait's Farm for a little over five years, which meant, as anyone who saw

her round, sweet, childish face would know, that she had started her career at an early age. Mrs. Pont was a believer in early beginnings—a wise and practical belief in the mother of eleven children. All the little Ponts had been sent early to school to be out of her way in her mornings of cooking and scrubbing and washing; they had been taken away from school at the earliest possible moment so that they might look after still younger Ponts, and then had gone early to work to take their share of the burden which had grown too heavy for their parents' backs.

Rosie had not liked going to school. She had not liked leaving school when she was thirteen, and looking after her little brother Leslie, and she had not liked, when Leslie grew old enough to go to school himself, being packed off by her mother to Wait's Farm to clean the fowl-houses, collect eggs, mix chicken food, scrub the dairy floor, and make herself generally useful for five shillings<sup>1</sup> a week.

"You don't know your own luck, Rosie," her friend, Emma Brown, had said to her just as she was starting. "Now you might be having to go away into the Shires, just as I am. That's hard. I'd give anything to be stopping here among them all, but there isn't much work in these parts, and you're lucky to get it."

Emma Brown was quite four years older than Rosie. She had been a pupil-teacher at Rosie's school in the days when Rosie was still on the safe side of twelve. Then things had gone wrong with Emma. Her father and mother had died within a few weeks of each other, no money had been left, and she had been obliged to give up her ambitions in the way of education and turn

<sup>1</sup> five shillings, about \$1.25. At the time this story was written, the shilling was worth about twenty-five cents.

to farm work like other girls in Oxhurst village. She had worked for some time at the Loose Farm, a mile from Wait's, but they had had bad luck at the Loose, and had turned away several hands, and now Emma could not get work in the neighborhood, so had been obliged to take a post as dairy-girl on a big farm in Shropshire.

Rosie was very sorry that she should have to go, for she was fond of Emma. But she could not feel that her friend was so unlucky as she made out, for it was possible that away in the big world of the Shires Emma might come to glories beyond the reach of chicken-girls in Sussex.

They wrote to each other for nearly a year. Emma did not like Shropshire ways, and she found her work hard and perplexing, owing to unaccustomed methods of farming. Botvyl, the farm in Shropshire, could have swallowed up two or three Waits and Looses in its acres. "And all the work there is to do, and the ways they have of doing it you'd never guess, Rosie."

Rosie wrote in her turn and gave news of Oxhurst and the Ponts, and the Orpingtons and Wyandottes<sup>2</sup> at Wait's, but naturally letter-writing did not fulfill the same need for her as it did for the exiled Emma, nor had she Emma's pen of a ready pupil-teacher. Letters were a "tar'ble gurt" trouble,<sup>3</sup> as she told her mother, and after a time hers grew farther and farther apart, till there would be two of Emma's between two of hers. Then when summer came with the long evenings, Tom Boorner, the plowman's son, asked her to go out with him into the twilight fields and lanes. They would go down the Bostal Lane, to where the gate looks over the fields toward Udiam and the Rother marshes, full of the cold mists of the twilight east, with the stars

hanging dim and still above them, and there they would stand for half an hour, perhaps. They had not much to say to each other, but somehow it used to fill their evening, and what was more, it filled Rosie's thoughts, so that at last she seemed to forget all about Emma Brown. Emma grew tired of writing and getting no answer, and after a time the letters ceased.

Two months after she received the last, when the summer was gone and the gold corn-stubble had been plowed out of the autumn fields, it was known at Wait's and through Oxhurst that Tom Boorner and Rosie Pont would marry as soon as they were old enough and had the money. This did not plunge the neighborhood into any very great excitement, for it was not expected that the marriage would take place for five or six years at least. The couple were extremely young, and their prospects were not very bright. Besides, a courtship which did not run into years was not considered "seemly" in the country round Oxhurst.

"Now, don't you go thinking above yourself, Rosie," said her mother. "You'll have to work harder than ever with a marriage ahead of you. Tom's a good boy, but he isn't making more than fifteen shillings a week, and your father and I can't do anything for you, so you'll have to put by a bit every week for buying your clothes and sheets and things, and then maybe, by the time Tom's ready to marry, you'll have enough money to set up housekeeping."

Rosie took her mother's words to heart. Under her rather stolid exterior was a very lively desire for the little home that Tom had promised, and she was anxious that it should materialize as quickly as possible. Not only did she do her usual work with more than usual thoroughness, but she occasionally helped Mrs. Bream, of Wait's, in the house when she was short of girls, and

<sup>2</sup> *Orpingtons and Wyandottes*, breeds of chickens.

<sup>3</sup> *tar'ble gurt*, terribly great.

on Saturday afternoons, which were supposed to be holidays, she occasionally put in half a day's charing<sup>4</sup> at the Vicarage or at the week-end cottage the artist people had taken in Bostal Lane. These extra shillings were carefully put away in a wooden money-box, bought by her father for that very purpose at Battle Fair.

Thus it happened that at the end of five years Rosie had saved nearly fifteen pounds.<sup>5</sup> She was now nineteen, and Tom was twenty-two. His fifteen shillings a week had been made a pound, and there was no reason why they should not be married in the spring. Tom was very proud of her; he said she had been a good girl to have worked so hard and saved so much, and that it spoke well for her success as a housewife in the little cottage which on his marriage would be added to his wages from Tileman's Farm.

Rosie was proud of herself and inclined to boast a bit. She would be married in a white dress made by the dress-maker at Battle. She would have a coat and skirt in her favorite saxe blue, a felt hat with a quill in it, and a bit of fur to go round her neck. She had already begun to buy one or two little things—bargains that were brought to her notice by other girls or friends of her mother. She had a silk blouse and a pair of artificial-silk stockings and a belt with a silver buckle.

Then one day a peddler came to Wait's Farm with lace collars and hat ribbons and jeweled combs for the hair. He said that he had been told down in the village that one of the young ladies up at Wait's was going to be married, and he promised her that she would find nothing better or cheaper than what he carried on his tray.

"I've been all over England, miss," he

said to her in the queer "furrin"<sup>6</sup> voice which she and the other girls sometimes found difficult to understand; "I've been in Scotland where the lasses never wear shoes to their feet—no good my taking my fine silk stockings there! I've been in Ireland, where the girls wear shawls over their heads—no use have they for my fine hat ribbons. And I've been in Norfolk and Suffolk and Yorkshire and Cheshire and Shropshire and every shire, but," said he, with a roving brown eye for all the young faces crowded in the doorway, "I like Sussex girls the best!"

Rosie stood silent, fingering a lace-edged handkerchief. "Did you say you'd been in Shropshire?" she asked after a bit.

"Shropshire? Why, yes, my lady. I've been to Salop and Ludlow and Stretton and Bridgenorth—a fine place, Shropshire, with the Wrekin and the Welsh hills that you see from the river, and the big jail in Salop where a murderer was hung three months ago."

"Did you ever meet anyone called Emma Brown?" asked Rosie. "She went to live in Shropshire at a farm called Botvyl."

"That'll be near Stretton, won't it?" said the peddler.

"Church Stretton, Shropshire, is the address, though it's four years since I got a letter from her. But maybe you've met her, knowing those parts?"

The peddler looked reflective. "Now I come to think of it," he said, "I did run across a young lady of the name of Emma Brown. But she was in the hospital in Salop where I went to see a cousin of mine who had been taken ill with the rheumatic fever. Yes, I remember it was Emma Brown from Botvyl in the bed next to hers. That's queer now, ain't it, miss? It's what they call a coincidence! Was this Emma Brown a friend of yours?"

<sup>6</sup> *furrin*, foreign, strange.

<sup>4</sup> *charing*, doing odd chores of housework.

<sup>5</sup> *fifteen pounds*, about seventy dollars. At this time the pound was worth about \$4.85.

"Reckon she was, but I haven't heard from her these five years."

"Well, poor girl, she must have fallen on bad times. There she lay in bed and could scarce speak to my cousin Polly. Now I remember, Poll told me she was down on her luck—all she'd saved gone in paying for being ill, which is a poor way of spending. Now, miss, which will you have? The lace border or the embroidery?"

"I don't think I'll have neither, thank you," said Rosie in a crushed voice.

"What, neither? But you'll never be married without a lace handkerchief!"

"I don't like to go spending my money when poor Emma Brown's in want."

"Now, don't you be silly, Rosie," said one of the girls. "Your spending or not spending won't make any difference to Emma Brown."

"You can't keep the gentleman all this while talking and then buy nothing," said another girl.

They all wanted to see Rosie spend her money—it gave them a thrill of extravagance.

Rosie gave way and bought the embroidered handkerchief, which was sixpence cheaper than the lace one. Then she went indoors quietly and rather sadly.

The peddler's visit had been a shock to her: it had made her think; it had made her a little ashamed of herself. How wicked she had been to forget poor Emma . . . poor Emma who had not liked going away from home! She had forgotten her because she had been happy with Tom, and now she was going to be married and would never have thought of Emma at all if it had not been for the peddler. And poor Emma was ill—she had not been happy, her journey to foreign parts had not been a success. It didn't seem fair.

That night at home she was very thoughtful, and as soon as supper was over, she went upstairs to the bedroom

where she slept with two little sisters. They were already asleep, for their mother had put them to bed early to get them out of the way. They did not hear Rosie go to her chest of drawers and take out her money-box. She counted the money that was inside—twelve pounds. She had saved fifteen pounds in five years. Probably Emma had done as well as that, for Emma was a hard-working girl, a better worker than Rosie. But now all Emma's savings had been swallowed up in a long illness, so the peddler said, while Rosie was spending hers on clothes and linen for her marriage—as if marrying Tom was not good enough in itself, without the extra pleasures of silk and lace! Emma had spent her money on doctors and physic and all the hardships of a sick-bed—as if illness wasn't bad enough in itself without having to spend one's savings on it. It didn't seem fair.

The tears ran down Rosie's cheeks. She felt that she had treated Emma badly, and now she couldn't bear to think of spending all this money on herself. She must send it to Emma—it would help her if she was out of work because of her illness, or if she was still poorly, it would allow her to go away for a change to the seaside, perhaps. She would not let herself think of all she must give up in the way of a white wedding dress and the saxe blue coat and the skirt and the hat with the quill. . . . Her marriage would be a poor affair indeed. Still, the chief thing about the marriage was Tom. She would have him, whatever happened, while poor Emma had nobody. . . .

The next morning Rosie asked her mistress for an hour off at dinner-time. Thinking she wanted to run down and see the peddler, who was still in the village, Mrs. Bream agreed, and Rosie went off. She carried her purse, not in her pocket, but in the front of her dress, for her purse this morning held more



money than it had ever held in its over-long life.

"I want a postal order for twelve pounds, please," said Rosie to the postmistress. Her face was very pale and a little drawn.

"You can't get a postal order for all that," replied Miss Smith; "it'll have to be a money order."

She wanted to ask the girl some questions, but she took her office seriously and maintained a professional aloofness.

"Then give me a money order, please," said Rosie.

The postmistress produced one. "Sign your name here," she directed.

"But I don't want her to know who it's from."

"Then you can't send a money order."

Rosie's face fell. "What am I to do?" she said. "Reckon I don't want the person it's for to know it's from me."

"If you like I will change your money for notes, and you can send them by registered post."

"Then I'll do that. But I don't want to post it here."

"You can take the envelope and post it anywhere you like," said Miss Smith. "But remember, Rosie," she added, gravely, "it's a lot of money. I hope you're not doing anything rash, my dear?"

"No," replied Rosie, "it's something that must be done, I reckon. But don't tell anyone about it, Miss Smith."

"No, I won't tell. You've always been a sensible girl, and I trust you not to do anything silly."

Rosie escaped with the registered envelope in her hand. She had not guessed that the matter would involve such difficulties, but she hoped they were now nearly over. She went next to the George Inn, where she found the peddler just setting out for the next county.

"I want you to post this letter for me," she said, "from some big town away from here. It's to Emma Brown, but I

don't want her to know it's from me . . . she'd think I shouldn't ought to send it . . . or maybe she'd be angry and send it back, seeing the way I've treated her. So I've done the address in printing, and if you post it from a place like Lewes or Horsham, she'll never know who sent it."

The peddler smiled. "I'll post it from Lewes," he said.

Of course Rosie Pont was a little fool, and deserved to lose her money after intrusting it to an unknown peddler to post at his discretion, but as a matter of fact her folly was quite successful. The peddler was honest, and in due course the letter arrived at Botvyl Farm in Shropshire.

"Miss Emma Brown, c/o Mr. and Mrs. Tudor.' That'll be for me," said the farmer's wife. "Who is sending me a registered letter, I wonder?"

She tore it open and in surprise counted twelve treasury notes for one pound each.

"Good gracious! Now who in the name of wonder can have sent me that?"

"Someone who doesn't know you're Emma Tudor," said her husband.

"Well, it's not six months since I was Emma Brown, and this comes right away from Lewes. Maybe someone from the old place has sent it to me, thinking I'm still poor as I used to be. There was old Mr. Prescott, the vicar; he was a kind old man, and I think ud' have done more for me when I left if he'd been able, but he was in a poor way himself. Maybe he's luckier now and thinks to do me a good turn."

"But don't the folk down there know you're married? Why didn't you write and tell 'em?" asked her husband with reproachful fondness.

"Why should I? They'd all forgotten about me. Rosie Pont, who was the last

<sup>7</sup>ud, he would.

one to keep up with me, hadn't written for over three years, so why should I remember those who had forgotten me?"

"Well, someone's remembered you, as you see. Can't you think who it is?"

"No, I can't—unless it's Mr. Prescott. I don't know anyone round there who'd be worth twelve pounds. Stay, it might be Mrs. Gain of the Loose. She was sorry enough to turn me away, and said she'd do something for me if ever she found she could."

"Well, no matter who sent it, here it is! And you can't send it back, seeing there's no address. We'll take it as a piece of luck and go into Salop to buy you a gown."

"I don't like to do that," said Mrs. Tudor. "I've got everything I want. I've been a lucky woman. I've had my ups and downs, but I've come through safe and happy at last. It isn't everyone who's had such luck. I'd like to give it to some girl who hasn't done so well. Now there's that girl, Rosie Pont, at home—I was middling fond of her once, and I don't suppose she's done much for herself, poor child. One of a family of eleven children, and a silly little thing. I'll tell you, Owen! I've a mind to put that money straight into an envelope and send it to her. You can post it at Ludlow Market, and she'll never know where it comes from. I reckon she'll find it useful, for these are hard times for those that haven't had my luck."

### STUDY AIDS

1. How had the two girls become friends? Why does Rosie envy Emma for having to go away? Why do the two girls stop writing?

2. What good advice does Rosie's mother give her when she becomes engaged? What do you think of Rosie's character during the next five years?

3. How does Rosie come to hear again of Emma? What do you think of her plan to help Emma? What kindness is shown her by Mrs. Bream? By Miss Smith? By the peddler?

4. How has Emma advanced in life? Why does she send the money to Rosie?

5. As you read the story, did you notice how each event leads on to the next? For example, Emma is forced to leave; her departure leads to a correspondence; the letter-writing gives Rosie her address. If you trace this train of events to its conclusion, you will see that the story is just as natural as real life.

6. This is one of those stories that show how good a place the world can sometimes be. See if you can find a single unkind act in the whole course of its events. Rosie makes a great sacrifice. What reward does she get? How does this picture of country people in England differ from Zona Gale's picture of country life in Wisconsin? Which seems more real? Which story makes you more contented with the world?

### TO A MOUSE

ROBERT BURNS

This poem was written by the greatest of Scotland's poets to express his feelings when his plow had destroyed the burrow of a field mouse. From his early youth Burns was forced to work hard, but in spite of his industry, he saw little hope in the future. In November, 1785, when he wrote this poem, he was apparently planning to leave Scotland. This fact helps to explain the last stanza. He could not, of course, foresee that the very next year he was to publish a volume of poems which would make him so famous that he, a poor farmer, would mingle with the intellectual leaders of his country.

WEE, sleekit,<sup>1</sup> cowerin, tim'rous  
beastie,  
O what a panic's in thy breastie!

<sup>1</sup> sleekit, sleek.

Thou need no start awa sae hasty,  
 Wi' bickering brattle!<sup>2</sup>  
 I wad be laith<sup>3</sup> to rin and chase thee, 5  
 Wi' murd'ring pattle!<sup>4</sup>

I'm truly sorry man's dominion  
 Has broken Nature's social union,  
 An' justifies that ill opinion  
 Which makes thee startle 10  
 At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,  
 An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles,<sup>5</sup> but thou may  
 thief;  
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun<sup>6</sup>  
 live!  
 A daimen icker in a thrave<sup>7</sup> 15  
 'S a sma' request;  
 I'll get a blessing wi' the lave,<sup>8</sup>  
 An' never miss't!

Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!  
 Its silly wa's<sup>9</sup> the win's are strewin'! 20  
 An' naething, now, to big<sup>10</sup> a new ane,  
 O' foggage<sup>11</sup> green!  
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin',  
 Baith snell<sup>12</sup> an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,  
 An' weary winter comin' fast, 26  
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,  
 Thou thought to dwell,  
 Till, crash! the cruel coulter<sup>13</sup> passed  
 Out thro' thy cell. 30

That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble<sup>14</sup>  
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!  
 Now thou's turned out, for a' thy trouble,

But house or hald,<sup>15</sup>  
 To thole<sup>16</sup> the winter's sleety dribble,<sup>17</sup>  
 An' cranreuch<sup>18</sup> cauld! 36

But Mousie, thou art no thy lane<sup>19</sup>  
 In proving foresight may be vain;  
 The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men  
 Gang aft agley,<sup>20</sup> 40  
 An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,  
 For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!  
 The present only toucheth thee;  
 But och! I backward cast my e'e<sup>21</sup> 45  
 On prospects drear!  
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,  
 I guess an' fear!

<sup>15</sup> But . . . hald, without house or hall.  
<sup>16</sup> thole, endure. <sup>17</sup> dribble, drizzle. <sup>18</sup> cranreuch, hoarfrost. <sup>19</sup> no thy lane, not alone.  
<sup>20</sup> Gang aft agley, often go amiss or wrong.  
<sup>21</sup> e'e, eye.

## STUDY AIDS

1. In the first stanza pick out phrases that show the poet's sympathy for the mouse. Find other sympathetic expressions in lines 13-16.

2. In the second stanza Burns speaks of the way in which man's ambition and cruelty destroy the "social union" that should bind together all God's creatures. Compare this thought with what you learned in "The Ancient Mariner."

3. In the last two stanzas Burns has himself in mind. What expressions reveal his discouragement? Is there any touch of humor in lines 37-42? In what respect does the poet think the mouse more "blest"?

4. The best comment on this poem is a passage by Thomas Carlyle: "To every poet, to every writer, we might say: 'Be true, if you would be believed. Let a man but speak forth with genuine earnestness the thought, the emotion, the actual condition of his own heart, and other men, so strangely are we all knit together by the tie of sympathy, must and will give heed to him.'"

<sup>2</sup> bickering brattle, noisy hurry-scurry.  
<sup>3</sup> laith, loath. <sup>4</sup> pattle, a long-handled paddle for cleaning the plowshare.

<sup>5</sup> whyles, sometimes. <sup>6</sup> maun, must.  
<sup>7</sup> daimen . . . thrave, an occasional ear of grain in twenty-four sheaves.

<sup>8</sup> lave, remainder. <sup>9</sup> silly wa's, frail walls.  
<sup>10</sup> big, build.

<sup>11</sup> foggage, second growth of grass in the fall. <sup>12</sup> Baith snell, both sharp. <sup>13</sup> coulter, plow.  
<sup>14</sup> stibble, stubble.

## THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

The Holy Grail, according to legend, was the cup from which Christ drank at the Last Supper. It was supposed to have been brought to England in the early days and appeared in dazzling beauty at the court of King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table. When it vanished mysteriously, all the knights vowed to devote their lives to finding it again. Only those who were pure in thought and deed could see the Grail.

Many of the stories of King Arthur's knights tell how Launcelot, Perceval, Galahad, and others sought the Holy Grail. The theme of *The Vision of Sir Launfal* is the same as that of these old romances, though Sir Launfal himself is not one of the knights of the Round Table.

The youthful Sir Launfal in the poem is about to keep his vow and go like the knights of the old romances in quest of the Grail. But on the eve of his departure, as he sleeps on a bed of rushes, he has a vision or dream in which he sees himself as a young knight in shining armor riding forth on his quest. He sees himself tossing an alms to the beggar at his gate, but at the same time shrinking from the human wretchedness that the beggar typifies. The Grail, he thinks, is to be found at the end of wonderful adventures in distant lands. Again he sees himself in the vision, this time returning, after a life spent in a vain search, to find his castle occupied by another and himself a poor old man. Once more he sees the beggar at his gate, but now that his heart is filled with humility and love, he recognizes in the leper a brother, and he shares with him his crust of bread and a drink of water from a wooden bowl. A light shines all about the place, and the leper stands before him glorified. The bread and water have become a sacrament, and the wooden bowl has become the Holy Grail. Sir Launfal awakes from his dream to realize that "the Grail in my castle here is found."

The experience of the vision changes Sir Launfal's nature. Straightway he puts into practice the spirit of the brotherhood of man by sharing the wealth of his earldom with his fellow-men.

To follow the story of the poem in your first reading, a good way is to begin with lines 94 to 173 and then go direct to the continuation of the narrative, line 211. After you have the story of Sir Launfal's quest in mind, you can read the two "Preludes" with a clearer understanding.

## PRELUDE TO PART FIRST

OVER his keys the musing organist,  
Beginning doubtfully and far away,  
First lets his fingers wander as they list,<sup>1</sup>  
And builds a bridge from Dreamland  
for his lay.<sup>2</sup>  
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument  
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws  
his theme,

First guessed by faint, auroral<sup>3</sup> flushes  
sent  
Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy  
Doth Heaven with all its splendors  
lie;  
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,  
We Sinais<sup>4</sup> climb and know it not.

<sup>1</sup> as they list, aimlessly; without direction.

<sup>2</sup> lay, song.

<sup>3</sup> auroral, rosy.

<sup>4</sup> Sinais, places where we can learn God's will. The word is the direct object of "climb."

Over our manhood<sup>5</sup> bend the skies;  
 Against our fallen and traitor lives  
 The great winds utter prophecies; 15  
 With our faint hearts the mountain  
 strives;  
 Its arms outstretched, the druid<sup>6</sup> wood  
 Waits with its benedicite;<sup>7</sup>  
 And to our age's drowsy blood  
 Still shouts the inspiring sea. 20

Earth gets its price for what earth gives  
 us:  
 The beggar is taxed for a corner to die  
 in,  
 The priest hath his fee who comes and  
 shrives us.  
 We bargain for the graves we lie in;  
 At the devil's booth are all things sold, 25  
 Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of  
 gold;  
 For a cap and bells our lives we pay,  
 Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's task-  
 ing.  
 'Tis Heaven alone that is given away,  
 'Tis only God may be had for the ask-  
 ing; 30  
 No price is set on the lavish summer;  
 June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?  
 Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
 Then Heaven tries<sup>8</sup> earth if it be in  
 tune, 35  
 And over it softly her warm ear lays;  
 Whether we look, or whether we listen,  
 We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;  
 Every clod feels a stir of might,  
 An instinct within it that reaches and  
 towers, 40  
 And, groping blindly above it for light,  
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.  
 The flush of life may well be seen  
 Thrilling back over hills and valleys;  
 The cowslip startles<sup>9</sup> in meadows green,  
 The buttercup catches the sun in its  
 chalice, 46

<sup>5</sup> manhood, days of our maturity. <sup>6</sup> druid, priest-like. <sup>7</sup> benedicite, blessing.

<sup>8</sup> tries, tests. <sup>9</sup> startles, springs up from the soil.

And there's never a leaf or a blade too  
 mean

To be some happy creature's palace;  
 The little bird sits at his door in the  
 sun,

Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,  
 And lets his illumined being o'errun 51  
 With the deluge of summer it re-  
 ceives;

His mate feels the eggs beneath her  
 wings,

And the heart in her dumb breast flut-  
 ters and sings;

He sings to the wide world, and she to  
 her nest— 55

In the nice<sup>10</sup> ear of Nature which song is  
 the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,  
 And whatever of life hath ebbd away  
 Comes flooding back with a ripply  
 cheer

Into every bare inlet and creek and  
 bay. 60

Now the heart is so full that a drop over-  
 fills it;

We are happy now because God wills it.  
 No matter how barren the past may  
 have been,

'Tis enough for us now that the leaves  
 are green.

We sit in the warm shade and feel right  
 well 65

How the sap creeps up and the blos-  
 soms swell;

We may shut our eyes, but we cannot  
 help knowing

That skies are clear and grass is grow-  
 ing.

The breeze comes whispering in our ear  
 That dandelions are blossoming near, 70

That maize has sprouted, that streams  
 are flowing,

That the river is bluer than the sky,  
 That the robin is plastering his house

hard by;  
 And if the breeze kept the good news  
 back,

<sup>10</sup> nice, discriminating.

For other couriers we should not lack; 75  
 We could guess it all by yon heifer's  
 lowing—  
 And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,  
 Warmed with the new wine of the year,  
 Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not  
 how; 80

Everything is happy now,  
 Everything is upward striving.  
 'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true  
 As for grass to be green or skies to be  
 blue—

'Tis the natural way of living. 85  
 Who knows whither the clouds have  
 fled?

In the unscarred heaven they leave no  
 wake;  
 And the eyes forget the tears they have  
 shed,

The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;  
 The soul partakes the season's youth, 90  
 And the sulphurous rifts of passion  
 and woe

Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and  
 smooth,

Like burnt-out craters healed with  
 snow.

What wonder if Sir Launfal now  
 Remembered the keeping of his vow? 95

#### PART FIRST

##### I

"My golden spurs now bring to me,  
 And bring to me my richest mail,  
 For tomorrow I go over land and sea

In search of the Holy Grail.  
 Shall never a bed for me be spread, 100  
 Nor shall a pillow be under my head,  
 Till I begin my vow to keep.  
 Here on the rushes will I sleep,  
 And perchance there may come a vision  
 true

Ere day create the world anew." 105  
 Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim;  
 Slumber fell like a cloud on him,  
 And into his soul the vision flew.

##### II

The crows flapped over by twos and  
 threes;

In the pool drowsed the cattle up to  
 their knees; 110

The little birds sang as if it were

The one day of summer in all the  
 year;

And the very leaves seemed to sing on  
 the trees.

The castle alone in the landscape lay  
 Like an outpost of winter, dull and  
 gray; 115

'Twas the proudest hall in the North  
 Countree,

And never its gates might opened be  
 Save to lord or lady of high degree.

Summer besieged it on every side,  
 But the churlish stone her assaults de-  
 fied; 120

She could not scale the chilly wall,  
 Though around it for leagues her pavil-  
 ions tall

Stretched left and right,  
 Over the hills and out of sight.

Green and broad was every tent, 125  
 And out of each a murmur went  
 Till the breeze fell off at night.

##### III

The drawbridge dropped with a surly  
 clang,

And through the dark arch a charger  
 sprang, 129

Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden  
 knight,<sup>11</sup>

In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright  
 It seemed the dark castle had gathered  
 all

Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over  
 its wall

In his siege of three hundred summers  
 long,

And, binding them all in one blazing  
 sheaf, 135

Had cast them forth; so, young and  
 strong,

And lightsome as a locust-leaf,

<sup>11</sup> *maiden knight*, a knight undertaking his  
 first great test.



So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn

Sir Launfal flashed forth in his un-  
scarred mail,  
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

IV

It was morning on hill and stream and  
tree, 140  
And morning in the young knight's  
heart;  
Only the castle moodily  
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free  
And gloomed by itself apart;  
The season brimmed all other things up  
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's  
cup. 146

V

As Sir Launfal made morn through the  
darksome gate,  
He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by  
the same,

Who begged with his hand and moaned  
as he sate;

And a loathing over Sir Launfal came.  
The sunshine went out of his soul with  
a thrill, 151

The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink  
and crawl,  
And midway its leap his heart stood still  
Like a frozen waterfall;

For this man, so foul and bent of stature,  
Rasped harshly against his dainty na-  
ture, 156

And seemed the one blot on the summer  
morn—

So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

VI

The leper raised not the gold from the  
dust:

"Better to me the poor man's crust, 160  
Better the blessing of the poor,



Though I turn me empty from his door;  
 That is no true alms which the hand  
     can hold;  
 He gives nothing but worthless gold  
     Who gives from a sense of duty; 165  
 But he who gives but a slender mite,  
 And gives to that which is out of sight,  
     That thread of the all-sustaining  
     Beauty<sup>12</sup>  
 Which runs through all and doth all  
     unite—  
 The hand cannot clasp the whole of his  
     alms, 170  
 The heart outstretches its eager palms,  
 For a god goes with it and makes it  
     store  
 To the soul that was starving in dark-  
     ness before."

PRELUDE TO PART SECOND

Down swept the chill wind from the  
     mountain peak,  
 From the snow five thousand summers  
     old; 175  
 On open wold and hilltop-bleak  
     It had gathered all the cold,  
 And whirled it like sleet on the wan-  
     derer's cheek.  
 It carried a shiver everywhere  
 From the unleafed boughs and pastures  
     bare; 180  
 The little brook heard it and built a roof  
 'Neath which he could house him, win-  
     ter-proof;  
 All night by the white stars' frosty  
     gleams  
 He groined his arches and matched his  
     beams; 184  
 Slender and clear were his crystal spars  
 As the lashes of light that trim the stars;  
 He sculptured every summer delight  
 In his halls and chambers out of sight;  
 Sometimes his tinkling waters slipped  
 Down through a frost-leaved forest-  
     crypt, 190  
 Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed  
     trees

<sup>12</sup> all-sustaining Beauty, spirit of God.

Bending to counterfeit a breeze;  
 Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew  
 But silvery mosses that downward grew;  
 Sometimes it was carved in sharp re-  
     lief 195  
 With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;  
 Sometimes it was simply smooth and  
     clear  
 For the gladness of heaven to shine  
     through, and here  
 He had caught the nodding bulrush-  
     tops  
 And hung them thickly with diamond-  
     drops, 200  
 That crystaled the beams of moon and  
     sun,  
 And made a star of every one.  
 No mortal builder's most rare device  
 Could match this winter-palace of ice;  
 'Twas as if every image that mirrored  
     lay 205  
 In his depths serene through the sum-  
     mer day,  
 Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,  
     Lest the happy model should be lost,  
 Had been mimicked in fairy masonry  
     By the elfin builders of the frost. 210  
 Within the hall are song and laughter;  
     The cheeks of Christmas grow red  
     and jolly;  
 And sprouting is every corbel<sup>13</sup> and rafter  
     With lightsome green of ivy and holly.  
 Through the deep gulf of the chimney  
     wide 215  
 Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;  
 The broad flame-pennons droop and  
     flap  
 And belly and tug as a flag in the  
     wind;  
 Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,  
     Hunted to death in its galleries blind;  
 And swift little troops of silent sparks,  
 Now pausing, now scattering away as in  
     fear, 222  
 Go threading the soot-forest's tangled  
     darks  
 Like herds of startled deer.

<sup>13</sup> corbel, wall support.

But the wind without was eager and  
sharp; 225  
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair<sup>14</sup> it makes a  
harp,  
And rattles and wrings  
The icy strings,  
Singing, in dreary monotone,  
A Christmas carol of its own, 230  
Whose burden<sup>15</sup> still, as he might guess,  
Was "Shelterless, shelterless, shelter-  
less!"

The voice of the seneschal<sup>16</sup> flared like a  
torch  
As he shouted the wanderer away from  
the porch,  
And he sat in the gateway and saw all  
night 235  
The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,  
Through the window-slits of the cas-  
tle old,  
Build out its piers of ruddy light  
Against the drift of the cold. 239

## PART SECOND

## I

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,  
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;  
The river was dumb and could not  
speak,  
For the weaver Winter its shroud had  
spun;  
A single crow on the tree-top bleak  
From his shining feathers shed off the  
cold sun; 245  
Again it was morning, but shrunk and  
cold,  
As if her veins were sapless and old,  
And she rose up decrepity  
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

## II

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard  
gate, 250  
For another heir in his earldom sate;

An old, bent man, worn out and frail,  
He came back from seeking the Holy  
Grail.  
Little he recked of<sup>17</sup> his earldom's loss;  
No more on his surcoat<sup>18</sup> was blazoned  
the cross; 255  
But deep in his soul the sign<sup>19</sup> he wore,  
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

## III

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare  
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbèd air,  
For it was just at the Christmas time. 260  
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier  
clime,  
And sought for a shelter from cold and  
snow  
In the light and warmth of long ago;  
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl  
O'er the edge of the desert, black and  
small, 265  
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,  
He can count the camels in the sun,  
As over the red-hot sands they pass  
To where, in its slender necklace of  
grass,  
The little spring laughed and leaped in  
the shade, 270  
And with its own self like an infant  
played,  
And waved its signal of palms.

## IV

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an  
alms"—  
The happy camels may reach the spring,  
But Sir Launfal sees naught save the  
gruesome thing, 275  
The leper, lank as the rain-blanchèd  
bone,  
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone  
And white as the ice-isles of Northern  
seas,  
In the desolate<sup>20</sup> horror of his disease.

<sup>17</sup> *recked of*, cared for.<sup>18</sup> *surcoat*, a flowing garment worn by a knight over his mail.<sup>19</sup> *sign*, sign of the cross.<sup>20</sup> *desolate*, because lepers were outcasts.<sup>14</sup> *gray hair*. Note this change in Sir Launfal.<sup>15</sup> *burden*, often-repeated word.<sup>16</sup> *seneschal*, the steward of a great lord.

## v

And Sir Launfal said, "I behold in thee  
An image of Him who died on the  
tree. 281

Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns;  
Thou also hast had the world's buffets  
and scorns;

And to thy life were not denied  
The wounds in the hands and feet and  
side. 285

Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;  
Behold, through him, I give to Thee!"

## vi

Then the soul of the leper stood up in  
his eyes

And looked at Sir Launfal, and  
straightway he

Remembered in what a haughtier guise  
He had flung an alms to leprosie, 291

When he girt his young life up in gilded  
mail

And set forth in search of the Holy  
Grail.

The heart within him was ashes and  
dust;

He parted in twain his single crust, 295

He broke the ice on the streamlet's  
brink,

And gave the leper to eat and drink;  
'Twas a moldy crust of coarse, brown  
bread,

'Twas water out of a wooden bowl—  
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the  
leper fed, 300

And 'twas red wine<sup>21</sup> he drank with  
his thirsty soul.

## vii

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast  
face,

A light shone round about the place;  
The leper no longer crouched at his side,

But stood before him glorified, 305  
Shining and tall and fair and straight

<sup>21</sup> *red wine*, an allusion to the miracle of Cana, where Christ turned water into wine (John ii).

As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful  
Gate<sup>22</sup>—

Himself the Gate whereby men can  
Enter the temple of God in Man.

## viii

His words were shed softer than leaves  
from the pine, 310

And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on  
the brine,

That mingle their softness and quiet in  
one

With the shaggy unrest they float down  
upon;

And the voice that was calmer than si-  
lence said,

"Lo, it is I, be not afraid! 315

In many climes, without avail,

Thou has spent thy life for the Holy  
Grail;

Behold, it is here—this cup which thou  
Didst fill at the streamlet for Me but

now; 319

This crust is My body broken for thee;

This water His blood that died on the  
tree;

The Holy Supper<sup>23</sup> is kept, indeed,

In whatso we share with another's  
need;

Not what we give, but what we share—  
For the gift without the giver is bare; 325

Who gives himself with his alms feeds  
three—

Himself, his hungering neighbor, and  
Me."

## ix

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoond;

"The Grail in my castle here is found!

Hang my idle armor up on the wall; 330

Let it be the spider's banquet hall.

He must be fenced with stronger mail

Who would seek and find the Holy  
Grail."

<sup>22</sup> *Beautiful Gate*, an allusion to "the gate of the temple which is called Beautiful" (Acts iii, 2) and also to Christ's saying, "I am the door" (John x, 7).

<sup>23</sup> *Holy Supper*, the Last Supper of Christ and His disciples, as preserved in the communion service of Christian churches.

## x

The castle gate stands open now,  
And the wanderer is welcome to the  
hall 335

As the hangbird is to the elm-tree  
bough.

No longer scowl the turrets tall;  
The summer's long siege at last is o'er.  
When the first poor outcast went in at  
the door,

She entered with him in disguise, 340  
And mastered the fortress by surprise.  
There is no spot she loves so well on  
ground;

She lingers and smiles there the whole  
year round.

The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land  
Has hall and bower at his command; 345  
And there's no poor man in the North  
Countree

But is lord of the earldom as much  
as he.

## STUDY AIDS

*The Story.* 1. (Lines 94-146.) Why did Sir Launfal hope for a vision? Where in the poem does the vision begin? Judging from his vow, do you think he is a humble or a proud young knight? Why did the castle which he saw in the vision seem wintry rather than warm? What contrast is there between the castle and Sir Launfal's picture of himself in the vision?

2. (Lines 147-173.) What effect did the beggar in the vision have on the young knight? How did he express this feeling in his action? How does the beggar show that he knew how the knight felt? Do you think he spoke the words to Sir Launfal or to himself?

3. Proceed now with the story as it is continued from line 211, where the vision changes to a winter scene. (Lines 211-257.) In this part of his dream how old does Sir Launfal seem? Has the castle itself changed? What is the contrast now between the knight and his castle? Why has he returned home?

4. (Lines 258-279.) Note that in his dream Sir Launfal has a second vision, which paints a desert land. Why does he think of so hot a place? How does the beggar's interruption of this vision affect Sir Launfal? Compare his feeling and acts now with those in Part First.

5. (Lines 280-327.) Who was the beggar? Explain the meaning of lines 322-327.

6. (Lines 328-347.) Where in the poem does Sir Launfal's vision end? Was he a young man when he awoke? What does he mean by "stronger mail," line 332? How is the castle changed? What effect on Sir Launfal's conduct did the "vision true" produce? What ideal of the "spirit of good will" between man and man did he live up to afterwards? How well is that ideal followed in your own community? Mention particular matters, such as hospitals, homes for the aged and friendless, the providing of Thanksgiving dinners, and so on.

*The Preludes.* These sections of the poem are naturally harder to read because they are not narrative. They are well worth your close thought, however, for they contain some of the best-known lines in American poetry. The following notes will help you over the hard places.

PRELUDE TO PART FIRST. 1. Lines 1-8 contain a figure of speech (a metaphor) based on the way an organist who is improvising often finds his music becoming truer to his purpose as he "warms up" to the theme. Show how the lines bring out this meaning. How does the metaphor explain Lowell's reason for writing a "prelude" to his story of Sir Launfal?

2. Lines 9-32 are based on Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," in which the poet expresses the belief that Heaven lies about us and is known to us in our infancy, but gradually fades from view as we grow older. Where does Lowell contradict this view? What are the best illustrations with which he supports his own belief?

3. Lines 33-56 describe the beauty of June. Does this beauty consist in things seen, heard, and done, or in a feeling of new beginnings? Quote lines to support your answer.

4. Lines 57-79 give the sources of our happiness at the outset of summer. Name the most important ones.

5. Lines 80-93 explain the effect of nature on our conduct, the central theme of the Prelude. How is this section of the poem connected with the story of Sir Launfal?

6. Sum up in a sentence or two what you think is Lowell's feeling about June and his belief about the influence of nature on men.

PRELUDE TO PART SECOND. The cold of winter is here sharply contrasted with the warmth of summer as it is pictured in the Prelude to Part First. 1. How does the wind (lines 174-180) differ from the June breeze (lines 69-75)?

2. In the description of the brook in winter, which are the most pleasing scenes? Contrast them with some of the scenes in the description of June (lines 33-79).

*Other Features of the Poem.* 1. Among the striking features of this poem are the figures of speech. The metaphor of the organist in the first eight lines has already been discussed. Many of the figures of speech are much shorter, as "The great winds utter prophecies"; this line speaks of winds as if they were persons (personification). Pick out five other figures of speech that add to the beauty of the poem. (For definitions of "metaphor" and other figures of speech see the Index of Topics and Special Terms, beginning on page 627.)

2. Burns and Lowell were lovers of nature. It would be worth while to read more widely in both poets and then compare their views on nature. For a beginning, read Burns's "To a Mountain Daisy" and Lowell's "To the Dandelion" and "Violet, Sweet Violet." Which poet seems to get the more pleasure out of nature? Always read passages to show the class what you mean.

3. The "spirit of good will" is clearly shown in this poem. Quote the stanza that you think best summarizes this spirit. Show how *The Vision of Sir Launfal* also illustrates the theme of Part Three—"Man and His Fellows." Again quote from the poem to support your answer.

## THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

SAM WALTER FOSS

THERE are hermit souls that live withdrawn

In the place of their self-content;  
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart,

In a fellowless firmament;  
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths

Where highways never ran—  
But let me live by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road

Where the race of men go by—  
The men who are good and the men who are bad,

As good and as bad as I.  
I would not sit in the scorner's seat  
Or hurl the cynic's ban—

Let me live in a house by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,

By the side of the highway of life,  
The men who press with the ardor of hope,

The men who are faint with the strife,  
But I turn not away from their smiles  
nor their tears,

Both parts of an infinite plan—  
Let me live in a house by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,

And mountains of wearisome height;  
That the road passes on through the long afternoon

And stretches away to the night.

And still I rejoice when the travelers re-  
 joice,  
 And weep with the strangers that  
 moan, 30  
 Nor live in my house by the side of the  
 road  
 Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of  
 the road  
 Where the race of men go by—  
 They are good, they are bad, they are  
 weak, they are strong, 35  
 Wise, foolish—so am I.  
 Then why should I sit in the scorner's  
 seat  
 Or hurl the cynic's ban?  
 Let me live in my house by the side of  
 the road  
 And be a friend to man. 40

### STUDY AIDS

1. How does the poet tell us in the first stanza that he is democratic? What two kinds of men does he sing about in stanza two? In stanza three? What explanation of his attitude does the poet give in the last stanza?

2. How does Foss's feeling about men differ from the feeling of Burns in "To a Mouse"? That is, is he gayer or more serious? Does his feeling seem to be more, or less, personal than Burns's?

3. In what respect is the central idea of this poem like that of *The Vision of Sir Launfal*? Which of these two poems seems more closely connected with our modern everyday life?

### THE RETURN

DAVID GRAYSON

The following selection tells of how an unusually interesting man felt who went hiking alone, of his joy in being free from city life, and of an adventure he had one day with a stranger.

SURELY the chief delight of going away from home is the joy of getting back again. I shall never forget that spring morning when I walked from the city of Kilburn into the open country—my bag on my back, a song in my throat, and the gray road stretching straight before me. I remember how eagerly I looked out across the fields and meadows and rested my eyes upon the distant hills. How roomy it all was! I looked up into the clear blue of the sky. There was space here to breathe, and distances in which the spirit might spread its wings. As the old prophet<sup>1</sup> says, it was a place where a man might be placed alone in the midst of the earth.

I was strangely glad that morning of every little stream that ran under the bridges, I was glad of the trees I passed, glad of every bird and squirrel in the branches, glad of the cattle grazing in the fields, glad of the jolly boys I saw on their way to school with their dinner pails, glad of the bluff, red-faced teamster I met, and of the snug farmer who waved his hand to me and wished me a friendly good morning. It seemed to me that I liked everyone I saw, and that everyone liked me.

So I walked onward that morning nor ever have had such a sense of relief and escape, nor ever such a feeling of gayety.

"Here is where I belong," I said. "This is my own country. Those hills are mine, and all the fields, and the trees and the sky—and the road here belongs to me as much as it does to anyone."

Coming presently to a small house near the side of the road, I saw a woman working with a trowel in her sunny garden. It was good to see her turn over the warm brown soil; it was good to see the plump green rows of lettuce and the thin green rows of onions, and the nasturtiums and sweet peas; it was good—after so many days in that desert of a city—to get a whiff of blossoming

<sup>1</sup> prophet, Isaiah. See Isaiah 40, 8.

things. I stood for a moment looking quietly over the fence before the woman saw me. When at last she turned and looked up, I said:

"Good morning."

She paused, trowel in hand.

"Good morning," she replied; "you look happy."

I wasn't conscious that I was smiling outwardly.

"Well, I am," I said; "I'm going home."

"Then you *ought* to be happy," said she.

"And I'm glad to escape *that*," and I pointed toward the city.

"What?"

"Why, that old monster lying there in the valley."

I could see that she was surprised and even a little alarmed. So I began intently to admire her young cabbages and comment on the perfection of her geraniums. But I caught her eying me from time to time as I leaned there on the fence, and I knew that she would come back sooner or later to my remark about the monster. Having shocked your friend (not too unpleasantly), abide your time, and he will want to be shocked again. So I was not at all surprised to hear her ask:

"Have you traveled far?"

"I should *say* so!" I replied. "I've been on a very long journey. I've seen many strange sights and met many wonderful people."

"You may have been in California, then. I have a daughter in California."

"No," said I, "I was never in California."

"You've been a long time from home, you say?"

"A very long time from home."

"How long?"

"Three weeks."

"Three weeks! And how far did you say you had traveled?"

"At the farthest point, I should say sixty miles from home."

"But how can you say that in traveling only sixty miles and being gone three weeks you have seen so many strange places and people?"

"Why," I exclaimed, "haven't you seen anything strange around here?"

"Why, no——" glancing quickly around her.

"Well, I'm strange, am I not?"

"Well——"

"And you're strange."

She looked at me with the utmost amazement. I could scarcely keep from laughing.

"I assure you," I said, "that if you travel a thousand miles you will find no one stranger than I am—or you are—nor anything more wonderful than all this——" and I waved my hand.

This time she looked really alarmed, glancing quickly toward the house, so that I began to laugh.

"Madam," I said, "good morning!"

So I left her standing there by the fence looking after me, and I went on down the road.

"Well," I said, "she'll have something new to talk about. It may add a month to her life. Was there ever such an amusing world!"

About noon that day I had an adventure that I have to laugh over every time I think of it. It was unusual, too, as being almost the only incident of my journey which was of itself in the least thrilling or out of the ordinary. Why, this might have been an item in the country paper!

For the first time on my trip I saw a man that I really felt like calling a tramp—a tramp in the generally accepted sense of the term. When I left home, I imagined I should meet many tramps, and perhaps learn from them odd and curious things about life; but when I actually came into contact with the shabby men of the road, I began



to be puzzled. What was a tramp, anyway?

I found them all strangely different, each with his own distinctive history, and each accounting for himself as logically as I could for myself. And save for the fact that in none of them I met were the outward graces and virtues too prominently displayed, I have come back quite uncertain as to what a scientist might call type-characteristics. I had thought of following Emerson in his delightful optimistic definition of a weed. A weed, he says, is a plant whose virtues have not been discovered. A tramp, then, is a man whose virtues have not been discovered. Or I might follow my old friend the Professor (who dearly loves all growing things) in his even kindlier definition of a weed. He says that it is merely a plant misplaced. The virility of this definition has often impressed me when I have tried to grub the excellent and useful horse-radish plants out of my asparagus bed! Let it be then—a tramp is a misplaced man, whose virtues have not been discovered.

Whether this is an adequate definition or not, it fitted admirably the man I overtook that morning on the road. He was certainly misplaced, and during my brief but exciting experience with him I discovered no virtues whatever.

In one way he was quite different from the traditional tramp. He walked with far too lively a step, too jauntily, and he had with him a small, shaggy, nondescript dog, a dog as shabby as he, trotting close at his heels. He carried a light stick, which he occasionally twirled over in his hand. As I drew nearer, I could hear him whistling and even, from time to time, breaking into a lively bit of song. What a devil-may-care chap he seemed, anyway! I was greatly interested.

When at length I drew alongside, he did not seem in the least surprised. He

turned, glanced at me with his bold black eyes, and broke out again into the song he was singing. And these were the words of his song—at least, all I can remember of them:

Oh, I'm so fine and gay,  
I'm so fine and gay,  
I have to take a dog along,  
To kape the ga-irls away.

What droll zest he put into it! He had a red nose, a globular red nose set on his face like an overgrown strawberry, and from under the worst derby hat in the world burst his thick curly hair.

"Oh, I'm so fine and gay," he sang, stepping to the rhythm of his song, and looking the very image of good-humored impudence. I can't tell how amused and pleased I was—though if I had known what was to happen later, I might not have been quite so friendly—yes, I would, too!

We fell into conversation, and it wasn't long before I suggested that we stop for luncheon together somewhere along the road. He cast a quick appraising eye at my bag, and assented with alacrity. We climbed a fence and found a quiet spot near a little brook.

I was much astonished to observe the resources of my jovial companion. Although he carried neither bag nor pack and appeared to have nothing whatever in his pockets, he proceeded, like a professional prestidigitator, to produce from his shabby clothing an extraordinary number of curious things—a black tin can with a wire handle, a small box of matches, a soiled package which I soon learned contained tea, a miraculously big dry sausage wrapped in an old newspaper, and a clasp-knife. I watched him with breathless interest.

He cut a couple of crotched sticks to hang the pail on and in two or three minutes had a little fire, no larger than a man's hand, burning brightly under it. ("Big fires," said he wisely, "are not



"Fine dog!" commented my companion

for us.") This he fed with dry twigs, and in a very few minutes he had a pot of tea from which he offered me the first drink. This, with my luncheon and part of his sausage, made up a very good meal.

While we were eating, the dog sat sedately by the fire. From time to time his master would say, "Speak, Jimmy."

Jimmy would sit up on his haunches, his two front paws hanging limp, turn his head to one side in the drollest way imaginable, and give a yelp. His master would toss him a bit of sausage or bread, and he would catch it with a snap.

"Fine dog!" commented my companion.

"So he seems," said I.

After the meal was over, my companion proceeded to produce other surprises from his pockets—a bag of tobacco, a brier pipe (which he kindly offered to me and which I kindly refused), and a soiled packet of cigarette papers. Having rolled a cigarette with practiced facility, he leaned up against a tree, took off his hat, lighted the cigarette and, having taken a long draw at it, blew the smoke before him with an incredible air of satisfaction.

"Solid comfort this here—hey!" he exclaimed.

We had some further talk, but for so jovial a specimen he was surprisingly uncommunicative. Indeed, I think he soon decided that I somehow did not belong to the fraternity, that I was a "farmer"—in the most opprobrious sense—and he soon began to drowse, rousing himself once or twice to roll another cigarette, but finally dropping (apparently, at least) fast asleep.

I was glad enough for the rest and quiet after the strenuous experience of the last two days—and I, too, soon began to drowse. It didn't seem to me then that I lost consciousness at all, but I suppose I must have done so, for when I suddenly opened my eyes and sat up, my companion had vanished. How he succeeded in gathering up his pail and packages so noiselessly and getting away so quickly is a mystery to me.

"Well," I said, "that's odd."

Rousing myself deliberately I put on my hat and was about to take up my bag when I suddenly discovered that it was open. My rain-cape was missing! It wasn't a very good rain-cape, but it was missing.

At first I was inclined to be angry, but when I thought of my jovial companion and the cunning way in which he had tricked me, I couldn't help laughing. At the same time I jumped up quickly and ran down to the road.

"I may get him yet," I said.

Just as I stepped out of the woods, I caught a glimpse of a man some hundreds of yards away, turning quickly from the main road into a lane or by-path. I wasn't altogether sure that he was my man, but I ran across the road and climbed the fence. I had formed the plan instantly of cutting across the field and so striking the byroad farther up the hill. I had a curious sense of amused exultation, the very spirit of the chase, and my mind dwelt with the liveliest excitement on what I should say or do if I really caught that jolly spark of impudence.

So I came by way of a thicket along an old stone fence to the byroad, and there, sure enough, only a little way ahead of me, was my man with the shaggy little dog close to his heels. He was making pretty good time, but I skirted swiftly along the edge of the road until I had nearly overtaken him. Then I slowed down to a walk and stepped out into the middle of the road. I confess my heart was pounding at a lively rate. The next time he looked behind him—guiltily enough, too!—I said in the calmest voice I could command:

"Well, brother, you almost left me behind."

He stopped, and I stepped up to him.

I wish I could describe the look in his face—mingled astonishment, fear, and defiance.

"My friend," I said, "I'm disappointed in you."

He made no reply.

"Yes, I'm disappointed. You did such a very poor job."

"Poor job!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," I said, and I slipped my bag off my shoulder and began to rummage inside. My companion watched me silently and suspiciously.

"You should not have left the rubbers."

With that I handed him my old rub-

bers. A peculiar expression came into the man's face.

"Say, pardner, what you drivin' at?"

"Well," I said, "I don't like to see such evidences of haste and inefficiency."

He stood staring at me helplessly, holding my old rubbers at arm's length.

"Come on now," I said, "that's over. We'll walk along together."

I was about to take his arm, but quick as a flash he dodged, cast both rubbers and rain-cape away from him, and ran down the road for all he was worth, the little dog, looking exactly like a rolling ball of fur, pelting after him. He never once glanced back, but ran for his life. I stood there and laughed until the tears came, and ever since then, at the thought of the expression on the jolly rover's face when I gave him my rubbers I've had to smile. I put the rain-cape and rubbers back into my bag and turned again to the road.

### STUDY AIDS

1. Why was the author especially happy when he started on his jaunt into the country? If you live in the city, have you ever felt a similar desire to escape from "the old monster" (the crowded city)? What made the woman in the garden a bit afraid of the author?

2. If you have ever seen a tramp, describe him to the class. How did he differ from the tramp in this selection?

3. Why was the author usually interested in tramps? How did this tramp differ from others that he had met? What is your first impression of the stranger? What is added to this impression during lunch?

4. What was there "cunning" about the way the tramp stole the rain-cape? Why did the author chase him? Why did the tramp finally run away?

5. What notion of the author's sense of humor and kindly disposition do you get from his action after he had discovered the

theft? Can you point out earlier acts or expressions of the writer that are in keeping with this conduct?

*The Essay.* When you first read this selection, you probably thought of it as a story, but it would more properly be classed as an "essay." The author tells a story, to be sure, but he is more interested in revealing his own feelings about nature and human beings than in plot or conflict or the other matters that short stories deal with. An essay gives us a notion of the kind of man the author is. He may introduce into the essay some adventure to illustrate his personal feelings, but he does not, like a true story-teller, find the narrative itself a complete reason for writing. Think of essays, then, as prose writing that develops some notion, fancy, or thought, usually in such a way as to reveal the author himself pretty fully.

(a) How does this essay reveal the author's joy in nature? His overflowing friendliness? His hearty sense of humor? What other traits do you find?

(b) Compare the main idea here with the theme of *The Vision of Sir Launfal*. How do both emphasize the influence of nature on men? How do the two selections differ in thought about the way men should treat each other?

If you have enjoyed making the acquaintance of David Grayson, read *The Friendly Road*, the volume from which this selection is taken.

### MENDING THE CLOCK

SIR JAMES M. BARRIE

As you read this essay, notice how amusingly Barrie uses his Scotch wit and how "cannily" he defends himself against the insinuations of his family and friends.

IT WAS a little American clock, which I got as a present about two years ago. The donor told me it cost half-a-guinea,<sup>1</sup> but on inquiry at the shop where it was bought (this is what I al-

<sup>1</sup> half-a-guinea, about \$2.55.

ways do when I get a present), I learned that the real price was four-and-six-pence.<sup>2</sup> Up to this time I had been hesitating about buying a stand for it, but after that I determined not to do so. Since I got it, it has stood on my study mantelpiece, except once or twice at first, when its loud tick compelled me to wrap it up in flannel, and bury it in the bottom of the drawer. Until a fortnight ago my clock went beautifully, and I have a feeling that had we treated it a little less hardly it would have continued to go well. One night a fortnight ago it stopped, as if under the impression that I had forgotten to wind it up. I wound it up as far as was possible, but after going for an hour it stopped again. Then I shook it, and it went for five minutes. I strode into another room to ask who had been meddling with my clock, but no one had touched it. When I came back, it was going again, but as soon as I sat down, it stopped. I shook my fist at it, which terrified it into going for half a minute, and then it went creak, creak, like a clock in pain. The last thing it did before stopping finally was to strike nineteen.

For two days I left my clock serenely alone, nor would I ever have annoyed myself with the thing had it not been for my visitors. I have a soul above mechanics, but when these visitors saw that my clock had stopped, they expressed surprise at my not mending it. How different I must be, they said, from my brother, who had a passion for making himself generally useful. If the clock had been his, he would have had it to pieces and put it right within the hour. I pointed out that my mind was so full of weightier matters that I could not descend to clocks, but they had not the brains to see that what prevented my mending the clock was not incapacity, but want of desire to do so. This

has ever been the worry of my life, that, because I don't do certain things, people take it for granted that I can't do them. I took no prizes at school or college, but you entirely misunderstand me if you think that that was because I could not take them. The fact is, that I had always a contempt for prizes and prizemen, and I have ever been one of the men who gather statistics to prove that it is the boy who sat at the foot of his class that makes his name in after life. I was that boy, and though I have not made my mark in life as yet, I could have done it had I wanted to do so as easily as I could mend a clock. My visitors, judging me by themselves, could not follow this argument, though I have given expression to it in their presence many times, and they were so ridiculous as to say it was a pity that my brother did not happen to be at home.

"Why, what do I need him for?" I asked, irritably.

"To mend the clock," they replied, and all the answer I made to them was that if I wanted the clock mended I would mend it myself.

"But you don't know the way," they said.

"Do you really think," I asked them, "that I am the kind of man to be beaten by a little American clock?"

They replied that that was their belief, at which I coldly changed the subject.

"Are you really going to attempt it?" they asked as they departed.

"Not I," I said; "I have other things to do."

Nevertheless the way they flung my brother at me annoyed me, and I returned straight from the door to the study to mend the clock. It amused me to picture their chagrin when they dropped in the next night and found my clock going beautifully.

"Who mended it?" I fancied them

<sup>2</sup> *four-and-six-pence*, four shillings six pence—about \$1.10.

asking, and I could not help practicing the careless reply, "Oh, I did it myself." Then I took the clock in my hands, and sat down to examine it.

The annoying thing, to begin with, was that there seemed to be no way in. The clock was practically hermetically sealed, for, though the back shook a little when I thumped it on my knee, I could see quite well that the back would not come off unless I broke the mainspring. I examined the clock carefully round and round, but to open the thing up was as impossible as to get into an egg without chipping the shell. I twisted and twirled it, but nothing would move. Then I raged at the idiots who made clocks that would not open. My mother came in about that time to ask me how I was getting on.

"Getting on with what?" I asked.

"With the clock," she said.

"The clock," I growled, "is nothing to me," for it irritated me to hear her insinuating that I had been foiled.

"But I thought you were trying to mend it," she said.

"Not at all," I replied; "I have something else to do."

"What a pity," she said, "that Andrew is not here."

Andrew is the brother they are always flinging at me.

"He could have done nothing," I retorted, "for the asses made this clock not to open."

"I am sure it opens," my mother said.

"Why should you be sure?" I asked, fiercely.

"Because," she explained, "I never saw or heard of a clock that doesn't open."

"Then," I snarled, "you can both see and hear of it now"—and I pointed contemptuously at my clock.

She shook her head as she went out, and as soon as the door shut, I hit the clock with my clenched fist (stunning my fourth finger). I had a presentiment

that my mother was right about the clock's opening, and I feared that she still labored under the delusion that I had been trying to mend the exasperating thing.

On the following day we had a visit from my friend Summer, and he had scarcely sat down in my study when he jumped up, exclaiming, "Hullo, is that the right time?"

I said to him that the clock had stopped, and he immediately took it on his knees. I looked at him sideways, and saw at once that he was the kind of man who knows about clocks. After shaking it he asked me what was wrong.

"It needs cleaning," I said at a venture, for if I had told him the whole story, he might have thought that I did not know how to mend a clock.

"Then you have opened it and examined the works?" he asked, and not to disappoint him I said yes.

"If it needs cleaning, why did you not clean it?" was his next question.

I hate inquisitiveness in a man, but I replied that I had not had time to clean it. He turned it round in his hands, and I knew what he was looking for before he said:

"I have never taken an American clock to pieces. Does it open in the ordinary way?"

This took me somewhat aback, but Summer, being my guest, had to be answered.

"Well," I said cautiously, "it does and it doesn't."

He looked at it again, and then held it out to me, saying: "You had better open it yourself, seeing that you know the way."

There was a clock in the next room, and such a silence was there in my study after that remark that I could distinctly hear it ticking.

"Curiously unsettled weather," I said.

"Very," he answered. "But let me see how you get at the works of the clock."



"The fact is," I said, "that I don't want this clock mended; it ticks so loudly that it disturbs me."

"Never mind," Summer said, "about that. I should like to have a look at its internals, and then we can stop it if you want to do so."

Summer talked in a light way, and I was by no means certain whether, once it was set a-going, the clock could be stopped so easily as he thought, but he was evidently determined to get inside.

"It is a curious little clock," I said to him; "a sort of puzzle, indeed, and it took me ten minutes to discover how to open it myself. Suppose you try to find out the way."

"All right," Summer said, and then he tried to remove the glass.

"The glass doesn't come off, does it?" he asked.

"I'm not going to tell you," I replied.

"Stop a bit," said Summer, speaking to himself; "is it the feet that screw out?"

It had never struck me to try the feet; but I said: "Find out for yourself."

I sat watching with more interest than he gave me credit for, and very soon he had both the feet out; then he unscrewed the ring at the top, and then the clock came to pieces.

"I've done it," said Summer.

"Yes," I said, "but you have been a long time about it."

He examined the clock with a practiced eye, and then—

"It doesn't seem to me," he said, "to be requiring cleaning."

A less cautious man than myself would have weakly yielded to the confidence of this assertion, and so have shown that he did not know about clocks.

"Oh, yes, it does," I said, in a decisive tone.

"Well," he said, "we had better clean it."

"I can't be bothered cleaning it," I

replied, "but if you like, you can clean it."

"Are they cleaned in the ordinary way, those American clocks?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "they are and they aren't."

"How should I clean it, then?"

"Oh, in the ordinary way," I replied.

Summer proceeded to clean it by blowing at the wheels, and after a time he said, "We'll try it now."

He put it together again and then wound it up, but it would not go.

"There is something else wrong with it," he said.

"We have not cleaned it properly," I explained.

"Clean it yourself," he replied, and flung out of the house.

After he had gone I took up the clock to see how he had opened it, and to my surprise it began to go. I laid it down triumphantly. At last I had mended it. When Summer came in an hour afterwards, he exclaimed—

"Hullo, it's going."

"Yes," I said, "I put it to rights after you went out."

"How did you do it?" he asked.

"I cleaned it properly," I replied.

As I spoke I was leaning against the mantelpiece, and I heard the clock beginning to make curious sounds. I gave the mantelpiece a shove with my elbow, and the clock went all right again. Summer had not noticed. He remained in the room for half-an-hour, and all that time I dared not sit down. Had I not gone on shaking the mantelpiece, the clock would have stopped at any moment. When he went at last, I fell thankfully into a chair, and the clock had stopped before he was half-way down the stairs. I shook it, and it went for five minutes and then stopped. I shook it again, and it went for two minutes. I shook it, and it went for half a minute. I shook it, and it did not go at all.



The day was fine, and my study window stood open. In a passion I seized hold of that clock and flung it fiercely out into the garden. It struck against the trunk of a tree, and fell into a flower-bed. Then I stood at the window sneering at it, when suddenly I started. I have mentioned that it has a very loud tick. Surely I heard it ticking! I ran into the garden. The clock was going again! Concealing it beneath my coat, I brought it back to the study, and since then it has gone beautifully. Everybody is delighted except Summer, who is naturally a little annoyed.

### STUDY AIDS

1. The word "canny" is a good Scottish word indicating great natural shrewdness. This quality Barrie exhibits all through the essay. When he is told the clock cost half-a-guinea, he learns at the store that it actually sold for four shillings six pence. The trait is even more entertainingly displayed in his defense of himself before his friends. For example, how does he talk when his brother is mentioned? When his mother comes in? When Summer visits him? What makes him gloat at the end? Which of these scenes amused you most?

2. One of the amusing features of this essay is the repeated inconsistency of the author. For example, after his lofty declaration to his visitors that his time is too much occupied with higher matters to worry about clocks, he returns "straight from the door to the study to mend the clock." What other instances of surprising change or inconsistency do you find? Which did you enjoy most?

3. What elements of a short story does this selection have? Why is it really an essay? (See page 474 for a discussion of the essay.)

4. You may think that in this essay Barrie shows little "spirit of good will" to other persons, since he seems to speak sharply to turn away ridicule. But was he ever really ill-tempered? Exaggeration is frequently used to render a conversation

more amusing. Point out examples. Does a whimsical sense of humor, especially the power to "poke fun" at one's own weaknesses, usually indicate a kindly and friendly disposition?

### EXTENSION READING

Barrie jestingly says that he could make his mark in life if he really wanted to. In later years he became one of the most famous writers of the twentieth century. If you wish to become better acquainted with him, you will find the following of his books especially interesting:

#### I. NOVELS

*The Little Minister.* The minister in a Scottish village almost loses his place because he married a girl whom his congregation did not approve of. But he wins them back during a flood.

*Sentimental Tommy* gives an attractive picture of how a boy grew up in Scotland.

*Tommy and Grizel.* In this novel Tommy reappears. He is older, but he still has perplexing problems to solve.

#### II. PLAYS

*Echoes of the War* and *Half-Hours* are collections of one-act plays. Most of them are full of Barrie's quiet humor.

*The Admirable Crichton, A Kiss for Cinderella, Mary Rose, and Peter Pan* are longer plays. The last is the most famous, but you will find any of them entertaining.

#### III. ESSAYS

*Margaret Ogilvy* presents a number of amusing and tender sketches of Barrie's mother.

### MARY KINGSBURY SIMKHOVITCH

HELEN FERRIS and VIRGINIA MOORE

The spirit of good will is easily expressed between two country neighbors, or even between people who live in the same village or town. In cities the problem is very much more difficult because there the majority of the people are strangers to one another. But the following biograph-

ical sketch will show you how one woman in a large city has solved the problem of finding those who need help and of actually doing something to make their lives happy. As an expression of the spirit of good will, this selection forms a kind of climax for this unit.

\* \* \*

IT WAS a clear, brisk autumn day when I crossed the teeming street in front of Greenwich House on my way to talk with Mary Kingsbury Simkhovitch. I knew that for twenty-five years she has acted as director of this settlement house—Neighborhood House, she prefers to call it—with its clubs and its classes and its nursery school and its music school and its many other activities. I myself had once come there to see exquisite Christmas pantomimes acted by the children of the neighborhood in the Greenwich House Children's Theater. Again I had come to see an exhibition of colorful pottery, made in the pottery room.

But I had never before come to ask Mrs. Simkhovitch how it was that she had found this work, so vital to others, so satisfying to herself.

Serenely the brick building that is Greenwich House rises above the honkings and the confusion that is Barrow Street, New York City. Widely its doors swing in welcome to the men and the women and the boys and the girls who crowd the sidewalks there. And friendliness greets you when you, yourself, step inside. No matter who you are, they are glad that you have come.

I enjoyed the few moments' wait while the woman at the desk in the hall announced me. Over in a corner four little Italian boys were absorbed in a game. Their legs wound about the rungs of their chairs, their heads bumping over the table; they were oblivious to all passers-by, for it was *their* game, in *their* house, where they belonged.

An Italian woman with a very small black-eyed daughter, an Irish woman with a very small blue-eyed son hurried by me. The Italian woman opened a door, and as the cavalcade passed through, I caught glimpses of a whole roomful of small boys and girls riotously engaged in something. Was it more pantomimes, I wondered. Another play for the Children's Theater? Whatever it was, it was fun, and the mothers didn't want their children to miss it.

A house of friendliness, belonging to the neighbors.

"Come in," greeted Mrs. Simkhovitch, cordially welcoming me to her own apartment on the third floor.

I settled myself comfortably in a corner of a davenport, grateful after the noise of the city streets for this room of rest and peace, with its lovely old furniture, its fireplace, its pictures.

"Tell me about your plan," said she of whom I had come to ask questions.

And I knew at once that the friendliness of Greenwich House is none other than the friendliness of Mary Kingsbury Simkhovitch, that the feeling of belonging in the little Italian boys down by the door was real because she, herself, is real.

And I knew it must be characteristic of her that, before I could ask her about herself, she would speak first of this book I was preparing.

"It is for girls," I said. "There are many girls who are interested in your kind of work, or would be if they knew about it. It will help them if they can hear how you came to do this and have your suggestions for those who are starting out in it today."

"You are sure it will help?" she asked, simply, directly.

"Very sure," I replied.

How has it all happened? Mrs. Simkhovitch smiled. "Just as things do

happen in this world," she said. "Not all at once, not without a great many mistakes on my part. Nor without days that were so hard it seemed as though I couldn't go on. Yet, after all, one thing led to another, almost casually." . . .

"Looking back," she continued, "I can see the real significance of much that happened when I was a young girl. I clearly remember, for instance, the first time I ever saw how the very poor really live. A Sunday-school teacher took several of us to the city, one Thanksgiving time, to present a turkey to a poor woman. We arrived at the ugly tenement, climbed the stairs through refuse, and at last entered a stone-cold room. Very self-consciously, we placed the turkey upon the table and left."

Unexpected amusement twinkled in Mrs. Simkhovitch's eyes at the recollection. "Imagine that!" she exclaimed. "No fire. Apparently nothing there to build a fire *with*. And we depositing an uncooked turkey triumphantly! But even if ill-advised, that visit left a deep impression upon me. . . .

"It was a picture which was later to return to me forcibly. But meanwhile, I continued with my schooling, eventually graduating from Boston University and entering teaching. I taught in a high school but soon decided that I did not care for it. The work was so rigid. . . .

"So because I did not like it, I left teaching. And because I did like books and study, I entered Radcliffe for graduate work. It was at this time that I did some church visiting among the poor of Boston, and the picture of our Thanksgiving visit so long before came back to me. It seemed to me that conditions were no better than they had been then. And the more I saw of poor people and their ugly and uncomfortable homes, the more disturbed I became over it.

"Why did we have such a state of affairs? What was the cause of it? Was it necessary? I thought there must be some reason for it all, and I wanted to know that reason. As college girls do, I turned to my studies and my professors for the answer, especially to my courses in economics. And I found that the question I was asking about was an age-old problem, one that stretched around the world. My history told me that it was an injustice which had always existed.

"It was bewildering. Yet I never doubted that I and my friends could do something about it! . . .

"I next made the far more disturbing discovery that the very tenements which were so deplorable were actually owned by several of my fellow church-members." . . .

Mrs. Simkhovitch paused, lost in memory. Then, continuing—

"I decided upon still further study," she said. "I wanted to know more and more and more, you see, of how the world as it is came to be. Undoubtedly, this was my mother in me, whose respect was unbounded for what books can give. So, being awarded a fellowship for foreign study, I went to Berlin, taking courses there chiefly in economics, and meeting Mr. Simkhovitch, who was also engaged in graduate study.

"Oh, how I loved the music in Berlin! And how I did enjoy my study there. But I returned at the end of a year, to continue at Columbia University. Again my old question would not let me alone. I wished to engage in some practical work. Yet the visiting of the poor which I had done while a student was now not enough. I became convinced that the conditions which so distressed me could not be remedied by intermittent visits, by this plan or that plan made for people without consulting them. I came to feel that I must live among those in whom I was so deeply interested, get-

ting acquainted with them as my neighbors, studying their desires and the things they themselves could do and wished to do.

"So I entered the College Settlement House. I often think of the group of seventeen- and eighteen-year-old boys who used to meet with me there on Sunday evenings. They called themselves the Economics Discussion Club, and how they did enjoy grappling with tough questions! They were splendid boys, now grown men whom I meet here and there. Just the other evening, after I had been broadcasting, one of them came up to me. He holds a distinguished position in the government service. His brother is a physician. Another former member of this club whom I recently saw is successfully associated with a Spanish-American business firm. His was a good mind and real ability, and he has made good use of both through the years. As I looked at them, I contrasted their surroundings now with those of the tenements of their boyhood days. And I was happy to have them tell me that there in our Economics Club they found something of vital help to them which has proved a useful part of their own education.

"But to continue. From the clubs and the classes and the too-busy days and nights of the College Settlement House, I became head worker of the Warren Goddard House in New York. While I was there, Mr. Simkhovitch and I were married. And more evenings than not, we used to sit up late together, discussing plans.

"In three years we decided to try out those plans. And we came to Jones Street and settled down among the people who interested us so deeply. It wasn't different, however, from settling down anywhere in a new place. We ran out to the corner store. We gradually got acquainted with our neighbors. We were invited to their parties

and their weddings. And we started a kindergarten—a kindergarten, because we realized that there are few people who do not wish to give children the best possible of everything, and so we felt it would be welcomed.

"Little Willie Zimmerman came as our first client. I can see him yet, the son of a near-by delicatessen proprietor. Willie tried us out, liked us, came again. And Willie and Willie's mother spread word of the games and the songs and the paper cut-outs that Willie so ardently enjoyed. So more mothers came with more children, and our kindergarten was launched.

"From the first, everyone concerned with Greenwich House had a share in making our plans: those of us who lived here or who came in to do the work, those of our friends who helped us raise the necessary money, and the neighbors themselves. Our aim was high. We wished to make this part of the city the best place in which to live and work. But just what to do in order to reach our aim was to be a matter of all of us working and making plans together.

"And that is the way it has come about. As soon as the neighbors realized our genuine interest, they told us what they wished to have for their part of the city. We organized the Greenwich Village Improvement Association, with Italian members and Irish members learning to work harmoniously together. And little by little we worked for, and got, such things as a library and a public bath. Those about us came to feel that Greenwich House was indeed theirs, until now we have a nursery school for the children of mothers who must go out to work; visiting doctors and nurses to give health examinations and to suggest remedies. And clubs innumerable! Of course the boys and girls wanted their own clubs with singing and dancing and entertainments

and discussions and summer camp trips. And the grown-ups were not far behind in organizing clubs of the kind that especially appealed to them.

"It was natural, too, that others should want classes of various kinds—English for the foreign-born, for instance. And the arts—it has never seemed enough to me for us merely to be well and strong and living in comfortable homes. There must be meaning in our lives, a responding to beautiful things. Our music school has been one answer to this. And our wood carving. And our pottery."

"May I see some of it all?" I asked.

She led me to the room in which boys, under the supervision of an Italian expert, were drawing and modeling and carving, like medieval apprentices, for pleasure and to order. On another floor girls of all ages were modeling clay into pottery shapes, glazing it with Persian blues, and bitter-berry orange, and Chinese red, and firing it in the kiln.

Forgetting me, forgetting everything but the glowing blue bowl before her, Mrs. Simkhovitch stopped still; then, remembering, she smiled. "Isn't it beautiful!" she said—and opened the door for me.

And downstairs, in the nursery school, was Juleen, with hair like young grape tendrils and eyes as dark and as big as black grapes. Juleen herself was no bigger than a minute. If that. But she was big enough to sit in a little red chair, at a little red table, and drink her little jug of orange juice. Over it all, she made a little chuckling sound and held out her jug with no uncertain meaning to the nurse in charge.

"More," said Juleen, juicily. "More."

Back again in the quiet of the apartment, Mrs. Simkhovitch spoke of their music school, where some of the finest musicians of New York City give lessons at moderate cost to boys and girls of talent.

"Our pupils pay all that they can afford," she explained, "just as everyone does, in any of our clubs or classes. But we do not turn away those of talent because they have not the money for the lessons."

The work of twenty-five years—the busy building—her book, *The Settlement Primer*, published by the National Federation of Settlements in Boston and giving so much of all that she herself has learned through the years—there still remained much that I wished to ask her. Yet I wished to know, too, how she would start out in this field of work that is hers, were she young, here and now.

Into the story, I injected my question. "If you were a young girl today, Mrs. Simkhovitch," I said, "how would you start out in social work?"

"How would I start out today?" Mrs. Simkhovitch smiled. "Perhaps it would be better for me to answer another question and that is—how does any girl who is interested in this kind of work start out? I would say that whether she wishes to be a worker on a playground or a visiting nurse or a club leader in a neighborhood house such as this or a church visitor or a personnel worker in some factory or store, she should ask herself honestly, 'Do I enjoy being with people? Am I really interested in them?' If what seems romantic in the work attracts her, but if the thought of being among people so constantly annoys her, I would say that social work is not a wise choice for her.

"But if she does enjoy folks, what then? Any one of a number of plans! In general, I think she should get the best and most thorough education which she can afford. The more she has within her, the more wisely she will be able to go among people, working out with them plans which will make their living broader, more healthful and more enjoyable.

"If she can go to college, so much the better. But whether she goes to college or whether she does not—and a college degree is not necessary for entering the field of social work—she should learn before she starts how to do some one thing well. Just as the young woman who wishes to enter the world of business has a definite opening wedge if she is proficient in stenography and typing, so the girl who is interested in social work can create an opportunity for herself if she knows folk dances and games and can direct a group in them; if she can lead clubs of girls and boys; if she can assume charge of the production of plays; if she is trained in public health work; if she has learned how to conduct special investigations—if she can do well any one of a wide variety of activities.

"If she wishes to develop a specialty, she can do so in the many schools which give special courses of training. Dancing and the directing of games and sports are offered in schools of recreation and physical education. Courses in public health work are offered in an increasing number of educational institutions in this country. And so on.

"If a girl thinks she will be interested in carrying on special investigations for a charity organization society, or a church, if work such as that of a probation officer in a court appeals to her, there are schools which offer training in it. Such work is commonly called 'case work,' and practice in it, as well as instruction in its deeper significance, is to be had in the schools of social work in Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, and elsewhere. There are certain requirements for entering these schools which may be easily ascertained.

"There are openings, too, for the young woman who can direct the work of others, the good administrator. This week we are adding to our staff a new head of our art work. She herself is a writer and an artist, so that she under-

stands what those under her will be doing. She has had excellent experience as an executive secretary, so that she knows how to be in charge of others.

"Since social work includes so many kinds of activity, it is difficult to mention them all. But further possibilities occur to me. Suppose a girl is especially interested in Y. W. C. A. work, in church work, in the work of the Camp Fire Girls or the Girl Scouts, in the club work which is carried on by the Department of Agriculture in Washington, in playgrounds—the national organizations sponsoring these fields have national headquarters and special training courses for their workers. All that a girl need do who is interested in any one of them is to write to those national headquarters, inquiring about the qualifications necessary for a young woman who wishes to enter their work as a profession.

"So I cannot say to girls that social work requires a college degree or training in a school for social work. The question resolves itself into the girl herself and what she can do and wishes to do. If she is still in high school or college and is thinking about this field but wondering whether, after all, she really wishes to enter it, she may try herself out. As a member of a Camp Fire Girl, Girl Scout, Girl Reserve, or club group, a girl learns to work and play with others. She learns to develop herself as a leader. Later, she may go to a settlement house or to her church or other organization and serve as a volunteer leader of a group. Here at Greenwich House, we have many such volunteer leaders who have not yet completed their college studies, but who think they may wish to enter work of this kind when they do graduate. The hours they spend here each week with their boys and girls are not only helping us, but are showing them something about themselves and what they can do.

If, later, they decide to enter this work as a profession, they will be making that decision on a foundation of actual experience.

"More and more, I am hearing that girls still in school are spending their summer vacations in various kinds of work, experimenting with this and that, trying to discover what they best like to do and for what they are best fitted. It is a splendid plan! And one that is readily put into practice in social work, what with summer camps conducted everywhere by settlements and other organizations, in which a girl may act as counselor; what with playgrounds always eager for assistants; what with the summer play schools in our large cities. There are many opportunities to be found by the girl who is alert.

"Yet, after all, to do any one kind of work well is *not* enough in this field. In social education, as I prefer calling it, there must be human understanding. Without this understanding, it is arid. But with it—" she paused, her eyes alight.

"With it," she concluded, "there is neighborliness."

### STUDY AIDS

1. What was the chief impression that the interviewer got about Greenwich House? Relate some of the incidents that gave her that impression. Who was responsible for the "spirit of good will" that prevailed there?

2. How did the incident of the turkey influence Mary Kingsbury's course at Radcliffe? Why did she enter the College Settlement House in New York? What results did she later see of her work there?

3. Why did she start a kindergarten after her marriage? Into what different activities did the kindergarten develop? Which of the rooms visited by the interviewer pleased you most?

4. What are the requirements for becoming a social worker? Point out pas-

sages that discuss: (a) natural bent, (b) general training, (c) special skill. Explain or illustrate each of these requirements. What other fields than the settlement house might one enter as a social worker? In what way do they offer valuable service? What is the essential qualification for social work?

*The Biographical Sketch.* This selection introduces you to a kind of writing different from any that you have read so far in this book. It obviously is not a short story, because it does not tell us how some fictitious character accomplished something or was changed in some way. It is not an essay, for the two authors do not to any considerable extent reveal their fancies or preferences or dislikes or even their opinions. What it does do is to sketch the life of a person. This account is too brief to record all the facts of Mary Kingsbury's life. It includes only those matters that help to explain why she is a successful leader in social work. It is therefore called a biographical sketch. Longer lives, long enough to fill a volume, are termed biographies.

Biography has become so popular that it rivals fiction for the leadership among "best sellers." It is absorbing for the very reason suggested in this sketch: we are all interested in actual human beings. Biography gives us a much better understanding of how people come to attain an important place in the world. If the biography is really a fine one, it gives us a feeling that we know the person, his little prejudices, his deep convictions, his playful moments, his strength of purpose. You will enlarge the pleasures of reading if you add biography to your list of subjects.

### SOME INTERESTING BIOGRAPHIES

*Girls Who Did*, by Helen Ferris and Virginia Moore. The life of Mary Kingsbury Simkhovitch is only one of many sketches of eminent women that appear in this book.

*All True* was written by different women, including Amelia Earhart, the flyer, Delia Akeley, a woman who hunted elephants in Africa, and eight others of similar distinction.



*High Adventures*, by Mary Rosetta Parkman, tells the life story of Charles A. Lindbergh, Richard Evelyn Byrd, and heroes in other fields.

*Men Who Found Out*, by Amabel Williams-Ellis, contains stories of great scientific discoverers.

*Ten Boys from History* and *Ten Girls from History* are both by Kate Dickinson Sweetser. They tell of such famous persons as Edward the Black Prince and Joan of Arc. You may be surprised to see how real each of these characters becomes for the reader.

### A BACKWARD GLANCE

1. Which of the selections in Unit IX seems to you to express most clearly the spirit of good will? Be prepared to read paragraphs of prose or passages from poems to support your choice.

2. You have read in this Unit several different kinds of writing—short stories, poems, essays, and a biographical sketch. Which of these types of literature is to you the most interesting and worth while? Be prepared to explain your answer.

3. In the Introduction to Part Three

(page 443) a contrast was drawn between great literature, which reveals permanent aspects of life, and writing which may give very important facts about current interests but which may not continue to be read by later generations. In this Unit you have some great literature and some selections that are not certain to live. Which selections seem to you likely to be enjoyed a hundred years from now? Which seem to you less likely to endure? Tell why you think so.

### A READING LIST

*William Penn*, by Mary H. Wade, is the story of a boy who dared. Born to high position, he forsook the luxury of English court life and became a Quaker and later the founder of Pennsylvania.

*Girl in White Armor*, by Albert Bigelow Paine, is a vivid account of Joan of Arc.

*Ben Hur*, by Lew Wallace, is a gripping tale of life during the time of Christ. The chariot race and the sea fight are vividly described.

*Amundsen, the Splendid Norseman*, by Bellamy Partridge, is a thrilling story of a

great man who lost his life in search for another aviator.

*Burns's Poems*, edited by George L. Marsh. "The Cotter's Saturday Night" describes the simple home life of a Scottish peasant family.

*Shandygaff*, by Christopher Morley, contains "Ingo," a story-essay in which the author tells of his pleasant friendship with a young German boy.

*Old Chester Tales*, by Margaret Deland. The stories in this volume center around the lovable character, Dr. Lavendar.

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## UNIT X

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# The Spirit of Good Citizenship

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Our feeling and behavior toward one another as human beings was the subject of Unit IX. In the present Unit our attitude as citizens and the spirit of good citizenship are the subjects of stories, poems, and speeches. In reading this Unit you will get a new and interesting idea of the meaning of America as you look at it through the eyes of immigrants. You will also get a deeper knowledge of some of the men who have given us our highest ideals of good citizenship, men such as Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt, and Wilson.

### WHAT AMERICA MEANS TO ME

LETTA EULALIA THOMAS

AMERICA, the Homeland!  
Born of humanity's fierce hunger  
to be free,  
And of great hope and trust in the  
Eternal God;  
With justice and the will to help a  
weaker one  
Ingrained within her soul; 5  
Alert, with clear, grave eyes  
And laughing lips;  
But with a strong and steadfast purpose  
in her heart  
To give with lavish hand to all the  
world—  
But to protect her own— 10  
America stands in the morning sunlight  
of her life;  
Land of Today;  
Tomorrow's hope;  
A world of dreams come true.  
To all the restless millions of her own, 15  
And to vast multitudes of alien birth  
Who have been born anew within her  
doors,  
She stretches forth her hands filled with  
the boundless treasure  
Of rare opportunity and high ideals;  
Bright, beautiful, sweet Homeland of 20  
the world!

### AMERICA!

EDWARD A. STEINER

The author of the following selection grew up in the part of Europe now called Czechoslovakia. The selection tells of his life at home, his mother's plans for him, and how he happened to sail for America. His fellow-passengers in the steerage interested him tremendously. He expresses a desire to interpret America to all immigrants, to tell them what "Holy America" offers them. As you read, ask yourself whether all native-born Americans value their opportunities as much as does this immigrant.

IT SEEMS so long ago that I might almost say, "Once upon a time"—an Italian came to our town with a grind-organ, a monkey, and a parrot. The grind-organ and the monkey performed for rich and poor alike, but only the lucky owner of a certain number of *kreutzers* could arouse the parrot, which, with eyes shut, sat upon his perch while the organ played and the monkey performed. No doubt the parrot was trying to forget this wretched company, and was dreaming of the far-off paradise which once was his.

Now *kreutzers*, the small coin of our realm, were rather rare in the pockets of little boys. Inasmuch as the parrot was

announced to be a celebrated fortune-teller, I wanted to prove him; so I teased my dear mother just long enough to get the coveted number of coins.

With an air of great importance I pushed through the crowd which encircled the Italian, and the eyes of the multitude were upon me. At least I thought they were, although in reality they were fixed on the parrot; for there had been long dispute as to whether he was alive or not. His master took my money and struck the perch upon which the bird sat immovable, with eyes shut. Quiz-zically it cocked its head, looked at the promised reward in the hand of its trainer, then majestically descended, drew an envelope out of a row, which no doubt held the fate of all youths of my age, and dropped it upon the little table. Thus my fortune was told, and my fate sealed.

The crowd urged me to open it, but I ran home as fast as I could, reading as I ran. Even before the house was reached, I cried out breathlessly, "Mother, I am going to America, and I am going to marry a rich wife."

"I told you," said the dear mother, with a smile which concealed a tear, "you would waste your money. You will stay at home with your widowed mother and be her solace in her old age."

Then she took me out into the garden under the big pear tree, and showed me the boundaries of our small estate: the poppy field, the cabbage patch, the prune trees—all the land from the *pottock*, the creek, to the edge of the dusty highway.

"This," she said, "will be yours, my son, and you will get a good, pious wife right here, rather than to go among the Indians and marry a wild woman."

In spite of the allurements offered, my imagination was fired by the parrot's prophecy, and that evening I sought out my teacher and asked him how to go to America.

"It is so far, my boy," he said, "that

you will never reach there. It is one day by the omnibus, four days and nights by the railroad, and then across the *yam*—the great sea—for fourteen days.

"A ship," he continued, "does not go like the omnibus, but like a nutshell on the *pottock*, and you may at any moment be spilled over and eaten by the fish."

Long, long after this, my boyhood outgrown, a part of the parrot's prophecy was to be fulfilled.

\* \* \*

In the part of the world where I lived there were, as everywhere, the rulers, the ruled, the oppressors and the oppressed: viz., the Magyars and the Slovaks. The latter have never been strong enough to gain national independence, although once there was a Slovak kingdom, and they cherish the memory of a great king whose name was Svatopluk. The warlike Magyars easily subjugated these agricultural Slavs, and they remained an unawakened, half-stupid, servile race. My natural feeling for the oppressed was intensified by the fact that in spite of their many faults they were a lovable people . . . I sensed their wrongs in my childhood and felt them keenly as I grew into manhood, especially after I came in touch with the revolutionary literature of that period. I think that most boys pass through some such heroic stage, where the thought of martyrdom seems like wine in their blood. I was at that age and committed many a senseless indiscretion.

One day, when I was at home during the Pentecostal vacation after a severe examination period, a copyist from the judge's office came to my mother and told her that for a certain sum he would reveal to her an official secret, which would save me from falling into the hands of the vengeful government. I am fairly sure I was liable to a reprimand or a slight punishment, and that the shrewd copyist played on the fears of a

Jewish mother who loved her boy and feared the law. Before I knew it I was on my way to America, the copyist promising to hold the secret till I should be safe across the border. Within three days of my leaving home I was on the big *yam*, the ship *did* act like a nutshell on the *pottock*, and I wished many a time that I had left the parrot dreaming on his perch instead of waking him to prophesy for me so awful a fate.

When I went down for the first time into the steerage, no one said a word of cheer, no one waved farewell. I left strangers standing on the receding wharf, and I was among eleven hundred strangers. I was going to a land full of strangers, and when I reached my bunk in a dark, deep corner of the hold, something which felt like a cold, icy hand gripped my heart. When the ship left its mooring, I felt as if my heartstrings were breaking, and I stretched out my hands to the fast-receding shore, as if to grasp the loosened cables. I dimly felt what it meant, but I did not realize how new was the life which awaited me, nor how completely I was being severed from my past and my former self.

\* \* \*

It was a wonderful group which I gathered around me on that first journey, and many of them are still my friends, although they have climbed out of the steerage and are traveling through life in cabins of various grades. Every steerage has someone who makes a clown of himself, who rejoices in playing pranks and does not become angry if the pranks are turned on him. This one had such a clown, who led a jolly crew into all sorts of mischief, and out of it, and many a weary day passed less wearily because of his jollity. There were strange, awful hours when the waves came thundering over the deck and the wind played among the rigging, when the ship twisted and groaned in agony and we thought every moment

was our last. After the storm there came calm and sunny days when gulls circled the ship and rested upon the quiet deep, and a tiny shore bird, driven by the wind, sought shelter on the deck. In the distance sails glided into view and disappeared; a long line of smoke betrayed the presence of many boats whose routes were to converge at the great port. The pilot came on board, and we passed the Fire Ship, which guards the channel. Then the hours grew heavy, and the morrow loomed with its uncertainty.

It dawned, with its ozone-laden air and azure sky, and in the far distance that which looked like a cloud grew clear and remained immovable—land! Then the rapture of it struggled with the care and burden and rose triumphantly over them.

America! we were in the magic, holy land—America! I have seen this rapture and felt it; I have rejoiced in it when others felt it, and I want all those to taste it who come and come again. Therefore, I have gone back and forth, and I should like to go unwearyingly on to guide men into this rapture and to interpret to them its meaning.

I should like the entrance into the United States to be a poem to all who come, and not the horrible tragedy into which it often resolves itself when the first ecstasy is over. All the way across the sea I would make of every ship a school, with such fair comforts as men are entitled to, for their money.

I should like to teach them that they may enter without fear and without uttering a lie, so that those at the gate might know that these newcomers are human, and treat them as such, so long as they conduct themselves properly.

I should like to teach the strangers that there is a fair reward for hard struggle and an honest living wage for an honest day's work. I should like to tell them that their health will be guarded in mines and factories and that their

bodies and souls have value to man and to God.

I should like to point to the Goddess of Liberty and say that she welcomes all who come in her name, and she guarantees freedom to all who obey the law, that our law is always reasonable, and that, if it is a burden, it falls upon the shoulders of rich and poor alike.

I should like to tell them that they have nothing to fear in this country except their own frailties, that there are no barriers here but their own clannishness, and that the way to the best is open to all who walk reverently. This and more I should like to be able to teach; fragments of it I have taught, more of it than many of them will find true, I fear. But to me so much of it has been true that I should like to have all men find it so.

I have suffered much here, I have gone the whole scale of hunger, sorrow, and despair; yet I say it again and again, "Holy America! Holy America!" And I want all men to be able to say it, as they said it with me under the lee of the land where free men live.

### STUDY AIDS

1. Why was the author's mother opposed to his going to America? Why did the boy go nevertheless?

2. What was his feeling as he approached America? What does he now wish the entrance to the United States to be for all immigrants?

3. What would the author like to teach the immigrant about work in America? About laws protecting the worker? About equality of rich and poor before the law? About equal opportunity? What does your class honestly think about the ideal America that Steiner hopes for?

### EXTENSION READING

This selection is taken from Steiner's *From Alien to Citizen*, a book that gives an account of his unusually interesting life.

Some other books that tell the life-story of immigrants who became famous are:

*The Making of an American*, in which Jacob Riis, a Dane, entertainingly tells about his varied experiences.

*The Promised Land*, in which Mary Antin shows how she made the most of the opportunities in America that had been denied her in Poland.

*The Americanization of Edward Bok* tells how a Dutch boy became a leader in American journalism.

*From Immigrant to Inventor*, by Michael Pupin, a famous scientist, tells of the author's life in America from the time he arrived as a fifteen-year-old immigrant.

## THE CITIZEN

JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

In 1915 President Woodrow Wilson addressed two thousand newly naturalized citizens in Philadelphia. The quotations printed here in italics are taken from the speech.

In the audience are Ivan, a Russian, and his wife Anna. As the President speaks, Ivan lives over again his struggles in Russia in the days before the World War, when the Czar still ruled. Ivan recalls the Terror that hovered over the lives of the people; and he recalls, too, that spring when his Dream first came to him. And as he listens to the President, it seems to him that becoming an American citizen has made his Dream come true.

THE President of the United States was speaking. His audience comprised two thousand foreign-born men who had just been admitted to citizenship. They listened intently, their faces, aglow with the light of a new-born patriotism, upturned to the calm, intellectual face of the first citizen of the country they now claimed as their own.

Here and there among the newly-made citizens were wives and children. The women were proud of their men. They looked at them from time to time, their faces showing pride and awe.

One little woman, sitting immediately in front of the President, held the hand of a big, muscular man and stroked it softly. The big man was looking at the speaker with great blue eyes that were the eyes of a dreamer.

The President's words came clear and distinct:

*You were drawn across the ocean by some beckoning finger of hope, by some belief, by some vision of a new kind of justice, by some expectation of a better kind of life. You dreamed dreams of this country, and I hope you brought the dreams with you. A man enriches the country to which he brings dreams, and you who have brought them have enriched America.*

The big man made a curious choking noise, and his wife breathed a soft "Hush!" The giant was strangely affected.

The president continued:

*No doubt you have been disappointed in some of us, but remember this, if we have grown at all poor in the ideal, you brought some of it with you. A man does not go out to seek the thing that is not in him. A man does not hope for the thing that he does not believe in, and if some of us have forgotten what America believed in, you at any rate imported in your own hearts a renewal of the belief. Each of you, I am sure, brought a dream, a glorious, shining dream, a dream worth more than gold or silver, and that is the reason that I, for one, make you welcome.*

The big man's eyes were fixed. His wife shook him gently, but he did not heed her. He was looking through the presidential rostrum, through the big buildings behind it, looking out over leagues of space to a snow-swept village that huddled on an island in the Bere-

sina, the swift-flowing tributary of the mighty Dnieper,<sup>1</sup> an island that looked like a black bone stuck tight in the maw of the stream.

It was in the little village on the Beresina that the Dream came to Ivan Berloff, Big Ivan of the Bridge.

The Dream came in the spring. All great dreams come in the spring, and the Spring Maiden who brought Big Ivan's Dream was more than ordinarily beautiful. She swept up the Beresina, trailing wondrous draperies of vivid green. Her feet touched the snow-hardened ground, and armies of little white and blue flowers sprang up in her footsteps. Soft breezes escorted her, velvety breezes that carried the aromas of the far-off places from which they came, places far to the southward, and more distant towns beyond the Black Sea, whose people were not under the sway of the great Czar.

The father of Big Ivan, who had fought under Prince Menshikov at Alma<sup>2</sup> fifty-five years before, hobbled out to see the sunbeams eat up the snow hummocks that hid in the shady places, and he told his son it was the most wonderful spring he had ever seen.

"The little breezes are hot and sweet," he said, sniffing hungrily with his face turned toward the south. "I know them, Ivan! I know them! They have the spice odor that I sniffed on the winds that came to us when we lay in the trenches at Balaklava.<sup>3</sup> Praise God for the warmth!"

And that day the Dream came to Big Ivan as he plowed. It was a wonder dream. It sprang into his brain as he walked behind the plow, and for a few minutes he quivered as the big bridge

<sup>1</sup> Dnieper, a river in southwestern Russia, flowing into the Black Sea.

<sup>2</sup> Alma, a battle of the Crimean War (1854) fought near the Black Sea in southern Russia.

<sup>3</sup> Balaklava, a place famous for battles in the Crimean War. Ivan's father imagined that the breezes there came from Arabia, noted for its spices.

quivers when the Beresina sends her ice squadrons to hammer the arches. It made his heart pound mightily, and his lips and throat became very dry.

Big Ivan stopped at the end of the furrow and tried to discover what had brought the Dream. Where had it come from? Why had it clutched him so suddenly? Was he the only man in the village to whom it had come?

Like his father, he sniffed the sweet-smelling breezes. He thrust his great hands into the sunbeams. He reached down and plucked one of a bunch of white flowers that had sprung up overnight. The Dream was born of the breezes and the sunshine and the spring flowers. It came from them, and it had sprung into his mind because he was young and strong. He knew! It couldn't come to his father, or Donkov, the tailor, or Poborino, the smith. They were old and weak, and Ivan's dream was one that called for youth and strength.

"Aye, for youth and strength," he muttered as he gripped the plow. "And I have it!"

That evening Big Ivan of the Bridge spoke to his wife, Anna, a little woman, who had a sweet face and a wealth of fair hair.

"Wife, we are going away from here," he said.

"Where are we going, Ivan?" she asked.

"Where do you think, Anna?" he said, looking down at her as she stood by his side.

"To Bobruisk."<sup>4</sup> she murmured.

"No."

"Farther?"

"Aye, a long way farther."

Fear sprang into her soft eyes. Bobruisk was eighty-nine versts<sup>5</sup> away, yet Ivan said they were going farther.

"We—we are not going to Minsk?" she cried.

"Aye, and beyond Minsk!"

"Ivan, tell me!" she gasped. "Tell me where we are going!"

"We are going to America."

"To America?"

"Yes, to America!"

Big Ivan of the Bridge lifted up his voice when he cried out the words "To America," and then a sudden fear sprang upon him as those words dashed through the little window out into the darkness of the village street. Was he mad? America was 8000 versts away! It was far across the ocean, a place that was only a name to him, a place where he knew no one. He wondered in the strange little silence that followed his words if the crippled son of Poborino, the smith, had heard him. The cripple would jeer at him if the night wind had carried the words to his ear.

Anna remained staring at her big husband for a few minutes, then she sat down quietly at his side. There was a strange look in his big blue eyes, the look of a man to whom has come a vision, the look which came into the eyes of those shepherds of Judea long, long ago.

"What is it, Ivan?" she murmured softly, patting his big hand. "Tell me."

And Big Ivan of the Bridge, slow of tongue, told of the Dream. To no one else would he have told it. Anna understood. She had a way of patting his hands and saying soft things when his tongue could not find words to express his thoughts.

Ivan told how the Dream had come to him as he plowed. He told her how it had sprung upon him, a wonderful dream born of the soft breezes, of the sunshine, of the sweet smell of the upturned sod, and of his own strength. "It wouldn't come to weak men," he said, baring an arm that showed great snaky muscles rippling beneath the clear

<sup>4</sup> *Bobruisk*. Bobruisk and Minsk (seven lines below) are cities in the province of Minsk in western Russia. <sup>5</sup> *eighty-nine versts*, about sixty miles, a verst being about two-thirds of a mile.



skin. "It is a dream that comes only to those who are strong and those who want—who want something that they haven't got." Then in a lower voice he said, "What is it that we want, Anna?"

The little wife looked out into the darkness with fear-filled eyes. There were spies even there in that little village on the Beresina, and it was dangerous to say words that might be construed into a reflection on the Government. But she answered Ivan. She stooped and whispered one word into his ear, and he slapped his thigh with his big hand.

"Aye," he cried. "That is what we want! You and I and millions like us want it, and over there, Anna, over there we will get it. It is the country where a muzhik<sup>6</sup> is as good as a prince of the blood!"

Anna stood up, took a small earthenware jar from a side shelf, dusted it carefully, and placed it upon the mantel. From a knotted cloth about her neck she took a ruble<sup>7</sup> and dropped the coin into the jar. Big Ivan looked at her curiously.

"It is to make legs for your Dream," she explained. "It is many versts to America, and one rides on rubles."

"You are a good wife," he said. "I was afraid that you might laugh at me."

"It is a great dream," she murmured. "Come, we will go to sleep."

The Dream maddened Ivan during the days that followed. It pounded within his brain as he followed the plow. It bred a discontent that made him hate the little village, the swift-flowing Beresina, and the gray stretches that ran toward Mogilev.<sup>8</sup> He wanted to be moving, but Anna had said that one rode on rubles, and rubles were hard to find.

And in some mysterious way the village became aware of the secret. Donkov, the tailor, discovered it. Donkov

lived in one-half of the cottage occupied by Ivan and Anna, and Donkov had long ears. The tailor spread the news, and Poborino, the smith, and Yanansk, the baker, would jeer at Ivan as he passed.

"When are you going to America?" they would ask.

"Soon," Ivan would answer.

"Take us with you!" they would cry in chorus.

"It is no place for cowards," Ivan would answer. "It is a long way, and only brave men can make the journey."

"Are you brave?" the baker screamed one day as he went by.

"I am brave enough to want liberty!" cried Ivan angrily. "I am brave enough to want—"

"Be careful! Be careful!" interrupted the smith. "A long tongue has given many a man a train journey" that he never expected."

That night Ivan and Anna counted the rubles in the earthenware pot. The giant looked down at his wife with a gloomy face, but she smiled and patted his hand.

"It is slow work," he said.

"We must be patient," she answered. "You have the Dream."

"Aye," he said. "I have the Dream."

Through the hot, languorous summertime the Dream grew within the brain of Big Ivan. He saw visions in the smoky haze that hung above the Beresina. At times he would stand, hoe in hand, and look toward the west, the wonderful west into which the sun slipped down each evening like a coin dropped from the fingers of the dying day.

Autumn came, and the fretful, whining winds that came down from the north chilled the Dream. The winds whispered of the coming of the Snow King, and the river grumbled as it listened. Big Ivan kept out of the way of

<sup>6</sup> *muzhik*, peasant. <sup>7</sup> *ruble*, a coin that before the World War was worth about fifty-one cents. <sup>8</sup> *Mogilev*, a province bordering on Minsk.

<sup>\*</sup> *train journey*, exile to Siberia.

Poborino, the smith, and Yanansk, the baker. The Dream was still with him, but autumn is a bad time for dreams.

Winter came, and the Dream weakened. It was only the earthenware pot that kept it alive, the pot into which the industrious Anna put every coin that could be spared. Often Big Ivan would stare at the pot as he sat beside the stove. The pot was the cord which kept the Dream alive.

"You are a good woman, Anna," Ivan would say again and again. "It was you who thought of saving the rubles."

"But it was you who dreamed," she would answer. "Wait for the spring, husband mine. Wait."

It was strange how the spring came to the Beresina that year. It sprang upon the flanks of winter before the Ice King had given the order to retreat into the fastnesses of the north. It swept up the river, escorted by a million little breezes, and housewives opened their windows and peered out with surprise upon their faces. A wonderful guest had come to them and found them unprepared.

Big Ivan of the Bridge was fixing a fence in the meadow on the morning the Spring Maiden reached the village. For a little while he was not aware of her arrival. His mind was upon his work, but suddenly he discovered that he was hot, and he took off his overcoat. He turned to hang the coat upon a bush, then he sniffed the air, and a puzzled look came upon his face. He sniffed again, hurriedly, hungrily. He drew in great breaths of it, and his eyes shone with a strange light. It was wonderful air. It brought life to the Dream. It rose up within him, ten times more lusty than on the day it was born, and his limbs trembled as he drew in the hot, scented breezes that breed the *Wanderlust*<sup>10</sup> and shorten the long trails of the world.

<sup>10</sup> *Wanderlust*, an intense desire for roaming.

Big Ivan clutched his coat and ran to the little cottage. He burst through the door, startling Anna, who was busy with her housework.

"The Spring!" he cried. "*The Spring!*"

He took her arm and dragged her to the door. Standing together they sniffed the sweet breezes. In silence they listened to the song of the river. The Beresina had changed from a whining, fretful tune into a lilting, sweet song that would set the legs of lovers dancing. Anna pointed to a green bud on a bush beside the door.

"It came this minute," she murmured.

"Yes," said Ivan. "The little fairies brought it there to show us that spring has come to stay."

Together they turned and walked to the mantel. Big Ivan took up the earthenware pot, carried it to the table, and spilled its contents upon the well-scrubbed boards. He counted while Anna stood beside him, her fingers clutching his coarse blouse. It was a slow business, because Ivan's big blunt fingers were not used to such work, but it was over at last. He stacked the coins into neat piles, then he straightened himself and turned to the woman at his side.

"It is enough," he said quietly. "We will go at once. If it was not enough, we would have to go because the Dream is upon me and I hate this place."

"As you say," murmured Anna. "The wife of Littin, the butcher, will buy our chairs and our bed. I spoke to her yesterday."

Poborino, the smith; his crippled son; Yanansk, the baker; Donkov, the tailor, and a score of others were out upon the village street on the morning that Big Ivan and Anna set out. They were inclined to jeer at Ivan, but something upon the face of the giant made them afraid. Hand in hand the big man and his wife walked down the street, their faces turned toward Bobruisk, Ivan bal-

ancing upon his head a heavy trunk that no other man in the village could have lifted.

At the end of the street a stripling with bright eyes and yellow curls clutched the hand of Ivan and looked into his face.

"I know what is sending you," he cried.

"Aye, *you* know," said Ivan, looking into the eyes of the other.

"It came to me yesterday," murmured the stripling. "I got it from the breezes. They are free; so are the birds and the little clouds and the river. I wish I could go."

"Keep your dream," said Ivan softly. "Nurse it, for it is the dream of a man."

Anna, who was crying softly, touched the blouse of the boy. "At the back of our cottage, near the bush that bears the red berries, a pot is buried," she said. "Dig it up and take it home with you, and when you have a kopeck<sup>11</sup> drop it in. It is a good pot."

The stripling understood. He stooped and kissed the hand of Anna, and Big Ivan patted him upon the back. They were brother dreamers, and they understood each other.

Boris Lugan has sung the song of the versts that eat up one's courage as well as the leather of one's shoes.

Versts! Versts! Scores and scores of them!

Versts! Versts! A million or more of them!

Dust! Dust! And the devils who play in it,

Blinding us fools who forever must stay in it.

Big Ivan and Anna faced the long versts to Bobruisk, but they were not afraid of the dust devils. They had the Dream. It made their hearts light and

<sup>11</sup> *kopeck*, a Russian coin worth, before the World War, about one-half cent.

took the weary feeling from their feet. They were on their way. America was a long, long journey, but they had started, and every verst they covered lessened the number that lay between them and the Promised Land.

"I am glad the boy spoke to us," said Anna.

"And I am glad," said Ivan. "Some day he will come and eat with us in America."

They came to Bobruisk. Holding hands, they walked into it late one afternoon. They were eighty-nine versts from the little village on the Beresina, but they were not afraid. The Dream spoke to Ivan, and his big hand held the hand of Anna. The railway ran through Bobruisk, and that evening they stood and looked at the shining rails that went out in the moonlight like silver tongs reaching out for a low-hanging star.

And they came face to face with the Terror that evening, the Terror that had helped the spring breezes and the sunshine to plant the Dream in the brain of Big Ivan.

They were walking down a dark side street when they saw a score of men and women creep from the door of a squat, unpainted building. The little group remained on the sidewalk for a minute as if uncertain about the way they should go, then from the corner of the street came a cry of "Police!" and the twenty pedestrians ran in different directions.

It was no false alarm. Mounted police charged down the dark thoroughfare, swinging their swords as they rode at the scurrying men and women who raced for shelter. Big Ivan dragged Anna into a doorway, and toward their hiding-place ran a young boy who, like themselves, had no connection with the group and who merely desired to get out of harm's way till the storm was over. The boy was not quick enough to escape the charge. A trooper pursued him,



"And when you have a kopeck drop it in"

overtook him before he reached the sidewalk, and knocked him down with a quick stroke given with the flat of his blade. His horse struck the boy with one of his hoofs as the lad stumbled on his face.

Big Ivan growled like an angry bear, and sprang from his hiding-place. The trooper's horse had carried him on to the sidewalk, and Ivan seized the bridle and flung the animal on its haunches. The policeman leaned forward to strike

at the giant, but Ivan of the Bridge gripped the left leg of the horseman and tore him from the saddle.

The horse galloped off, leaving its rider lying beside the moaning boy, who was unlucky enough to be in a street where a score of students were holding a meeting.

Anna dragged Ivan back into the passageway. More police were charging down the street, and their position was a dangerous one.

"Ivan!" she cried, "Ivan! Remember the Dream! America, Ivan! *America!* Come this way! Quick!"

With strong hands she dragged him down the passage. It opened into a narrow lane, and, holding each other's hands, they hurried toward the place where they had taken lodgings. From far off came screams and hoarse orders, curses, and the sound of galloping hoofs. The Terror was abroad.

Big Ivan spoke softly as they entered the little room they had taken. "He had a face like the boy to whom you gave the lucky pot," he said. "Did you notice it in the moonlight when the trooper struck him down?"

"Yes," she answered. "I saw."

They left Bobruisk next morning. They rode away on a great, puffing, snorting train that terrified Anna. The engineer turned a stopcock as they were passing the engine, and Anna screamed while Ivan nearly dropped the big trunk. The engineer grinned, but the giant looked up at him and the grin faded. Ivan of the Bridge was startled by the rush of hot steam, but he was afraid of no man.

The train went roaring by little villages and great pasture stretches. The real journey had begun. They began to love the powerful engine. It was eating up the versts at a tremendous rate. They looked at each other from time to time and smiled like two children.

They came to Minsk, the biggest town

they had ever seen. They looked out from the car windows at the miles of wooden buildings, at the big church of St. Catharine, and the woolen mills. Minsk would have frightened them if they hadn't had the Dream. The farther they went from the little village on the Beresina the more courage the Dream gave to them.

On and on went the train, the wheels singing the song of the road. Fellow travelers asked them where they were going. "To America," Ivan would answer.

"To America?" they would cry. "May the little saints guide you. It is a long way, and you will be lonely."

"No, we shall not be lonely," Ivan would say.

"Ha! you are going with friends?"

"No, we have no friends, but we have something that keeps us from being lonely." And when Ivan would make that reply, Anna would pat his hand, and the questioner would wonder if it was a charm or a holy relic that the bright-eyed couple possessed.

They ran through Vilna,<sup>12</sup> on through flat stretches of Courland<sup>13</sup> to Libau,<sup>14</sup> where they saw the sea. They sat and stared at it for a whole day, talking little, but watching it with wide, wondering eyes. And they stared at the great ships that came rocking in from distant ports, their sides gray with the salt from the big combers which they had battled with.

No wonder this America of ours is big. We draw the brave ones from the old lands, the brave ones whose dreams are like the guiding sign that was given to the Israelites<sup>15</sup> of old—a pillar of cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night.

<sup>12</sup> Vilna, a former Russian province now in northeastern Poland. <sup>13</sup> Courland, a former Russian province north and west of Minsk, now divided between Latvia and Lithuania. <sup>14</sup> Libau, a former Russian seaport on the Baltic Sea, now in Latvia. <sup>15</sup> Israelites. The pillar of cloud is explained in Exodus xiii, 21-22.

The harbor-master spoke to Ivan and Anna as they watched the restless waters.

"Where are you going, children?"

"To America," answered Ivan.

"A long way. Three ships bound for America went down last month."

"Our ship will not sink," said Ivan.

"Why?"

"Because I know it will not."

The harbor-master looked at the strange blue eyes of the giant, and spoke softly. "You have the eyes of a man who sees things," he said. "There was a Norwegian sailor in the *White Queen*, who had eyes like yours, and he could see death."

"I see life!" said Ivan boldly. "A free life—"

"Hush!" said the harbor-master. "Do not speak so loud." He walked swiftly away, but he dropped a ruble into Anna's hand as he passed her by. "For luck," he murmured. "May the little saints look after you on the big waters."

They boarded the ship, and the Dream gave them a courage that surprised them. There were others going aboard, and Ivan and Anna felt that those others were also persons who possessed dreams. She saw the dreams in their eyes. There were Slavs, Poles, Letts,<sup>16</sup> Jews, and Livonians,<sup>17</sup> all bound for the land where dreams come true. They were a little afraid—not two per cent of them had ever seen a ship before—yet their dreams gave them courage.

The emigrant ship was dragged from her pier by a grunting tug and went floundering down the Baltic Sea. Night came down, and the devils who, according to the Esthonian fishermen, live in the bottom of the Baltic, got their shoulders under the stern of the ship and tried to stand her on her head. They whipped up white combers that sprang on her

flanks and tried to crush her, and the wind played a devil's lament in her rigging. Anna lay sick in the stuffy women's quarters, and Ivan could not get near her. But he sent her messages. He told her not to mind the sea devils, to think of the Dream, the Great Dream that would become real in the land to which they were bound. Ivan of the Bridge grew to full stature on that first night out from Libau. The battered old craft that carried him slouched before the waves that swept over her decks, but he was not afraid. Down among the million and one smells of the steerage he induced a thin-faced Livonian to play upon a mouth organ, and Big Ivan sang Palee's "Song of Freedom" in a voice that drowned the creaking of the old vessel's timbers, and made the seasick ones forget their sickness. They sat up in their berths and joined in the chorus, their eyes shining brightly in the half-gloom:

Freedom for serf and for slave,  
Freedom for all men who crave  
Their right to be free  
And who hate to bend knee  
But to Him who this right to them gave.

It was well that these emigrants had dreams. They wanted them. The sea devils chased the lumbering steamer. They hung to her bows and pulled her for'ard deck under emerald-green rollers. They clung to her stern and hoisted her nose till Big Ivan thought that he could touch the door of heaven by standing on her blunt snout. Miserable, cold, ill, and sleepless, the emigrants crouched in their quarters, and to them Ivan and the thin-faced Livonian sang the "Song of Freedom."

The emigrant ship pounded through the Cattegat,<sup>18</sup> swung southward

<sup>16</sup> Letts, inhabitants of the region now called Latvia. <sup>17</sup> Livonians, inhabitants of a Russian district now divided between Latvia and Esthonia.

<sup>18</sup> Cattegat. Cattegat and Skagerrack (next line) are rough sea passages between the Baltic Sea and the North Sea.



through the Skagerrack and the bleak North Sea. But the storm pursued her. The big waves snarled and bit at her, and the captain and the chief officer consulted with each other. They decided to run into the Thames, and the harried steamer nosed her way in and anchored off Gravesend.<sup>19</sup>

An examination was made, and the agents decided to transship the emigrants. They were taken to London and thence by train to Liverpool, and Ivan and Anna sat again side by side, holding hands and smiling at each other as the third-class emigrant train from Euston<sup>20</sup> raced down through the green Midland counties to grimy Liverpool.

"You are not afraid?" Ivan would say to her each time she looked at him.

"It is a long way, but the Dream has given me much courage," she said.

"Today I spoke to a Lett whose brother works in New York City," said the giant. "Do you know how much money he earns each day?"

"How much?" she questioned.

"Three rubles, and he calls the policemen by their first names."

"You will earn five rubles, my Ivan," she murmured. "There is no one as strong as you."

Once again they were herded into the bowels of a big ship that steamed away through the fog banks of the Mersey<sup>21</sup> out into the Irish Sea. There were more dreamers now, nine hundred of them, and Anna and Ivan were more comfortable. And these new emigrants, English, Irish, Scotch, French, and German, knew much concerning America. Ivan was certain that he would earn at least three rubles a day. He was very strong.

On the deck he defeated all comers in a tug of war, and the captain of

the ship came up to him and felt his muscles.

"The country that lets men like you get away from it is run badly," he said. "Why did you leave it?"

The interpreter translated what the captain said, and through the interpreter Ivan answered.

"I had a Dream," he said, "a Dream of freedom."

"Good," cried the captain. "Why should a man with muscles like yours have his face ground into the dust?"

The soul of Big Ivan grew during those days. He felt himself a man, a man who was born upright to speak his thoughts without fear.

\* \* \*

The Atlantic was kind to the ship that carried Ivan and Anna. Through sunny days they sat up on deck and watched the horizon. They wanted to be among those who would get the first glimpse of the wonderland.

They saw it on a morning with sunshine and soft wind. Standing together in the bow, they looked at the smear upon the horizon, and their eyes filled with tears. They forgot the long road to Bobruisk, the rocking journey to Libau, the mad, buckjumping boat in whose timbers the sea devils of the Baltic had bored holes. Everything unpleasant was forgotten, because the Dream filled them with a great happiness.

The inspectors at Ellis Island were interested in Ivan. They walked around him and prodded his muscles, and he smiled down upon them good-naturedly.

"A fine animal," said one. "Gee, he's a new white hope!"<sup>22</sup> Ask him can he fight?"

An interpreter put the question, and Ivan nodded. "I have fought," he said.

"Gee!" cried the inspector. "Ask him was it for purses or what?"

<sup>19</sup> Gravesend, a town at the mouth of the Thames River, England.

<sup>20</sup> Euston, a London railway station.

<sup>21</sup> Mersey, the river on which the port and city of Liverpool are situated.

<sup>22</sup> a white hope, a pugilist who might be expected to become champion of the world.



"For freedom," answered Ivan. "For freedom to stretch my legs and straighten my neck!"

Ivan and Anna left the Government ferryboat at The Battery.<sup>23</sup> They started to walk uptown, making for the East Side, Ivan carrying the big trunk that no other man could lift.

It was a wonderful morning. The city was bathed in warm sunshine, and the well-dressed men and women who crowded the sidewalks made the two immigrants think that it was a festival day. Ivan and Anna stared at each other in amazement. They had never seen such dresses as those worn by the smiling women who passed them by; they had never seen such well-groomed men.

"It is a feast day for certain," said Anna.

"They are dressed like princes and princesses," murmured Ivan. "There are no poor here, Anna. None."

Like two simple children, they walked along the streets of the City of Wonder. What a contrast it was to the gray, stupid towns where the Terror waited to spring upon the cowed people. In Bobruisk, Minsk, Vilna, and Libau the people were sullen and afraid. They walked in dread, but in the City of Wonder beside the glorious Hudson every person seemed happy and contented.

They lost their way, but they walked on, looking at the wonderful shop windows, the roaring elevated trains, and the huge skyscrapers. Hours afterwards they found themselves in Fifth Avenue near Thirty-third Street, and there the miracle happened to the two Russian immigrants. It was a big miracle inasmuch as it proved the Dream a truth, a great truth.

Ivan and Anna attempted to cross the avenue, but they became confused in the

snarl of traffic. They dodged backward and forward as the stream of automobiles swept by them. Anna screamed, and, in response to her scream, a traffic policeman, resplendent in a new uniform, rushed to her side. He took the arm of Anna and flung up a commanding hand. The charging autos halted. For five blocks north and south they jammed on the brakes when the unexpected interruption occurred, and Big Ivan gasped.

"Don't be flurried, little woman," said the cop. "I can tame 'em by liftin' my hand."

Anna didn't understand what he said, but she knew it was something nice by the manner in which his eyes smiled down upon her. And in front of the waiting automobiles he led her with the same care that he would give to a duchess, while Ivan, carrying the big trunk, followed them, wondering much. Ivan's mind went back to Bobruisk on the night the Terror was abroad.

The policeman led Anna to the sidewalk, patted Ivan good-naturedly upon the shoulder, and then with a sharp whistle unloosed the waiting stream of cars that had been held up so that two Russian immigrants could cross the avenue.

Big Ivan of the Bridge took the trunk from his head and put it on the ground. He reached out his arms and folded Anna in a great embrace. His eyes were wet.

"The Dream is true!" he cried. "Did you see, Anna? We are as good as they! This is the land where a muzhik is as good as a prince of the blood!"

The President was nearing the close of his address. Anna shook Ivan, and Ivan came out of the trance which the President's words had brought upon him. He sat up and listened intently:

<sup>23</sup> *The Battery*, the southern point of the island of Manhattan, New York City.

*We grow great by dreams. All big men are dreamers. They see things in the soft haze of a spring day or in the red fire of a long winter's evening. Some of us let those great dreams die, but others nourish and protect them, nurse them through bad days till they bring them to the sunshine and light which come always to those who sincerely hope that their dreams will come true.*

The President finished. For a moment he stood looking down at the faces turned up to him, and Big Ivan of the Bridge thought that the President smiled at him. Ivan seized Anna's hand and held it tight.

"He knew of my Dream!" he cried. "He knew of it. Did you hear what he said about the dreams of a spring day?"

"Of course he knew," said Anna. "He is the wisest man in America, where there are many wise men. Ivan, you are a citizen now."

"And you are a citizen, Anna."

The band started to play "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and Ivan and Anna got to their feet. Standing side by side, holding hands, they joined in with the others who had found after long days of journeying the blessed land where dreams come true.

### STUDY AIDS

1. What kind of dream do you think President Wilson had in mind in his speech? Why was the big man in the audience so deeply moved?

2. What was the Dream that came to Ivan? Why was he frightened when he shouted "To America"? What one word does Anna whisper in his ear? What action reveals her practical nature?

3. What does the incident of the brutal police at Bobruisk reveal about the government of Russia at the time? How does Ivan show his passion for justice at Bobruisk? How does Anna again show her practical good sense?

4. What fear did the harbor-master at Libau suggest? In what sense did Ivan grow "to full stature" on the voyage across the Baltic? How did he grow in the voyage after leaving Liverpool?

5. Compare this voyage with that described in "America!" Which gives you a clearer picture of an emigrant's experiences? Tell why.

6. What fight did Ivan have in mind when he talked to the inspector at Ellis Island? What was his first impression of New York? What "miracle" happened on Fifth Avenue? (You will have to remember the incident at Bobruisk to understand why the event is called a "miracle.") How did it prove that Ivan's Dream was true?

7. State very definitely what Ivan's Dream was. Was it mainly the hope of earning three rubles a day? Compare it with the ideals of America that Steiner speaks of in "America!" What other dreams do we Americans cherish for our country? Do you know of persons who "let those great dreams die"? Do you know of other Americans who try to put their ideals for America into action? Mention some achievement of an American citizen who has made a contribution to our ideals.

8. If you are interested in the speech quoted in the story, find a book of Woodrow Wilson's speeches containing his address of May 10, 1915, "The American of Foreign Birth."

### WASHINGTON

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

The ideals of a country are most clearly to be read in the lives of its great men. In this poem, written in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Washington's inauguration, Bryant points out one of the great ideals that Washington cherished for America.

**G**REAT were the hearts and strong the minds

Of those who framed, in high debate,  
The immortal league of love that binds  
Our fair broad empire, state with state.

And ever hallowed be the hour      5  
 When, as the auspicious task was  
     done,  
 A nation's gift, the sword of power,  
     Was given to glory's unspoiled son.

That noble race is gone; the suns  
     Of fifty years have risen and set;      10  
 The holy links those mighty ones  
     Had forged and knit, are brighter yet.

Wide—as our own free race increase—  
     Wide shall it stretch the elastic chain,  
 And bind in everlasting peace,      15  
     State after state, a mighty train.

### STUDY AIDS

1. Give the names of four or five of the statesmen referred to in the first stanza. Where did the "high debate" take place? What is it that binds our empire, state with state?

2. When and where was Washington inaugurated? When was the poem written? (See the headnote.) How many years do you add today to those mentioned in the third stanza?

3. Do you agree with Bryant that "that noble race is gone"? What names of later statesmen do you think worthy of being classed with "that noble race"?

4. Two brief biographies of Washington are Horace E. Scudder's *George Washington* and Helen Nicolay's *Boys' Life of Washington*. The latter is particularly good in showing how his character developed in his youth.

### LINCOLN, THE LAWYER\*

IDA M. TARBELL

In this sketch Miss Tarbell pictures the holding of court in Illinois in pioneer days. She shows why Lincoln was a successful lawyer and why all classes of people were attracted to him.

\* This selection from Tarbell's *Life of Abraham Lincoln* is used by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

WHEN, in 1849, Lincoln decided to abandon politics finally and to devote himself to the law, he had been practicing for thirteen years. In spite of the many interruptions electioneering and office-holding had caused, he was well established. Rejoining his partner Herndon—the firm of Lincoln and Herndon had been only a name during Lincoln's term in Washington—he took up the law with a singleness of purpose which had never before characterized his practice.

Lincoln's headquarters were in Springfield, but his practice was itinerant. The arrangements for the administration of justice in Illinois in the early days were suited to the conditions of the country, the state being divided into judicial circuits including more or less territory according to the population. To each circuit a judge was appointed, who each spring and fall traveled from county-seat to county-seat to hold court. With the judge traveled a certain number of the best-known lawyers of the district. Each lawyer had, of course, a permanent office in one of the county-seats, and often at several of the others he had partners, usually young men of little experience, for whom he acted as counsel in special cases. This peripatetic court prevailed in Illinois until the beginning of the fifties; but for many years after, when the towns had grown so large that a clever lawyer might have enough to do in his own county, a few lawyers, Lincoln among them, who from long association felt that the circuit was their natural habitat, refused to leave it.

The circuit which Lincoln traveled was known as the "Eighth Judicial Circuit." It included fifteen counties in 1845, though the territory has since been divided into more. It was about one hundred and fifty miles long by as many broad. There were no railroads in the Eighth Circuit until about 1845, and the

court traveled on horseback or in carriages. Lincoln had no horse in the early days of his practice. It was his habit then to borrow one, or to join a company of a half dozen or more in hiring a "three-seated spring wagon." Later he owned a turn-out of his own, which figures in nearly all the traditions of the Eighth Circuit; the horse being described as "poky" and the buggy as "rat-ting."

There was much that was irritating and uncomfortable in the circuit-riding of the Illinois court, but there was more which was amusing to a temperament like Lincoln's. The freedom, the long days in the open air, the unexpected, if trivial, adventures, the meeting with wayfarers and settlers—all was an entertainment to him. He found humor and human interest on the route, where his companions saw nothing but commonplace. "He saw the ludicrous in an assemblage of fowls," says H. C. Whitney, one of his fellow-itinerants, "in a man spading his garden, in a clothes-line full of clothes, in a group of boys, in a lot of pigs rooting at a mill door, in a mother duck teaching her brood to swim—in everything and anything." The sympathetic observations of these long rides furnished humorous settings for some of his best stories. If frequently on these trips he fell into somber reveries and rode with head bent, ignoring his companions, generally he took part in all the frolicking which went on, joining in practical jokes, singing noisily with the rest, sometimes even playing a jew's-harp.

When the county-seat was reached, the bench and bar quickly settled themselves in the town tavern. It was usually a large two-story house with big rooms and long verandas. There was little exclusiveness possible in these hostelrys. Ordinarily judge and lawyer slept two in a bed, and three or four beds in a room. They ate at the common table

with jurors, witnesses, prisoners out on bail, traveling peddlers, teamsters, and laborers. The only attempt at classification on the landlord's part was seating the lawyers in a group at the head of the table. Most of them accepted this distinction complacently. Lincoln, however, seemed to be indifferent to it. One day, when he had come in and seated himself at the foot with the "fourth estate,"<sup>1</sup> the landlord called to him, "You're in the wrong place, Mr. Lincoln; come up here."

"Have you anything better to eat up there, Joe?" he inquired quizzically; "if not, I'll stay here."

The accommodations of the taverns were often unsatisfactory—the food poorly cooked, the beds hard. Lincoln accepted everything with uncomplaining good nature, though his companions habitually growled at the hardships of the life. It was not only repugnance to criticism which might hurt others, it was the indifference of one whose thoughts were always busy with problems apart from physical comfort, who had little notion of the so-called "refinements of life," and almost no sense of luxury and ease.

The judge naturally was the leading character in these nomadic groups. He received all the special consideration the democratic spirit of the inhabitants bestowed on anyone, and controlled his privacy and his time to a degree. Judge David Davis, who from 1848 presided over the Eighth Circuit as long as Mr. Lincoln traveled it, was a man of unusual force of character, of large learning, quick impulses, and strong prejudices. Lincoln was from the beginning of their association a favorite with Judge Davis. Unless he joined the circle which the judge formed in his room after supper, his honor was impatient and distraught, interrupting the conversation constantly by demanding: "Where's

<sup>1</sup> *fourth estate*, newspaper men.

Lincoln?" "Why don't Lincoln come?" And when Lincoln did come, the judge would draw out story after story, quieting everybody who interrupted with an impatient, "Mr. Lincoln's talking." If anyone came to the door to see the host in the midst of one of Lincoln's stories, he would send a lawyer into the hall to see what was wanted, and, as soon as the door closed, order Lincoln to "go ahead."

The appearance of the court in a town was invariably a stimulus to its social life. In all of the county-seats there were a few fine homes of which the dignity, spaciousness, and elegance still impress the traveler through Illinois. The hospitality of these houses was generous. Dinners, receptions, and suppers followed one another as soon as the court began. Lincoln was a favorite figure at all these gatherings.

His favorite field, however, was the court. The courthouses of Illinois in which he practiced were not loghouses, as has been frequently taken for granted. "It is not probable," says a leading member of the Illinois bar, "Mr. Lincoln ever saw a log courthouse in central Illinois, where he practiced law, unless he saw one at Decatur, in Macon County. In a conversation between three members of the Supreme Court of Illinois, all of whom had been born in this state and had lived in it all their lives, and who were certainly familiar with the central portions of the state, all declared they had never seen a log courthouse in the state."

The courthouses in which Lincoln practiced were stiff, old-fashioned wood or brick structures, usually capped by cupola or tower, and fronted by verandas with huge Doric or Ionic pillars. They were finished inside in the most uncompromising style—hard, white walls, unpainted woodwork, pine floors, wooden benches. Usually they were heated by huge Franklin stoves, with

yards of stovepipe running wildly through the air, searching for an exit, and threatening momentarily to unjoint and tumble in sections. Few of the lawyers had offices in the town; and a corner of the courtroom, the shade of a tree in the courtyard, a sunny side of a building, were where they met their clients and transacted business.

In the courts themselves there was a certain indifference to formality engendered by the primitive surroundings, which, however, the judges never allowed to interfere with the seriousness of the work. Lincoln habitually, when not busy, whispered stories to his neighbors, frequently to the annoyance of Judge Davis. If Lincoln persisted too long, the judge would rap on the chair and exclaim: "Come, come, Mr. Lincoln, I can't stand this! There is no use trying to carry on two courts; I must adjourn mine or you yours, and I think you will have to be the one." As soon as the group had scattered, the judge would call one of the men to him and ask: "What was that Lincoln was telling?"

"I was never fined but once for contempt of court," says one of the clerks of the court in Lincoln's day. "Davis fined me five dollars. Mr. Lincoln had just come in, and leaning over my desk had told me a story so irresistibly funny that I broke out into a loud laugh. The judge called me to order in haste, saying, 'This must be stopped! Mr. Lincoln, you are constantly disturbing this court with your stories.' Then to me, 'You may fine yourself five dollars for your disturbance.' I apologized, but told the judge that the story was worth the money. In a few minutes the judge called me to him. 'What was the story Lincoln told you?' he asked. I told him, and he laughed aloud in spite of himself. 'Remit your fine,' he ordered."

The partiality of Judge Davis for Lincoln was shared by the members of the

court generally. The unaffected friendliness and helpfulness of his nature had more to do with this than his wit and cleverness. If there was a new clerk in court, a stranger unused to the ways of the place, Lincoln was the first—sometimes the only one—to shake hands with him and congratulate him on his election.

"No lawyer on the circuit was more unassuming than was Mr. Lincoln," says one who practiced with him. "He arrogated to himself no superiority over anyone—not even the most obscure member of the bar. He treated everyone with that simplicity and kindness that friendly neighbors manifest in their relations with one another. He was remarkably gentle with young lawyers becoming permanent residents at the several county-seats in the circuit where he had practiced for so many years. . . . The result was, he became the much-loved senior member of the bar. No young lawyer ever practiced in the courts with Mr. Lincoln who did not in all his after life have a regard for him akin to personal affection."

"I remember with what confidence I always went to him," says Judge Lawrence Welden, who first knew Lincoln at the bar in 1854, "because I was certain he knew all about the matter and would most cheerfully help me. I can see him now, through the decaying memories of thirty years, standing in the corner of the old courtroom; and as I approached him with a paper I did not understand, he said, 'Wait until I fix this plug of my "gallis" and I will pitch into that like a dog at a root.' While speaking he was busily engaged in trying to connect his suspenders with his pants by making a plug perform the function of a button."

If for any reason Lincoln was absent from court, he was missed perhaps as no other man on the Eighth Circuit would have been, and his return greeted joyously. He was not less happy himself

to rejoin his friends. "Ain't you glad I've come?" he would call out, as he came up to shake hands.

The cases which fell to Lincoln on the Eighth Circuit were of the sort common to a new country. Litigation over bordering lines and deeds, over damages by wandering cattle, over broils at country festivities. Few of the cases were of large importance. When a client came to Lincoln, his first effort was to arrange matters, if possible, and to avoid a suit. In a few notes for a law lecture prepared about 1850, he says:

"Discourage litigation. Persuade your neighbors to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often a real loser—in fees, expenses, and waste of time. As a peace-maker the lawyer has a superior opportunity of being a good man. There will still be business enough.

"Never stir up litigation. A worse man can scarcely be found than one who does this. Who can be more nearly a fiend than he who habitually overhauls the register of deeds in search of defects in titles, whereon to stir up strife, and put money in his pocket? A moral tone ought to be infused into the profession which should drive such men out of it."

He carried out this in his practice. "Who was your guardian?" he asked a young man who came to him to complain that a part of the property left him had been withheld. "Enoch Kingsbury," replied the young man.

"I know Mr. Kingsbury," said Lincoln, "and he is not the man to have cheated you out of a cent, and I can't take the case, and advise you to drop the subject." And it was dropped.

"We shall not take your case," he said to a man who had shown that by a legal technicality he could win property worth six hundred dollars. "You must remember that some things legally right are not morally right. We shall not take your case, but will give you a little

advice for which we will charge you nothing. You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man; we would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way."

Where he saw injustice he was quick to offer his services to the wronged party. A pleasant example of this is related by Joseph Jefferson<sup>2</sup> in his *Autobiography*. In 1839 Jefferson, then a lad of ten years, traveled through Illinois with his father's theatrical company. After playing at Chicago, Quincy, Peoria, and Pekin, the company went in the fall to Springfield, where the sight of the legislature tempted the elder Jefferson and his partner to remain throughout the season. But there was no theater. Not to be daunted, they built one. But hardly had they completed it, before a religious revival broke out in the town, and the church people turned all their influence against the theater. So effectually did they work that a law was passed by the municipality imposing a license which was practically prohibitory. "In the midst of our trouble," says Jefferson, "a young lawyer called on the managers. He had heard of the injustice, and offered, if they would place the matter in his hands, to have the license taken off, declaring that he only desired to see fair play, and he would accept no fee whether he failed or succeeded. The young lawyer began his harangue. He handled the subject with tact, skill, and humor, tracing the history of the drama from the time when Thespis<sup>3</sup> acted in a cart to the stage of today. He illustrated his speech with a number of anecdotes, and kept the council in a roar of laughter. His good humor prevailed, and the exorbitant tax was taken off." The "young lawyer" was Lincoln.

<sup>2</sup> Joseph Jefferson, a famous American actor (1829-1905), who for thirty years appeared in *Rip Van Winkle*, a play based on Washington Irving's story. <sup>3</sup> Thespis, according to legend, the founder of Greek tragedy, who lived in Athens in the sixth century B. C.

## STUDY AIDS

1. Be prepared to discuss the following: (a) Lincoln's law firm and its headquarters; (b) the itinerant practice of law; (c) the "Eighth Judicial Circuit"; (d) the method of travel about the circuit, and the town tavern; (e) Lincoln as a great favorite and story-teller; (f) Lincoln's humor; (g) his attitude toward litigation and injustice.

2. The selection is taken from Ida M. Tarbell's *Life of Abraham Lincoln*. Her *Boy Scout's Life of Lincoln* gives a simpler treatment.

*Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln*, by Helen Nicolay, is exceptionally interesting because the author's father was one of Lincoln's secretaries.

*Abe Lincoln Grows Up*, by Carl Sandburg, traces Lincoln's career to his nineteenth year.

*The Perfect Tribute*, by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, is a story that reveals Lincoln's character with great clearness.

## LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

EDWIN MARKHAM

WHEN the Norn Mother saw the  
Whirlwind Hour  
Greatening and darkening as it hurried  
on,  
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came  
down  
To make a man to meet the mortal need.  
She took the tried clay of the common  
road,  
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of  
Earth,  
Dashed through it all a strain of proph-  
ecy,  
Tempered the heap with thrill of hu-  
man tears,  
Then mixed a laughter with the serious  
stuff.  
Into the shape she breathed a flame to  
light



That tender, tragic, ever-changing face,  
And laid on him a sense of the Mystic  
Powers,  
Moving—all hushed—behind the mortal  
veil.

Here was a man to hold against the  
world,  
A man to match the mountains and the  
sea. 15

The color of the ground was in him, the  
red earth,  
The smack and tang of elemental  
things;

The rectitude and patience of the cliff;  
The good will of the rain that loves all  
leaves;

The friendly welcome of the wayside  
well; 20

The courage of the bird that dares the  
sea;

The gladness of the wind that shakes  
the corn;

The pity of the snow that hides all scars;  
The secrecy of streams that make their  
way

Under the mountain to the rifted rock;  
The tolerance and equity of light 25  
That gives as freely to the shrinking  
flower

As to the great oak flaring to the wind—  
To the grave's low hill as to the Matter-  
horn<sup>1</sup>

That shoulders out the sky. Sprung  
from the West, 30

He drank the valorous youth of a new  
world.

The strength of virgin forests braced his  
mind,

The hush of spacious prairies stilled his  
soul.

His words were oaks in acorns; and his  
thoughts

Were roots that firmly gripped the gran-  
ite truth. 35

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,  
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—

<sup>1</sup> Matterhorn, the highest peak of the Alps.

To send the keen ax to the root of  
wrong,

Clearing a free way for the feet of God,  
The eyes of conscience testing every  
stroke, 40

To make his deed the measure of a  
man.

He built the rail-pile as he built the  
State,

Pouring his splendid strength through  
every blow:

The grip that swung the ax in Illinois  
Was on the pen that set a people free. 45

So came the Captain with the mighty  
heart;

And when the judgment thunders split  
the house,

Wrenching the rafters from their an-  
cient rest,

He held the ridgepole up, and spiked  
again

The rafters of the Home. He held his  
place— 50

Held the long purpose like a growing  
tree—

Held on through blame and faltered not  
at praise.

And when he fell in whirlwind, he went  
down

As when a lordly cedar, green with  
boughs,

Goes down with a great shout upon the  
hills, 55

And leaves a lonesome place against the  
sky.

## STUDY AIDS

This poem of four sections is worthy  
of close study.

1. Lines 1-15 tell of the qualities that  
were put into Lincoln. The Norn Mother  
is fate, which settles the destiny of men,  
and the Whirlwind Hour is the time of  
trial that comes to a nation. What quali-  
ties did the Norn Mother give to the man  
who was to rescue our democratic nation  
in its time of trial?

2. In lines 16-35 the poet tries to give us a notion of the man. Markham, like most poets, loves nature; so he goes to nature to find comparisons that will explain Lincoln. Try to make clear to your classmates each one of these metaphors or comparisons. Which do you think the most apt or appropriate?

3. What one quality does the poet find (lines 36-45) most prominent throughout Lincoln's life?

4. The final section (lines 46-56) contains two striking metaphors. Explain each one. How do they bring out the greatness of Lincoln?

5. Are any qualities that the poet mentions in Lincoln to be found in Miss Tarbell's account of his life as a lawyer? Be specific.

Blunt thing—"!" he snapped and flung  
it from his hand<sup>10</sup>  
And lowering<sup>2</sup> crept away and left the  
field.

Then came the king's son, wounded,  
sore bestead,<sup>3</sup>

And weaponless, and saw the broken  
sword,

Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,  
And ran and snatched it, and with bat-  
tle-shout<sup>15</sup>

Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,  
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

<sup>2</sup> *lowering*, skulking.

<sup>3</sup> *bestead*, beset with perils.

## OPPORTUNITY

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

A comment on the two preceding selections may be found in this brief poem. Miss Tarbell's biographical sketch of Lincoln and Markham's poem about him show that he knew how to make and seize opportunities.

THIS I beheld, or dreamed it in a  
dream:

There spread a cloud of dust along a  
plain;

And underneath the cloud, or in it,  
raged

A furious battle, and men yelled, and  
swords

Shocked upon swords and shields. A  
prince's banner<sup>5</sup>

Wavered, then staggered backward,  
hemmed<sup>1</sup> by foes.

A craven hung along the battle's edge,  
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener  
steel—

That blue blade that the king's son  
bears—but this

<sup>1</sup> *hemmed*, hemmed about with, surrounded  
by.

## STUDY AIDS

1. What is the message of this poem? Can you show that Lincoln had the same spirit as the king's son?

2. This poem is written in blank verse; that is, without rime. There are several cases of alliteration; that is, the use of the same consonant at the beginning of words near each other. For example, note the *d*'s in "*d*reamed it in a *d*ream." The *s* repeated in line 5 gives one a vivid impression of the crashing sound of the battle. Find other examples of alliteration and read them to the class.

## THE FIGHTING SOUL

WILLIAM HEYLIGER

Great men like Washington and Lincoln do not become national figures by accident. True greatness is achieved by work; sometimes it must be fought for against heavy odds. Here is a true story of one of our presidents, showing how he strove to overcome his early handicaps.

The year was 1872. The stagecoach, running through the Maine woods to Moosehead Lake, carried few passen-

gers. Three of them were boys. Two, riding together, were plump, red-cheeked, full of an impish mischief. The other was a lad with broomstick legs, a frail body, a timid disposition, and weak, near-sighted eyes. The two who rode together found the journey dull. Boy-like, they sought diversion, and found it in the weakling who sat on the other side of the coach.

At first they confined themselves to whispers and to laughter. The frail boy flushed and fidgeted nervously. The taunting continued and became audible. Wasn't it the cute little mamma's darling? And the legs—would you look at the legs?

"You'd better stop it!" the frail boy cried suddenly and furiously.

The tormentors, having secured a rise out of the victim, were delighted. Why it could talk, anyway, couldn't it? They laughed gleefully.

The weakling, in a rage, leaped from his seat and threw himself upon them.

"Hey!" cried the startled driver. "Stop that fighting in there. Stop it, I say."

The driver, who was probably a good man with horses, was a bad judge of fisticuffs. It didn't even remotely resemble a fight, for the tall, puny boy brought nothing to the fray but an ineffectual resentment. It was the first time, in his fourteen years, he had ever struck a blow in anger. Had his tormentors been brutal, rather than thoughtlessly cruel youngsters out for a lark, they would have punished him severely. Instead, they brushed him off and finally held his arms and rendered him helpless. What was worse, they laughed all during the proceeding.

"Go sit down," they counseled, "before you get hurt."

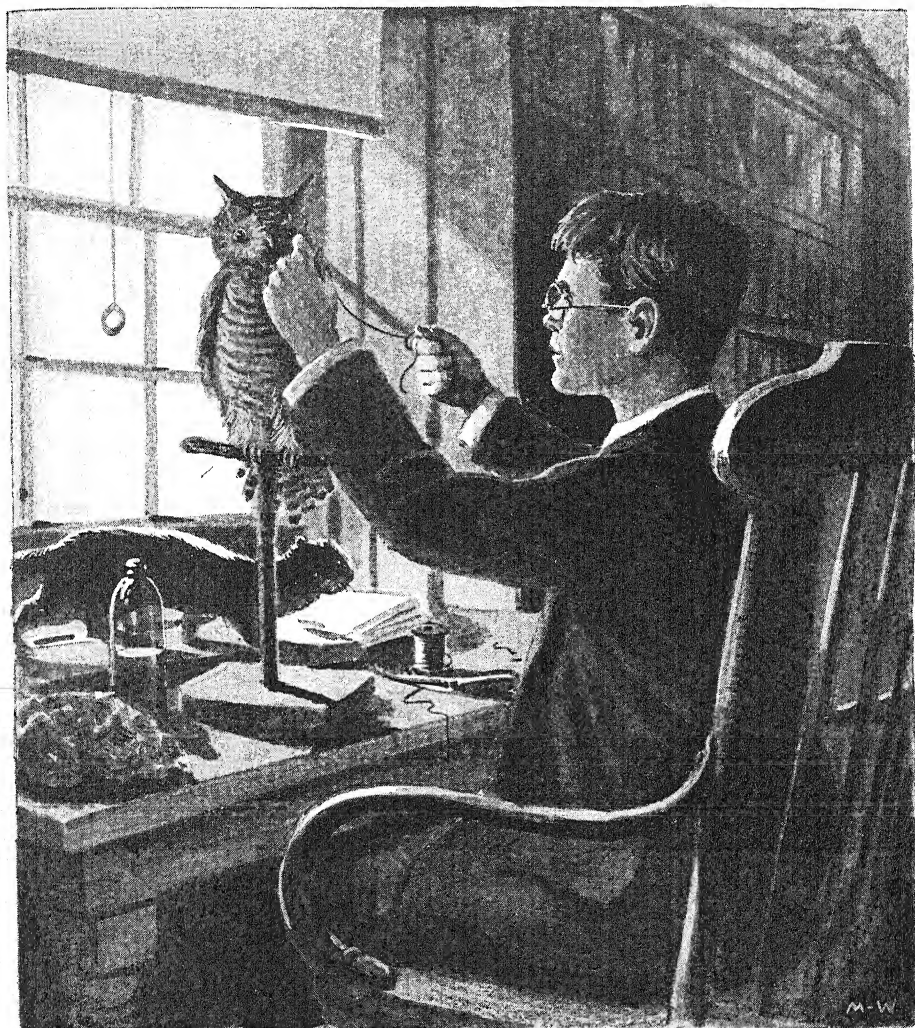
Young Theodore Roosevelt sat down, shamefaced and humiliated. And there was no further bantering from the two he had attacked.

The ignominy of that scene lingered

in Roosevelt's mind all through his stay at Mooshead Lake. He had been sickly almost from birth, a victim of weakening, racking asthma. There was night after night of gasping, wheezing misery. In infancy, his strong, virile father had walked during these attacks with the suffering boy in his arms, hour after hour. Later the father had watched hour after hour beside his bed. There were days when he could not leave that bed. And still later the father had sat his son beside him in the family carriage and had driven through the dark stretch of the night hoping that the cool, outdoor air would lessen the seizure. Always, it seemed, there had been sickness.

But if the body of young Theodore was weak, his mind was sharp, clear, active. Too ill to go to school and hold his own in the hurly-burly of group life, he was taught by private tutors. The family was wealthy and, if it could not buy him health, it could provide the things that interested his mind. He learned to read at an early age, and for years his was a world of books. Shut out of the adventure of activity, he built adventure in his imagination. Like most sickly boys, he was timid; like all timid boys, he lived a make-believe swash-buckling existence of valor. The heroes of scientific exploration, the adventurous heroes of fiction became his heroes, second only to the one great flesh-and-blood hero of his life, his father.

Within the limits of his strength, the pale, sickly boy was all boy. His home in New York City had a goodly-sized yard, and there, with his sisters and a small army of cousins, he played the games of boyhood. Summers found him in the mountains of New York, or New Jersey, or New England as the family searched in vain for a climate that would deal gently with his asthma. He had imagination. Merely playing Indians was not realistic enough; he must, of necessity, stain himself with the juice of



## He learned something of taxidermy

the choke-cherry. He became interested in nature study and, with the co-operation of his cousins, organized the Roosevelt Museum of Natural History. For a while it confined itself to the study of ants, and small bugs, and an occasional mouse. Then a fish-market near his home made an exhibition of a dead seal. He haunted the market until the seal reached a point of decomposition that rendered its removal imperative. In some way he became the possessor of the

skeleton head. It became the chief attraction of the museum. Some years later he met a man who had been a companion of Audubon's.<sup>1</sup> From this man he learned something of taxidermy. Even at that age, if Roosevelt adopted a project, he followed it with single-track purpose. For years thereafter his passion for dissecting and stuffing animals was something of a horror to the more

<sup>1</sup> Audubon, John James (1780-1851), a great American naturalist.

squeamish members of his family. His body might be fragile, but his will was strong. He had not yet reached the age where illness was going to dawn upon him as a bleak handicap. He kept a diary. "I stayed in the house all day," he records with laconic casualness. It was merely something to be endured.

Meanwhile, the family searched in vain for a place that would give health to the weakling. He was encouraged to live in the sunshine. At thirteen he was given his first rifle. Up to that time he had been asthmatic and debilitated. Now a new liability presented itself. In sighting the gun, targets that were plain to his cousins were invisible to him. An examination showed that his eyes were weak—very weak. Thick lenses only added to his outward appearance of futility. He was still too ill to be sent to school.

It was the following year that he was sent to Moosehead Lake. His asthma had been a bit worse than usual, and there was a hope that the thinner, keener air of Maine would bring relief. It was on that trip, in search of health, that he pitched into the two tormentors on the stagecoach.

The experience awoke him, at last, to the realization of what a weak body meant. The encounter seemed symbolic. If you were willing to accept a puny frame with resignation, then you must expect to take the short end of things all through life. It wasn't enough to dream of doing things, to live in a mental world; you had to live in a world of actuality and to *really* do things.

He came back to New York and told his father of the fight. There was a set to the boyish chin that the elder Roosevelt had never seen before.

"What do you propose to do about it, Theodore?" he asked gently. He had a hope that he did not dare express.

"I want to take boxing lessons," the frail boy said doggedly.

The father was delighted. He recognized the turning-point. The boy who had accepted ill-health passively, was now aroused to try to make strong a body that, in after years, was to be the sturdy temple of a flaming, crusading spirit.

Young Theodore, with his broomstick legs, his pinched chest, his asthma, and his peering eyes, was sent for instruction to a gymnasium conducted by a prize-fighter who had retired from the ring. In boxing trunks, he must have been a pathetic sight. His efforts to swing, to block, to hook, to side-step, to jab, must have been ludicrous. But the one-track mind had set forth for a goal, and grimly and tenaciously he stuck to the task. If he could not inflict punishment, he could stand up under it with fortitude and endurance. He was what is called "game." And presently after a time—after a long time—the gymnasium held a boxing tournament for its pupils, and sickly Theodore Roosevelt won a pewter cup in the lightweight division. As a cup it was probably a cheap, tawdry affair. As a symbol of indomitable perseverance, as a heroic refusal to accept the dictates of outrageous fortune, it must have seemed to the father of Theodore Roosevelt priceless. For here was one marked as a hopeless invalid fighting that greatest of all fights, for that greatest of all rewards—a victory over self.

But victory was not won in a day, or in a year. At fifteen, despite the gymnasium work, asthma again struck him down. There was a consultation of doctors. They suggested the dry air of the African desert. The faithful father, who had stood squarely behind the boy through every discouraging up and down of illness, packed up the entire Roosevelt family and sailed for Egypt.

The Roosevelt Museum of Natural History, begun in boyhood, still existed. Starting as an amateur, Theodore had

read deeply and ardently, had gone on steadily with taxidermy, and had done field work in so far as his strength and opportunities admitted. He was going to Egypt as an invalid; and yet invalidism was not permitted to take possession of his thoughts. He planned for the museum. Specimens would be collected. He had shipping labels printed so that these specimens could be shipped home. His was the attitude of a boy seeking new adventure rather than a sick lad seeking solace.

One of his first purchases on reaching Africa was a book describing the birds of Egypt. Eagerly and avidly the boy devoured it. The party moved along the historic Nile. Day after day the desert wind blew over him, and day after day he explored ruins, and rode helter-skelter on a donkey, and shot birds for his collection and mounted them. Under the lash of his will there was no time to be sick. There was too much to be done, too much to be seen. His father feared that he would overdo it. But the boy who had been ailing all his life had found a new font of strength. He was tireless. He was absorbed.

And suddenly a miracle happened. The pale weakling began to take on weight. Summers out of doors, months of persistent work in an ex-prize fighter's gym, this engrossing winter in Egypt abruptly turned some delicate scale within his body. The wan cheeks began to fill out. The broomhandle legs grew imperceptibly stouter. The scrawny neck began to take on girth. The asthmatic attacks came at longer intervals and were less severe. It was an overjoyed family that returned to the United States.

But the fight was not yet won. The boy who was later to thrive on the hardships of ranch life in the Bad Lands,<sup>2</sup>

who was to preach the doctrine of the strenuous life, who was to lead his Rough Riders<sup>3</sup> through a fever-infested tropical jungle in the war with Spain, had merely found the beginnings of a road that might lead to a splendid summit.

He was resolved to reach that summit. Back at home there was a period of discouragement. Asthma once more stormed the ramparts and flew its flag from the citadel of his body. He returned to his boxing. A gymnasium was installed on an upper floor of his father's house, and he branched into wrestling, Indian clubs, and parallel bars. If illness laid him low, he was back on the wrestling mat as soon as he had recovered. There were set-backs, but no defeats. His intent, single-track mind had decided that Theodore Roosevelt was going to be a robust man, vital and virile. He would fight for that goal until it was won.

The time came for him to prepare for college. Once more he was deemed too delicate to go off to a secondary school. Once more private tutors appeared and took him in hand. Greek and Latin; boxing gloves and wrestling; mathematics and parallel bars. So many hours a day to the kingdom of the mind; so much time each day to the empire of the body. The mind improved rapidly; the body responded very, very slowly. For it must be remembered that the body of Theodore Roosevelt had been depleted and impoverished for a great many years. It takes time to build up and make buoyantly fertile a run-down soil.

He was still asthmatic, still below par; but the doctors decided there was enough improvement to justify the end of tutors, and that Theodore could go shoulder to shoulder with other advanc-

<sup>2</sup> *Bad Lands*, a very rough region in western North and South Dakota and northwest Nebraska.

<sup>3</sup> *Rough Riders*, a regiment of cavalry which Roosevelt organized and which he commanded in the Spanish-American War (1898).



ing men. He entered Harvard. The fight for health and stamina was transferred to Cambridge.

At that time his desire was to become a scientist. The old boyhood Roosevelt Museum of Natural History was still in his blood. He had an idea that as a scientist he would roam the world collecting specimens and studying wild life at first hand, only to discover that, instead, he would probably be chained to a laboratory. The new vitality beginning to pour into his veins made the thought of hours cramped over a microscope intolerable. A spirit that had been chained was learning to be free, and wanted no more chains. His energy turned to literature. He became one of the editors of the *Harvard Advocate*. He began to write a naval history of the War of 1812. The thought of public service, of entering the arena of politics, had not yet dawned, though his family line was a line of service for the public's welfare.

And day by day the soul that animated the body directed a silent battle for strength and endurance. There were still distressing attacks of asthma. He wrestled and boxed regularly. Handicapped by poor eyesight, he was never a match for the college stars. However, he was striving for a laurel of more lasting value than a victorious bout. He had conquered the timidity of his early years. He had disciplined himself. He could take a stout blow without wincing, and gave one with royal will. Presently he won his way in one of the boxing tournaments to the semi-finals of the lightweight division. It was the gym days of New York over again. But whereas, in New York, he had earned a pewter cup, all he took from the semi-finals at Harvard was a sound, thorough drubbing. Outclassed by a stronger, faster man, punished severely, he was still trying, still fighting, at the final bell.

Not bad at all for a hollow reed that

had not been strong enough to go to school.

During those four years at Harvard the battle was won. The asthmatic youth who had entered the freshman class graduated strong, vigorous, determined. Nine years before he had set out to overthrow a physical handicap. Nine years before a bitter experience on a Maine stagecoach had proved to him that he must either find ruggedness of body or be content to spend his days in a quiet, stagnant backwater of life. The way had been long and hard. Now he was the finished product of strength of will and of unshaken determination—a man fashioned and girded to do things.

The invalid had become a giant, the broken branch, an oak.

## STUDY AIDS

1. Does the scene in the stagecoach seem to you amusing, unnatural, exciting, or thought-provoking? What impression of young Roosevelt do you form from the incident?

2. Up to this time what kind of books had Roosevelt read? How did his reading differ from yours in the same years of your life? Besides books, what interests had he? What new interest was aroused by the incident in the coach? What were the two chief developments during his stay in Egypt? What were the results of his years at Harvard?

3. In this account of Roosevelt's youth do you find any qualities of good citizenship? Point them out definitely.

4. A whole program on the spirit of good citizenship could be worked up from *Boys Who Became President*, by William Heyliger, from which this selection is taken. For example, a very interesting talk might be made giving a comparison between the youth of Roosevelt and the youth of Lincoln. A similar comparison between Roosevelt and Washington would add to an understanding of both men. The book will help you to follow the subject as far as you please.



## WORKING TOGETHER IN A DEMOCRACY

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

This selection is by the famous American about whom you have just been reading. It contains several references to his own experiences after the events narrated in "The Fighting Soul." The account of his home town at the end of the selection refers to Oyster Bay on Long Island near New York City. It is a beautiful little community, where his own mansion, called Sagamore Hill, looks out over Long Island Sound.

This selection helps us understand some of the differences between American conditions and those of many other countries. In "America!" and "The Citizen" you read about the almost hopeless condition of humble people in certain other lands before the World War. They had to live all their lives in the station in which they were born. Ivan, for example, could never hope to do more than plow his small farm if he remained in Russia. But in America Ivan's descendants can gain an education and thus prepare for any career they may wish to enter. Roosevelt, being interested in the future of America, saw a danger lying before this land of equal rights and equal opportunities. As you read, try to answer the question, "Does the danger that Roosevelt feared in 1900 still exist?"

\* \* \*

**T**HERE are really no classes in our American life in the sense in which the word "class" is used in Europe. Our social and political systems do not admit of them in theory, and in practice they exist only in a very fluid state. In most European countries classes are separated by rigid boundaries, which can be crossed but rarely, and with the utmost difficulty and peril. Here the boundaries cannot properly be said to exist, and are certainly so fluctuating and evasive, so indistinctly marked, that they cannot be appreciated when seen near by. Any American family which lasts a few generations will be apt to have representa-

tives in all the different classes. The great business men, even the great professional men, and especially the great statesmen and sailors and soldiers, are very apt to spring from among the farmers or wage-workers, and their kinsfolk remain near the old home or at the old trade. If ever there existed in the world a community where the identity of interest, of habit, of principle, and of ideals should be felt as a living force, ours is the one. Speaking generally, it really is felt to a degree quite unknown in other countries of our size. There are, doubtless, portions of Norway and Switzerland where the social and political ideals, and their nearness to realization, are not materially different from those of the most essentially American portions of our own land; but this is not true of any European country of considerable size. It is only in American communities that we see the farmer, the hired man, the lawyer, and the merchant, and possibly even the officer of the army or the navy, all kinsmen, and all accepting their relations as perfectly natural and simple. This is eminently healthy. This is just as it should be in our republic. It represents the ideal toward which it would be a good thing to approximate everywhere. In the great industrial centers, with their highly complex, highly specialized conditions, it is of course merely an ideal. There are parts even of our oldest states, as, for example, New York, where this ideal is actually realized; there are other parts, particularly the great cities, where the life is so wholly different that the attempt to live up precisely to the country conditions would be artificial and impossible. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the only true solution of our political and social problems lies in cultivating everywhere the spirit of brotherhood, of fellow-feeling and understanding between man and man, and the willingness to treat a man as a man,

which are the essential factors in American democracy as we still see it in the country districts.

The chief factor in producing such sympathy is simply association on a plane of equality, and for a common object. Any healthy-minded American is bound to think well of his fellow-Americans if he only gets to know them. The trouble is that he does not know them. If the banker and the farmer never meet, or meet only in the most perfunctory business way, if the banking is not done by men whom the farmer knows as his friends and associates, a spirit of mistrust is almost sure to spring up. If the merchant or the manufacturer, the lawyer or the clerk, never meets the mechanic or the handicraftsman, save on rare occasions, when the meeting may be of a hostile kind, each side feels that the other is alien and naturally antagonistic. But if any one individual of any group were to be thrown into natural association with another group, the difficulties would be found to disappear so far as he was concerned. Very possibly he would become the ardent champion of the other group.

Perhaps I may be pardoned for quoting my own experience as an instance in point. Outside of college boys and politicians my first intimate associates were ranchmen, cow-punchers,<sup>1</sup> and game-hunters, and I speedily became convinced that there were no other men in the country who were their equals. Then I was thrown much with farmers, and I made up my mind that it was the farmer upon whom the foundations of the commonwealth really rested—that the farmer was the archetypical<sup>2</sup> good American. Then I saw a good deal of railroad men, and after quite an intimate acquaintance with them I grew to feel that, especially in their higher ranks, they typified the very qualities

of courage, self-reliance, self-command, hardihood, capacity for work, power of initiative, and power of obedience, which we like most to associate with the American name. Then I happened to have dealings with certain carpenters' unions, and grew to have a great respect for the carpenter, for the mechanic type. By this time it dawned upon me that they were all pretty good fellows, and that my championship of each set in succession above all other sets had sprung largely from the fact that I was very familiar with the set I championed, and less familiar with the remainder. In other words, I had grown into sympathy with, into understanding of, group after group, with the effect that I invariably found that they and I had common purposes and a common standpoint. We differed among ourselves, or agreed among ourselves, not because we had different occupations or the same occupation, but because of our ways of looking at life.

It is this capacity for sympathy, for fellow-feeling and mutual understanding, which must lie at the basis of all really successful movements for good government and the betterment of social and civic conditions. There is no patent device for bringing about good government. Still less is there any patent device for remedying social evils and doing away with social inequalities. Wise legislation can help in each case, and crude, vicious, or demagogic legislation can do an infinity of harm. But the betterment must come through the slow workings of the same forces which always have tended for righteousness, and always will.

The prime lesson to be taught is the lesson of treating each man on his worth as a man, and of remembering that while sometimes it is necessary from both a legislative and social standpoint, to consider men as a class, yet in the long run our safety lies in recognizing

<sup>1</sup> cow-punchers, cowboys.

<sup>2</sup> archetypical, model or ideal.

the individual's worth or lack of worth as the chief basis of action, and in shaping our whole conduct, and especially our political conduct, accordingly. It is impossible for a democracy to endure if the political lines are drawn to coincide with class lines. The resulting government, whether of the upper or the lower class, is not a government of the whole people, but a government of part of the people at the expense of the rest. Where the lines of political division are vertical,<sup>3</sup> the men of each occupation and of every social standing separating according to their vocations and principles, the result is healthy and normal. Just so far, however, as the lines are drawn horizontally,<sup>4</sup> the result is unhealthy, and in the long run disastrous, for such a division means that men are pitted against one another in accordance with the blind and selfish interests of the moment. Each is thus placed over against his neighbor in an attitude of greedy class hostility, which becomes the mainspring of his conduct, instead of each basing his political action upon his own convictions as to what is advisable and what inadvisable, and upon his own disinterested sense of devotion to the interests of the whole community as he sees them. Republics have fallen in the past primarily because the parties that controlled them divided along the lines of class, so that inevitably the triumph of one or the other implied the supremacy of a part over the whole. The result might be an oligarchy,<sup>5</sup> or it might be mob rule; it mattered little which, as regards the ultimate effect, for in both cases tyranny and anarchy were sure to alternate. The failure of the Greek and Italian republics was fundamentally due to this cause. Switzerland has flourished because the divisions upon which

her political issues have been fought have not been primarily those of mere caste or social class, and America will flourish and will become greater than any empire because, in the long run, in this country, any party which strives to found itself upon sectional or class jealousy and hostility must go down before the good sense of the people.

The only way to provide against the evils of a horizontal cleavage in politics is to encourage the growth of fellow-feeling, of a feeling based on the relations of man to man, and not of class to class. In the country districts this is not very difficult. In the neighborhood where I live, on the Fourth of July the four Protestant ministers and the Catholic priest speak from the same platform, the children of all of us go to the same district school, and the landowner and the hired man take the same views, not merely of politics, but of duck-shooting and of international yacht races. Naturally, in such a community there is small chance for class division. There is a slight feeling against the mere summer residents, precisely because there is not much sympathy with them, and because they do not share in our local interests; but otherwise there are enough objects in common to put all much on the same plane of interest in various important particulars, and each man has too much self-respect to feel particularly jealous of any other man. Moreover, as the community is small and consists for the most part of persons who have dwelt long in the land, while those of foreign ancestry, instead of keeping by themselves, have intermarried with the natives, there is still a realizing sense of kinship among the men who follow the different occupations. The characteristic family names are often borne by men of widely different fortunes, ranging from the local bayman through the captain of the oyster-sloop, the sail-maker, or the wheelwright, to the owner of

<sup>3</sup> *vertical*, running up through all grades of wealth and social distinction. <sup>4</sup> *horizontally*, so that workmen form one party, men of wealth another, and so on.

<sup>5</sup> *oligarchy*, a government controlled by few persons.

what the countryside may know as the manor-house—which probably contains one of the innumerable rooms in which Washington is said to have slept. We have sharp rivalries, and our politics are by no means always what they should be, but at least we do not divide on class lines, for the very good reason that there has been no crystallization into classes.

This condition prevails in essentials throughout the country districts of New York, which are politically very much the healthiest districts. Any man who has served in the legislature realizes that the country members form, on the whole, a very sound and healthy body of legislators. Any man who has gone about much to the county fairs in New York—almost the only place where the farm folks gather in large numbers—cannot but have been struck by the high character of the average countryman. He is a fine fellow, rugged, hardworking, shrewd, and keenly alive to the fundamental virtues. He and his brethren of the smaller towns and villages, in ordinary circumstances, take very little account, indeed, of any caste difference; they greet each man strictly on his merits as a man, and therefore form a community in which there is singularly little caste spirit, and in which men associate on a thoroughly healthy and American ground of common ideals, common convictions, and common sympathies.

Unfortunately, this cannot be said of the larger cities, where the conditions of life are so complicated that there has been an extreme differentiation and specialization in every species of occupation, whether of business or pleasure. The people of a certain degree of wealth and of a certain occupation may never come into any real contact with the people of another occupation, of another social standing. The tendency is for the relations always to be between class and class instead of between individual and

individual. This produces the thoroughly unhealthy belief that it is for the interest of one class as against another to have its class representatives dominant in public life. The ills of any such system are obvious. As a matter of fact, the enormous mass of our legislation and administration ought to be concerned with matters that are strictly for the commonwealth; and where special legislation or administration is needed, as it often must be, for a certain class, the need can be met primarily by mere honesty and common sense. But if men are elected solely from any caste, or on any caste theory, the voter gradually substitutes the theory of allegiance to the caste for the theory of allegiance to the commonwealth as a whole, and instead of demanding as fundamental the qualities of probity and broad intelligence—which are the indispensable qualities in securing the welfare of the whole—as the first consideration, he demands, as a substitute, zeal in the service, or apparent service, of the class, which is quite compatible with gross corruption outside. In short, we get back to the conditions which foredoomed democracy to failure in the ancient Greek and medieval republics, where party lines were horizontal and class warred against class, each in consequence necessarily substituting devotion to the interest of a class for devotion to the interest of the state and to the elementary ideas of morality.

The only way to avoid the growth of these evils is, so far as may be, to help in the creation of conditions which will permit mutual understanding and fellow-feeling between the members of different classes. To do this it is absolutely necessary that there should be natural association between the members for a common end or with a common purpose. As long as men are separated by their caste lines, each body having its own amusements, interests, and occupations, they are certain to re-

gard one another with that instinctive distrust which they feel for foreigners. There are exceptions to the rule, but it is a rule. The average man, when he has no means of being brought into contact with another, or of gaining any insight into that other's ideas and aspirations, either ignores these ideas and aspirations completely, or else feels toward them a more or less tepid dislike. The result is a complete and perhaps fatal misunderstanding, due primarily to the fact that the capacity for fellow-feeling is given no opportunity to flourish. On the other hand, if the men can be mixed together in some way that will loosen the class or caste bonds and put each on his merits as an individual man, there is certain to be a regrouping independent of caste lines. A tie may remain between the members of a caste, based merely upon the similarity of their habits of life; but this will be much less strong than the ties based on identity of passion, of principle, or of ways of looking at life. Any man who has ever, for his good fortune, been obliged to work with men in masses, in some place or under some condition or in some association where the dislocation of caste was complete, must recognize the truth of this as apparent. Every mining-camp, every successful volunteer regiment, proves it. In such cases there is always some object which must be attained, and the men interested in its attainment have to develop their own leaders and their own ties of association, while the would-be leader can succeed only by selecting for assistants the men whose peculiar capacities fit them to do the best work in the various emergencies that arise. Under such circumstances the men who work together for the achievement of a common result in which they are intensely interested are very soon certain to disregard, and, indeed, to forget, the creed or race origin or antecedent social standing or class occupation of the man who is

either their friend or their foe. They get down to the naked bed-rock of character and capacity.

### STUDY AIDS

1. According to Roosevelt, what is one essential difference between life in many foreign countries and in the United States? Quote two different sentences in which Roosevelt shows that a boy may hope to rise to almost any position in our country.

2. Where is the spirit of brotherhood strongest in America? Where is it weakest? In which kind of community do you live? Is Roosevelt's statement true of the place where you live? What should the ideal of brotherhood be in our republic?

3. What is the best means of fostering the spirit of brotherhood? Explain the illustration that Roosevelt gives from his own experience (page 514).

4. How can the formation of political parties on the basis of class interests be prevented? Explain Roosevelt's illustration from his home town. Are the conditions which he describes to be found in your town?

5. Did Lincoln have the fellow-feeling that Roosevelt thinks essential in an American? Illustrate your answer. How does Dwyer's story, "The Citizen," illustrate the advantages of the fellow-feeling that Roosevelt regards as essential?

6. This selection is taken from an article entitled "Fellow-Feeling as a Political Factor," which appeared in *The Century Magazine*, January, 1900. To learn more about Roosevelt you should read some of the following:

*Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children*. Some of the letters are illustrated by his own drawings.

*Theodore Roosevelt's Diaries of Boyhood and Youth*. He began his diaries when he was ten years old, and continued them to the end of his freshman year at Harvard.

*Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt*, by Hermann Hagedorn, gives an entertaining account of Roosevelt's life on a western ranch, at Oyster Bay, and elsewhere.

# RECESSIONAL—A VICTORIAN ODE<sup>1</sup>

RUDYARD KIPLING

In 1897 Queen Victoria celebrated her Diamond Jubilee, marking her reign of sixty years. From all England's colonies came great hosts, in costly costumes and bedecked with jewels—kings, princes, and soldiers—representing all the races of the British Empire. For hours they filed past their queen. Never before had the English people so fully realized the wealth and power of England's colonial possessions. It was this magnificent processional that inspired Kipling to write his impressive ode. Like some prophet in the Old Testament, the poet lifts up his voice in a prayer of warning.

**G**OD of our fathers, known of old—  
Lord of our far-flung battle line—  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine<sup>2</sup>—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, 5  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—  
The Captains and the Kings depart—  
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart. 10  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away—  
On dune and headland sinks the fire—  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday 15  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Recessional*, in the church service, the filing out of the choir as it sings the last hymn; *ode*, originally, a poem intended to be sung or chanted.

<sup>2</sup> *palm and pine*, lands in all parts of the world—i.e., England's colonies.

<sup>3</sup> *Nineveh and Tyre*, monarchies near Palestine which lost all their power.

Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee in  
awe— 20

Such boasting as the Gentiles<sup>4</sup> use,  
Or lesser breeds without the Law<sup>5</sup>—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust 25  
In reeking tube<sup>6</sup> and iron shard<sup>7</sup>—  
All valiant dust<sup>8</sup> that builds on dust,<sup>9</sup>  
And guarding calls not Thee to  
guard,

For frantic boast and foolish word,  
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

*Amen.*

<sup>4</sup> *Gentiles*, peoples other than the English.

<sup>5</sup> *breeds without the Law*, nations that do not pay homage to the same ideals as the English.

<sup>6</sup> *recking tube*, a rifle or cannon which has just been fired, so that the smoke still escapes from the barrel; here it stands for armies.

<sup>7</sup> *iron shard*, broken pieces of shell fired from great guns such as those on battleships. The shell of course does great damage on exploding.

<sup>8</sup> *valiant dust*, bold and ambitious men or leaders.

<sup>9</sup> *on dust*, on physical power.

## STUDY AIDS

1. Mention countries included in the phrase "we hold dominion over palm and pine."

2. Does Kipling's warning against national boasting and pride apply also to the United States? Give a definite reason for your answer.

3. Explain in your own words the meaning of the last stanza.

## A BACKWARD GLANCE

1. You have now looked at the spirit of American citizenship from three angles: its ideals, its humble citizens, its great men. In your opinion, which selection in Unit X states our ideals most clearly? Which of the humble citizens was to you an example of the highest ideal for America? What ideals do you find illustrated in the life of Washington? Lincoln? Roosevelt?

2. How important is the spirit of good will in forming the spirit of good citizenship? Illustrate from some of the selections in this Unit.

3. Among these selections you recognize several different kinds of writing.

(a) Of the five poems, which is the most inspiring?

(b) "The Citizen" is a kind of short story, but the main purpose of the author

is to give a picture of one feature of life in Russia and the United States, so that the reader may see the meaning of our own country. How does it differ as a story from "The Night of the Storm" and "Good Wits Jump"?

(c) "Lincoln, the Lawyer" and "The Fighting Soul" belong under the head of biography. "America!" may be classed as autobiography, since the author writes about his own life. How much of the life of each person is given in each of these three selections? How does each of the selections differ from "Mary Kingsbury Simkhovitch" (page 478)? Of the four, which was the most interesting to you?

4. Which of the selections in this Unit seem to you as belonging to the enduring kind of literature that may be read a hundred years from now? Give your reasons.

## A READING LIST

*Our Foreign-born Citizens*, by Annie E. S. Beard, gives inspiring biographies of such foreign-born Americans as the famous scientist, Louis Agassiz, and the great steel magnate, Andrew Carnegie.

*Pilgrims of Today*, by Mary H. Wade, contains biographies of immigrants to this country, among them Alfred Steiner, Jacob Riis, and John Muir.

*The Trumpeter of Krakow*, by Eric P.

Kelly, tells how a young trumpeter in the Polish city of Krakow was true to his trust.

*Working through at Lincoln High*, by Joseph Gollomb, pictures life in a New York City high school, where problems of discipline and leadership are met by students as well as teachers.

*Hands around the World*, by Archer Wallace, relates stories of heroes of our own and other countries.



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## UNIT XI

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# The Spirit of Industry

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As we have seen in Units IX and X, we all have everyday relations with one another as friendly neighbors and fellow-citizens of a common country. But this Unit will show that all of us have still another important relation with our fellow-men: we all work together in supplying each other with the necessities of daily life. This spirit of co-operation is especially important today, when nearly everything we use is made by someone else. Yet most of us know little about how the commonest things are made available for our use.

The selections in this Unit will give you a few glimpses into the many ways men have to co-operate to provide for our common needs. Some of these glimpses show daring workers in the great steel industry or in the field of invention; still others will reveal how men by strange methods provide us with some of the most familiar things we use.

The work of the world calls out many different kinds of skill—the vision of the “dreamer” of great projects, the complicated planning and organizing of the leader, the skillful labor of the doer—but the one supreme essential for success is a loyal spirit of co-operation among all who join to carry on the vast industries of our country.

### TWO AGAINST THE WORLD

EDMUND M. LITTELL

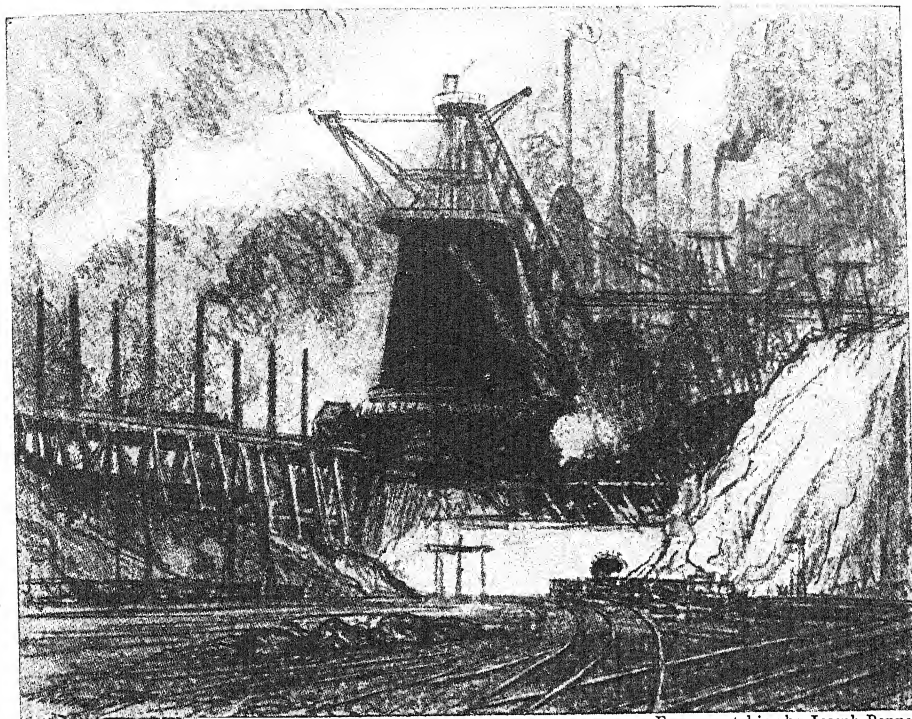
HE DIDN'T look like a steel man. He didn't look much of anything, in fact. His clothes hung on him in rags. His face, beneath the dirt that grimed it, looked soft and pudgy; so did his hands and all the rest of him. But there he stood with that hangdog look of his. He had walked up the ramp that led to the quarter-mile elevated charging-floor<sup>1</sup> and wormed his way through the crowd of men that had gathered around big Jock Campbell as though he had a right to be there.

<sup>1</sup> *charging floor*, the platform from which the furnaces are stoked.

“They tell me you're needing men,” he said.

Big Jock Campbell was busy. As open-hearth<sup>2</sup> superintendent of Hoosier Steel, he had a thousand things to do. Business had been rotten for the past year, so bad that eight of the twelve furnaces in the great building had been cold. Now, all of a sudden, orders were coming in again. That was always the way in the steel business—a feast or a famine, with the changes from one to the other taking place almost overnight. “Give us some tonnage,<sup>3</sup> rush,” was the situation Jock faced now; and that

<sup>2</sup> *open-hearth*, pertaining to the making of steel in a huge basin or open hearth with intense heat playing over it. <sup>3</sup> *tonnage*, large quantities of finished steel.



From an etching by Joseph Pennell

## STEEL MILLS

meant many things. He needed men first, of course. But he didn't need men like this one; the briefest of glances told him so.

"Sure, I'm wanting men," he said, his heavy voice coming up out of his barrel of a chest like the rumble of distant thunder. "But I ain't wanting any like you."

That was all he had time to say. He turned to the others. Most of them were old-timers, laid off many weeks before. Now they were back again, and Jock knew exactly what he wanted them to do.

"You, Bill Fox," he said. "Got your old crew?"

"Chick's here——"

"All right. Take Number Six. I want a fire going by noon. Sam, take Number Five again. It's been rebuilt, and——"

"But I need work," came from beside him. "I got to have it."

The bum again. Jock whirled about. He scowled down into dark eyes that were inches below his own—and was reminded of a dog which, kicked and mauled until its spirit is almost broken, still crawls to the feet of a likely-looking man.

"I ain't had work for so long that——"

Jock was sorry for him. A shame, he thought, that any man should sink so low. But sympathy doesn't get out tonnage. When it comes to the hiring of men—steel men—a superintendent has to wall off his heart and use nothing but his head.

"This is a steel mill," he rumbled. "You wouldn't last an hour. We ain't got a job for you; so you're wasting your time. Here," and his hand went into his pocket and came out with a bill; "take this and get yourself cleaned up. You'll never get a job anywhere looking like that."

He didn't wait for the man to take the money. Still holding it out, he turned back to his men.

"And you, Tom," he began—when he heard a soft thump beside him. The bum had collapsed.

Hunger, the doctor reported when they had rushed him to the plant hospital. The man hadn't eaten for days. Tough, thought Jock. The past hard times had probably put many a man into such a shape. But he couldn't take the time to worry about him. The man, he knew, would have plenty of care. That was what the plant hospital was for. And when he got out, he would find a five-dollar bill in his pocket; Jock had put it there before one of the men carried him to the ambulance. With that he would be able to get along until he found a job. The important thing was, get the tonnage moving out.

Twenty-four hours later Jock had forgotten the man. He was still infernally busy. It isn't easy, after months of abrupt complete idleness, to get a plant going again. At the time, the ladle-lining gang, which worked at the rear end of the building, needed a little jacking up, and Jock was dashing back along the boulevard width of the pouring floor to give it to them. But, half-way back, he stopped. Over there on his right, back-dropped<sup>4</sup> by the two-story furnace which marked the middle of the long row and framed by the two steep flights of steel stairs which led up to a balcony, was a man he didn't know. A stranger in the cinder-pit below the tapping-spout of Number Six furnace.

He was working. Or, rather, he was making the gestures of work. The cinder-pit was full. The furnace had been tapped about an hour before, its hundred tons of steel-soup sizzling down the spout to plunge into the ladle set

there to catch it, and the slag that scummed it following. The steel had stayed in the ladle, to be swung away to the other side of the floor and emptied into waiting ingot molds. The slag, overflowing the ladle and dropping down into the cinder-pit beneath, had stayed behind. This was what the man was supposed to be cleaning out.

He was supposed to do it quickly, for if he failed to break up the slag and get it out before it grew cold, it would freeze into a solid chunk as large as the floor of a room and become almost immovable, even with the help of the massive bridge crane that spanned the floor high overhead and swung the ladle away. But he wasn't working swiftly. He acted as though he had all the time in the world. A stranger, soldiering. In no time at all Jock was over there beside him.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

The man looked up. That soft, pudgy face, those large brown eyes—where had Jock seen them before? "Harley Jackson," he said—and Jock remembered.

"Oh! You're the man that asked me for a job yesterday, ain't you?"

"Yes, sir. I——"

"Why ain't you in the hospital?"

"They let me out last night. They said I was——"

"Who brought you here?" Jock demanded then. "Who told you you could——"

"I did," came from above Jock's head, and he looked up.

It was Bill Fox. He was standing on the steel balcony that sloped inward toward the tapping-spout from the head of the stairs on either side, his ugly, battered face looking down over the guard rail—and Jock remembered something else. Bill Fox was the one who had carried this man to the ambulance. Bill had shoved the other men aside and hoisted the bum to his shoulder.

<sup>4</sup> *back-dropped*, made to stand out clearly, like an object against a curtain or other piece of stage-setting.

He had stalked away toward where the ambulance would appear at the foot of the ramp, his heavy voice growling so loud that it echoed down from the roof that brooded overhead.

Why? It was a mystery. Bill Fox was the toughest man on the quarter-mile length of the charging-floor. An excellent first helper, yes. There was never any need to worry about the furnace he had in charge. But surly, sullen, always ready for a fight. Jock had warned him more than once, had laid him off simply because there were too many black marks against him, had taken him back only because he had been unable to locate anyone else half as good on the job. He was still acting surly. Having announced his responsibility in this matter, he was charging down the stairs now like a man coming to a battle.

"I took him on," he repeated when he had reached the ground.

"Oh, you did, did you?" Jock rumbled. "And who told you you could hire men?"

"Nobody."

"I thought you had a third helper," Jock went on. "You told me yesterday—"

"No, I didn't tell you yesterday. I told you Chick was here, and when I started to tell you more, you whirled around and started talking to somebody else."

Yes, that was what had happened; Jock remembered it. But now was no time to agree with Bill Fox.

"So you sneaked this man in here this morning," he began, when Bill cut in again.

"No, I didn't sneak him in," he said. "I ain't in the habit of sneaking. I signed him up at the timekeeper's gate. I ain't had time to tell you about him because I've been busy tapping a heat and making bottom, but now I'll tell you. I hired a man. His name is Harley Jackson. He's going to third-help for

me. And if the cinder ain't cleaned out in time, it's going to be my fault, not yours."

"Hm-m!" Jock rumbled to himself. Strong language, that. Not the sort of talk an employee generally addresses to his boss. Backed up by a defiant glare from small black eyes, too. What was behind it? Bill Fox wasn't the sort of man who went around mothering bums. But he was doing it; and unless Jock was badly mistaken he proposed to keep it up. All right, let him! Up to a certain point, he was willing to let his men have their way; it made for better production.

"You know what'll happen if the cinders ain't cleaned out, don't you?" he said.

"I certainly do," said Bill.

"All right. Harley Jackson is your third helper," Jock said then. "And you're his boss. As first helper, you're responsible for whatever happens on this furnace."

And then, without so much as a glance at the pudgy-faced man who had been standing silently by, he strode away toward where a ladle-lining gang needed some talking to.

He took a thought along with him. He took two thoughts, in fact. One of them was that, whatever the motive behind this strange attitude of Bill's, it might result in his losing his evil humor, thereby converting him into a steel maker second to none. The other thought concerned Harley Jackson. Jock didn't believe in him at all. But as long as there was any chance that Bill Fox might turn into one of the steel men Jock was always looking for, he could stay on.

There didn't seem to be much hope, however. This was the conclusion Jock reached during the next few days. Harley Jackson stuck, yes. Each morning at eight he appeared in front of Number Six, to stay until quitting time. But the

manner of his sticking was one that didn't belong in steel; not only Jock but every man who worked beneath the ten-acre roof was saying so before a week had passed.

"A bum, that's all he is!" Such was the outspoken comment of Chick Williams, the lean-faced, hollow-eyed man who, as Bill Fox's second helper, was in a position to see everything that went on. "The rottenest bum I ever saw in all my life! When a man comes up to you and asks you for the price of a cup o' coffee, you generally slip him two bits, whether you like his looks or not. But when an imitation of one comes along and whines you into doing his work for him——"

Up went the hands. He had no words to express the way he felt about it. Neither did any of the others. For Harley Jackson was holding down his job in exactly that manner. Having slipped into the plant in a fashion as yet unknown and won Bill's interest by fainting, he was earning his pay by letting Bill do his work for him.

Not that he didn't pretend to work, for he did. With a pick and a shovel in his hands, and shoes with two-inch soles on his feet, he would walk across the floor, through one of the heat-soaked passageways that separated the Number Six furnace from its neighbors, and drop down the stairs to where his job awaited him as though he actually intended to work. But when Bill, catching him at it from his observation post on the balcony, charged down the stairs demanding that he speed up, he always had an alibi.

"I can't, Bill," he would whine. "I've been sick; I ain't feeling right yet. I try, but I can't."

Whereupon Bill, growling something unintelligible, would grab a pick and slog away at the hot stuff like a man possessed. Then, the cinder being cleaned out, the two of them would

come back up the stairs together, Harley to drop down on to the high-backed wooden bench that stood across the way from the eighty-foot front of the furnace as though he were all in, Bill to take up the other duties that awaited him.

It was unfair; everyone said so. Chick Williams even went so far as to say so to Bill. He had never had much use for Bill Fox. As a boss, Bill was all right, but as a companion to loaf with during the rest periods between jobs, he was no good at all. Too sullen, too surly. There was a limit, though, to what a man could see going on right under his nose without bursting into speech, and Chick reached it at last.

"Say, what's the big idea?" he demanded of Bill. "If you want to earn two pay checks, it's O. K. by me, but what the Sam Hill do you want to give one of 'em to that buzzard for?"

They were standing on the balcony, where Bill was arranging the ladle additions—one of the chores Harley was supposed to do. It was nearly noon, and Bill hadn't had a chance to sit down since he came to work. It showed on him, too. His eyes were sunken and bloodshot. But they could still glare. Chick got one.

"The big idea is this," he said. "What I do is my business, not yours."

"Sure. I know it. But——"

"And the sooner you get that into your head, the better off you'll be," Bill went on. "When I want advice from you, I'll ask for it."

That was enough for Chick. "O. K.," he said, and lifted his bony shoulders in a shrug. "But when you wake up dead some morning, don't tell me I didn't warn you."

But it wasn't O. K. with him. He demonstrated the fact later in the day. It happened to be one of those days when the cinder-pit was befouled twice during the eight-hour turn. Normally it occurs only once during a shift—a

circumstance for which all third helpers are exceedingly grateful. But once in a while, the steel-making cycle being the variable thing that it is, it befalls that one of the three shifts has to tap two heats. Such was the case this day; and Bill, already worn down by doing the work of two men, had to help Harley again.

Chick saw him start. Sitting on the wooden bench, he had watched Bill cross the floor and disappear through the passageway on the right of the furnace. Immediately he had jumped up and slipped through the one on the left. He arrived on the balcony just in time to see Bill go to work down below.

Chick was tired. He and Bill and the crew of Number Five had just finished making bottom—the toughest job in steel. They had been circling between dolomite pile<sup>5</sup> and open furnace doors for almost an hour, repairing the damage done by the heat of steel which had just been tapped. The job itself is a simple one. All it calls for is a good eye and a shovel. With your eye you spot a hole in the lining of the bottom—a pockmark which the boiling steel has eaten there; with your shovel you heave a load of the white, chalk-like pebbles into it.

But the conditions surrounding the job are anything but soft. The furnace is white hot, more than two thousand degrees of heat having soaked it for hours. In order to hit the holes, some of which are a good thirty feet away on the other side of the great oval pan, you have to walk directly up into that heat. You have to watch your step, too. Close in front of the furnace lie the narrow-gauge tracks, and just outside them is one of the rails on which the charging-machine runs. It would never do to trip. You have to watch your step through blue glasses, for otherwise you

would be blinded by the incandescent light from the furnace. And when you have to do this for almost an hour, stripped to the waist and sweating rivers, with dust from the dolomite gritty on the shovel handle— Yes, Chick was tired. But Bill was more so. And Chick, seeing him take up a pick to begin another man's job for the second time that day, dropped down the stairs to his side.

"Gimme that pick!" he demanded.

Bill straightened up slowly. "What's that?" he said.

"Gimme that pick, I said," and Chick stepped down on to the hot cinder, thin-soled shoes and all.

"What's the big idea?" Bill demanded.

"The idea is, I want that pick. Come on, hand it over. I'm sick of sitting around up there while you try to run a furnace all by yourself."

A slow smile spread itself across Bill's face. It wasn't a pleasant one to look at. "Oh, I see," he said. "You've got a sneaking idea you're going to horn in on this."

"I'm not trying to horn in on anything," Chick snapped. "I don't give a rap what you're up to. All I know is, you're going to kill yourself if you keep this up, and I won't have it. Now, gimme that pick and get out o' here."

Followed a long moment during which Bill said nothing. He stood there, his fatigue-clouded eyes bent upon his assistant in a puzzled, questioning look. Then he produced another sort of smile. It was the nearest to a friendly expression that Chick had ever seen on his battered face.

"All right, Chick, I guess I will," he said. "I am a little tired, and my brother here—"

His brother, it seemed, wasn't well; Bill said so in a voice which, once started, went on and on and on. He hadn't ever been well. It was a sickness

<sup>5</sup> *dolomite pile*, a pile of a kind of mineral used in making steel.

of the backbone rather than anything else, and Bill, after years of taking care of him, had finally told him he was through. That had been a year before, when Harley had written that he was in a jam and needed money badly. Bill had sent it, but had told him it was the last, and after that had refused to answer his letters. Then Harley had come to him.

"He couldn't find me because I'd moved," Bill said in a dull, dead voice. "I'd moved because I knew he'd come after me. He hunted me for a week, then he found me here. I saw him coming up the ramp, but I didn't let on I knew him. I'd told him I was through, and I was. Then he flopped."

Silence. Bill looked down at the sleek brown stuff on which they stood, his eyes seeing nothing. Chick, embarrassed by the tide of confidence for which he hadn't asked, fidgeted on his feet. Harley stood at one side, his face expressionless. Then Bill swallowed and went on.

"What could I do?" he said. "He was my brother. . . . I picked him up and carried him to the ambulance; then I took him home. He got what he came after all right; he got me started taking care of him again.

"This time, though, there's a difference," he went on, his voice taking on a hard, metallic quality and his eyes glaring at Harley. "This time you're going to do some taking care of yourself, or else you'll never be Harley Fox again. And if you don't start coming across and swinging it pretty soon, you and I are done for keeps."

That was all he said. As quickly as the fire had blazed in his eyes, it died. He turned his back on Harley. "Much obliged, Chick," he said, his voice dull once more. "I'll do as much for you some time."

Then he handed over his pick, climbed out of the cinder-pit, and

mounted the steep stairs like an old, old man.

"And that confounded, blubber-faced imitation of a half man stood there with a silly grin on his face—and let me do his job for him!" Chick said to Jock a few hours later.

It was quitting time when he said this. He and Jock were standing at the head of the ramp, down which Bill and Harley had gone a few minutes before. Jock, having heard of Chick's action, had arranged to be standing there when Chick went by, homeward bound. "They tell me you've been doing a little third helping," was the way he opened the subject. Chick had replied with, "Sure, I have. Did you think I was going to stand around and let a good man kill himself?" Then he had told Jock the rest of it.

"And now he's catching it," he added with satisfaction. "Look; if Bill ain't giving him Hail Columbia, I miss my guess."

Yes, Bill was giving him Hail Columbia; it was apparent in his gestures as they walked across the yard. But Jock was only half seeing them. He was lifting a hand to rasp it across the white bristles on his chin and giving vent to another thoughtful "Hm-rn!"

A brother. Strange that such a possibility hadn't occurred to him before. A brother—and Chick. From the one, whined alibis; from the other, an almost pugnacious helpfulness. And Bill still sullen, ungracious. It was a situation such as Jock had never encountered in all his years of handling men.

"Well, you never can tell, can you?" Jock said, and looked away down the long, littered floor that was sacred to workers only. "Sometimes it's one thing, sometimes it's another. But we'll have to call it off just the same. Tomorrow I'll give him his time."

"Why?" Chick demanded quickly. "What do you want to do that for?"



We haven't slowed up any, have we? Ain't we getting the tonnage out?"

"Yes, you are—so far. But that can't last forever. We don't hire three men for each furnace just because we want to spend money, you know. We hire 'em because it takes three men to work it right."

"Sure. I know it. But this is different." Chick was very much in earnest. "He's Bill's brother, and if Bill wants him to stick around, I say let him."

"Well!" Jock looked at Chick with eyes that twinkled. "Sort of sticking up for Bill, are you?"

"Me?" There was a look of surprise on Chick's face. Then, taking thought, he grinned. "Yes, maybe I am," he admitted.

At that, Jock chuckled. "All right," he said. "We'll let it ride along a little while longer. But, mind you," he added in his big-boss voice, "the minute your furnace shows any sign of slipping——"

No, sir, you never could tell. Even the hardest of men was likely to have a soft spot somewhere inside him—a spot which, once exposed, inspired similar revelations on the part of the others. As for the soft ones, maybe there were circumstances that would make them turn hard; there certainly ought to be in this case. If rubbing up against steel and the men in steel didn't uncover a hard spot in Harley Jackson, nothing else would.

In the meantime, get out the tonnage.

This was the state of things when double-turn time came around.

It must have been tough on Bill and Chick, swinging three jobs between them. It must have been a regular nightmare, in fact. They didn't have the rest spells they should have had. They were on their feet when they should have been loafing. But never a peep came out of them. They seldom spoke, even to each other. They just plugged doggedly along. And when

double-turn time came around, they looked as though they had been working day and night for a week.

"They'll never make it," was one of the remarks Jock heard from the men, who were now all openly watching the pair. "They'll be all in before eight o'clock; you mark my words."

"Hounds for punishment, them two boys," was another. "I never saw anything like it in all my life. If they want to kill themselves, why don't they go jump in the lake? It's a whole lot easier."

They were concerned, every hard-boiled man of them. They were curious, yes. They were bound to be, for none of them knew the truth of the situation. Bill, having talked once, had clamped his jaw tight shut again, and Chick, who up to then had been willing to talk to anyone, responded to tentative inquiries with a curt "What business is it of yours?" and went back to work. But their curiosity was almost completely submerged by their anxiety for the pair; Jock saw it in every remark that was made.

His answers were noncommittal. "Oh, I guess they'll get by," he said. "It takes more than a little extra work to put that pair on the rocks." But his thinking was not. Fatigue, he knew, led to carelessness, and carelessness on an open-hearth floor was dangerous. So he stayed close to Number Six—and saw, as the evening wore on, a demonstration of such spirit as had never before been shown beneath his ten-acre roof. It took the form of casual visits from one man after another.

"Goin' over to the rest'rant, Bill. Want a bottle o' milk or something?"

"Oh, Bill! Look here a minute. I got a bunch of recarburizer all made up, and I ain't got any use for it. I'll dump it around on the balcony for you, hey?"

"Say, you guys, we've been sittin' around till we're stiff as boards. Let us

take a crack at bottom-makin', will you?"

"Get out o' the way, Bill. I'll set that trough up for you. Get over on the bench and flop a while. You got one comin'."

They were being helpful. The men who had never had anything but harsh words from Bill were maneuvering to ease his load. And Bill, whose face had never worn anything but a scowl, looked at each of them with wonder in his eyes—and turned them down as they came.

"Why, much obliged," he said. "Much obliged, old man." There was no harshness in his voice. He spoke as though he were a little confused.

He saw something else, too: he saw Harley "Jackson" doing a lot of thinking. Harley was standing close by when the various offers were made; Bill was responsible for that. "Tired out, eh?" he had snarled earlier in the evening; and in his worn-down condition he hadn't tried to keep his voice low as he usually did; his words were heard two furnaces away. "Well, that's too bad! But you don't get any flops, not any more. You're staying on your feet along with Chick and me. Come on, grab that shovel. If you're still too weak to work, you can stand around and act like a worker, anyhow."

And Harley had complied. Now he was thinking. It showed in the way he looked after each man as he departed.

He was impressed; Jock could see it. Harley Jackson knew that these men were offering assistance out of the kindness of their hearts—and that he was the reason help was needed. That grin was not a silly one; it was an expression of embarrassment. He was looking at his brother, now. He was sizing him up in a way that he had never done before—and in the next moment was dropping his shovel and showing the stuff that had been hidden far inside him.

An accident was responsible, an accident of the sort that Jock had been fearing and that even his watchfulness had failed to forestall. As Jock thought it over afterward, it was easily explained. Bill, setting up the trough that conducted the hot metal into the furnace, had either been distracted by the offer of help or was so numbed by fatigue that he grew careless.

The trough was being swung into position by the crane. Its nose had been thrust into the furnace through the middle one of the three doors, the other end was swinging free. When the offer of help came, Bill was dragging into position the heavy steel rack which was the support for the back end, and after his slow-voiced "Much obliged" he turned back to finish the job. He set the rack in position. He signaled the crane-man, who sat in the pilot house above the outer edge of the floor. The trough was lowered. It settled down on to the rack and rested there securely—or seemed to. Then that crane rolled away, and the hot-metal crane came along.

Slowly, ponderously, the great steel bucket of a ladle floated into the sun-strong light that streamed out of the open furnace door. It held fifty tons of molten pig iron, and the massive girders that swung the load were rosy in the light that lifted up from it. It stopped behind the trough. It sank down into position. From above, between the girders, a cable dropped down like a snake from a tree. There was a hook on the end of it, and Bill stepped forward to engage the hook in a ring at the end of the ladle.

That done, he stepped to one side and waved his hand. The cable tightened. The ladle tipped forward slowly. A trickle of metal rose up over the lip of the spout, dropped, and struck the back end of the trough with a sputtering shower of sparks—a test to see if the ladle was correctly spotted. It was. Even

though the hot-metal craneman was unable to see the trough because the ladle was in the way, he seldom missed. Bill raised his hand in a signal: "O. K."—and the ladle tipped more. The trickle became a solid stream of molten fire.

It was then that the carelessness showed up. The heavy steel rack had been improperly set. The weight of the falling metal struck the trough. It trembled. The rack slipped, there was a hollow thump—and in the space of a heartbeat a river of fire was pouring backward, down, and sweeping across the floor directly toward Bill's feet.

Instantly all was confusion. A dozen voices yelled "Look-Kout!" A dozen men started toward the spot. Jock, the crews of Five and Seven, some from Four and Eight—all went racing toward where Bill looked death in the face. The ladle had stopped tipping. The crane-man, seeing the backward rush of metal, had halted the lift of the cable. But plenty of the molten death had swept out on the floor; Bill was trapped as definitely as though the entire fifty tons had escaped.

He had leaped away from the tide in the automatic reaction of any man in peril, and yelled as he did so. He had leaped to the top of a crumbling pile of dolomite. But that was as far as he got. Hands before his face, his clothes beginning to smoke, he stood there—and slowly, like a melting candle sank down into a heap.

It was death.

No man could long survive the awful heat that bathed him. Even though he didn't roll down into the pool that reached up for him with flickering tongues of flame, he couldn't inhale its breath very long and live. Had he been fully rested and strong, he might have stayed on his feet long enough to save himself. The craneman, quick to see his peril, had swung the ladle very close to him; he could have grabbed the tipping

cable and been lifted away to safety. But he wasn't strong enough. His long siege of extra labor had worn him down. And now he couldn't be reached. The surrounding pool of liquid fire was much too wide to jump across.

It was then that Harley acted. While other men, yelling loudly, milled around fruitlessly, Harley did the only thing possible under the circumstances.

He had seen it all. Standing perhaps ten feet back of Bill with that thoughtful, sizing-up look in his eyes, he had seen the tide of fire sweep backward. He had yelled as Bill jumped back, had leaped toward him, only to be stopped by the flood. He had watched Bill melt down into a senseless heap, then had disappeared, running. He didn't stay away long. Almost instantly he was back. He carried a rabbling bar—one of the ten-foot lengths of steel with which Bill stirred up the cooking bath from time to time. Its point, lumpy with a clot of frozen steel and slag, he was aiming at the pool, the loop of its handle was back behind his shoulder. And from the way he gripped it, Jock knew what he intended to do.

He was going to vault the pool. Regardless of risk, indifferent to the fact that the metal floor was smooth and the lump on the end of the rabbling bar was smoother, he was going to pole-vault across to where his brother lay. And even as he charged, even as Jock let out a bellow of warning and encouragement combined, Jock knew that from then on Harley was going to be a steel man. Up to this moment he had been the helped; from now on he was going to be a helper. It showed in his face.

On he came, his eyes ablaze, his lips a grim, straight line. He charged up on to a slippery, sparkling pile of ferromanganese.<sup>6</sup> He seemed to fly across

<sup>6</sup> *ferromanganese*, a mineral consisting of iron and manganese.



### He hoisted his brother into the air

the insecure footing of the crystalline, fist-sized rocks. Down went the lumpy point, sending up a shower of sparks as it struck the pool, up went Harley. He seemed to hang suspended over the flaming lake for minutes, then he went down.

He struck the pile of dolomite almost on top of Bill. He dropped the bar, stooped down to his brother, and hoisted him into the air. There was nothing of weakness in him now. Harley was a giant. Though his brother weighed pounds more than he did, he rose up like a feather. With one quick, sure

motion, indifferent to the smoke that began to puff out from his own clothes, he swung Bill out and dropped him, face down, in the V made by the junction of the tipping-cable and the ladle. That done, he jumped and grabbed the cable.

It was only a matter of moments before the two were sailing across the flaming lake to where many hands awaited them. And then, with a ring of open-mouthed faces gathered close around them and the smell of ammonia strong in the motionless air, one brother opened his bloodshot eyes, looked

around slowly, saw the smoking clothes of the other—and scowled.

"Did you do that?" he said.

"Sure I did," said Harley.

"All by yourself?" said Bill.

"No, I couldn't," said Harley. "You can't ever do anything by yourself, not around here. Everybody's a helper, you and everyone else. That made me out a piker. I figured that out tonight. So, when you flopped, I figured I had a chance to do a little myself."

That was when Bill grinned. It spread across his face like the glow from a ladle of hot metal. He flung a glance at Chick. He flashed his eyes at Jock. Then he looked at his brother again.

"Well, I'm a son of a gun!" he said.

"Are you?" Harley said quickly.

"Sure, I am," said Bill.

"Then I must be one, too," Harley said, with a grin.

"Yeah?" Bill sat upright. "Yeah?" He got to his feet. "Why, so you are," he added. "If I'm a son of a gun, you are, too. You've got to be. We're brothers!"

### STUDY AIDS

1. This is a familiar type of story found in the popular magazines—a "human-interest" story against a background of an industry the details of which appeal to a large number of readers. Name some facts concerning the steel industry that you learned from reading this story.

2. How does Bill's attitude toward Harley Jackson affect Chick and the other men? How does the men's attitude affect Harley? How is Bill himself changed? How is Harley's real nature brought to the surface?

### EXTENSION READING

Hall, Herschel S., *Steel Preferred*. Wally Gay has many exciting adventures in Steelburg.

Hawks, Ellison, *Boys' Book of Remarkable Machinery*. The machinery of a steel forging mill is described simply.

## RIDING THE GIRDERS\*

MARGARET NORRIS

France long held the distinction of having built the tallest structure in the world—the Eiffel Tower, which was finished in 1889 and is 984 feet high. But some of the more recent structures in New York City now surpass the Eiffel Tower; among them are the Chrysler Building, the Bank of Manhattan Building, and the Empire State Building. How these towering structures are erected is a fascinating story. The daring men who "ride the girders" engage in a career more constantly perilous than that of adventurers in a jungle.

UP FROM the city streets goes the skyscraper, higher and ever higher until its tower pierces the clouds, a misty outline of shining steel and pale moon-colored masonry. A few years ago a twenty-story building was high. People looked from its top windows and grew dizzy. Then other buildings shot up which made twenty-story structures look like mushrooms. Today buildings rival one another in height, until the distinction of being the highest in the world is as transitory as if written in the sand. The Woolworth Tower with its fifty-four stories was dwarfed by the Chrysler Building, with a pointed, shimmering spire which is fifty feet higher than the Eiffel Tower. This, in turn, was outdone by the Empire State Building on the site of the old Waldorf Astoria Hotel, twelve hundred and fifty feet from base to summit, the highest man-made structure—one hundred and two stories, including the tower. Yet, it is quite possible that within the next decade some new steel giant may rise to eclipse this, as well.

How high can a skyscraper go? Architects say, as high as the air is breathable. Steel can stand any strain. Eleva-

\* This selection, from *Heroes and Hazards*, is used by permission of the author and The Macmillan Company, publishers.

tor men maintain that one hundred and fifty stories is the feasible limit. After that the car must travel so fast as to make passage uncomfortable, and the expense would make it logical to charge passengers a fare for the ride.

Before the elevator was invented, six stories was the limit. Even our grandfathers with their sturdy calves refused to climb any higher.

Nowadays, in gauging the height of a building, the first factor to be considered is the condition of the sub-strata.<sup>1</sup> Chicago saw the first skyscraper, but New York now builds higher and probably always will do so, for Manhattan Island is solid rock, while the site of Chicago is sandy soil. The fear has been expressed that some day the sheer weight of her buildings will make Manhattan Island sink into the sea. But this fear is groundless. It has been proved that the rock excavated for the foundations of a great building invariably outweighs the building itself. The innumerable towers of fantastic height which adorn the New York sky line have actually lightened Manhattan's load.

A skyscraper, whether of six stories or of sixty, is a very special thing—namely, a steel skeleton, the walls of which bear no weight but are merely curtains of masonry. The load is taken off the walls by crossbeams of structural steel, which, riveted together, support the floor of each story. Thus, from the architect's standpoint the building might rise indefinitely.

Structural steel is the factor which binds together the whole skyscraper. Until iron was replaced by steel it was not possible to build to such heights. For iron beams and columns have to be bolted together, while steel can be riveted. No bolt is as strong as a rivet, which, forced red hot into the punch-hole, fills it up, fuses with its walls, and

becomes an integral part of both floor beam and column.

With the use of steel has come into existence a fearless, daring type of workman, who walks the naked girders and rivets the skyscraper together. These men are called structural ironworkers. The description is misleading, for they actually work on steel, not on iron.

Of the thirty-two trades that enter into the building of a skyscraper, the ironworker runs the greatest risk. No one who works on a building is safe. The construction company planks and decks, puts out riggers and barricades to protect the public, but the men who do the actual construction take tremendous hazards. Published reports tend to minimize the number of casualties, but an honest foreman will tell you that no great building has ever been erected in which many workmen were not killed.

Most of the trades, however, are protected by union requirements for safety which are recognized and respected. For instance, the bricklayer works on a scaffold which must be at least four planks wide with a guard rail around it and a planked roof over it to ward off falling objects. But the steelworker strides across needle beams (a needle beam is four inches wide) at heights to make a professional ropewalker cringe. Two hundred, five hundred feet up in the air, he spans the fathomless gulf between one steel column and another on a narrow ten-inch plank, carrying heavy tools or an armful of planks, with nothing between him and eternity except his own uncanny skill, his nerve, and his fine sense of balance. Instead of sweet music, such as accompanies the circus or stage acrobat, he has the terrific noise of the rivet hammers.

Yet, "The sound of the rivets is sweet music to me," said one assistant foreman, a big husky fellow with a twinkle in his eye. "It means the work is going O. K."

<sup>1</sup> *sub-strata*, the layers of rock or soil beneath the surface.



For these men poised precariously on the top do heavy, highly skilled work. They shift and swing clumsy steel burdens capable of destroying everything if they fall; raise and lower vast girders and beams, each painstakingly numbered to correspond with the architect's drawing, until every rivet hole fits to a sixteenth of an inch with some other rivet hole; bolt up the columns, plumb them up, toss and drive red-hot rivets. It is labor that is actual—and dangerous—and hard.

"Lots of fellows can climb; but, unless they can work when they get there, they are nothing but a picture silhouetted against the sky," said Owen Eachus, superintendent of steel at the new Waldorf Astoria Hotel building. "That's why we've no use for these 'stunt' fellows like the human fly. An iron worker has to have brains."

"How does he acquire his sense of balance?"

"He's got to be clever with his feet," answered Mr. Eachus. "It's a knack he's born with, to some extent. Watch a group of youngsters playing. One boy runs along the top of the fence as easily as though on the ground. Another gets dizzy if he looks down ten feet. Forty years ago I worked for a man who could run along a three-inch beam handling his feet like a cat. That fellow never had an accident. His name was Joe Brandt. He built the Pennsylvania train shed at Jersey City. He always wore a swallow-tailed coat, fine gloves, and thin kid shoes. But no one could dictate his costume, because he was the Boss. His brother, Andy Brandt, was the contractor. Clever steel men, both of them. Joe would stride along the top of the steel, his pigeon-tails flapping behind, then come down, wash his face, and go off to a swell dinner. The ironworker's clothes have changed since then, but the knack is just the same."

"How did you get the knack?"

"Well, it just came to me naturally. As a kid of eighteen I applied for the job of water boy on a bridge that was being built over the Juniata River." But instead of water, the foreman gave me rivets to carry up to the gang. I've been on the job for forty years and never broke a bone. Of course, I've had two or three fingers pinched off at the ends, but that's all."

"How many steel men have a record like that?"

"Only one that I know of—Jacob Greiner, and he died New Year's Day. No one knew just how old Jake was, but he'd been through the Civil War and had been an ironworker for sixty-two years. He worked up to three weeks before his death. Of course, the last fifteen or twenty years he didn't do much climbing, just odd jobs around the building."

Younger workmen, however, when questioned by this reporter, explain that this sense of balance at great heights is not acquired suddenly, but comes with years of practice.

"Why," said a red-headed foreman, "I've seen men without training, finding themselves on a narrow beam with no handhold, fall flat on their stomachs, clutch the beam, wrap themselves around it, shut their eyes, and gasp as though drowning. Ten stories doesn't seem high looking up, but looking down—"

"I doubt if some of those aviators could stand it at first. An aviator a mile up in the air looks down to see a beautiful map, a checkerboard of woods and fields. But the ironworker looks down to see the converging lines of the building rushing away from him down to the street. It's this that makes you feel sick, like plunging."

"The 'knack,'" he explained, "is a feeling of being able to tell without looking that there is empty space be-

<sup>2</sup> *Juniata River*, a river in Pennsylvania.



hind you. Once you get this, your feet take care of themselves; you can look wherever you like. But until this feeling is acquired, you can't work at full speed; you feel uneasy, tight, and constricted—as though you had hobbles on. Once acquired, this knack must be practiced. If you lay off the job too long, you lose it and feel queer again. When a fellow comes back to work after an accident that has laid him up, say a year, I set him to jerking bells<sup>3</sup> at first until he gets the feel of the girders again."

Thus, with years of experience these men develop an indifference to height which we poor bipeds who walk the earth never really attain.

"Give me the top of a building for safety—on the street some truck will get you," said a jolly, swaggering Irishman who worked on the Empire State Building. "The other morning on my way to the job a big car struck me and knocked me out for half an hour. Say, I had to miss a whole day's work. Yes, the top of the building for me—and I mean the top. What's the difference between the tenth story and the hundredth? If you fall, either one will kill you."

The strange sense of security these men feel while defying the laws of gravity is really the outgrowth of caution, so constant, so deeply ingrained that it has become unconscious, part and parcel of their beings. The swift graceful ease with which they move through the tall spider web of steel gives an outward impression of recklessness. But this is erroneous. The ironworker who takes a risk seldom lives to boast of it. Rather, an ironworker does dangerous work so cautiously that finally it is not dangerous at all. That is why he can walk the top-most beam of a building whose height is one of the miracles of our century.

Now, every job in the building is regulated by the progress of steel. Over the

desk in the contractor's office hangs the architect's sketch of the building, fine intricate lines of black on white; and on this progress is indicated. How many stories go up in a week varies with the area involved and the amount of steel to be hoisted. And it is the steelworker who clambers up ahead to set the columns for each new story. As the delicate, spare steel skeleton rises, the other workmen begin to arrive. After five or six stories of steel have gone up, the masonry begins to blossom out.

Suppose a skyscraper is to be built in New York. Simultaneously with the wrecking of the old building, the foundations for the new one are laid. And the morning these foundations are ready for steel, the ironworkers begin to arrive.

To quote a famous contractor, "They are gloriously rash and hazardous young men, as was said of the Earl of Bothwell,<sup>4</sup> who eloped with Mary, Queen of Scots."

They wear rubber-soled shoes, brown denim overalls belted at the waist, and even their caps and hats are rakish. The masons, bricklayers, and carpenters who follow up as the job proceeds, refer to them as "the roughnecks up above yuh."

But the roughnecks don't mind good-natured jokes cracked at their expense. They themselves are past-masters of banter. "All bricklayers have flat feet," they retort. When asked by a green reporter if the engineer was an ironworker, too, one man's reply was, "Naw, he's too dumb to be an ironworker. All he does is to fix our mistakes. But knock an ironworker's brains out, and you'll make an engineer of him."

\* \* \*

"One of the cleverest men, physically speaking, I ever had in my outfit was a Frenchman," said the steel superintendent.

<sup>3</sup> *jerking bells*, that is, signaling to raise or lower a load of steel or other material.

<sup>4</sup> *Earl of Bothwell*, a Scottish nobleman whose many rash adventures were climaxed by his elopement with the young queen.

ent. "We were building the old Hoffman House on Broadway. Frenchy was working on an outside wall channel,<sup>5</sup> put there to carry brick from one story to the next. There he was, ten stories up, walking a two-and-one-half-inch flange to take off the rope sling that held the channel in place. He unhooked the block,<sup>6</sup> but when the sling dropped, it overbalanced him. Clean outside the building, mind you, and ten stories up. But as he fell, his toe caught in the channel below him, and from this meager toehold he swung himself into the building again on the ninth floor, which was already planked.

"I happened to witness this incident, or I never should have heard of it, for he made no mention of it. Got right up and went to work. I said, 'Are you hurt?' but he said 'No, I'm all right,' with a nonchalant shrug of his shoulders. He was a dark, curly-haired, handsome boy, but I've lost track of him, unfortunately."

"I once had an Italian working for me," said a rivet foreman called Whitey, "and say, that man was good. Romeo, we called him. Once while riveting on the tenth story, Romeo lost his footing and started to fall. Naturally, when that happens, you grab anything you can reach—a cross plank, the hose, the flange of a girder. Well, about six feet down Romeo got a handhold on a lower flange. A bunch of us rushed to his help, seized his wrists, and tried to pull him up.

"'Let go, Romeo,' we shouted, 'We've got you!' But—'Me no let go! Me no let go!' he called as he kicked in the air. We practically had to knock him off that beam."

It is men of these kinds who arrive when the foundation is ready for steel.

The full amount of building material required for a big city structure cannot

be assembled on the site in advance. There is no storage space, and traffic cannot be blocked. A skyscraper is built piece by piece from trucks standing in the city streets. It may come from mills and quarries hundreds of miles away, and each piece must arrive at the moment it is needed, not before or after. The engineer figures the exact supply that must be on hand at a certain time and gives the proper warning the necessary number of days in advance. From New York to Pittsburgh, six days' warning is needed for the steel. Eighty hours after the girders are finished at the mills, they are in place in the structure. Without precise management of this kind, the whole job may be hamstrung.<sup>7</sup>

At exactly its allotted moment the first truckload of steel arrives. Then the derricks go up. They take their name from a seventeenth-century hangman.

As the steel skeleton rises, the derricks also rise until they are on the top at last. Taller buildings have relay derricks, twenty-five to thirty floors apart. In the Empire State Building, for instance, the derrick on the twenty-fifth floor took the steel off the street. The one on the fifty-second floor took it from the twenty-fifth. A tower derrick on the eighty-sixth floor lifted the steel from the fifty-second floor and carried it to the tiptop spire.

Suppose the derrick stands on a framework on the twenty-fifth floor. Its crew works on the lightly bolted skeleton of the twenty-sixth. For every derrick has its gang, the men who do the actual erection and lay the footing for the other men to work on.

On the derrick floor is "the man with the blue print," who reads the numbers of the steel pieces as they arrive and sorts them. The hook-up man hooks the steel on the derrick. In his shanty on the tenth floor is the hoisting engineer, who runs the engine by signals. The

<sup>5</sup> *channel*, a long box-like trough. <sup>6</sup> *block*, a grooved pulley in a frame.

<sup>7</sup> *hamstrung*, crippled.

signalman stands at the top and rings the bells that tell the engineer what to do. One bell means to go; another to stop; two bells means to lower. Confusion of these signals may cause fatal disaster.

The engineer cannot see the men poised precariously above him. He moves his levers to the tinkle of a bell blurred by the rivet hammers. As the bell rings, he shuts the power off. As it rings again, he lifts. Up goes the load, steadily, gently, until it swings out over the top. If it should happen to catch under some beam, the sling would snap like cotton cord.

Up above, the derrick is directed by an assistant foreman called a "pusher," who, like a profane orchestra director, directs each movement of the crew. He yells at the bull-stick man who turns the boom; signals violently with arms and hands to the man who yanks the engineer's bell. The sluggish load swings over; the fall line drops an inch, another half-inch, until the two rivet holes exactly coincide.

Now come the two connectors, straddling an unsteady bar three hundred feet above the street, to slip their bolts into place. The connectors are always at the very summit of every rising structure. It is they who walk where steel beams are thinnest, the foothold most precarious. The connectors take the greatest risk. Many of them are killed. To quote one derrick pusher, they "wear out the most clothes."

The connector shinnies up the steel column on his hands and knees and toes, monkey-fashion, as a sailor climbs a rope, carrying in his pocket twenty pounds of bolts; his wrench or maul is stuck in his belt like a scabbard. It is against the rules to ride the derrick up. Insurance rules forbid it. Yet some men insist it is no more dangerous and do it, just to swagger. The connector is the real pioneer who precedes all the others. He

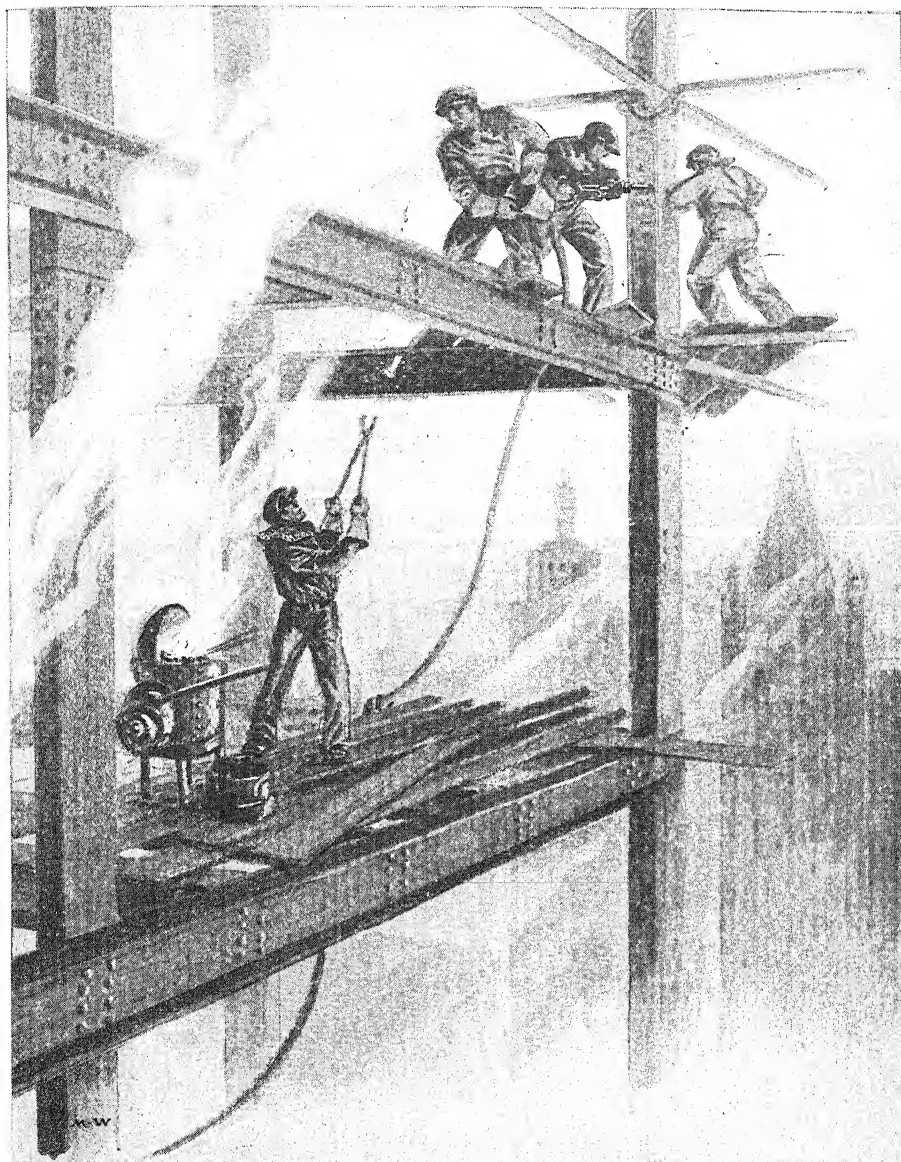
is called the bolter-up, since he bolts up the beams temporarily. Then it remains to plumb the column before the riveters seal up the connection.

For this, a plumber-up or his apprentice climbs to the top of a column and lets fall a plumb line, the leanings of which are marked. The line must be true to a hair's breadth. Then he rigs up the wire guys and turnbuckles, and the column is ready for the riveters, who follow two or three floors below.

The riveter is not one man but four—the heater, the catcher, the bucker-up, and the gunman. These men overlap one another in service and teach one another what they know. All steel construction is done in teamwork, but the closest teamwork of all is among the riveting gang. The difference between a gang who can drive 600 rivets a day and a gang who drive only 300 is one of co-ordination and smoothness. They must learn not to make mistakes and not to waste a minute. They must know to just what shade of glowing red to heat a rivet; how to drive it and when to stop driving it; how to brace themselves against a driving wind, and, if the wind comes in gusts, what to do if they get all braced and the wind doesn't come.

Rivets are carried up to the job by a rivet boy or apprentice. Apprenticeship usually takes two years, and the boys apply in hundreds. Particular aptitude for the work or some lucky-unlucky chance may make him a riveter in less time than this.

The boy dumps his rivets in a keg on the platform of loose boards roped to the girder where stands the small coke furnace tended by the heater. The heater wears heavy clothes and gloves for protection from the intense heat and flying sparks, and holds in one hand a pair of tongs about three feet long. When a rivet is needed, he whirls the furnace blower until the coke is white-hot, picks up a rivet with his tongs, and thrusts it



The heater, the catcher, the bucker-up, and the gunman

into the fire. Part of his skill is knowing just how long to keep it there. If he overheats it, it will flake and turn in the hole, and the inspector will bawl out the entire gang.

He now turns to face the catcher, who stands at the connection they are sealing

up, anywhere from ten to sixty feet distant. It may be on the same level as the heater himself, or it may be on the story above or below him. The furnace is heavy, and it saves time if it isn't moved during a two-story construction. In his left hand the catcher holds a battered

can, about as big as an undersized milk pail, funnel-shaped. In this he catches the rivet. If he moves more than a step in either direction, he is gone. If he lets the rivet fall, it is quite capable of drilling a hole in a paved street, or in the skull of a man. With an easy nonchalance, the catcher holds out his rusty bucket. One handle of the heater's tongs relaxes, the red-hot piece of iron arcs through the air in a flaming parabola. The catcher's can clinks.

Why more rivets do not fall is one of the miracles of construction. In 1930, during the erection of the Bank of Manhattan Building in the congested Wall Street district with thousands of people milling around the structure, a curious pedestrian asked a foreman:

"What would happen if a catcher should let a rivet go by him at the lunch hour?"

"Well, he's not supposed to," said the foreman deliberately.

"Catching is as good a job as any," said a handsome dark young iron-worker whose slow drawl explained his nickname, "Alabama."

"Did you ever let a rivet fall?" I asked him.

The question brought a sheepish grin. "I dropped one at 4:28 this afternoon," he replied.

"Any one hurt?"

"No, I was lucky."

On his left foot Alabama wears a specially made shoe with a sole an inch and a half thick, to raise this leg to the level of the right one.

"How'd it happen?"

"Once I took a five-story tumble that landed me in a rock pile. Broke my hip."

"Was that all it did?"

"Dislocated my shoulder and landed me in the hospital a few months. But I was just a kid and healed quickly."

"Doesn't the short leg interfere with your work?"

"No, nor with my dancing either. The girls like me just the same."

"Any other accidents?"

"Oh"—nonchalantly—"the other leg's been broken, too. A girder rolled over and knocked me down. Caught me in the calf of the leg and broke both bones."

"When was this?"

"Let's see." He puckered his black brows. "Must have been 'round 1922. I've been broken up so much I can't keep track."

"I once let a rivet go by me," said the pusher named Whitey, "but it wasn't entirely my fault. There was some rubbish on my platform, and, as I stooped over to shove it off, the heater mistook my gesture and threw the rivet. It caught me in the corner of the eye." He indicated a deeply seared scar a quarter-inch from the eyeball. "Only grazed me. I was lucky, but I wore a bandage for months."

"Kept on working?"

"Sure, after the first few weeks."

But the heater and the catcher are only half the rivet gang. The final sealing up is done by the buckner-up and gunman. Meanwhile, these two have prepared the connection by removing the temporary bolt and aligning the two holes with a drift pin.<sup>8</sup> When the rivet strikes the catcher's can, he picks it out with a pair of tongs, knocks it sharply against the steel to shake off the glowing flakes, and rams it into the hole. Now the other two take over the job.

With a heavy bar, affectionately called a dolly bar, the buckner-up braces himself against the capped end of the rivet, and the gunman lifts his pneumatic hammer against the other end. With one elbow wrapped around the girder, his weight swinging far out over the street, the buckner-up braces himself

<sup>8</sup> *drift pin*, a kind of steel punch which is driven into the rivet holes to put them in exactly the same line before the bolt is inserted.

against the terrific jar of the rivet hammer.

Physically speaking, the gunman's work is the hardest. His gun weighs thirty-five pounds and, propelled by its mighty air trigger, strikes 1000 blows a minute. His entire weight pressed against it, he holds it there fifteen to twenty seconds, while the platform of loose boards where he stands rattles like stones and the tremendous reverberation is felt the entire length of the steel column twenty-six stories below. The concussion to his arms and ears is terrific. All ironworkers eventually become a trifle deaf—if not more so.

With the slippery barrel of his gun in one hand, palm of the other pressed tight against the air trigger, the gunman leans in hard and trusts to luck he will not be shaken off. As the strain grows intolerable, the buck-up or the catcher may change places with him to relieve him. But he doesn't let them do this too often. It might make him seem "sissified."

After all the holes in a connection have been sealed up, the inspector comes to look over the job. If one of the rivets is too loose, he condemns it; it may throw the whole structure out of gear. The inspector is called the "trouble man."

"How many rivets we drive in a day depends on how cranky he is," said one of the gang.

Whitey, the rivet foreman, is a young man around thirty, with a mop of tawny, wavy hair, and shoulders at least half again as broad as his slim waist and hips. He comes from New England, of a family resident there for several generations and back of that English, and he is proud of it. He has been an ironworker for fifteen years. Like the majority of his trade, he drifted into it "as a kid on the loose." Framed on a wall of his home in Brooklyn hangs a Certificate of Superior Craftsmanship, awarded

each year by the Building Congress to the outstanding man of his trade. Whitey's is dated 1929. His only comment when this was mentioned was:

"Well, I got a good feed out of it."

Whitey's real name is Paul Rockhold, but he has also been called "Prince of Wales of the Girders." This title was given five years ago by one of the surgeons in the Reconstruction Hospital, where he spent eight months after a tumble from the twelfth story of a building on Riverside Drive. The results of that fall, summed up briefly, were: ten fractures of the leg between hip and knee; one double fracture of the arm; enough shock to kill anyone.

As he lay there, his leg in a Balkan frame,<sup>9</sup> he talked about the girders, how he was longing to ride 'em again.

"Why weren't you killed in that fall?" he was asked.

"I was derrick pusher at the time," he grinned, "sitting up astride a needle beam, steady as anything. I don't know what knocked me off—maybe a puff of wind. I never shall know how it happened, for life was a blank from that moment until four days later, when I awakened in the hospital—mostly bandages. I suppose the thing that saved my life is that four stories from the bottom I hit a loose board lying across a bricklayer's scaffold. Believe it or not, I didn't break that plank. But it acted as a springboard, whirling me over and over in the air to a pile of debris on the first floor. For twenty-two months I wore a flexible brace with joints at the foot and the knee, and I worked six months with that brace on. Now I have scarcely a perceptible limp.

"Oh, I'm lucky, all right," he continued. "Five years earlier I had another close call. I was working on a wireless tower at the Annapolis Naval

<sup>9</sup> *Balkan frame*, a kind of metal sling used to keep the leg from getting shorter while the bones are knitting.



Station, one of the tallest towers of its kind in the world. I was driving rivets at the five-hundred-foot level; it was time to quit, and I thought I'd ride down with the hoist. How did I know the engineer had neglected to put in the cog that holds the cable fast?

"You see, up to a certain weight the cable of the hoist is held fast by friction, and there were already five men in the hoist when I stepped in it. My added weight kicked the friction out and sent us all crashing down toward eternity. The engineer was banking the fire for the night, but he made one lightning-quick movement, shut off the power, and stopped us two hundred feet from the bottom. The stop was so sudden, the great hoist swung up and down in a radius of fifty feet for at least two minutes—that seemed like forever."

"Anyone hurt?"

"We got our hair rumped. Nerves, too, perhaps."

"Ever been really scared up at the top?"

"Yes, and scared plenty. But when that happens, you've got to beat that scare."

"How?"

"Get fighting-mad. Once I was working on an airplane hangar—only about one hundred feet up, but with a heavy wind coming across the river. I was carrying a plank across an eight-inch, steeply slanting truss. Concrete below. I had the plank pointed into the wind so it wouldn't throw me, when suddenly the wind changed and I fell. Lucky for me, the plank caught cross-wise on two beams, and I held on to it. Well, there was cold sweat on my eyebrows and my hair rose stiff on my scalp. Then all of a sudden I got fighting-mad. I got up and walked up that truss, swearing a blue streak."

\* \* \*

"What happens if a man gets killed on the job?"

"The rest of us knock off for the day. One of my pals was killed just last month. Funny about that fellow. About two years ago the doctors sent him to the country for tuberculosis, saying he couldn't live six months. In less than six months he was back on the job; then, about eighteen months later, a sling on the derrick broke; something fell on him, and—well, that finished him. We all knocked off for the day, but the next day we worked and gave our wages to his widow. The fellow beat the tuberculosis, but he didn't beat the iron game."

Few ironworkers live to be old; but if a man is lucky in accidents, his skill may increase with the years. A man with a stiff arm can still be bolter-up because, working singly, he can favor the bad arm; but he can't do teamwork, like riveting. Usually a man keeps at it until his foot slips. There are men of fifty and sixty who still ride the girders with the agility of a young blood of twenty. Like the old dare-devil fire-fighter, the iron man wants to die with his boots on. . . .

What is the thing that keeps them going? Excitement? That's part of it. The young men see how well the older men work and are fired by the desire to rival them. And so the thing gets in the blood. They stick by the steel for the same reason that the sailor sticks by the sea, the railroad engineer by his locomotive, the fireman by his hook and ladder.

"You get to love it and can't quit it," says Whitey. "Life down on the street's too slow. Who wants to be a pencil-pusher after he's worked with steel—or a common laborer either? There's also the pride of achievement. It's nice to point to a suspension bridge or a building and say, 'I helped erect that.'"

"Back of it is a sort of consuming desire to beat the game, beat the ironwork. If we're clever, why aren't our chances





Excitement - and a consuming desire to beat the game

as good as those of the man on the street? You seldom find an ironworker who's ready to quit."

So, while theorists lament that the machine age is making robots and au-

tomatons of all men, here is one type of workman, the steel man, the very spirit of the skyscraper, a direct product of the power age, whose personality the machine age exalts.

## STUDY AIDS

1. State briefly some of the facts you have learned from this article about the possible height of steel buildings; the elevators; the foundations; the walls; the delivery of material on time.

2. What special qualifications must an ironworker have? Illustrate by one or two quotations from the article. What shows his good nature in the midst of danger?

3. Describe the work of the derrick crew; of the "connectors"; of the riveters.

4. Relate some of the accidents of "Alabama"; of Whitey. Which man was to you the more likable? The more daring? What is your final impression of ironworkers as a class?

5. Judging from what this article tells you of the ironworker, do you think the spirit of modern industry is good-humored and efficient? Cite incidents.

*Reportorial Writing.* This article, which first appeared in a weekly magazine, is a bit of "reporting"; it is also called a "special article." The author, using the method of the reporter on a daily newspaper, interviewed foremen and workers in the building trades; then she wrote out the most interesting answers and her own observations to give us an idea of the work and the workers necessary in erecting a skyscraper. This type of article is intended for rapid reading. The writer does not attempt to express the thought in the most polished and literary form; she aims mainly at making the language sound as natural as conversation.

(a) Pick out passages where the conversation is slangy. Does this feature increase the vividness and sense of reality?

(b) Point out an explanation of some process that the author made especially clear. Point out a passage that gives a picturesque and realistic idea of some feature of the ironworker's duties.

## EXTENSION READING

This article has been reprinted, with several other articles, in a book entitled *Heroes and Hazards*, by Margaret Norris. Other dangerous kinds of work are discussed clearly and vividly, and you may enjoy reading several of the chapters.

## PRAYERS OF STEEL\*

CARL SANDBURG

LAY me on an anvil, O God.

Beat me and hammer me into a crowbar.

Let me pry loose old walls.

Let me lift and loosen old foundations.

Lay me on an anvil, O God.

Beat me and hammer me into a steel spike.

Drive me into the girders that hold a skyscraper together.

Take red-hot rivets and fasten me into the central girders.

Let me be the great nail holding a skyscraper through blue nights into white stars.

\* From *Cornhuskers*, by Carl Sandburg, by permission of Henry Holt and Company, publishers.

## HOW I LEARNED TO FLY

ORVILLE WRIGHT

*(As Told to Leslie Quirk)*

The following selection will give you the true history of one of the greatest inventions of our century. It will make clear how little either chance or accident had to do with the result. In the days before the men flew, the Wright brothers were young men earning a living by running a bicycle shop in Dayton, Ohio, but giving all their best thought to the problem of flying. As you read, think of the immense historical importance of that day in December, 1903, when a plane actually flew under its own power for nearly a minute.

I SUPPOSE my brother and I always wanted to fly. Every youngster wants to, doesn't he? But it was not until we were out of school that the ambition took definite form.

We had read a good deal on the subject, and we had studied Lilienthal's<sup>1</sup> tables of figures with awe. Then one day, as it were, we said to each other: "Why not? Here are scientific calculations, based upon actual tests, to show us the sustaining powers of planes. We can spare a few weeks of each year. Suppose, instead of going off somewhere to loaf, we put in our vacations by building and flying gliders."<sup>2</sup> I don't believe we dared think beyond gliders at that time—not aloud, at least.

That year—it was 1900—we went down to North Carolina, near Kitty Hawk. There were hills there in plenty, and not too many people about to scoff. Building that first glider was the best fun we'd ever had, too, despite the fact that we put it together as accurately as a watchmaker assembles and adjusts his finest timepiece. You see, we knew how to work because Lilienthal had made his tables years before, and men like Chanute,<sup>3</sup> for example, had verified them.

To our great disappointment, however, the glider was not the success we had expected. It didn't behave as the figures on which it was constructed vouched that it should. Something was wrong. We looked at each other silently, and at the machine, and at the mass of figures compiled by Lilienthal. Then we proved up on them to see if we had slipped somewhere. If we had, we couldn't find the error; so we packed and went home. We were agreed that we hadn't built our glider according to the scientific specifications. But there was another year coming, and we weren't discouraged. We had just begun.

We had written to Chanute, who was an engineer in Chicago at the time. We

told him about our glider; we drew sketches of it for him; we set down long rows of figures. And then we wound up our letter by begging him to explain why the tables of Lilienthal, which he had verified by experiments of his own, could not be proved by our machine.

Chanute didn't know. He wrote back that it might be due to a different curve or pitch of surfaces on the planes, or something like that. But he was interested just the same, and when we went to Kitty Hawk in 1901, we invited him to visit our camp.

Chanute came. Just before he left Chicago, I recall his telling us, he had read and O. K.'d the proofs of an article on *aëronautics* which he had prepared for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, in which he again told of verifying Lilienthal's tables.

Well, he came to Kitty Hawk, and after he had looked our glider over carefully, he said frankly that the trouble was not with any errors of construction in our machine. And right then all of us, I suspect, began to lose faith in Lilienthal and his gospel figures.

We had made a few flights the first year, and we made about 700 in 1901. Then we went back to Dayton to begin all over. It was like groping in the dark. Lilienthal's figures were not to be relied upon. Nobody else had done any scientific experimenting along these lines. Worst of all, we did not have money enough to build our glider with various sizes and types of planes or wings simply to determine, in actual practice, which was the best. There was only the alternative of working out tables of our own. So we set to work along this line.

We took little bits of metal, and we fashioned planes from them. I've still a deskful in my office in Dayton. There are flat ones, concave ones, convex ones, square ones, oblong ones, and scores and scores of other shapes and sizes. Each

<sup>1</sup> Lilienthal, Otto (1848-1896), a German inventor interested in airplanes. <sup>2</sup> gliders, machines somewhat like airplanes but having no motor. <sup>3</sup> Chanute, Octave (1832-1910), a French-American inventor and *aëronautic* expert.

model contains six square inches. When we built our third glider the following year, ignoring Lilienthal altogether and constructing it from our own figures, we made the planes just 7200 times the size of those little metal models back at Dayton.

It was hard work, of course, to get our figures right: to achieve the plane giving the greatest efficiency, and to know before we built that plane the exact proportion of efficiency we could expect. Of course, there were some books on the subject that were helpful. We went to the Dayton libraries and read what we could find there; afterwards, when we had reached the same ends by months and months of study and experiment, we heard of other books that would have smoothed the way.

But those metal models told us how to build. By this time, too, Chanute was convinced that Lilienthal's tables were obsolete or inaccurate, and was wishing his utmost that he was not on record in an encyclopedia as verifying them.

During 1902 we made upward of 1400 flights, sometimes going up a hundred or more times in a single day. Our runway was short, and it required a wind with a velocity of at least twelve miles an hour to lift the machine. I recall sitting in it, ready to cast off, one still day when the breeze seemed approaching. It came presently, rippling the daisies in the field, and just as it reached me, I started the glider on the runway. But the innocent appearing breeze was a whirlwind. It jerked the front of the machine sharply upward. I tilted my rudder to descend. Then the breeze spun downward, driving the glider to the ground with a tremendous shock and spinning me out head first. That's just a sample of what we had to learn about air currents; nobody had ever heard of "holes" in the air at that time. We had to go ahead and discover everything for ourselves.

But we glided successfully that summer, and we began to dream of greater things. Moreover, we aided Chanute to discover the errors of Lilienthal's tables, which were due to experimental flights down a hill with a descent so acute that the wind swept up its side and out from its surface with false buoying power. On the proper incline, which would be one parallel with the flight of the machine, the tables would not work out. Chanute rewrote the article on *aëronautics* for the last edition of the encyclopedia and corrected his figures.

The next step, of course, was the natural one of installing an engine. Others were experimenting, and it now became a question of which would be the first to fly with an engine. But we felt reasonably secure, because we had worked out all our own figures, and the others were still guessing or depending upon Lilienthal's or somebody else's that were inaccurate. Chanute knew we expected to try sustained flights later on, and while abroad that year, mentioned the fact, so we had competition across water, too.

We wrote to a number of automobile manufacturers about an engine. We demanded an eight-horse-power, one of not over two hundred pounds in weight. This was allowing twenty-five pounds to each horsepower and did not seem to us prohibitive.

Several answers came. Some of the manufacturers politely declined to consider the building of such an engine; the gasoline motor was comparatively new then, and they were having trouble enough with standard sizes. Some said it couldn't be built to our specifications, which was amusing, because lighter engines of greater power had already been used. Some seemed to think we were demented—"Building a flying-machine, eh?" But one concern, of which we never had heard, said it could turn out a motor such as we wanted and for-

warded us figures. We were suspicious of figures by this time, and we doubted this concern's ability to get the horsepower claimed, considering the bore of the cylinders, etc. Later, I may add, we discovered that such an engine was capable of giving much greater horsepower. But we didn't know that at the time; we had to learn our A, B, C's as we went along.

Finally, though, we had a motor built. We had discovered that we could allow much more weight than we had planned at first, and in the end the getting of the engine became comparatively simple. The next step was to figure out what we wanted in the way of a screw propeller.

We turned to our books again. All the figures available dealt with the marine propeller—the thrust of the screw against the water. We had only turned from the solution of one problem to the intricacies of another. And the more we experimented with our models, the more complicated it became.

There was the size to be considered. There was the material to be decided. There was the matter of the number of blades. There was the delicate question of the pitch of the blades. And then, after we had made headway with these problems, we began to scent new difficulties. One pitch and one force applied to the thrust against still air: what about the suction, and the air in motion, and the vacuum, and the thousand and one changing conditions? They were trying out turbine engines on the big ocean liners at that time, with an idea of determining the efficiency of this type. The results were amazing in the exact percentage of efficiency developed by fuel and engine and propeller combined. A little above 40 per cent efficiency was considered wonderful. And the best we could do, after months and months of experimenting and studying, was to conceive and build a propeller that had to

deliver 66 per cent of efficiency, or fail us altogether. But we went down to Kitty Hawk pretty confident, just the same.

There were the usual vexatious delays. But finally, in December, 1903, we were ready to make the first flight. My brother and I flipped a coin for the privilege of being the first to attempt a sustained flight in the air. Up to now, of course, we had merely taken turns, but this was a much bigger thing. He won.

The initial attempt was not a success. The machine fluttered for about 100 feet down the side of the hill, pretty much as the gliders had done. Then it settled with a thud, snapping off the propeller shaft, and thus effectually ending any further experiments for the time being.

It was getting late in the fall. Already the gales off Hatteras<sup>4</sup> were beginning to howl. So I went back to Dayton personally to get a new shaft and to hurry along the work as rapidly as I could.

It was finished at last. As I went to the train that morning, I heard for the first time of the machine constructed by Langley,<sup>5</sup> which had dropped into a river the day before. You see others were working just as desperately as we were to perfect a flying-machine.

We adjusted the new shaft as soon as I reached Kitty Hawk. By the time we had finished, it was late in the afternoon, with a stiff wind blowing. Our facilities for handling the machine were of the crudest. In the past, with our gliders, we had depended upon the help of some men from a life-saving station, a mile or two away. As none of them happened to be at our camp that afternoon, we decided to postpone the next trial till morning.

It was cold that night. A man named

<sup>4</sup> *Hatteras*, Cape Hatteras, on the coast of North Carolina; frequent storms occur here.

<sup>5</sup> *Langley*, Samuel P. (1834-1906), an American aeronautic inventor.

Brinkley—W. C. Brinkley—dropped in to warm himself. He was buying salvage on one or more of the ships sunk during a recent storm that had raged outside Kitty Hawk Point. I remember his looking curiously at the frame work, with its engine and canvas wings, and asking, "What's that?" We told him it was a flying-machine which we were going to try out the next morning, and asked him if he thought it would be a success. He looked out toward the ocean, which was getting rough and which was battering the sunken ships in which he was interested. Then he said, "Well, you never can tell what will happen—if conditions are favorable." Nevertheless, he asked permission to stay overnight and watch the attempted flight.

Morning brought with it a twenty-seven-mile gale. Our instruments, which were more delicate and more accurate than the Government's, made it a little over twenty-four; but the official reading by the United States was twenty-seven miles an hour. As soon as it was light, we ran up our signal for help from the life-saving station. Three men were off duty that day, and came pounding over to camp. They were John T. Daniels, A. D. Etheridge, and W. S. Daugh. Before we were ready to make the flight, a small boy of about thirteen or fourteen came walking past.

Daniels, who was a good deal of a joker, greeted him. The boy said his name was Johnny Moore, and that he was just strolling by. But he couldn't keep his eyes off the machine that we had anchored in a sheltered place. He wanted to know what it was.

"Why, that's a duck-snarer," explained Daniels soberly. North Carolina, of course, is noted for its duck shooting. "You see, this man is going up in the air over a bay where there are hundreds of ducks on the water. When he is just over them, he will drop a big net and

snare every last one. If you'll stick around a bit, Johnny, you can have a few ducks to take home."

So Johnny Moore was also a witness of our flights that day. I do not know whether the lack of any ducks to take away with him was a disappointment or not, but I suspect he did not feel compensated by what he saw.

The usual visitors did not come to watch us that day. Nobody imagined we would attempt a flight in that weather, for it was not only blowing hard, but it was also very cold. But just that fact, coupled with the knowledge that winter and its gales would be on top of us any time now, made us decide not to postpone the attempt any longer.

My brother climbed into the machine. The motor was started. With a short dash down the runway, the machine lifted into the air and was flying. It was only a flight of twelve seconds, and it was an uncertain, wavy, creeping sort of a flight at best; but it was a real flight at last and not a glide.

Then it was my turn. I had learned a little from watching my brother, but I found the machine pointing upward and downward in jerky undulations. This erratic course was due in part to my utter lack of experience in controlling a flying-machine and in part to a new system of controls we had adopted whereby a slight touch accomplished what a hard jerk or tug had done in the past. Naturally, I overdid everything. But I flew for about the same time my brother had.

He tried it again the minute the man had carried it back to the runway, and added perhaps three or four seconds to the records we had just made. Then, for the second time, after making a few secondary adjustments, I took my seat. By now I had learned something about the controls, and about how a machine acted during a sustained flight, and I managed to keep in the air for fifty-



seven seconds. I couldn't turn—of course, the hills wouldn't permit that—but I had no very great difficulty in handling it.

My brother and I were not excited nor particularly exultant. We had been the first to fly successfully with a machine driven by an engine, but we had expected to be the first. We had known, down in our hearts, that the machine would fly just as it did. The proof wasn't astonishing to us. We were simply glad, that's all.

But the men from the life-saving station were very excited. Brinkley appeared dazed. Johnny Moore took our flights as a matter of course and, presumably, was disappointed because we had snared no ducks.

And then, quite without warning, a puff of wind caught the forward part of the machine and began to tip it. We all rushed forward, but only Daniels was at the front. He caught the plane and clung desperately to it as though thoroughly aware, as were we, of the danger of an upset of the frail thing of rods and wings. Upward and upward it lifted, with Daniels clinging to the plane to ballast it. Then, with a convulsive shudder, it tipped backward, dashing the man in against the engine, in a great tangle of cloth and wood and metal. As it turned over, I caught a last glimpse of his legs kicking frantically over the plane's edge. I'll confess I never expected to see him alive again.

But he did not even break a bone, although he was bruised from head to foot. When the machine had been pinned down at last, it was almost a complete wreck.

After all, though, it did not matter much. We could build better and stronger and more confidently another year, and we could go back home to Dayton and dream of time and distance and altitude records, and of machines for two or more passengers, and of the prac-

tical value of the heavier-than-air machine. For we had accomplished the ambition that stirred us as boys. We had learned to fly.

## STUDY AIDS

1. How did the Wright brothers solve the problem of an engine for their airplane? The propeller?

2. Describe the first sustained flight. How did the Wright brothers feel? How did the spectators feel? How did the experiments end that year? Did the brothers realize the historical importance of the first successful flight? Be sure of your evidence here.

3. Try to set down all the reasons for the success of the Wright brothers in learning to fly. A good way to proceed is to think first of the different kinds of difficulty they had to overcome, and then to list the qualities they needed in overcoming those difficulties.

4. This selection resembles "Riding the Girders" in one respect; it, too, is a piece of "reportorial" writing. The author interviewed Orville Wright. He does not indicate what questions he asked, but weaves the answers into a continuous narrative. The selection also resembles "Mary Kingsbury Simkhovitch," because it is a biographical sketch. Which of these three articles do you think brings its main point out most interestingly?

## EXTENSION READING

There is hardly any field more interesting to explore than the subject of the airplane. Here are three ways of approaching it:

### I. BIOGRAPHY

*Boys' Life of the Wright Brothers*, by Mitchell V. Charnley. The account will answer questions that may have arisen in your mind while you were reading the selection.

"*We*," by Charles A. Lindbergh. This autobiography of the most famous hero of aviation includes his flight across the Atlantic.



*Skyward*, by Richard Evelyn Byrd, recounts the adventurous life of Byrd up to his departure for the South Pole.

*Heroes of Aviation*, by Chelsea Curtis Fraser. Both Byrd and Lindbergh are included, along with other pioneers in long distance flying.

## II. HISTORY

*Air Travel*, by James E. Mooney, begins where the selection you have just read ends, carrying the history of aviation down to the present.

*Narrative History of Aviation*, by John Goldstrom. The recital includes the achievements of women in aviation.

*Sky High*, by Eric Hodgins and Frederick Alexander Magoun. The illustrations alone would make this history of a century and a half truly fascinating.

*Cruisers of the Air*, by Clarence J. Hylander. The account includes modern Zeppelins.

*Book of Aëroplanes*, by John W. Iseman and Sloan Taylor. The history in this volume begins with ancient times and comes down to Byrd and Lindbergh.

*Heroes of Aviation*, by Laurence La Tourette Driggs. Most of this book concerns the daring feats of aviators in the World War.

## III. SCIENCE

*The Boy Scout's Book of True Adventure*, from which "How I Learned to Fly" was taken, tells of many other actual adventures.

*Heroes of Civilization*, by Joseph Cotter and Haym Jaffee. Among these heroes are the Wright brothers. The book will help you to understand the importance of their invention.

*Masters of Science and Invention*, by Floyd L. Darrow. Fifty scientists are treated in such a way as to show how inventors achieve success.

*Wings of Tomorrow*, by Jean de la Cierva, describes the use and operation of the autogiro.

## DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING-MACHINE

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

In the preceding selection you saw the Wright brothers actually making the first airplane flight. In the selection that follows, written about eighty years ago, the author reveals what people of his day thought of anyone who believed flying possible.

IF EVER there lived a Yankee lad,  
Wise or otherwise, good or bad,  
Who, seeing the birds fly, didn't jump  
With flapping arms from stake or stump,  
Or, spreading the tail  
Of his coat for a sail,  
Take a soaring leap from post or rail,  
And wonder why  
He couldn't fly, 9  
And flap and flutter and wish and try—  
If ever you knew a country dunce  
Who didn't try that as often as once,  
All I can say is, that's a sign  
He never would do for a hero of mine.

An aspiring genius was D. Green:  
The son of a farmer, age fourteen;  
His body was long and lank and lean—  
Just right for flying, as will be seen;  
He had two eyes as bright as a bean,  
And a freckled nose that grew between,  
A little awry—for I must mention 21  
That he riveted his attention  
Upon his wonderful invention,  
Twisting his tongue as he twisted the  
strings,  
And working his face as he worked the  
wings,  
And with every turn of gimlet and screw  
Turning and screwing his mouth round,  
too,  
Till his nose seemed bent  
To catch the scent,  
Around some corner, of new-baked pies,  
And his wrinkled cheeks and his squint-  
ing eyes 31  
Grew puckered into a queer grimace,

That made him look very droll in the  
face,  
And also very wise.

And wise he must have been, to do more  
Than ever a genius did before,  
Excepting Daedalus<sup>1</sup> of yore  
And his son Icarus, who wore  
Upon their backs

Those wings of wax 40  
He had read of in the old almanacs.  
Darius was clearly of the opinion  
That the air was also man's dominion,  
And that, with paddle or fin or pinion,

We soon or late shall navigate  
The azure as now we sail the sea.  
The thing looks simple enough to me;  
And if you doubt it,  
Hear how Darius reasoned about it.

"The birds can fly, an' why can't I? 50  
Must we give in," says he with a grin,  
"That the bluebird an' phoebe  
Are smarter'n we be?"

Jest fold our hands an' see the swaller  
An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler?  
Does the little chatterin', sassy wren,  
No bigger'n my thumb, know more  
than men?

Jest show me that!  
Ur prove 't the bat 59  
Hez got more brains than's in my hat,  
An' I'll back down, an' not till then!"  
He argued further: "Nur I can't see  
What's the use o' wings to a bumble-  
bee,

Fur to get a livin' with, more'n to me—  
Ain't my business  
Important's his'n is?  
That Icarus

Made a perty muss—  
Him an' his daddy Daedalus—  
They might 'a' knowed wings made o'  
wax 70  
Wouldn't stand sun-heat an' hard  
whacks.

I'll make mine o' luther,  
Or suthin' or other."  
And he said to himself as he tinkered  
and planned:

"But I ain't goin' to show my hand  
To mummies that never can understand  
The fust idee that's big an' grand."

So he kept his secret from all the rest,  
Safely buttoned within his vest;  
And in the loft above the shed 80  
Himself he locks, with thimble and  
thread

And wax and hammer and buckles and  
screws,  
And all such things as geniuses use—  
Two bats for a pattern, curious fellows!  
A charcoal-pot and a pair of bellows;  
Some wire and several old umbrellas;  
A carriage cover, for tail and wings;  
A piece of harness; and straps and  
strings;

And a big, strong box,  
In which he locks 90  
These and a hundred other things.  
His grinning brothers, Reuben and  
Burke

And Nathan and Jotham and Solomon,  
lurk  
Around the corner and see him work—  
Sitting cross-legged, like a Turk,  
Drawing the wax-end through with a  
jerk,

And boring the holes with a comical  
quirk  
Of his wise old head, and a knowing  
smirk.

But vainly they mounted each other's  
backs,  
And poked through knot-holes and  
pried through cracks; 100  
With wood from the pile and straw  
from the stacks

He plugged the knot-holes and calked  
the cracks;  
And a dipper of water, which one would  
think

He had brought up in the loft to drink  
When he chanced to be dry,

<sup>1</sup> *Daedalus*. A Greek myth tells us that he made wings for himself and his son Icarus. Icarus's wings, made of wax, melted when he flew too near the sun, and he fell into the sea.

Stood always nigh,  
 For Darius was sly!  
 And whenever at work he happened to  
 spy  
 At think or crevice a blinking eye,  
 He let the dipper of water fly. 110  
 "Take that! an' ef ever ye get a peep,  
 Guess ye'll ketch a weasel asleep!"

And he sings as he locks

His big strong box:

"The weasel's head is small and  
 trim,

An' he's little an' long an' slim,

An' quick of motion an' nimble of  
 limb,

An' ef you'll be

Advised by me,

Keep wide awake when you're  
 ketchin' him!" 120

So day after day

He stitched and tinkered and hammered  
 away,

Till at last 'twas done—

The greatest invention under the sun!

"An' now," says Darius, "hooray fur  
 some fun!"

'Twas the Fourth of July,

And the weather was dry,

And not a cloud was on all the sky,

Save a few light fleeces, which here and  
 there,

Half mist, half air, 130

Like foam on the ocean went floating  
 by—

Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen  
 For a nice little trip in a flying-machine.

Thought cunning Darius: "Now I  
 shan't go

Along 'ith the fellers to see the show.

I'll say I've got sich a terrible cough!

And then, when the folks 'ave all gone  
 off,

I'll have full swing fur to try the thing  
 An' practice a little on the wing."

"Ain't goin' to see the celebration?" 140

Says brother Nate. "No; botheration!

I've got such a cold—a toothache—I—

My gracious! feel's though I should fly!"

Said Jotham, "Sho!

Guess ye better go."

But Darius said, "No!

Shouldn't wonder 'f you might see me,  
 though,

'Long 'bout noon, if I get red

O' this jumpin', thumpin' pain 'n my  
 head."

For all the while to himself he said: 150

"I tell ye what!

I'll fly a few times around the lot,

To see how't seems, then soon's I've got

The hang o' the thing, ez likely's not,

I'll astonish the nation,

An' all creation,

By flyin' over the celebration!

Over their heads I'll sail like an eagle;

I'll balance myself on my wings like a  
 sea-gull.

I'll dance on the chimbleys; I'll stand on  
 the steeple; 160

I'll flop up to windows and scare the  
 people!

I'll light on the liberty-pole an' crow;

An' I'll say to the gawpin' fools below,

'What world's this 'ere

That I've come near?"

Fur I'll make 'em b'lieve I'm a chap f'm  
 the moon;

An' I'll try a race 'ith their ol' bulloon!"

He crept from his bed;

And, seeing the others were gone, he  
 said,

"I'm gittin' over the cold'n my head." 170

Away he sped,

To open the wonderful box in the shed.

His brothers had walked but a little  
 way,

When Jotham to Jonathan chanced to  
 say,

"What is the feller up to, hey?"

"Don'o—the's suthin' ur other to pay,

Ur he wouldn't 'a' stayed to hum today."

Says Burke, "His toothache's all 'n his  
 eye!

He never'd miss a F'oth-o-July 179

Ef he hadn't got some machine to try."

Then Sol, the little one, spoke: "By  
darn!

Le's hurry back an' hide'n the barn,  
An' pay him fur tellin' us that yarn!"  
"Agreed!" Through the orchard they  
creep back,  
Along by the fences, behind the stack,  
And one by one, through a hole in the  
wall,  
Dressed in their Sunday garments and  
all;

And a very astonishing sight was that,  
When each in his cobweb coat and hat  
Came up through the floor like an  
ancient rat. 190

And there they hid;  
And Reuben slid  
The fastenings back, and the door  
undid.  
"Keep dark!" said he,  
"While I squint an' see what the' is to  
see."

As knights of old put on their mail—  
From head to foot an iron suit,  
Iron jacket and iron boot,  
Iron breeches, and on the head  
No hat, but an iron pot instead, 200  
And under the chin the bail  
(I believe they call the thing a helm),  
Then sallied forth to overwhelm  
The dragons and pagans that plague the  
realm—

So this *modern* knight  
Prepared for flight:  
Put on his wings and strapped them  
tight; 207

Jointed and jaunty, strong and light—  
Buckled them fast to shoulder and hip;  
Ten feet they measured from tip to tip!  
And a helmet had he, but that he wore,  
Not on his head, like those of yore,  
But more like the helm of a ship.

"Hush!" Reuben said,  
"He's up in the shed!  
He's opened the winder—I see his head!  
He stretches it out, an' pokes it about,  
Lookin' to see 'f the coast is clear,  
An' nobody near—

Guess he don'o' who's hid in here! 220  
He's riggin' a springboard over the sill!  
Stop laffin', Solomon! Burke, keep still!  
He's a-climbin' out now—Of all the  
things!

What's he got on? I van, it's wings!  
An' that 'tother thing? I vum, it's a tail!  
An' there he sets like a hawk on a rail!  
Steppin' careful, he travels the length  
Of his springboard, and teeters to try its  
strength;

Now he stretches his wings, like a mon-  
strous bat,  
Peeks over his shoulder, this way an'  
that, 230

Fur to see 'f the 's any one passin' by;  
But the' 's on'y a ca'f an' a goslin' nigh.  
They turn up at him a wonderin' eye,  
To see—The Dragon! he's goin' to fly!  
Away he goes! Jimminy! what a jump!  
Flop—flop—an' plump

To the ground with a thump!  
Flutt'rin' an' flound'rin', all'n a lump!"  
As a demon is hurled by an angel's  
spear, 239

Heels over head, to his proper sphere—  
Heels over head, and head over heels,  
Dizzily down the abyss he wheels—  
So fell Darius. Upon his crown,  
In the midst of the barnyard he came  
down,

In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,  
Broken braces and broken springs,  
Broken tail and broken wings,  
Shooting stars, and various things;  
Barnyard litter of straw and chaff,  
And much that wasn't so sweet by half.  
Away with a bellow fled the calf, 251  
And what was that? Did the gosling  
laugh?

'Tis a merry roar from the old barn door,  
And he hears the voice of Jotham  
crying,

"Say, Darius! how do you like flyin'?"  
Slowly, ruefully where he lay,  
Darius just turned and looked that way,  
As he stanchied his sorrowful nose with  
his cuff.

"Wal, I like flyin' well enough,"

He said; "but the' ain't sich a thunderin'  
                   sight 260  
 O' fun in't when ye come to light."

I have just room for the moral here:  
 And this is the moral—Stick to your  
                   sphere.

Or if you insist, as you have a right,  
 On spreading your wings for a loftier  
                   flight,

The moral is—Take care how you light.

### STUDY AIDS

1. The humor of the story itself is increased by the way it is told, in dialect and in rime. Find rimes of two and three syllables that are fun to read aloud. Reading the passage with the riming words, "Burke," "lurk," "work," "Turk," "jerk," "quirk," "smirk," makes you realize that Trowbridge was a resourceful rimester. Find other groups of riming words.

2. What is there about the description of Darius, lines 24 to 27, that seems especially laughable? What do you think of his reasoning, lines 49 to 57?

3. The moral, "Stick to your sphere," is, of course, not to be taken too seriously. Name some men and women who did not stick to their sphere.

### FISHING FOR OIL

ESCA G. RODGER

At daybreak this morning a stalwart young Newfoundland fisherman and his partner, clad in oilskins and rubber boots and sou'westers, were lowering their dory from a two-masted fishing schooner riding at anchor a hundred miles out from the rocky island coast. Twenty more oilskin-clad men were lowering dories, all getting ready to set out for the day's cod fishing. Long weeks from now, the great medicine-manufacturing laboratories will be testing cod liver oil

taken from the codfish caught by those early-rising Newfoundland fishermen.

The coming fall, when you're thinking of getting yourself in fine shape for football and hockey, a bottle of that clear yellow health-building oil may be standing on your medicine shelf.

It's unlikely that the Newfoundland cod cares to be made into codfish cakes and cod liver oil. The big fish would probably prefer to go swimming around in the cold green Atlantic, 150 feet below the surface of the water. But he's always hungry, and when he sees a tempting piece of fresh herring down there near him, he grabs it, and then finds out too late that he has grabbed a hook. He is firmly fastened to one of the little short lines that branch off the main part of a trawl line.

Soon the young fisherman and his partner haul in their trawl and throw the greedy cod and his brothers into the bottom of the boat. The men may stand for a moment in the lurching dory, with their rubber-booted feet far apart, looking down proudly on their catch. The cod is a fine-appearing, smooth-skinned fish, with a large head and a tapering tail. Most of those on the trawl line weigh about ten pounds, but an occasional big fellow will weigh thirty or forty pounds.

With satisfied grins, the fishermen rebait and let the trawl down again into the gray-green waters of the Atlantic. Toward night they haul up their lines and row back to the schooner. The other dories are coming in, too.

Back on the little ship, the fishermen split and clean the cod they've caught, wash them, and pack them down with salt in the hold of the schooner. But they don't put the livers into the hold. They extract the oil right there on the schooner. The men who fish nearer shore often do the extracting on the home dock. It's a simple process.

They throw the livers into a kettle and

run in live steam. The steam breaks up the livers into little particles like sawdust, and in this breaking-up process the cells are ruptured and spill out their oil. Since oil won't mix with water, it floats to the top of the kettle. Then the fishermen skim it off and store it away in a tin-lined barrel.

When the thirty-gallon barrel is full, it starts on its long cross-country trip to the laboratories.

Once there, it must be tested. Men in blue overalls roll the barrel off the incoming truck and open it up. A sample goes over to the research laboratories. There scientific workers in white coats try it out. The oil must smell right, taste right, and contain the proper amount of those food elements known as vitamin A and vitamin D. If the yellow liquid passes every test, it is bottled or put into capsules. It is ready for the medicine chest. The Newfoundland fishermen did the preliminary manufacturing, but the laboratory men did the scientific testing that the doctors want done.

A physician recommends cod liver oil to you as protection against colds, for the vitamin A in it increases your resistance. There's plenty of vitamin D in it, too, and that builds up strong bones and teeth.

The superintendent of manufacturing at the laboratory tells how scientists, experimenting, took all the vitamin D out of a rat's food, and all the enamel came off the rat's teeth. Then the scientist put the vitamin back in the food, and the enamel was restored.

No doubt about the value of cod liver oil. But halibut liver oil is a still more powerful product for building up protection against coughs and colds and decayed teeth. One drop of halibut liver oil contains over 100 times as much vitamin A as one drop of cod liver oil, and twenty times as much vitamin D.

While the stalwart young Newfoundland fisherman is out catching cod, a

wiry young fellow over on the Pacific is out in his boat catching halibut.

The halibut isn't any more eager to be caught than the cod. He's a great flat-built, fighting fish that weighs anywhere from fifty pounds to four hundred, and he likes it deep down there in the Pacific waters. But when he sees a piece of fresh herring or mackerel right under his nose, he accepts it—and the hook. Then he finds that he doesn't want the hook, and puts up a terrific fight. Even a mere 100-pound halibut can come near upsetting the boat. Finally, however, the wiry young fisherman gets him in. After that comes the triumphant trip back to Seattle or Prince Rupert or Ketchikan.

But the fishermen can't extract this oil themselves. The live-steam process doesn't work. It takes a special solvent to dissolve halibut oil. So the wiry young Pacific coast fellow helps pack the halibut livers into tin cans, and then those cans are shipped to the manufacturing laboratories. Here men open the cans, thaw out the livers, which were frozen for safe shipping, and pour the solvent over them. It dissolves the oil. Then the solvent is evaporated, at low pressure, and leaves the rich halibut liver oil behind in the kettle. It must go through a long period of testing before it is ready to be run into bottles or made into capsules.

The manufacturing laboratories are full of astonishing machines, but the capsule-making machines are almost human. They're so complicated that there's no use in trying to describe them in detail, but they have fingers and thumbs that dip down into melted gelatin and then come up coated. All the little coatings make the tops and bottoms of the kind of capsules that druggists fill with dry powdered medicine like quinine. Of course, these tops and bottoms must be dried and then trimmed to fit, but the machines take care of all that. Better than you could.

The machine that makes liquid capsules can tuck three drops of halibut liver oil into a little shimmering brown globule about the size of a fat garden pea. This is the way it works. A white-coated man puts a sheet of gelatin in a mold, pours on the halibut liver oil, lays on a top sheet of gelatin, and pulls a lever. The machine promptly puts on 60 tons of pressure, and the capsules are made. Simple as anything.

At the plant, blue-overalled men are everlastingly busy improving machines or making new ones. Some of these men are shop workers, old-timers of industry, and some are college-trained chemical engineers. They're inventors. If they haven't the right kind of machine for making a certain medicine, they go to work and invent it. . . .

### STUDY AIDS

1. What are the stages in producing cod-liver oil for medicine? In producing halibut-oil?

2. This selection acquainted you with an industry that you probably had known almost nothing about. Current magazines contain frequent articles on similar kinds of queer and unusual work. If you can find such an article, make a brief report on it to the class.

### SPONGE FISHING

CHARLES A. RAWLINGS

The soft sponge in your bathroom was probably bought at the drugstore. But did you ever ask yourself where it was found in the first place? The "lamb's wool sponge," so named because it is as soft as lamb's wool, is highly prized in commerce and is gathered in vast quantities. The selection that follows tells us of the skill and daring necessary to provide this soft article to the people who throng our cities and towns. It is an illustration of how little we really know about some of the commonest things that we use.

I

WE WERE bound out to the "dark water" of the Mexico Bank<sup>1</sup> in the little thirty-foot sponger *Anna*. We were after wool sponge, the golden fleece of the Gulf; and we were out for a two weeks' catch. Possibly the entire floor of the Gulf of Mexico is spawned with sponges. As deep as men have dared to go, they are there, the best ones in the deepest water. But the Greek diving fleet out of the Anclote River in Florida stays on the Banks. Fathoms<sup>2</sup> are the reason. It is healthier working in water that shoals from twenty fathoms. There are two banks—the Mexico Bank, extending out from the west coast of the peninsula to the ten-fathom curve, from the Florida Keys to Cape San Blas,<sup>3</sup> and the Middle Ground Bank in the open Gulf, one hundred and thirty miles offshore.

There were seven of us. Three were brothers, Fugalis by name. Steve-john, the youngest, was captain, twenty-four years old, one of the fastest divers in the fleet. Peteos, with the look of a dignified Greek merchant, was second diver. Fundis was life-line man. He was dried by the sun. The Fugalis forefathers, as far back as the brothers knew, had been spongers. They came from Athens.

Demetri Josh Demetri, the tiller man, was a bull for strength. The sun had penetrated his hairy hide in spots as red as baked stone crab. Trendafalos was cook. In a straw sombrero and the seaman's garb he looked like a rice-field coolie. His gentle enemy, Herakles, the deck hand, often maddened him. The two quarreled harmlessly. Herakles was an old man. There was a wild spiritual look in his crazy eyes. He would have made a grand John the Baptist in a

<sup>1</sup> *Mexico Bank*, shallow portions of the Gulf of Mexico. <sup>2</sup> *Fathoms*, distances down into the sea. A fathom is six feet.

<sup>3</sup> *Cape San Blas*, a cape extending from the south coast of Florida.



pageant. These three came from the Greek islands.

On a hot, close morning, we cast off and motored down the Ancloste channel. Steve-john stood in the steering well, the big wooden tiller between his knees. The crew, in their shore clothes, sat stupidly along the rail. The *Anna* worked through the coastal islands and stuck her nose into the ground swell of the open Gulf. She rose on it and eased sweetly into the trough. The crew came to life. They peeled off their elastic arm bands and shirts. Straw hats sailed down the companionway.<sup>4</sup> The cook appeared out of the cabin hatch with an empty keg and a sack of green peppers, and sat down on the deck to split them for pickling in brine. Everyone was happy. Old Herakles beamed and pointed to the keg.

"Gude! Gude!" he said. He waved his arm to the horizon. "Gude!"

It was a day-and-night journey to the dark water. A light southerly breeze was fair for us, and we hoisted the loose-footed mainsail. The *Anna* gavotted<sup>5</sup> to the swing of the swell. She is a double-ender, a chunky little hussy with lines as ancient as Hellas.<sup>6</sup> The paintwork of the sponge boats is still pagan. The *Anna's* underbody is ox-blood red. Her topsides are white. The knee-high rail is trimmed with brilliant orange and bright blue. Her houses are blue and her decks buff. At the docks in Ancloste the fleet seems a set of gaudy Christmas toys. Once in the open sea the garishness disappears. The ultramarine of the houses and rails is the precise blue of the Gulf water in the sunlight.

Fundis, his bare back the color of new copper, sat on the diver's seat in the *Anna's* nose with one leg tucked under him. His arm embraced the tall curved

stem piece, the neck of what had once been the horse-head figure of the sea courser<sup>7</sup> of the *Iliad*. Given a bank of rowers behind him instead of the heavy-duty motor, he might have been a lookout, eager for landfall on the towers of Ilium.<sup>8</sup>

The kettle was on the stove, filled with thick, sweet Turkish coffee. A pot of Spanish beans with its steam smelling of mace, cloves, and garlic sat beside it. Below decks we were stored like pirates after a raid. Victuals for the galley inventoried a thousand dollars. There were gallons of ripe olives, as big as prunes, cases of spaghetti, a hundred and thirty watermelons in the sponge hold, seventy-five gallons of olive oil, choice cheeses, Turkish coffee, kegs of meat, braids of garlic. In calm weather we made sufficient aroma to fill the mainsail.

The crew hacked at watermelons with sheath knives and commanded Herakles to sing. He sang the Athenian "Moon Song" in Greek and "La Paloma" in seagoing Latin. There were times, with the swell just right, when the *Anna* kept time to the rolling meter of "La Paloma."

There was little room on deck. The small galley, the air pump, the houses over the cabin and engine room, took most of it. The canvas-covered air hose, coiled in a pile three feet high, had the whole starboard deck amidships. It was a living presence, that hose. It had to be treated with more respect than a man. It must never be stepped on or shoved, nor must anything be carried over it, lest it be dropped and the soft rubber bruised. It was the personification of life. If it failed, a diver strangled.

The sun went down, and the stars came out. Our south breeze held true. We sailed all night with Rhumdonga, the

<sup>4</sup> *companionway*, steps leading from the deck to a cabin below.

<sup>5</sup> *gavotted*, moved as if in a quick dance.

<sup>6</sup> *Hellas*, Greece.

<sup>7</sup> *sea courser*, the fast ship of the Greeks in Homer's poem.

<sup>8</sup> *Ilium*, Troy, center of the Trojan War.

polesstar, two points off the starboard bow. At dawn we were in the dark water over sponge bottom.

## II

Fundis conned from the bow, leaning far out to peer down into the depths. There was too much chop for him to see clearly, and he called for the leads.<sup>9</sup> Trendafalos swung to port,<sup>10</sup> Herakles to starboard.<sup>11</sup> They soaped the lead bottoms every tenth cast.

"Bar-r-r-a" sang Trendafalos, tipping back his head to roll the *r's*. ("I have found the bar!") He held up the lead to show the white shell, speckled with mashed pink coral. It was fertile soil. Sponges were under our keel. The *Anna's* helm went up.<sup>12</sup> Off came the mainsail, and she idled in the swell while Steve-john was dressed in his diving armor.

The atmosphere on board quickened. Before it had been indolent; everyone was equal. Now we had a barking captain, imperious as a knight. Fundis, Trendafalos, and Herakles were his submissive squires. They handed him his wool socks and cap. They held the rubber suit while he stepped into the legs. Each took a sleeve and greased the tight cuff with soap. Steve-john stuck out his feet, and the great leather shoes with soles of half-inch cast iron were lashed in place. The shoulder-piece of bronze went over his head and was screwed down to the suit. He sat straight upright on his canvas-upholstered seat, proud and disdainful. The whole process was ritual.

Herakles tended the helmet. The four circular windows were washed with a torn-off finger of a "diver's hand"—a bright orange sponge growth roughly

shaped like a wrist with long searching fingers. He dipped the bronze dome into the sea and filled it, then emptied it. The air motor<sup>13</sup> began. The old man leaped to the rail and passed the helmet forward, outside the shrouds,<sup>14</sup> in a long graceful swing. Steve-john smiled at last with a gleam of white teeth and waved me good-by.

The headpiece descended. Fundis handed him the sponge hook, Trendafalos the netting sack. There was a moment's pause for a short "Ave" breathed inside the helmet, and then Steve-john hurled himself over the rail. His arms swung out, his body made a half-turn and plunged into the sea.

The heavily weighted body plunged down ten feet, then bobbed up again. A wave sloshed over the bronze dome. Steve-john pushed his head hard to the left against the air valve inside the headpiece. The air escaped, and he slid slowly down the fathoms to find the bottom, forty-eight green, mysterious feet away. The limpid water had swallowed him, but you could guess within a yard of his position. Fundis showed him to me.

"There!" he pointed. His arm jumped ahead. "Now there! He walks. No sponge yet."

Off the bow a column of air bubbles burst in a round humped boil or slick.<sup>15</sup> Ahead of it were luminous white columns rushing upward through the green void. Steve-john left them behind as he walked. The intermittent push of his head against the air valve was timed with his stride. It released the air in jets that soared to the surface. The forward progress of the rising shafts ceased abruptly, and they became a single column.

<sup>9</sup> *leads*, weights on a line used in finding how deep the water is. <sup>10</sup> *port*, the left side of the vessel as one looks toward the bow. <sup>11</sup> *starboard*, the right side of the vessel. <sup>12</sup> *went up*, turned the vessel in the direction from which the wind was blowing, and thus stopped its progress.

<sup>13</sup> *air motor*, a motor for pumping air into the helmet.

<sup>14</sup> *shrouds*, the ropes from the top of the mast to the side of the vessel.

<sup>15</sup> *slick*, smooth spot on the surface of the water; that is, the force of the rising air smoothed out the ripples.

"Still now," said Fundis. "Sponge!"

We had begun. The breeze died away, and the sun became a blasting fire. The Gulf was polished gun metal in the glare, soft green under the shadow of our rail. The cook had rigged a small awning over the cabin house.

Fundis on the bow seat sat in his bird-like fashion, one leg tucked under him, his back, all bones and burnished skin, hunched up at the sun. The life line, quarter-inch twisted silk and cotton, led from the deck to a dozen coils in his left hand, out through his right fingers, and down to the diver. His fingers held it delicately, like a duchess holding a teacup. His hands were never still. In a coil—out three—then in again as the diver slacked or moved ahead. It went to his mouth when he rolled a cigarette, his tongue holding it against the inside of his teeth.

His vigilance was superhuman. For twelve or fourteen hours he could keep his mind alert, his hawk-like eyes focused on the signs that told what was happening below.

Demetri Josh Demetri stood at the tiller. It was his task to keep the fifty fathoms of floating air hose and the diver always on the starboard hand. The diver wandered where he willed, and the boat must follow him. Up helm, down helm,<sup>16</sup> in clutch, out clutch.<sup>17</sup> The sun beat Demetri unmercifully. He could not dry out or transform his skin into leather. He shook his fist at the sky.

### III

Fundis's hand jumped twice as the line tugged it. "Bo-o-o-she!" he called ("A sack!")

The first sack was coming up. Steve-john hauled fifty feet of his life line to the bottom, made it fast to the sack, and

Fundis brought it to the surface. The two deck hands swung it in over the rail and cascaded its unearthly contents into the scuppers.<sup>18</sup> . . .

"Wool sponge," announced Herakles. "Like gold."

The sun mounted higher. The Gulf was breathless. A haze obscured the horizon. The *Anna* was awake at both ends—the bow where Fundis coiled and uncoiled his line, and the stern where Demetri swung the tiller. Amidships she was somnolent. Peteos sat on the cabin top under the awning with legs crossed tailor-fashion, drowsing. Treadafalos slowly scoured his pots with wood ashes, squatting beside the rail. Herakles was stretched out on deck in the shade of the cabin house, asleep. The motor droned smoothly. The sacks came up two or three times every hour. Then everyone woke up for a moment and, save for bow and stern, went back to drowsing again.

"E-e-e-sal!" Fundis cried ("He comes up!").

Steve-john was coming up. The helmet broke water thirty feet off the starboard bow. He came in at the end of the life line like an exhausted fish, the dead swell washing over him. He weighed six hundred pounds, and he plodded up the boarding ladder until his helmet could be twisted off. He shook his freed head like a wet terrier. He was soaked with sweat. Diving in subtropical waters is one of the hottest tasks imaginable. After the coldest norther<sup>19</sup> the depths are still tepid, and the air hose, heated by the sun, sends the diver a desert blast. Dangling against Steve-john's chest, tied with the loose ends of the life line, was an enormous stone crab. It was to be our lunch, baked on top of the stove.

He sloshed his shirt over the side and

<sup>16</sup> up helm, down helm, to keep the vessel in the right direction to follow the diver. <sup>17</sup> in clutch, out clutch, to connect and disconnect the propeller with the engine so as to keep the boat just behind the diver.

<sup>18</sup> scuppers, a little channel along the edge of the deck, with outlets to allow the water to flow off.

<sup>19</sup> norther, a cold wind from the north.

hung it out to dry. He came to the awning, balancing two cups of coffee, and told me of the bottom. It was all aglow with green diffused light. He could see a hundred feet horizontally. The surface was plainly visible in our present depth of nine fathoms. There were no bright colors such as the flowers ashore. Gray grasses were knee-high, sometimes breast-high. There were dark red growths and black. There was a constant movement, a swaying. Fish were everywhere, swimming about unafraid. He was conscious of the sun and used it to tell the time. He had come up within a few minutes of noon, the end of his long shift below.

Walking was no great effort. One lay forward on the water, using only the iron-plated toes and stepping with a much longer stride than is possible on land. Six and eight miles an hour are not uncommon. There are hills and valleys on the bottom, not deep, but often very steep. A long push on the air valve and the diver settles gently into a valley. A plateau may harbor a sponge. He increases his buoyancy and floats up to see, then sinks slowly back to the floor. There is much to see, and Steve-john has curiosity. He once watched a ring of porpoises fight three hours with a shark and kill it.

It was my task to catch enough fish for a course every night. It was easy, with grouper<sup>20</sup> and blackfish plentiful; ten minutes with a two-hook drop line usually sufficed. The single responsibility was to guard against fouling the air hose or the life line. I made a cast from the port rail when Steve-john's slick seemed well off the starboard. The line had barely straightened when the burst of bubbles broke the surface directly under my feet. A terror-stricken haul at the fishline was too late. It was fast, very likely in the air hose. My yell

brought Demetri from his tiller. He tugged in rapid jerks at the line and nodded his head.

"All right," he reassured me.

He handed me the line again. From the dead heaviness I decided that I must have hooked a big grouper. But it proved to be a large wool sponge. Steve-john had seen my line, walked to it chuckling, held it between his knees, and tied on the sponge.

#### IV

The Banks are lonely waters. They belong to the sponger. Three days we worked slowly back and forth. There was always another sail far out on the horizon, but it never proved to be other than the squat mainsail of a sister diving boat. At nightfall we drew together, but only close enough to see one another's riding lights.<sup>21</sup> Sometimes there were three or four in sight.

One afternoon off to the southward we sighted a homeward-bounder making knots.<sup>22</sup> Steve-john climbed into the rigging and looked at her a long time. She was the deep-water *Poseidon* that had started out for the Middle Ground Bank a few days before us. She was hurrying home, probably, he prophesied, with an injured diver. The deep-water boats are unhappy ships. They frequently bring men up from twenty fathoms very sick with the bends.<sup>23</sup> Since it has been learned that putting them back into the water again, while unconscious, is helpful, there have been few fatalities. But it means months in the hospital—and the sooner ashore, the better.

The joyous cry of "Buoya! Buoya!"

<sup>21</sup> *riding lights*, white lights shown by ships at anchor so that they may be seen from every direction. <sup>22</sup> *homeward-bounder making knots*, a ship bound for its home port and moving as fast as possible; a knot is a nautical measure, a distance of about 1.15 miles. <sup>23</sup> *bends*, a disease caused by remaining too long under high atmospheric pressure, as in a diving bell.

<sup>20</sup> *grouper*, a common fish in the Gulf of Mexico, sometimes two or three feet long.

from the bow put the scudding *Poseidon* out of our minds. Peteos, on the bottom, had come on a fertile bar and was calling for a buoy to mark the spot. Fundis allowed himself only a series of hoarse croaks to show his pleasure, but the rest of the crew danced in glee. The buoy, a spar with our red and white flag at its top, bobbed in the swell astern.

"It means good sponge," Steve-john told me. "Peteos is old diver."

The first sack came up, all big fat wools. Fundis cheered down the life line with a series of otherwise meaningless jerks, and the answer came back.

"Look! Look!" shouted Fundis, holding his hand far out so that swift, excited tugs on the line from below could be seen.

"Gude Peteos! Gude boy!"

The air shafts in the water were moving almost straight ahead and rapidly. It was a long narrow bar. The sacks came up in quick succession. It promised to be a rich haul. Sometimes, Steve-john explained, it was possible to fill a hold in three days. We sat on the cabin top and watched the growing mound of black skulls.<sup>24</sup> Fundis shouted a question in Greek. Steve-john shook his head.

"He want me to go down because I am fast. Lots of time. Peteos my brother. Why make him mad? He come up pretty soon."

But twenty minutes later Fundis screamed and shook his fist at the northern horizon. Five sails were in sight, bearing directly for us. All were spongers.

"From St. Mark's water," Steve-john announced. "If they sail on, they see our buoy."

Their course held true. Fundis pleaded. The sponges came up faster than Herakles could grade them. It was

too good hunting to share with the undeserving. The first of the intruders changed her helm a point. She had sighted our marker and was heading for it. The crew joined Fundis and pleaded with the captain. The staccato Greek words sounded like hail on a tin roof.

Steve-john could resist no longer. He reached for his wool cap and Fundis brought the astounded Peteos in hand over hand. His black scowl glowered from the helmet window as he broke water. He came up the ladder as near running as possible. The torrent of his rage began to flow before the helmet was unloosed; as his dripping head was exposed, it burst forth in a flood. Fundis shouted and pointed. Peteos turned and saw the boats. His rage subsided, and he came over the rail and hurried out of his suit.

The ritual of dressing Steve-john went on at its set pace. He would brook no hurrying, with its chance of fumbling slips, even though time worth gold was going. The first of the fleet, the *Athenia*, was at the buoy; the crew were getting their diver ready. He would search for a time, hoping that the bar had more than one lead, and, when he found it did not, would be on our line.

Steve-john plunged over, and we moved ahead. The rest of the fleet—Peteos called their names, *Hios*, *Dolphin*, *St. Paul*, *Symi*—were bunched together. They closed in on the *Athenia*. We could see the divers on their seats. One after another they splashed into the water.

v

Off to the eastward a squall was making. It became another potential competitor. Steve-john was picking sponges like cotton. Attempts to grade them were forgotten. They buried the starboard deck as high as the rail, rounding up inboard to the top of the two houses.

<sup>24</sup> *black skulls*. The sponges are black when first gathered and are shaped somewhat like skulls.

Everyone lent a hand, stealing a look at the boats falling away astern. The *Hios* was the first to realize that we were following a narrow trail. She came sliding down on us, her crew all clustered on her forward deck. They hailed us good-naturedly and eyed our loaded decks. Surprisingly enough, the answer from the *Anna* was not ill-tempered. On two cod fishermen or two snapper smacks,<sup>25</sup> the air would have been blue.

The *Hios* carried on for a hundred yards, and her diver went over. It took him some time to get started, and he proved a snail compared to Steve-john. In ten minutes we were drawing alongside. Fundis sent the two long pulls, "Watch for a diver," down the life line, and our air hose floated over the other. The two air columns were twenty feet apart when Steve-john sighted his rival. He made straight for him, and I turned to Peteos. He guessed my fear.

"No fight." He shook his head. "Never fight. All Greeks. Just talk!"

Now the two air columns blended together in one seething boil, and I pictured a slow-motion battle with the sponge hooks. They were wicked twenty-four-inch weapons with four talon-like prongs. In a moment they were apart, and Steve-john went on. We left the *Hios* astern. The others pulled their men from the bottom and went a half mile ahead, but the bank dwindled off in another hundred yards. We had picked it clean. It was a rich haul while it lasted. We took as many sponges in three hours as we had taken before in three days.

The squall was a dark threat when Steve-john came up, and we started back after our buoy. He explained what had happened on the bottom. He saw the *Hios's* man first and was upon him from behind without the other's knowl-

edge. He was about to pull a sponge when Steve-john reached his hook in front of him and took it. Divers talk on the bottom by placing their lower helmet windows tight together and yelling. They embrace so that they do not sway apart. Steve-john embraced me.

"I say, 'You stay behind! I go fast. You no foul my line.' He just laugh and say 'All right!' I give him back sponge. Good fellas."

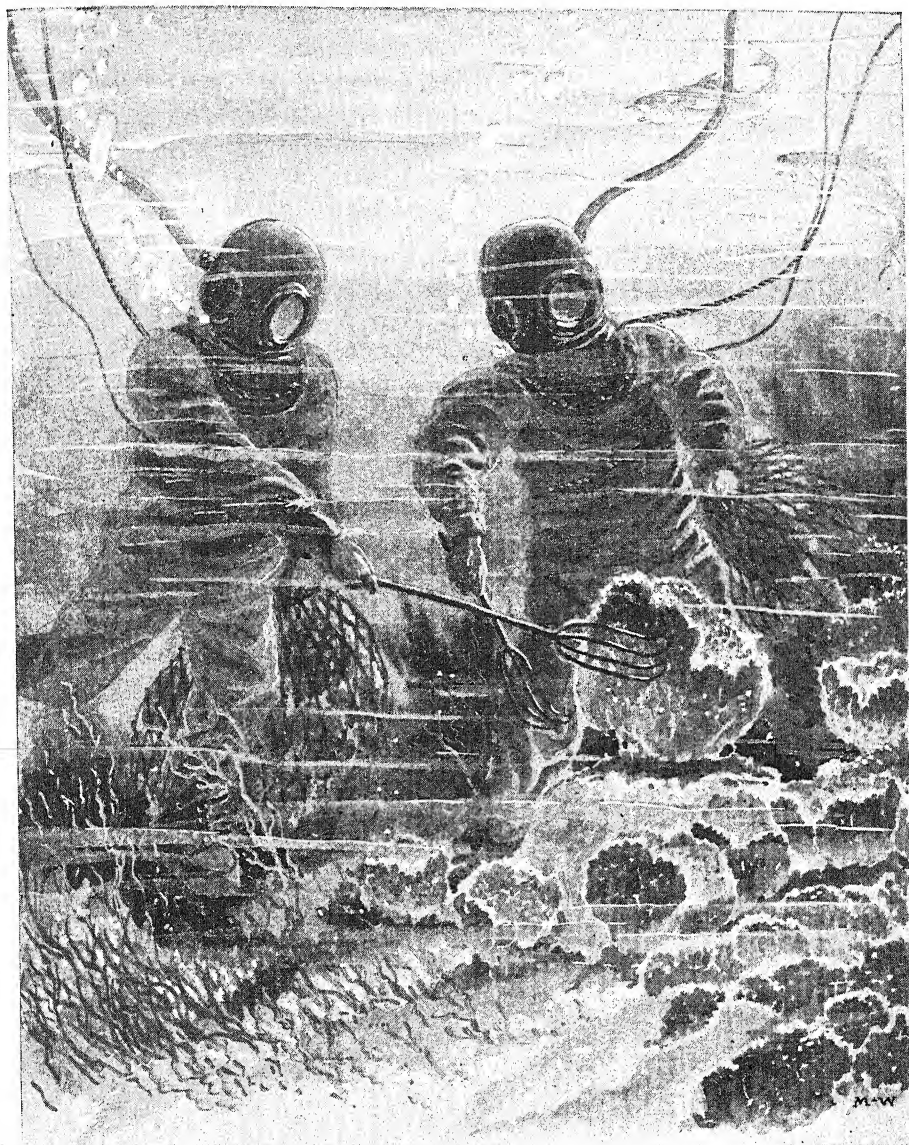
The squall was upon us. Fundis's hawk eyes sighted our buoy in the first burst of the rain, and we picked it up in a rapidly making<sup>26</sup> sea. Steve-john decided to anchor with the other boats. They were snuggling down for the night where we had left them three miles astern. We had all we could lug<sup>27</sup> to make it. The Gulf is a placid pond upon most occasions, but even in mid-summer it can snarl. The seas make up with terrorizing rapidity, short and steep and often confused. The way of the *Anna* was beautiful to see. She was on top of everything, buoyant, responsive, with never a jerk or a pound. Those old Greeks who drew her lines, centuries ago, knew how to lay down a hull.

We made our mooring between the *Hios* and the *Athenia*. Their vivid coloring stood out stark against the slate sea and angry horizon. Astern of us the western sky was clear and luminous with a rich sunset. A short shaft of rainbow stood in the east. Trendafalos, his oilskins streaming, braced himself against the rail and stirred the "pelafee," our supper of lentils and onions and rice. He lifted the lid cautiously from the lee side, and the wind tore fragments of odor loose from the pot and whisked them aft under our noses. It was a good cook, Demetri yelled, who could make a pelafee with enough smell to live in a squall. In return for our praise, Trendafalos squatted in the scuppers and

<sup>25</sup> *snapper smacks*, vessels fishing for the snapper, a kind of fish common in warm waters, as the cod is in cold waters.

<sup>26</sup> *making*, growing rough. <sup>27</sup> *lug*, pull along; that is, the vessel seemed to move slowly.





Steve-john reached his hook in front of him

cleaned grouper fish and fried them in deep oil.

The rain stopped suddenly, but the wind howled on out of the clearing sky. We spread our supper in the customary place on the tiny lazaret<sup>28</sup> hatch cover,

<sup>28</sup> lazaret, the space between decks.

three inches off the deck. Our tablecloth was a scrap of black canvas tarpaulin. Piled sponges gave us a shelter as we crouched. The wind whistled over our heads, unfelt. Seas swept by alongside, rearing their heads high above the rail in the twilight, licking



their teeth. Peteos sat tightly wedged in the stern. I faced him across the board. At times he looked up at me as the *Anna's* bow mounted a crested sea. Then I looked up at him as her bow went down, and she lifted her tail like a hunter<sup>29</sup> going over a fence. The others, jammed in cheek by jowl, sat in the scuppers.

We were snug, and it was a jolly meal. One held a grouper fish by the tail and ate it between dips into the pelafée pot. The pot slid back and forth on the tipping hatch with impartial regularity. . . .

## VI

"Sleep! Sleep!" Peteos insisted, pointing at the sponges. "Hard work tomorrow!"

We spread our blankets on the deck. My place was up in the starboard bow, where I could stick my head under the diver's seat and keep rain from my face. There was but one way to keep from rolling about, and that was to wedge tightly against the rail. When the *Anna* rolled down, the hissing water was inches from my ear. All night we heaved to the swell. The mast swung in regular beat to point the stars low on the horizon. I awoke to see Herakles standing with his arms in the shrouds, staring up at the scintillating sky. The late-risen moon shone on his bearded face.

The slimy work of cleaning our big catch began at daybreak. Trendafalos and Herakles sat on the low cleaning stools and scraped with knives at the dead sponges. The black membrane had died in the night. It sloughed away and blended with the bottom mud and thousands of small crustaceous creatures that must have been baby shrimp to make a slippery ooze over the deck. The sponges, white and clean after the scrap-

ing, were tossed to Demetri, who graded them by size and shape between swings of the tiller. The work of diving went on as usual. The boat resolved itself into three castes: the divers—the aristocrats; the bow and stern—dependable middle-class workmen; Herakles and the cook—old men ordered and cuffed about. Theirs is the labor, filthy and hard, in no manner connected with life and death. . . .

By noon we were festooned with cleaned sponges strung on fathom-long strings. . . . Steve-john waited until the sun told him it was noon, and then came on deck with the compass in his hand and put it in its chocks<sup>30</sup> before the steering well.

"Home," he said.

The tiller went up. We swung on the course, south, a half east.<sup>31</sup> The breeze, from the west, was fair. The mainsail went up the mast, and Demetri caught the sheet and made it fast. In a moment the *Anna* was bowling along with a nice beam roll and a gurgle under her forefoot.

The motion roused old Herakles. He swung his arms and sang "La Paloma": "The day—that I left my bride for—a rolling sea."

He sang bravely and in fine rhythm.

<sup>30</sup> *chocks*, blocks of wood used to steady the compass. <sup>31</sup> *a half east*, half a point east on the compass.

## STUDY AIDS

1. What parts of the opening picture are most interesting to you? What was to you the most novel feature of preparing a diver to go down and of following him as he walked along the bottom? How has science here helped one of the oldest of human pursuits?

2. Describe the actual gathering of sponges. Were the workers happy or discontented at their work? Give your evidence.

<sup>29</sup> *hunter*, a horse being ridden on a hunt.

3. What good luck did Peteos have? Why did Steve-john take his place? In the rivalry with the *Hios*, what is to you the outstanding feature? How did the crew behave in the storm? How is the happiness of the crew brought out at the close? Was the success of the voyage due to luck or skill or both?

4. Compare the life of these fishermen with that of the ironworkers in "Riding the Girders." Take into account such matters as the kind of men in each occupation, their equipment for work, the kinds of skill they need, the interest they take in the work, the contribution that science makes to each occupation, and any other points you wish to include. Which career would you rather follow? Give reasons based on the two articles.

5. This selection is taken from a magazine, *The Atlantic Monthly*. One of the better magazines can do many things for you. In any number the first article may take you to the Himalaya Mountains, where dauntless parties try to scale almost inaccessible peaks. The next may tell you how some great corporation makes cans for vegetables. A third may relate the experiences of a doctor among the mountain folk in our own land. Stories and poems and essays lend ceaseless variety to the contents. One who reads a good magazine regularly gains a better understanding of the world in which he lives. What new comprehension of some familiar objects in life has this selection given you?

6. An interesting program can be made up of reports on various magazines. A number of pupils might volunteer, each to report on one article not discussed by the others. Two questions might profitably be taken up toward the close of the hour:  
(a) which article was the most interesting?  
(b) which student presented his material most clearly?

## THE TUFT OF FLOWERS

ROBERT FROST

Robert Frost knows life on a New England farm thoroughly, for he has lived on

one for many years. His poem uses words that might occur in almost any conversation, but the thought reveals the keen observation and the delicate feeling of a poet. Frost shows unusual sensitiveness to the loveliness of nature.

I WENT to turn the grass once after  
one  
Who mowed it in the dew before the  
sun.<sup>1</sup>

The dew was gone that made his blade  
so keen  
Before I came to view the leveled scene.

I looked for him behind an isle of  
trees;  
I listened for his whetstone on the  
breeze. 6

But he had gone his way, the grass all  
mown,  
And I must be, as he had been—alone,

"As all must be," I said within my heart,  
"Whether they work together or apart."

But as I said it, swift there passed me  
by 11  
On noiseless wing a 'wildered<sup>2</sup> butterfly,

Seeking with memories grown dim o'er  
night  
Some resting flower of yesterday's de-  
light.

And once I marked his flight go round  
and round, 15  
As where some flower lay withering on  
the ground.

And then he flew as far as eye could see,  
And then on tremulous wing came back  
to me.

<sup>1</sup> the sun, sunrise.

<sup>2</sup> 'wildered, bewildered.

I thought of questions that have no re-  
ply,  
And would have turned to toss the grass  
to dry; 20

But he turned first, and led my eye to  
look  
At a tall tuft of flowers beside a  
brook,

A leaping tongue of bloom the scythe  
had spared  
Beside a reedy brook the scythe had  
bared.

I left my place to know them by their  
name, 25  
Finding them butterfly weed when I  
came.

The mower in the dew had loved them  
thus,  
By leaving them to flourish, not for  
us,<sup>3</sup>

Nor yet to draw one thought of ours to  
him,  
But from sheer morning gladness at the  
brim. 30

The butterfly and I had lit upon,  
Nevertheless, a message from the dawn,

That made me hear the wakening birds  
around,  
And hear his long scythe whispering to  
the ground,

And feel a spirit kindred to my own; 35  
So that henceforth I worked no more  
alone;

<sup>3</sup> us, anyone who might come there.

But glad with him, I worked as with his  
aid,  
And weary, sought at noon with him  
the shade;

And dreaming, as it were, held brotherly  
speech  
With one whose thought I had not  
hoped to reach. 40

"Men work together," I told him from  
the heart,  
"Whether they work together or apart."

### STUDY AIDS

1. What conclusion does the poet arrive at in the first ten lines? What leads him to this conclusion? What is the final thought in the poem? By what experience was the poet brought to this truth?

2. Frost is sensitive to the beauty of the world. What different aspects of beauty does he find in the scene? How does this beauty of nature lead him to a pleasing thought about men?

3. If you compare this poem with some of the prose selections in this unit, you will catch a glimpse of the difference between the more enduring kind of literature and the kind of writing that is intended to serve only some immediate purpose. This poem expresses a permanent and underlying truth, whereas "journalistic" prose strives merely to be clear, interesting, and informing. Frost's poem finds beauty in the world and tries to share this beauty with the reader. Journalistic prose mainly aims to explain matters; it generally makes little effort to stir one's feelings or to leave an enduring impression. Make these points clear by applying them to some one prose selection. As was said in the introduction to this Part, no one is expected to read great literature all the time. He needs to understand the world about him in its everyday aspects as well as in its profounder meanings.

## A BACKWARD GLANCE

1. The paragraph of introduction to this Unit on page 520 referred to the fact that there is need for a friendly spirit of co-operation in industry; can you explain why this is even more true today than when America was a young nation?

2. The first three selections in this Unit deal with steel, one of the most important subjects in the field of industry. A useful class period might be devoted to a report by a committee of pupils on some other one of the major American industries. Material for such a report may be found in the books listed at the ends of the various

selections, or in the references grouped below, on this page.

3. Basing your opinion on your reading of the selections in this Unit, what do you think should be the attitude toward work of every citizen, if the best "spirit of industry" is to prevail?

4. In this Unit you have read examples of several different kinds, or types, of writing, such as short story, special article, and poetry. Which of these three types is best adapted, in your opinion, to give the reader a clear understanding of some industry?

## A READING LIST

*Famous Leaders of Industry*, by Edwin Wildman, contains twenty-six biographical sketches of men prominent in industry. (Two volumes.)

*Great Inventors and Their Inventions*, by Frank P. Bachman, tells of inventions of many sorts, including many recent ones.

*Creative Chemistry*, by Edwin Slosson. This fascinating volume explains how chemistry contributes to American industrial progress.

*America at Work and A Year in the Coal*, by Joseph Husband. The first book describes many kinds of work in American industry. The second recounts the author's experiences in a coal mine.

*With Men Who Do Things and Pick, Shovel, and Pluck*, by Russell Bond. Both books are written like stories, but they explain clearly such matters as how skyscrapers are erected, how the Panama Canal was dug, etc.

*The Worker and His Work* by Stella Center, describes some of the activities by which men and women the world over make a living.

*Work-a-day Heroes*, by Chelsea Fraser, contains descriptions of the work done by miners, ironworkers, city policemen, firemen, wild animal catchers, air-mail flyers, and others.

*High Benton*, by William Heyliger, is a stirring story of a boy who, working in a machine-shop, learns to realize the value of an education. The story tells of his four years in high school. *High Benton, Worker*, is a continuation of his story.

*A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, by Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), tells how, in a dream, a Yankee visits King Arthur's court, taking with him the head of a factory, a gun-maker, and a mechanic. His experiences trying to modernize society furnish amusing reading.

## A REVIEW OF PART THREE

1. Part Three illustrates in several important ways the relation of any man to his fellow-men. (a) When the relation is more or less individual, as it is among neighbors in any community, the qualities most desirable are good will and mutual helpfulness. Which selection in Part Three brought out this idea most clearly or inter-

estingly for you? (b) When the relation is the broader one of citizenship, the spirit should be one of loyalty and devotion to the common good. Which selection brought this out most definitely for you? (c) When the relation has to do with the occupations of men, the spirit should be one of intelligent understanding and co-

operation. Which selection emphasized this idea most strongly? In each case explain the reasons for your choice.

2. Which selection in Part Three seemed most interesting to you? Which one gave you the clearest picture of some subject that you had known little or nothing about?

3. In the Introduction (page 443) the point was made that probably not all the selections in Part Three will be read by future generations. Glancing back over the selections you have read so far in this book, pick out two in prose and two in verse that you think are likely to live. Then compare these selections with some article in Part Three that seems less likely

to be read a generation from now. The difference of opinion in the class should give rise to a profitable discussion.

4. Which selections or parts of selections in Part Three are you able to recite from memory?

5. As you think of the authors represented in Part Three, try to recall the names of three well-known British writers. What interesting facts can you relate about each one? Name three famous American poets and the titles of their poems. Which is a popular contemporary poet?

6. As a review of the types of writing in Part Three, name the title and author of a short story, a poem, an essay, a biographical sketch, and a special article.

## PART FOUR

# THE WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE

### AN INTRODUCTION

The World of Nature is important to us because it is the world in which we live. It is our city. We need to know how to find our way about in it, just as we need to know how to find our way about in the city which we visit or in which we live. To know this World of Nature means to enjoy its beauty and to understand its laws. Literature is one means by which we can extend both our appreciation and our knowledge of Nature.

In this last Part of the book you will find some of the things that literature has to say about the world in which we live. Some of the selections are poems which express the joy that comes to us when we look on the flowers or the trees or the stars or any other of the thousand forms that clothe the world in beauty. You do not read these poems to gain scientific knowledge. If you want exact facts about trees or stars or flowers, you will go to a scientific textbook, not to a poem. But the joyousness of springtime is expressed in poems such as those by Vachel Lindsay and Alfred Noyes and Emily Dickinson which you will find in the next Unit; the clouds, the winds, the hillsides in autumn, the marvel of a June day—all ways in which Nature brings a message of beauty to our lives—are put into words for us by the poets.

A second kind of literature that brings us acquaintance with the world in which we live deals with the experiences of explorers, naturalists, and scientists. These men and women are mainly interested in studying the *facts* of Nature, not in giving lyrical expression to the emotions inspired by Nature. Yet like the poets, many of these writers of prose approach the subject with a sense of its beauty and wonder. In the selections that make up the last Unit of the book, you will find that close attention to the facts of our world does not necessarily dull the sense of pleasure in its beauty. William Beebe, for example, though he explores the bottom of the ocean to increase his understanding of sea life, is almost overpowered by delight in the colorful beauty he sees. Even a lone trapper in the wilderness, who studies the habits of the beaver mainly for the purpose of securing fur, may pause in his day's work to marvel at the scenes that Nature reveals to him. But in the main the men and women who record their experiences and discoveries in prose are interested in seeking to increase the sum of human knowledge about the laws of Nature. The books and articles they write, or that are written about them, make clear the qualities that control all progress in this exacting field—unlimited patience, keen power of ob-

servation, and courage in the face of danger.

As you read these selections in Part Four, keep in mind that they are only an introduction to the subject of the world in which we live. The books from which they are taken are filled with other material just as interesting and

revealing. What is more, when you read books that deal with the facts of Nature, you are almost sure to find your own powers of observation grow sharper. The appeal of Nature to the feelings and imagination and sense of wonder may be richly enjoyed by anyone who will open his eyes.



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## UNIT XII

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# The World of Nature : Poetry

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### LYRIC POETRY

#### AN INTRODUCTION

The poetry you have read so far in this book has been for the most part of the story-type—ballad and epic, metrical romance, and drama. Some of the poems, like “Hervé Riel,” deal with a single incident; others, like *The Lady of the Lake*, relate a series of adventures; while still another, *Julius Caesar*, tells the story of a historical character in the form of a drama. In such poetry the author is chiefly concerned in telling a story, not in expressing his own feeling. A poem that expresses the feeling or emotion of the poet, whatever it may be—joy, hope, awe, wonder, love, fear—is called a “lyric.”

Many of the songs you sing are lyric poetry; the purpose of the music is to emphasize the emotion expressed in the words. Indeed, the word “lyric” comes from *lyre*, a musical instrument used by the ancient Greeks in accompanying their songs and recitations. Occasionally one of our American poets recites his poems, and plays an accompaniment upon a stringed instrument. But for the most part, poets create music in the lines themselves, through rhythm and rime and choice of words. In this way the poet is able to enhance the emotion

expressed in the words. If the mood is gay and joyous, the rhythm will be lively, but if it is thoughtful and serious, the movement will be slow and dignified. To feel the rhythm of the lines you must read the poem aloud; no matter how beautiful the thought, you must hear the music, too, to experience fully the feeling that the poet wishes to share with you.

Men of all times have felt the joy of spring and have responded to the beauty of sky, and bird, and flower, and to the miracle of changing seasons. But the poet sees in these revelations of beauty more than just the facts. Through his deep feeling and imagination he sees in them an interpretation of life. This interpretation he sets down for us in language of such enduring charm that men treasure it and will not let it die.

As you read the lyrics in this Unit, you will have an opportunity to experience for yourself the power of poetry. For poetry can sharpen your observation, awaken your imagination, and phrase for you the feelings that are too indistinct for utterance. It can bring beauty into the prose of life.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE OUTDOOR WORLD

This first group of five poems reveals how strongly the outdoor world appeals to the sensitive feelings of poets. To climb the hill-side trail, to saunter along the wandering road, to brave the "shouting" wind, to watch the "myriad stars," to "know the peace" of the pine forest—all bring joy to these keen observers. As you read, notice the experience that seems to give each poet the greatest thrill. Your own experiences out-of-doors will gain in pleasure if you can catch something from the spirit of these nature-lovers.

## HILLS

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

I NEVER loved your plains,  
Your gentle valleys,  
Your drowsy country lanes  
And pleachèd<sup>1</sup> alleys.

I want my hills!—the trail  
That scorns the hollow—  
Up, up the ragged shale  
Where few will follow.

Up, over wooded crest,  
And mossy boulder,  
With strong thigh, heaving chest,  
And swinging shoulder.

So let me hold my way,  
By nothing halted,  
Until, at close of day,  
I stand, exalted,

High on my hills of dream—  
Dear hills that know me!  
And then how fair will seem  
The lands below me!

How pure, at vesper-time,  
The far bells chiming!  
God, give me hills to climb,  
And strength for climbing!

<sup>1</sup>pleachèd, formed by the interweaving branches overhead.

TEWKESBURY ROAD<sup>1</sup>

JOHN MASEFIELD

IT IS good to be out on the road, and  
going one knows not where,  
Going through meadow and village,  
one knows not whither nor why;  
Through the gray light drift of the dust,  
in the keen cool rush of the air,  
Under the flying white clouds, and the  
broad blue life of the sky;

And to halt at the chattering brook, in  
the tall green fern at the brink  
Where the harebell grows, and the  
gorse, and the foxgloves purple and  
white;

Where the shy-eyed delicate deer troop  
down to the pools to drink,  
When the stars are mellow and large  
at the coming on of the night.

Oh, to feel the warmth of the rain, and  
the homely smell of the earth,  
Is a tune for the blood to jig to, a joy  
past power of words;  
And the blessed green comely meadows  
seem all a-ripple with mirth  
At the lilt of the shifting feet, and the  
dear wild cry of the birds.

<sup>1</sup>From John Masefield's *Salt-Water Ballads*.  
By permission of The Macmillan Company,  
publishers.

HARK TO THE SHOUTING  
WIND<sup>1</sup>

HENRY TIMROD

HARK to the shouting Wind!  
Hark to the flying Rain!  
And I care not though I never see  
A bright blue sky again.

There are thoughts in my breast today 5  
That are not for human speech;  
But I hear them in the driving storm,  
And the roar upon the beach.

And oh, to be with that ship  
That I watch through the blinding  
brine! 10  
O Wind! for thy sweep of land and sea!  
O Sea! for a voice like thine!

Shout on, thou pitiless Wind,  
To the frightened and flying Rain!  
I care not though I never see 15  
A calm blue sky again.

STARS<sup>2</sup>

SARA TEASDALE

ALONE in the night  
On a dark hill  
With pines around me  
Spicy and still,

And a heaven full of stars 5  
Over my head,  
White and topaz  
And misty red;

Myriads with beating  
Hearts of fire 10  
That aeons  
Cannot vex or tire;

<sup>1</sup> This selection from Timrod is reprinted from the *Memorial Edition*, through the courtesy of the holder of the copyright, the John-son Publishing Company, Richmond, Virginia.

<sup>2</sup> From Sara Teasdale's *Flame and Shadow*. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Up the dome of heaven  
Like a great hill,  
I watch them marching 15  
Stately and still,

And I know that I  
Am honored to be  
Witness  
Of so much majesty. 20

A CHANT OUT-OF-DOORS<sup>1</sup>

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

GOD of grave nights,  
God of brave mornings,  
God of silent noon,  
Hear my salutation!

For where the rapids rage white and  
scornful, 5  
I have passed safely, filled with wonder;  
Where the sweet pools dream under  
willows,  
I have been swimming, filled with life.

God of round hills,  
God of green valleys, 10  
God of clear springs,  
Hear my salutation!

For where the moose feeds, I have  
eaten berries,  
Where the moose drinks, I have  
drunk deep.  
When the storm crashed through  
broken heavens— 15  
And under clear skies—I have known  
joy.

God of great trees,  
God of wild grasses,  
God of little flowers,  
Hear my salutation! 20

<sup>1</sup> From Marguerite Wilkinson's *Bluestone*. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

For where the deer crops and the  
beaver plunges,  
Near the river I have pitched my tent;  
Where the pines cast aromatic needles  
On a still floor, I have known peace.

God of grave nights,  
God of brave mornings,  
God of silent noon,  
Hear my salutation!

25

### STUDY AIDS

(*Hills*) 1. What does the poet like best about hills? Which lines picture the climber most vividly? What is the reward of the climber?

2. What is the thought suggested by the last two lines of the poem?

(*Tewkesbury Road*) 1. The rhythm of the lines gives one the feeling of tramping along the road. Of which lines is this especially true?

2. The poet's senses—seeing, feeling, smelling, hearing—are alive to the beauties of nature. Point out illustrations.

3. Notice how rich the poem is in descriptive words, which usually occur in pairs. Select the most expressive pairs of adjectives.

(*Hark to the Shouting Wind*) In what lines or stanza does the poet best express

his joy in the storm? What feeling does a storm give you?

(*Stars*) Notice how the sound of the short lines and the one-syllabled words help to give a feeling of awe and majesty to the poem.

(*A Chant Out-of-Doors*) 1. Of the four stanzas comprising the salutation which one addresses God as the God of time? Which one as the God of place? Of growing things? What is the effect of the repetition of the first stanza for the close of the poem?

2. The stanzas with longer lines give reasons for the salutation. How do different aspects of nature affect the poet? Which phrases sum up her feelings? Which ones show the same response to nature under contrasting conditions?

(*Summary*) 1. Which poem do you think expresses the keenest joy in nature? Which one expresses the greatest variety of feelings? If you yourself have had an experience similar to that of any of these poets, tell the class about it. Which poem made you experience something of the poet's feeling as you read the lines?

2. In which poem does the music—the rhythm, the rime, and the sound of the words—most effectively emphasize the thought of the poem? Which of these lyrics do you think a musician might like to set to music?

### BEAUTY IN COMMON THINGS

The poems you have just read express the poets' feelings for Nature in general. But more often a poet uses for his theme some special aspect of the outdoor world and reveals hidden beauties even in the most familiar things about us. In the following group of poems, for example, one of these "interpreters of Nature" describes in his dialect verse the liquid song of the mocking bird. Others are inspired to paint for us vivid pictures of the fluttering butterfly, the scarlet maple tree, the wayside gentian, or the fragrant lilac.

If you catch the spirit of these poets, you, too, may be able to see new loveliness in the common things about you.

## THE MOCKING BIRD

FRANK L. STANTON

HE didn't know much music  
 When first he come along;  
 An' all the birds went wonderin'  
 Why he didn't sing a song.

They primped their feathers in the sun, 5  
 An' sung their sweetest notes;  
 An' music jest come on the run  
 From all their purty throats!

But still that bird was silent  
 In summertime an' fall; 10  
 He jest set still an' listened,  
 An' he wouldn't sing at all!

But one night when them songsters  
 Was tired out an' still,  
 An' the wind sighed down the valley 15  
 An' went creepin' up the hill;

When the stars was all a-tremble  
 In the dreamin' fields o' blue,  
 An' the daisy in the darkness  
 Felt the fallin' o' the dew; 20

There come a sound o' melody  
 No mortal ever heard,  
 An' all the birds seemed singin'  
 From the throat o' one sweet bird!

Then the other birds went Mayin' 25  
 In a land too fur to call;  
 Fer there warn't no use in stayin'  
 When one bird could sing fer all!

Now orders forth his men.  
 He says "The time is almost here 5  
 When violets bloom again."  
 Adown the road the fickle rout  
 Goes flashing proud and bold,  
 Adown the road the fickle rout  
 Goes flashing proud and bold, 10  
 Adown the road the fickle rout  
 Goes flashing proud and bold.  
 They shiver by the shallow pools,  
 They shiver by the shallow pools,  
 They shiver by the shallow pools, 15  
 And whimper of the cold.  
 They drink and drink. A frail pretense!  
 They love to pose and preen.  
 Each pool is but a looking glass,  
 Where their sweet wings are seen. 20  
 Each pool is but a looking glass,  
 Where their sweet wings are seen.  
 Each pool is but a looking glass,  
 Where their sweet wings are seen.  
 Gentlemen adventurers! Gypsies every  
 whit! 25  
 They live on what they steal. Their  
 wings  
 By briars are frayed a bit.  
 Their loves are light. They have no  
 house.  
 And if it rains today,  
 They'll climb into your cattle-shed, 30  
 They'll climb into your cattle-shed,  
 They'll climb into your cattle-shed,  
 And hide them in the hay,  
 And hide them in the hay,  
 And hide them in the hay, 35  
 And hide them in the hay.

THE KING OF YELLOW  
BUTTERFLIES<sup>1</sup>

(A Poem Game)

VACHEL LINDSAY

THE King of Yellow Butterflies,  
 The King of Yellow Butterflies,  
 The King of Yellow Butterflies,

## TREES

BLISS CARMAN

IN the Garden of Eden, planted by  
 God,  
 There were goodly trees in the springing  
 sod—

Trees of beauty and height and grace,  
 To stand in splendor before His face.

<sup>1</sup>From Vachel Lindsay's *Collected Poems*.  
 By permission of The Macmillan Company,  
 publishers.

Apple and hickory, ash and pear, 5  
Oak and beech and the tulip rare,

The trembling aspen, the noble pine,  
The sweeping elm by the river line;

Trees for the birds to build and sing,  
And the lilac tree for a joy in spring; 10

Trees to turn at the frosty call  
And carpet the ground for their Lord's  
footfall;

Trees for fruitage and fire and shade,  
Trees for the cunning builder's trade;

Wood for the bow, the spear, and the  
flail, 15  
The keel and the mast of the daring  
sail—

He made them of every grain and girth,  
For the use of man in the Garden of  
Earth.

Then lest the soul should not lift her  
eyes  
From the gift to the Giver of Paradise, 20

On the crown of a hill, for all to see,  
God planted a scarlet maple tree.

## TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

**T**HOU blossom, bright with autumn  
dew,  
And colored with the heaven's own blue,  
That openest when the quiet light  
Succeeds the keen and frosty night;

Thou comest not when violets lean 5  
O'er wandering brooks and springs un-  
seen,  
Or columbines, in purple dressed,  
Nod o'er the ground bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,  
When woods are bare and birds are  
flown, 10  
And frosts and shortening days portend  
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye  
Look through its fringes to the sky,  
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall 15  
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see  
The hour of death draw near to me,  
Hope, blossoming within my heart,  
May look to heaven as I depart. 20

## LILACS

AMY LOWELL

Lilacs,  
False blue,  
White,  
Purple,  
Color of lilac, 5  
Your great puffs of flowers  
Are everywhere in this my New Eng-  
land.  
Among your heart-shaped leaves  
Orange orioles hop like music-box birds  
and sing  
Their little weak soft songs; 10  
In the crooks of your branches  
The bright eyes of song sparrows sitting  
on spotted eggs  
Peer restlessly through the light and  
shadow  
Of all Springs.

Lilacs in dooryards 15  
Holding quiet conversations with an  
early moon;  
Lilacs watching a deserted house  
Settling sideways into the grass of an old  
road;  
Lilacs, wind-beaten, staggering under a  
lopsided shock of bloom  
Above a cellar dug into a hill, 20  
You are everywhere.  
You were everywhere.

You tapped the window when the  
     preacher preached his sermon,  
 And ran along the road beside the boy  
     going to school.  
 You stood by pasture-bars to give the  
     cows good milking; 25  
 You persuaded the housewife that her  
     dishpan was of silver,  
 And her husband an image of pure gold.  
 You flaunted the fragrance of your blossoms  
 Through the wide doors of Custom-  
     houses—  
 You, and sandal-wood, and tea, 30  
 Charging the noses of quill-driving  
     clerks  
 When a ship was in from China.  
 You called to them: "Goose-quill men,  
     goose-quill men,  
 May is a month for flitting,"  
 Until they writhed on their high stools 35  
 And wrote poetry on their letter-sheets  
     behind the propped-up ledgers,  
 Paradoxical<sup>1</sup> New England clerks,  
 Writing inventories in ledgers, reading  
     the "Song of Solomon" at night,  
 So many verses before bedtime,  
 Because it was the Bible. 40  
 The dead fed you  
 Amid the slant stones of graveyards.  
 Pale ghosts who planted you  
 Came in the night-time  
 And let their thin hair blow through  
     your clustered stems. 45  
 You are of<sup>2</sup> the green sea,  
 And of the stone hills which reach a  
     long distance.  
 You are of elm-shaded streets with little  
     shops where they sell kites and  
     marbles.  
 You are of great parks where everyone  
     walks and nobody is at home.  
 You cover the blind sides of green-  
     houses, 50  
 And lean over the top to say a hurry-  
     word through the glass  
 To your friends, the grapes, inside.

<sup>1</sup> *Paradoxical*, contrary to the New England nature. <sup>2</sup> *are of*, belong to and remind one of.

Lilacs,  
 False blue,  
 White, 55  
 Purple,  
 Color of lilac,  
 You have forgotten your Eastern ori-  
     gin,<sup>3</sup>  
 The veiled women with eyes like pan-  
     thers,  
 The swollen, aggressive turbans of jew-  
     eled Pashas;<sup>4</sup> 60  
 Now you are a very decent flower,  
 A reticent flower,  
 A curiously clear-cut, candid flower,  
 Standing beside clean doorways,  
 Friendly to a house-cat and a pair of  
     spectacles, 65  
 Making poetry out of a bit of moon-  
     light  
 And a hundred or two sharp blossoms.  
  
 Maine knows you,  
 Has for years and years;  
 New Hampshire knows you, 70  
 And Massachusetts  
 And Vermont.  
 Cape Cod starts you along the beaches  
     to Rhode Island;  
 Connecticut takes you from a river to  
     the sea.  
 You are brighter than apples, 75  
 Sweeter than tulips,  
 You are the great flood of our souls  
 Bursting above the leaf-shapes of our  
     hearts;  
 You are the smell of all Summers,  
 The love of wives and children, 80  
 The recollection of the gardens of little  
     children;  
 You are State Houses and Charters  
 And the familiar treading of the foot to  
     and fro on a road it knows.  
 May is<sup>5</sup> lilac here in New England;  
 May is thrush singing "Sun up!" on a  
     tip-top ash-tree; 85

<sup>3</sup> *Eastern origin*. The lilac is thought to have had its origin in the Orient.

<sup>4</sup> *Pashas*, officers of high rank in Turkey.

<sup>5</sup> *is*, always brings to mind.



May is white clouds behind pine-trees  
Puffed out and marching upon a blue  
sky.

May is a green as no other;  
May is much sun through small leaves;  
May is soft earth, 90  
And apple-blossoms,  
And windows open to a South Wind;  
May is a full light wind of lilac  
From Canada to Narragansett Bay.

Lilacs, 95  
False blue,  
White,  
Purple,  
Color of lilac,  
Heart-leaves of lilac all over New Eng-  
land, 100  
Roots of lilac under all the soil of New  
England,  
Lilac in me because I am New Eng-  
land,  
Because my roots are in it,  
Because my leaves are of it,  
Because my flowers are for it, 105  
Because it is my country  
And I speak to it of itself  
And sing of it with my own voice,  
Since certainly it is mine.

### STUDY AIDS

(*The Mocking Bird*) In this lyric the poet personifies the birds. (For a definition of "personification" see the Index of Topics and Special Terms, page 627.) What is the poet's fancy about the mocking bird? Which lines would you select for their beauty?

(*The King of Yellow Butterflies*) 1. When Vachel Lindsay read or chanted his poems, each repetition took on new meaning and added to the general effect of the poem. Read the poem both with and without the repetitions. In which form do you like it better?

2. Read lines which show Lindsay's keen observation.

(*Trees*) What practical uses of trees does the poet mention? What aesthetic uses? If you memorize the last four lines, some day when you see a scarlet maple tree, you may like to recall its purpose in the words of the poet.

(*To the Fringed Gentian*) How does Bryant say that the gentian blossoms in the morning? In the fall of the year? In what fanciful way does he account for the color of the gentian?

(*Lilacs*) 1. Miss Lowell belonged to a group of poets sometimes called "imagists" because by their choice of words they created clear-cut images. Orioles and song sparrows are vividly described in lines 8-14. Which description do you like better?

2. In lines 15-20 the poet describes lilacs in three places where they are familiarly found. In which of these places have you seen them? Were they doing what she describes?

3. Lines 23-36 tell six things that lilacs did. What are they? Upon whom did they perform the greater miracle, upon the housewife or the Customhouse clerks?

4. At the beginning of each section of the poem the poet names four colors of lilacs. Have you noticed all four? Does this repetition help to create the sense that lilacs "are everywhere"?

5. In line 23, "You tapped the window when the preacher preached his sermon" is a whimsical thought. Can you find others?

6. Most of the lyrics that you have read have stanzas with regular patterns of meter and rhyme. "Lilacs" has no regular meter and rhyme, but nevertheless, as you read it aloud, you realize that it does have a certain musical flow. Poetry of this kind is called "free verse."

(*Summary*) The poet Browning says: We're made so that we love  
First when we see them painted, things we  
have passed  
Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see.

What did the poets "paint" for you that will make butterflies, scarlet maples, and lilacs more interesting to you the next time you see them?

## THE CHANGING SEASONS

Nature is always changing, from season to season and from region to region. The fascination of this change is a favorite theme of poets, as you will see from the following poems. The first four of these lyrics capture some of the charm of springtime; the next two picture the "hint of winter" that comes with autumn; the last poem, Wordsworth's "Lines Written in Early Spring," is a fitting conclusion to this unit, for it reveals how nature inspires a great poet to see a relationship between man and the "world in which he lives."

Some of the poets represented in this group are English or American writers of our own day, but more than a century ago Keats and Wordsworth composed their lyrics, so full of beauty that the world will not let them die. As you read "To Autumn" and "Lines Written in Early Spring" (page 580), see if you can discover in them the qualities that have made them endure.

DEAR MARCH, COME IN<sup>1</sup>

EMILY DICKINSON

DEAR March, come in!  
How glad I am!  
I looked for you before.  
Put down your hat—  
You must have walked— 5  
How out of breath you are!  
Dear March, how are you?  
And the rest?  
Did you leave Nature well?  
Oh, March, come right upstairs with  
me, 10  
I have so much to tell!  
I got your letter, and the birds';  
The maples never knew  
That you were coming—I declare,  
How red their faces grew! 15  
But, March, forgive me—  
And all those hills  
You left for me to hue;  
There was no purple suitable,  
You took it all with you. 20

Who knocks? That April!  
Lock the door!

<sup>1</sup> From *The Poems of Emily Dickinson*, Centenary Edition, edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Company.

I will not be pursued!  
He stayed away a year, to call  
When I am occupied. 25  
But trifles look so trivial  
As soon as you have come,  
That blame is just as dear as praise  
And praise as mere as blame.

## MARCH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE cock is crowing;  
The stream is flowing;  
The small birds twitter;  
The lake doth glitter;  
The green field sleeps in the sun; 5  
The oldest and youngest  
Are at work with the strongest;  
The cattle are grazing,  
Their heads never raising;  
There are forty feeding like one! 10

Like an army defeated  
The snow hath retreated,  
And now doth fare ill  
On the top of the bare hill;  
The plowboy is whooping—anon—  
anon. 15

There's joy in the mountains;  
 There's life in the fountains;<sup>1</sup>  
 Small clouds are sailing;  
 Blue sky prevailing;  
 The rain is over and gone!

## APRIL—NORTH CAROLINA

HARRIET MONROE

**W**OULD you not be in Tryon<sup>2</sup>  
 Now that the spring is here,  
 When mocking-birds are praising  
 The fresh, the blossomy year?

Look—on the leafy carpet  
 Woven of winter's browns,  
 Iris and pink azaleas  
 Flutter their gaudy gowns.

The dogwood spreads white meshes—  
 So white and light and high—  
 To catch the drifting sunlight  
 Out of the cobalt sky.

The pointed beech and maple,  
 The pines, dark-tufted, tall,  
 Pattern with many colors  
 The mountain's purple wall.

Hark—what a rushing torrent  
 Of crystal song falls sheer!  
 Would you not be in Tryon  
 Now that the spring is here?

## THE CALL OF THE SPRING<sup>3</sup>

ALFRED NOYES

**C**OME, choose your road and away,  
 my lad,  
 Come, choose your road and away!  
 We'll out of the town by the road's  
 bright crown  
 As it dips to the dazzling day.

<sup>1</sup> *fountains*, springs and swift rivulets, which farther down the mountain flow into lakes and rivers.

<sup>2</sup> *Tryon*, a town in the North Carolina mountains.

<sup>3</sup> Reprinted by permission from *Collected Poems*, Vol. II, by Alfred Noyes. Copyright 1913 by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

It's a long white road for the weary; 5  
 But it rolls through the heart of the  
 May.

Though many a road would merrily  
 ring  
 To the tramp of your marching feet,  
 All roads are one from the day that's  
 done,  
 And the miles are swift and sweet, 10  
 And the graves of your friends are the  
 milestones  
 To the land where all roads meet.

But the call that you hear this day, my  
 lad,  
 Is the Spring's old bugle of mirth,  
 When the year's green fire in a soul's  
 desire 15  
 Is brought like a rose to the birth;  
 And knights ride out to adventure  
 As the flowers break out of the earth.

Over the sweet-smelling mountain-  
 passes  
 The clouds lie brightly curled; 20  
 The wild-flowers cling to the crags and  
 swing  
 With cataract-dews impearled;  
 And the way, the way, that you choose  
 this day  
 Is the way to the end of the world.

It rolls from the golden long ago 25  
 To the land that we ne'er shall find;  
 And it's uphill here, but it's downhill  
 there,  
 For the road is wise and kind,  
 And all rough places and cheerless faces  
 Will soon be left behind. 30

Come, choose your road and away,  
 away!  
 We'll follow the gypsy sun;  
 For it's soon, too soon, to the end of the  
 day,  
 And the day is well begun;  
 And the road rolls on through the heart  
 of the May, 35  
 And there's never a May but one.

There's a fir-wood here, and a dog-rose  
there,

And a note of the mating dove;  
And a glimpse, maybe, of the warm blue  
sea,

And the warm white clouds above; 40  
And warm to your breast in a tenderer  
nest

Your sweetheart's little glove.

There's not much better to win, my lad,

There's not much better to win!  
You have lived, you have loved, you  
have fought, you have proved 45

The worth of folly and sin;  
So now come out of the city's rout,  
Come out of the dust and the din.

Come out—a bundle and stick is all  
You'll need to carry along, 50

If your heart can carry a kindly word,  
And your lips can carry a song;  
You may leave the lave<sup>1</sup> to the keep o'  
the grave,  
If your lips can carry a song!

*Come, choose your road and away, my  
lad, 55*

*Come, choose your road and away!  
We'll out of the town by the road's  
bright crown,*

*As it dips to the sapphire day!  
All roads may meet at the world's end,*

*But, hey for the heart of the May! 60*  
*Come, choose your road and away, dear  
lad,*

*Come, choose your road and away!*

## INDIAN SUMMER<sup>2</sup>

LEW SARETT

**W**HEN I went down the butte to  
drink at dawn,  
I saw a frozen lily by the spring,

<sup>1</sup> lave, rest.

<sup>2</sup> From Lew Sarett's *The Box of God*, by  
permission of Henry Holt and Company, pub-  
lishers.

A ragged stream-line rank of whistling  
swan,

And the swift flash of a willet's wing.

And now comes a hint of winter in the  
air: 5

Among the pensive valleys drifts a  
haze

Of dusty blue, and the quaking-asp lies  
bare

To the chill breath of hoary days.

Farewell, my mountain-ash and golden-  
rod,

For summer swoons in autumn's arms,  
and dies, 10

As the languid rivers drowse and the  
asters nod

Beneath the gray wind's lullabies.

Farewell, my fleet-foot antelope and doe;  
Farewell, my wild companions of the  
hills— 14

Soon in your winter-slumber you will go  
To a far land of singing rills.

Soon by the fire I'll sit with quiet  
dreams;

In the sinuous smoke, silver against  
the blue,

That floats above the dusky vales and  
streams,

My eyes will see the ghosts of you. 20

I'll ride my night-patrols upon the  
peak—

And the big wind among the firs, the  
lone

Wandering wolf, and the waterfall will  
speak

Of you in a language of their own.

We'll miss you, blue-eyed grass and  
laughing brook; 25

In the spring on some high mesa we'll  
confer,

And with shining eyes we'll trace your  
form, and look

For you when your snowy blankets  
stir.

Rest well, my comrades; know that  
 while you sleep,  
 With eager hearts we'll listen for your  
 song, 30  
 And through the night a patient watch  
 we'll keep  
 For you—don't stay away too long.

## TO AUTUMN

JOHN KEATS

SEASON of mists and mellow fruit-  
 fulness,  
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing  
 sun;  
 Conspiring with him how to load and  
 bless  
 With fruit the vines that round the  
 thatch-eaves run;  
 To bend with apples the mossed cottage-  
 trees, 5  
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the  
 core;  
 To swell the gourd, and plump<sup>1</sup> the  
 hazel shells  
 With a sweet kernel; to set budding  
 more,  
 And still more, later flowers for the  
 bees,  
 Until they think warm days will never  
 cease, 10  
 For Summer has o'er-brimmed their  
 clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy  
 store?  
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may  
 find  
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing  
 wind; 15  
 Or on a half-reaped furrow sound  
 asleep,  
 Drowsed<sup>2</sup> with the fume of poppies,  
 while thy hook

<sup>1</sup> plump, fill.

<sup>2</sup> Drowsed, made drowsy by the opium in  
 the poppies.

Spares the next swath and all its  
 twined flowers;  
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost  
 keep 19  
 Steady thy laden head across a brook;  
 Or by a cider-press, with patient  
 look,  
 Thou watchest the last oozeings,  
 hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Aye,  
 where are they?  
 Think not of them, thou hast thy  
 music too—  
 While barred clouds bloom the soft-  
 dying day, 25  
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy  
 hue;  
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats  
 mourn  
 Among the river shallows, borne aloft  
 Or sinking as the light wind lives  
 or dies;  
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from  
 hilly bourn; 30  
 Hedge-crickets sing; and now with  
 treble soft  
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-  
 croft;  
 And gathering swallows twitter in  
 the skies.

## LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,  
 While in a grove I sat reclined,  
 In that sweet mood when pleasant  
 thoughts  
 Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link 5  
 The human soul that through me ran;  
 And much it grieved my heart to think  
 What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green  
     bower,  
 The periwinkle trailed its wreaths; 10  
 And 'tis my faith that every flower  
 Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and  
     played—  
 Their thoughts I cannot measure—  
 But the least motion which they made 15  
 It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan  
 To catch the breezy air;  
 And I must think, do all I can,  
 That there was pleasure there. 20

If this belief from Heaven be sent,  
 If such be Nature's holy plan,  
 Have I not reason to lament  
 What man has made of man?

# STUDY AIDS

*(Dear March, Come In)* Emily Dickinson is noted for her whimsical thoughts and expressions. Point out interesting examples in this lyric. Notice how consistently she carries out the personification. How does she refer to the purple color of distant hills in early spring? Does the poem have rime and rhythm?

*(March)* Wordsworth shows how the joy of spring affects all nature. Does his description of an English landscape fit an American scene as well? Notice the unusual pattern of meter and rime in both stanzas.

*(April—North Carolina)* What sights and sounds does Miss Monroe describe that make Tryon beautiful in spring? Find lines that show that the poet is a keen observer of facts; that she treats these facts with imagination; that she uses words that create vivid images.

*(The Call of the Spring)* 1. In this lyric Noyes invites you to "choose your road and away." Which lines make you realize

that he is also thinking of the road as life's highway? In the stanza beginning with line 49 what does he say is of first importance on the road?

2. Notice the internal rimes—the rimes within the same line. What do they do for the music of the lyric? Which do you like better, this poem or "Tewkesbury Road"?

*(Indian Summer)* Lew Sarett has served as a forest ranger. What details show that he is familiar with the life of a ranger? Whom does he call his comrades? What "hints of winter" are mentioned?

*(To Autumn)* What does the poet say autumn does with the help of the maturing sun? Have you seen autumn do any of these things? Which of the pictures of autumn in the second stanza seems the most vivid to you? What are the varied sounds mentioned by Keats that make up the songs of autumn?

*(Lines Written in Early Spring)* 1. What were the poet's pleasant thoughts? What was the sad thought that they brought to his mind? Wordsworth makes a comparison between the joy of flowers, birds, and budding twigs and the misery he sees among men. He observes flowers and birds living in apparent harmony, but among men he notices discord. He believes that "Nature's holy plan" has been violated by men, who have sought their own advantage, regardless of the suffering of others.

2. Poets not only are keen observers of nature, but often they see a deep significance in hills and stars, in trees and flowers—truths which they interpret for us as Wordsworth does in this lyric. How does this statement apply also to Guiterman, Sara Teasdale, Carman, and Bryant?

*(Summary)* 1. You might conclude that spring and autumn are the favorite seasons of the poets. To see whether this is true, read through one of the books listed on the next page.

2. Which is your favorite season? Find a number of poems that express your feelings about it and read at least one to the class.

## A BACKWARD GLANCE

1. Select one or two of the anthologies listed below and glance through the table of contents to see how generally poets choose their subjects from nature. You will find many poems that reveal beauty in common things and others that show the poets' delight in changing seasons. By using the index or the table of contents, see how many poems you can find on some one subject, as, for instance, trees, stars, autumn, or roads. Perhaps you can find a poem that appeals to you more than the one selected in this Unit on the same subject by Bliss Carman, Sara Teasdale, Keats, or Maschfield. If you do, read it to the class to see if your classmates agree with your judgment.

2. Tracing the meaning of the word *anthology* back to its derivation, you will find that it comes from a Greek word meaning "bouquet"—that is, an anthology was originally thought of as a collection of the "flowers of literature." You might like to compile a list of titles for an anthology of your own, containing twenty or more of your favorites. Does your anthology contain more poems by contemporary writers or by poets of other days? Does it represent both English and American poets? How many of the poems are by men? How many by women? How many of the poems can you say by heart? Who in the class has the best record for memorizing poetry?

## A READING LIST

*Poems of Youth*, edited by Alice Cecilia Cooper, is a collection of old and new favorites listed under such headings as The Magic World, The Open Sky. *Poems of Today* is by the same compiler.

*Children's Treasury of Lyrical Poetry*, edited by Francis Turner Palgrave, is considered one of the best collections.

*Modern Lyrics*, edited by Kate L. Dickinson, is a carefully chosen collection of poems by contemporary poets.

*The Gypsy Trail*, edited by Pauline Goldmark and Mary Hopkins, is an anthology for campers.

*Wings against the Moon*, by Lew Sarett,

who is a daring woodsman as well as a professor and a poet. His poetry has the tang of the out-of-doors.

*This Singing World*, edited by Louis Untermeyer, is an anthology of modern poetry for young people with titles listed under such headings as Breath of the Earth, Open Roads, Surge of the Sea.

*Melody of Earth*, edited by Gertrude E. Richards, is a collection of nature poems by present-day poets.

*Home Book of Verse for Young People*, edited by Burton E. Stevenson, is a very full collection of old and new favorites grouped by subjects.



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## UNIT XIII

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# The World of Nature : Prose

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The poems you have just read have shown you some of the charm of the world in which we live. But men are not content merely to enjoy the loveliness of Nature. Always explorers and naturalists and scientists are seeking to track down facts about the infinite mysteries that surround us. It is an adventurous trail to follow, leading sometimes into thick jungles, sometimes to lonely islands, sometimes down into the depths of the ocean.

Literature supplies many records of these seekers after knowledge. Your geography or botany or biology texts are not the only means by which you may come to understand the facts of the life that lies about you. Books and current magazines offer you a constantly expanding opportunity to share the adventures of the men and women who explore the vast field of Nature's secrets.

This last Unit of your book will introduce you to a few examples of this almost endless kind of reading. One of them, by Henry D. Thoreau, represents the work of a previous generation; it

has endured because this famous New England naturalist combined a rare literary charm with keen powers of observation. Other selections are typical of the many books and magazine articles now being written to provide enticing, non-technical accounts of scientific progress.

The literature in this field covers a wide range and takes many different forms. Often an explorer will spin true yarns about his adventures with savage beasts, yarns that are quite as thrilling as any short story in fiction. Again, you will find accounts of experiences in the wilds by some naturalist who reveals his own impressions in the form of an essay. Here also are books of a biographical type, such as the works of Paul De Kruif, that will kindle your admiration for some of the famous scientists who faced death in the study of Nature's secrets.

Your life will be enriched in many ways if you form the habit of reading in this important field, catching fresh glimpses of the unending search for the facts about the world in which we live.

## HUNTING THE AFRICAN BUFFALO

CARL AKELEY

If you have ever visited a museum of natural history, you must have lingered before the great glass cases that contain groups of wild animals. The following article, written by one of the most famous scientific explorers of Africa, shows with what labor and peril such perfect exhibits are collected.

THE buffalo is different from any other kind of animal in Africa. A lion prefers not to fight a man. He almost never attacks unprovoked, and even when he does attack he is not vindictive. The elephant, like the lion, prefers to be left alone. But he is quicker to attack than the lion, and he isn't satisfied merely to knock out his man enemy. Complete destruction is his aim. The buffalo is even quicker than the elephant to take offense at man, and he is as keen-sighted, clever, and vindictive as the elephant. As a matter of fact, the domesticated bull is more likely to attack man without provocation than any wild animal I know, and those who wandered on foot around the bulls on our Western prairies in the old cattle days probably experienced the same kind of charges one gets from African buffaloes.

Nevertheless, despite all these qualities, which are almost universally attributed to the African buffalo, I am confident that the buffalo, like the elephant and other wild animals, has no instinctive enmity to man. That enmity, I am sure, is acquired by experience. I had an experience on the Aberdare Plateau<sup>1</sup> with a band of elephants that had seen little or nothing of man, and until they learned about men from

me they paid no more attention to me than if I had been an antelope. But after I had shot one or two as specimens, they acquired the traditional elephant attitude. I had a curiously similar experience with buffaloes.

It happened in this way. Mrs. Akeley, Cuninghame, the famous hunter, and I had been trying for some time, but with little luck, to get buffalo specimens for a group for the Field Museum at Chicago.

We had reason to believe that there was a herd of buffaloes living in the triangle made by the junction of the Theba and Tana rivers. As the buffaloes would have to water from one stream or the other, we felt pretty sure of locating them by following down the Theba to the junction and then up the Tana.

From the swamp down the Theba to its junction with the Tana occupied three days in which we saw no fresh signs of buffalo. On the second march up the Tana, as I was traveling ahead of the *safari*<sup>2</sup> at about midday, looking out through an opening in a strip of thorn bush that bordered the river, I saw in the distance a great black mass on the open plain which, on further investigation with the field glasses, I was reasonably certain was a herd of buffaloes. Sending a note back to Cuninghame, who was in charge of the *safari*, suggesting that he make camp at a hill on the banks of the Tana about two miles ahead of my position and await me there, I started off over the plain with my two gun boys. Coming up out of a dry stream-bed that I had used to conceal my approach, I came on to a large herd of eland, and my first fear was that I had mistaken eland for buffaloes.

Going farther on, however, we saw a herd of about five hundred buffaloes

<sup>1</sup> *Aberdare Plateau*, the plateau of a mountain range in British East Africa.

<sup>2</sup> *safari*, the gun-bearers, porters, etc., that accompany a hunting expedition in Africa.

lying up in<sup>3</sup> a few scattered thorn trees four or five hundred yards away. At first it seemed an almost impossible situation. There was practically no cover and no means of escape in case the herd detected us and saw fit to charge, and at that time my respect for the buffaloes led me to be extremely cautious. We worked around the herd trying to find some place where a safe approach might be made. Finally, seeing a little band of a dozen buffaloes off at one side on the bank of a ravine which offered splendid protection, we stalked them, but, unfortunately, not one in the band was desirable as a specimen. Since this was so, I tried them out, giving them my wind,<sup>4</sup> then going up where they could see me better. I found that they were quite indifferent either to the scent or the sight of man. They finally moved off quietly without alarm. I then knew that this herd, like the Aberdare elephants, had had little or no experience with men, and that there was perhaps less to fear from them than from the traditional buffalo of the sportsman.

\* \* \*

I returned to camp feeling that now at last, from this herd living apparently in the open, we should have relatively little difficulty in completing our series of specimens. On the following morning, much to our disappointment, our first glimpse of the herd was just as it disappeared in the thorn bush along the bank of the river. We put in nearly a week of hard work to complete the series.

During those seven days of continual hunting, that herd, which had been indifferent and unsuspecting at the beginning, like the elephants, became cautious, vigilant, and aggressive. For instance, on one occasion near the close of

the week, after having spent the day trying to locate the herd, I suddenly came face to face with them just at the edge of the bush at night on my way back to camp. They were tearing along at a good pace, apparently having been alarmed. I stepped to one side and crouched in the low grass while they passed me in a cloud of dust at twenty-five or thirty yards. Even had I been able to pick out desirable specimens at this time, I should have been afraid to shoot for fear of getting into difficulties when they had located my position. I turned and followed them rapidly as they sped away over the hard ground until the noise of their stampede suddenly stopped. I then decided that it was best to get to some point of vantage and await further developments. I climbed an acacia tree that enabled me to look over the top of the bush. Fifty yards ahead I could see about fifty buffaloes lined up in a little open patch looking back on their trail. As I was perched in the tree endeavoring to pick out a desirable animal, I suddenly discovered a lone old bull buffalo coming from the bush almost directly underneath me, sniffing and snuffing this way and that. Very slowly, very cautiously he passed around the tree, then back to the waiting herd, when they all resumed their stampede and made good their escape for the day.

One morning I came in sight of the herd just as it was entering the thorn bush and followed hurriedly on the trail, until just at the edge of the jungle I happened to catch sight of the two black hoofs of an old cow behind the low-hanging foliage. I stopped, expecting a charge. After a few moments I backed slowly away until I reached a tree, where I halted to await developments. Stooping down, I could see the buffalo's nose and black, beady eyes as she stood motionless. The rest of the herd had gone on out of hearing, and

<sup>3</sup> *lying up in*, resting on the ground under.  
<sup>4</sup> *giving . . . wind*, getting in such a position that the wind would carry the scent of my body to them.

I think she was quite alone in her proposed attack. After a few moments, apparently realizing that her plan had failed, she turned about and followed the herd, moving very quietly at first, then breaking into a gallop.

On the following day toward evening we came up again with the herd in the same region. As we first saw them, they were too far away for us to choose and shoot with certainty. We managed to crawl to a fair-sized tree midway between us and the herd, and from the deep branches picked out the young herd bull of the group. When we had shot and he had disappeared into the bush, a calf accompanied by its mother gave us a fleeting glimpse of itself, with the result that we added the calf to our series.

The herd disappeared into the bush, and, after a few minutes, we descended from our perch and inspected the calf, then started off in the direction the wounded bull had taken, and found him lying dead just a few yards away.

This completed the series, much to our great joy, for by this time we were thoroughly tired of buffalo-hunting. It had been a long, hard hunt, and our *safari*, as well as ourselves, were considerably the worse for wear. To shoot a half-dozen buffaloes is a very simple matter and ought to be accomplished almost any day in British East Africa or Uganda, but to select a series of a half dozen that will have the greatest possible scientific value by illustrating the development from babyhood to old age is quite a different matter.

\* \* \*

#### STUDY AIDS

1. Which is to you the most surprising statement in the first paragraph? Does the author support it? If so, how?

2. Why does Akeley think that the wild buffalo does not naturally attack men?

What effect does shooting a few buffalo have on the whole herd?

3. What was the writer's purpose in shooting buffalo? Why did he stop killing when he had completed his "group"? How did his hunting differ from the way our pioneers hunted the American buffalo or bison?

4. The headnote on page 584 mentioned the hard labor and the peril that natural scientists undergo in their search for new knowledge. Mention some of the labors and perils that Akeley experienced.

5. The selection is taken from Carl Akeley's *In Brightest Africa*. You will enjoy reading the entire book. Akeley's wife, Delia Akeley, has also written two interesting accounts of African experiences: *J. T. Jr.: the Biography of an African Monkey* and *Jungle Portraits; with Original Photographs*.

### WE CAPTURE GORILLAS ALIVE

MARTIN JOHNSON

The most interesting and safest place to study wild animals is naturally the "zoo." Of all the cages the greatest attraction to the visitors is the section containing monkeys and apes. Whenever you see a gorilla, the largest and most powerful of the apes, you may be sure that it was born near the equator in West Africa. How it may have been forced to leave its tropical home, even though it is much stronger than any man, is made clear in the following selection.

I HAD lost all faith in the native method of capturing gorillas. I doubt if a native ever caught a big one alive, and I was beginning to look with pessimism on our chances of taking one of the apes when the eventful day dawned. About twenty miles from camp we stopped to address some natives.

"Have you seen any gorillas?" I inquired in a makeshift language.

"Why, yes," one answered, "we just heard them at the side of the road."

We got out of the car, listened and, sure enough, heard the animals not more than a hundred feet above us. With porters toting the cameras we began climbing up the hillside. The bamboo was not so thick as that to which we had been accustomed, and wide trails led in every direction. The thought struck me that this spot must have been the headquarters of all the gorillas on the mountain.

In five minutes we were upon the pack, but they saw us as soon as we saw them and hid themselves away. Following, we lost track of them, but kept on going, never wandering far from the road. Catching the tell-tale sounds of another pack, I called a halt, and crept warily forward alone with my camera. I had negotiated only about a hundred feet when the gorillas sensed my presence and began to scream. Throwing all caution to the winds, I dashed headlong in their direction. I could hear the rest of my party following. I came upon two youngsters at the foot of a tree and kept on toward them, my hand camera ready to spin. This maneuver on my part astonished the apes to such a degree that they completely lost their heads and instead of running away, leaped into a tree about a foot in diameter at the base and about eighty feet high. The animals were climbing hand over hand up in the branches when the other members of the party appeared. Here was a new situation, with the apes above us this time, in a position from which they could not escape. I decided to try my own system of capturing gorillas. There were two other vine-clad trees near by into which I feared the animals might leap, so I ordered my boys to cut down everything around the tree in which our quarry was trapped.

I set off in the direction in which the other members of the pack had scooted,

expecting not to find them. But one old silverback, apparently worried about the two youngsters in the tree, rushed at me as I broke my way through the brush. Like all of the gorilla charges we had faced, this, too, was merely a bluff. I got a good look at the silverback. . . . He was as big as any gorilla that probably ever existed.

Carrying a camera and accompanied by Lew and Dick,<sup>1</sup> armed with elephant guns, I took up the chase of the big silverback. He charged and retreated, stamping up and down in the jungle on stiff legs. Five times he came at me, screeching with frenzy, while I was busily taking pictures. Then, abandoning his attempt to protect the youngsters, the old fellow ran away uttering invectives and lamentations.

He didn't escape us, however. We kept right on his trail until we saw him with seven others. He acted as a rear guard as the others retreated, charging at us when we neared the pack. I never saw a gorilla so enraged as this one and was really apprehensive for our safety. The silverback shrieked his hate and defiance. He picked up bamboo sticks and broke them, screaming ferociously during the entire time, and prancing about on stiffened legs. As we cautiously proceeded, however, he gave ground, continuing toward his pack.

We reached a donga<sup>2</sup> and saw the gorillas cross a small stream on a fallen log. Lew counted ten of them, but I paid no attention to that. My mind was on the big fellow. I crossed the log after him. He made one more charge and then disappeared with the rest of the pack into the jungle too dense for us to travel through. It was keen fun, the brush with this silverback. I was confident that his rushes were only bluffs

<sup>1</sup> *Lew and Dick*, Louis Tappan and Richard Maedler. Mr. Tappan was in charge of the equipment used in making sound pictures of the expedition, and Mr. Maedler was the photographer. <sup>2</sup> *donga*, a deep ravine.

to cover the retreat of his fellows and that he would not complete a charge. I made some good film of him. As I indicated before, gorilla hunting has more thrills to the square inch and is more exciting than any other sport I know of.

We returned to our gorilla tree and found the boys working feverishly to clear the ground below. They, too, were filled with enthusiasm and eagerness over our plans to attempt a capture. De Witt<sup>3</sup> was back on the road, enlisting natives to aid us. Shortly he returned with twenty men, and we put them to work at assisting with the clearing.

While this was in progress, I took pictures of the gorillas and also studied them. I began to sympathize with the youngsters. They really looked pathetic, sitting up there watching every move we made. They climbed as high as they could, clung to the branches and stared down, wondering what would happen next.

An hour was consumed in taking pictures with various lenses and cameras before stopping off for lunch. The black boys cleared a hundred foot circle around the tree and cut out a two hundred foot space where we knew it would fall when we chopped it down. We now prepared for a battle, often imagined in fiction—the hand-to-hand struggle between gorillas and man.

I set up a motion picture camera for Osa<sup>4</sup> to use during the capture. DeWitt and I put on all the coats we could find and donned gloves. The boys got all of the tarpaulin and blankets from the motorcar. We then formed in a circle about the spot on which the top of the tree would fall. The stage all set, I gave the signal that started two axmen hewing at the tree trunk.

The tree swayed, began to crack, and fell with a roaring thump as branches

were crushed against the ground. The gorillas, falling with arms clasped about each other, were stunned, and before they knew what was happening, we were upon them. Bukari, the gun boy, won the honors of the day, capturing one of the animals single-handed. The tree was still groaning from the crash when he dived in. He grabbed a gorilla and had it wrapped helplessly in a tarpaulin before the brute knew what was up. A dozen boys were on the other animal, tangling him up in blankets and tarpaulins. The capture was accomplished so quickly that I had no chance to do anything but shout orders. DeWitt likewise was left out of the action, our black boys being too quick for him. Dick and Lew were all over the place taking pictures with the cameras.

It was as pretty a bit of action as I have ever hoped to see and lasted only a minute. With the gorillas helpless, a dozen boys clinging to their heads, Bukari and Orangi bound them hand and foot with ropes. We then removed the tarpaulin and blankets. . . .

After being tied, the gorillas made little effort to escape. They were frightened, and all of their vaunted fighting spirit was chilled. The poor brutes looked at us with pleading eyes. They were amazed and confounded by this sudden turn of events. The animals were beauties, in perfect condition without a scratch or a scar upon them. Each weighed more than a hundred pounds. They were the largest ever captured. And our boys escaped from the battle without a scratch or a bruise. It was a splendid piece of work on the part of all concerned. The animals were then trussed on poles and, with eight boys to the pole, carried to our motorcar.

All of our cars have sides and ends enclosed with heavy, expanding metal. Back in camp, we put the brutes into one of the machines, and all that was

<sup>3</sup> DeWitt, DeWitt Sage, a member of the party who had charge of the upkeep of the cars and the photographic equipment.

<sup>4</sup> Osa, the author's wife.

necessary for a perfect cage were a few cross logs back of the driver's seat. A dozen boys clung to each gorilla as we untied their hands and feet and tossed them into the cage. The captives made no effort to escape and took the situation in a very philosophic manner. We gave them a pan of water, and they drank immediately. They went after some green corn and sweet potatoes we placed in the cage as though they were famished. I was astonished to see them eat and drink so soon after their frightening experience.

The remainder of the day was spent in camp looking at the gorillas and patting ourselves on the back because of the capture. Every face expressed the same thought: "How did we ever manage to catch two of them as big and strong as these?" However, they were in the cage, and we knew that we had effected the most unusual and interesting capture, from a scientific standpoint, ever made. If we succeeded in getting these animals to America, alive, we realized, we would have very valuable subjects for all students interested in anthropology.

We held a big celebration in camp that evening. I gave our boys, who had behaved admirably, much back-sheesh<sup>5</sup> and passed out tea, sugar, and cigarettes all around. . . .

All night long gorillas were about the camp, beating on their chests and calling to the captives. Our prisoners answered them. The conversation continued for hours. This was proof that the apes did have a sort of language, but in this there is nothing unusual. Nearly all animals have some means of oral communication with each other, even your dogs and cats at home. What was striking about this night-time gathering of the gorillas was the sense of loyalty they displayed. Instinctively they knew where to find the missing members of the family, and

they were vitally concerned about the fate of the two held in the cage. During the night Osa and I walked along the road and heard gorillas in the bamboo. This was a rare occurrence, as these apes nearly always sleep in the night hours. I was up a half dozen times during the night to look at the gorillas. This restlessness was due partly to pride of possession, but I will confess that I had visions of a mass attack upon us by the remaining animals in search of revenge. Each time I visited the cage I found De Witt there. He was just as proud of the capture and as much concerned about the welfare of the new acquisition as I was.

We could have made a capture much sooner than we did had we followed the usual method practiced. The approved system of catching dangerous beasts is to shoot the mothers and grab the babies. We caught these gorillas, however, without causing injury to man or beast, which was something to boast about.

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## STUDY AIDS

1. Gorillas do not live in trees. Why did the two youngsters climb the tall tree? How did the huge "silverback" escape?
2. Why was the chase unusually dangerous?
3. How, in spite of their great strength, were the two gorillas captured?
4. The true naturalist always avoids killing wild animals except for some definite purpose, such as scientific study, food, or self-protection. Find a statement in the last paragraph that sums up this spirit.
5. This selection is taken from Martin Johnson's *Congorilla*. Two other exciting books by the same author are *Lion* (telling how the author photographed these beasts in the African jungle) and *Safari: a Saga of the Africa Blue* (containing many striking photographs).

<sup>5</sup> much back-sheesh, large "tips."



## THE TALE OF THE BEAVER PEOPLE

GREY OWL

The selections by Akeley and Johnson have given you accounts of adventures in the wilds of Africa by men who have devoted their lives to learning the facts of nature. In the next selection Grey Owl, a solitary trapper in our North American wilderness, presents a quite different kind of attitude toward nature. He reveals his own emotions as they are aroused by the mystery and loveliness of his surroundings. The picture painted by this sensitive observer of wild life shows the "unspoiled reaches of the northern wilds."

ON THE shores of a nameless lake I crouched and shivered in the wet sage-brush. It was breaking day; the smell of the dawn was in the air, and a clammy mist enveloped the land, through which, in spots, individual trees showed as shadows, faintly, if near at hand. Further than that nothing was visible.

Low, mysterious noises came to my ear, and as the light waxed stronger, these became louder, so as to be distinguishable: the leap of a fish; the quacking of a couple of ducks in a reed-bed; the staccato, nervous tapping of a woodpecker; a distant hollow crash in the depth of the forest; a slight rustle in the bushes behind me as a weasel peered out with extended neck, to vanish suddenly, appearing instantaneously ten feet away almost before his disappearance had been registered by the eye.

The mist commenced to rise, and a current of air stirred the poplar leaves to a light fluttering. The ducks became partly visible, and seen through the vapor they seemed to float on air, and to be of inordinate size.

I shivered some more.

Under the influence of the slight breeze the fog billowed slowly back, exposing the little sheet of water; the wav-

ering line of the hills on the far shore appeared and disappeared within its folds, and the crest of the ridges seemed to float on its surface like long, low islands. To the East was clear of fog, and the streaks of clouds that hung there, as I watched, turned slowly pink. Not ten feet away, on a log, a muskrat rubbed himself dry with vigorous strokes, and as he scrubbed mightily I could hear his little gusts of breath in the thin air. A flock of whistlers volleyed overhead with bullet velocity, circled the pond, and lit on the water with a slithering splash; a kingfisher dived like an emerald streak at the rise of a speckled trout, and, missing his stroke, flew with a chattering laugh to a dry limb. And at the discordant sound came the first notes of the plaintive song of the Canada bird, a haunting melody that ceases in full flight, the remainder of the song tantalizingly left unsung as though the singer had become suddenly weary: a prelude in minor cadence. And from all around, and across the pond, these broken melodies burst out in answering lament, while the burden of song was taken up by one after another trilling voice. There poured out the rippling lilt of the American robin, suggestive of the clear purling of running water; the three deep golden notes of some unknown songster, the first three chords of an obbligato plucked from the strings of a bass viol. Others, now indistinguishable for very volume, joined in as the slowly rising sun rolled up the curtain of the mist on the grand overture conducted by the Master Musician, that is the coming of day, in the unspoiled reaches of the northern wilds.

I drew the blanket-case off my rifle and pumped a shell into the breech. I was there with a purpose: for the time was that of the spring hunt, and this was a beaver-pond. Two deer appeared in the reeds in a little bay, necks craned, nostrils working as they essayed with



### The beaver regarded me steadily

delicate senses to detect the flaw in the perfectly balanced structure of the surroundings which I constituted. I did not need them; and moreover, did they take flight with hoarse whistles and noisy leaping, all living creatures within earshot would be immediately absorbed by the landscape, and my hunt ended. But I am an old hand at the game, and, having chosen a position with that end in view, was not to be seen, heard, or smelled.

Yet the scene around me had its influence, and a guilty feeling possessed me as I realized that of all present in that place of peace and clean content, I was the only profane thing, an ogre lurking to destroy. The half-grown ferns and evergreen sedge grasses through which the early breeze whispered, would, if I had my way, soon be smeared with the blood of some animal,

who was viewing, perhaps with feelings akin to my own, the dawning of another day, to be his last. Strange thoughts, maybe, coming from a trapper, one whose trade it is to kill; but be it known to you that he who lives much alone within the portals of the temple of Nature learns to think, and deeply, of things which seldom come within the scope of ordinary life. Much killing brings in time, no longer triumph, but a revulsion of feeling.

I have seen old hunters, with their hair silvered by the passage of many winters, who, on killing a deer would stroke the dead muzzle with every appearance of regret. Indians frequently address an animal they are about to kill in terms of apology for the act. However, be that as it may, with the passing of the mist from the face of the mountains, I saw a large beaver

swimming a short distance away. This was my game; gone were my scruples, and my humane ideas fled like leaves before the wind. Giving the searching call of these animals, I cocked my rifle and waited.

At the call he stopped, raising himself in the water to sniff; and on the summons being repeated, he swam directly toward me, into the very jaws of destruction. At about fifteen feet I had a good view of him as he slowed down, trying to catch some indication of a possible companion, and the beautiful dark fur apprised me of a hide that would well repay my early morning sortie. The beaver regarded me steadily, again raising himself to catch an expected scent, and, not getting it, he turned lazily to swim away. He was at my mercy, and I had his head snugly set between the forks of my rear sight, when my heart contracted at the thought of taking life on such a morning. The creature was happy, glad to be in God's good sunlight, free after a winter of darkness to breathe the pure air of the dawn. He had the right to live here, even as I had, yea, even a greater claim, for he was there before me.

I conquered my momentary weakness; for, after all, a light pressure on the trigger, a crashing impact, would save him many days of useless labor. Yet I hesitated, and as I finally laid my rifle down, he sank without a ripple out of sight. And I became suddenly conscious of the paeans of praise and triumph of the feathered choir about me, temporarily unheard in my lust to kill; and it seemed as though all Nature sang in benediction of an act which had kept inviolate a sanctuary, and saved a perfect hour from desecration.

I went home to my cabin and ate my breakfast with greater satisfaction than the most expertly accomplished kill had ever given me; and, call it what you will, weakness, vacillation, or the first

glimmering of conscience in a life hitherto devoted to the shedding of blood, since the later experiences I have had with these animals I look back on the incident with no regret.

## STUDY AIDS

1. The selections by Carl Akeley and Martin Johnson were mainly concerned with reporting adventures in the search for nature's facts. Does Grey Owl seem interested chiefly in adding to our knowledge of life in the wilds, or in revealing his own feelings when alone among the wilderness creatures? Quote passages to prove your answer.

2. This little essay is taken from *The Men of the Last Frontier*, by an American Indian. Compare it with "Beavers as Engineers" in *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, Vol. B, page 356.

## THE ISLAND OF PENGUINS

CHERRY KEARTON

The naturalist studies the children of the wilds with a keen eye and with almost limitless patience, so that he may really know the facts of nature. A good example of this close observation is shown in the following selection. Cherry Kearton lived for months on a lonely island to become intimately acquainted with the life habits of a strange bird. The inquiring attitude of the scientist is well illustrated by his own statement, "I asked myself a thousand questions and decided that the time I had to spare would be none too long to learn all the answers."

\* \* \*

THE morning dawned bleak and miserable with a gale of wind and fine sand blowing everywhere, and that kind of weather lasted for the next two days, which I spent in exploring the island. It was very uncomfortable. Sand went into my eyes and ears and started to creep up my nostrils. It was nothing,

of course, in comparison to a Sahara sandstorm, but bad enough for all that, because the fact that it was no worse enticed one into the open—and then one was immediately almost blinded. Even the penguins showed their discomfort, huddling into groups with their backs to the storm.

There were at that time, perhaps, some forty thousand penguins on the island; at any rate, as I wandered to and fro over the rocks and patches of sand, it seemed a quite incredible number. Yet if I had known then what I know now, I should have said that the place looked "very empty." The penguins were dotted about, in nests and around them, all over the island. Some were sitting on eggs, some were asleep, others had exactly the appearance of friends talking to one another in the street, some seemed to be quarreling, a few would go off for walks by themselves. Many were moulting; unhappy-looking creatures fluffed out with dropping feathers, they appeared to do nothing at all but sit and consider how utterly wretched they felt and what little advantage there was in living.

I wondered what life on the island could really be like for these very numerous inhabitants; how they chose their mates, made their homes, laid their eggs, reared their young; how they fed, whether neighbors living so closely together were generally happy together, whether there were crimes on the island and if so, what were the punishments. I wondered whether penguins, for all their comic faces, were serious creatures, or whether they got a great deal of fun out of life—at any rate when they were fit. I asked myself a thousand questions and decided that the time I had to spare would be none too long to learn all the answers.

As soon as the weather cleared, I went down to the seashore, clambered out along the rocks, and sat watching

the scene on the beach. Apparently I had arrived just at the time of the morning dip. Hundreds of birds were splashing in shallow water, bobbing in the waves, walking and apparently talking on the sands.

I watched the animated scene for some time, and then it suddenly struck me that there was something very odd about it. All the while, penguins were coming out of the sea, mixing for a time with those on the beach, and then moving further inland. But surely, during the hour or more that I had watched, I had not seen anything like the number of birds going into the water that were coming out of it! It was just like the conjuring trick in which a single handkerchief is put into a hat and yards and yards of other handkerchiefs appear, all tied together in a chain. The penguins were now coming out of the sea in a constant stream, and although birds were continually waddling up to the nesting places, the crowd on the beach was growing every minute more dense.

I couldn't understand it.

And then I happened to glance out to sea. In the bay, penguin heads rose out of the water for an instant and then disappeared, just like those of swimmers pausing in their course—and that, of course, told me what was happening. The birds I had seen on the island during the last two days were but the few who had stayed behind, because of sickness or moulting or for other reasons, at the end of the last season. Now, swimming to the bay, rising for a second to breathe, and then disappearing again for the final swim to land, the real population of the island was approaching. The advance guard of the five million penguins of whom I had read, and in whose existence I suppose I had only half believed, was actually landing on the island before my eyes.

It is usual, when writing of penguins, to say that they are like men in dress coats; and to compare their front view to a white shirt and white waistcoat, white trousers and black shoes. But in one important detail the comparison is incorrect; it cannot rightly be said that the penguins have the appearance of wearing trousers. On the contrary, they seem to be attired in what used to be known as "hobble skirts."

The reason for this effect is that they have extremely short legs, which raise their bodies only a few inches off the ground. Consequently, when walking, they take very short steps, they roll from side to side as one foot after the other goes forward, and instead of the stately walk of land birds like the ostrich, all they can manage is a most ungainly waddle. And when they are in a hurry, their squat legs fail them utterly, so that they have to go down on to "all fours" and do a swift hobble on a pair of feet and a pair of flippers.

Although the penguin spends more than half of each year on islands, the land is certainly not his natural element nor his real home. Neither is the air his home, for although he is a bird, he has no wings and cannot fly.

His element is the sea. He cannot walk with any elegance or convenience, nor can he fly; but he can swim almost as swiftly as a shark, and the fiercest storm has no terrors for him. When you see him floating, he is no longer comical but entirely beautiful, resting on the moving water, with head raised, a little like a duck; then he suddenly decides to swim; down goes his head, out go his flippers, and like a flash he slips through the water, a streak of black just below the surface.

When he is not visiting an island (and he only does that for breeding or some other definite purpose), he lives far out at sea, somewhere in that huge stretch of water which is marked on the map

as the Southern Ocean. There he swims, seeking the fish which is his only diet—a variety of small sardine, peculiarly rich in oil. Every hundred yards or so he rises for a second to breathe, then down he goes again. And when night arrives, he comes to the surface, floats in the attitude of a duck, and sleeps.

That he is indeed a bird of the sea is also shown by the wide distances over which he travels. The Blackfooted Penguins have been seen at points nearly two thousand miles apart, and there is reason to believe that one year a bird will swim to the Island of Kerguelen, only five hundred miles above the Antarctic Circle, while the next year the same bird may swim—or perhaps in part be blown by heavy weather—as far north as the Gulf of Madagascar.

Of course, such terrific journeys would not be possible but for the extraordinary speed at which the penguin swims, and the endurance which makes him think nothing, apparently, of doing a hundred miles in a day. He propels himself, when swimming, entirely by means of his flippers, keeping his feet stretched out for use as a rudder; and he has a special swimming costume of his own, adopted as soon as he dives, and designed to keep sea-water out of troublesome places, such as eyes and ears. This includes a really effective arrangement by which a transparent film comes over his eyes the moment he goes under the water, and another of those simple but perfect systems, so common in Nature, to protect his ears—oil being exuded from them and there turning the adjacent feathers (which overlap one another) into an entirely water-proof covering.

Nature, in fact, has done well for the penguin; she could exhibit him as an almost perfect specimen of her art—at any rate as far as her Nautical Department is concerned. He is provided with a little bag in the side of his throat;

when he wants to submerge, he fills this bag and—exactly after the principle adopted by man in the design of the submarine—down he goes.

He is supplied, too, with that remarkable power of speed which serves the double purpose of enabling him to catch his food and of making it less likely that his enemies will catch him. In the water he is caught (when he is careless) by the octopus, and he is pursued by the shark and other large fish. As far as I know, no one has ever actually witnessed a fight between shark and penguin—if the word “fight” can be applied to what can only be a matter of a chase and a bite—but I have often seen the less terrible of the results of those attacks; penguins with but a single leg. I suppose that as soon as shark and penguin sight one another (and penguins are rather remarkably quick-sighted), the chase begins. If the penguin is fully grown and in good form, he has a reasonable chance of getting away; otherwise—well, the loss of a leg is a cheap price to pay for escape.

It seems to be generally imagined that speed is a swimming penguin's only defense, but I am not sure of this. I think he may also rely, as most other wild creatures do, on protective coloring. The penguin is black at the back and white in front. When he is standing upright, there does not seem to be the slightest reason for this, but while he is swimming, it is different. A shark approaching from above him would hardly see the black against the darkness of deep waters; while on his being approached from below, the white would fail to stand out against the comparative lightness of sky-roofed sea.

The white feathers on the penguin's chest would thus also serve to protect him when floating—a time when, since he is then often asleep, some such protection must undoubtedly be needed.

As the penguin swims always below

the surface, he would not see afar off the darkness caused on the face of the waters by a shoal of fish; but he would seek that shoal under the water, and since he is quick-sighted, I imagine he would be able to see it at a fair distance. Probably, too, the penguins spread out over a considerable distance (like vultures hovering in search of the “kill”), so that one of their number is likely to be lucky in discovery.

Directly a shoal is sighted, the news spreads in some inexplicable manner so that in a very few minutes hundreds of penguins have gathered and gone in to the attack. The fish are small, and, of course, they have no chance when once discovered. The penguins do not peck; they swallow the fish whole, and, if they can, they make a really good meal while they are about it. Then they spread out again, if the bill of fare has after all seemed insufficient, or rise to the surface for digestive rest if they “have had enough and can do no more.”

The inquisitiveness of penguins persists at sea as much as on land, and they will take risks in order to satisfy their curiosity about anything that is strange. When a ship comes near them, they will swim toward it, rise to the surface, and gaze upwards, just like a group of tourists inspecting a cathedral; but when they are drawn too close, the noise of the propeller will scare them and with one accord they will turn tail and disappear.

Probably because most of his enemies move swiftly and almost silently, the penguin is rather a victim of “nerves,” or at any rate, he knows the wisdom of bolting first and inquiring afterwards. If something splashes into the water near him, he doesn't wait a minute. It is probably a malagash<sup>1</sup> or gannet<sup>2</sup> dropping like a stone from a height of fifty

<sup>1</sup> *malagash*, a bird peculiar to the region of Madagascar. <sup>2</sup> *gannet*, a common sea bird of the North Atlantic.



feet to attack a fish; but equally it may be an enemy, and it is easy, on such occasions, to stay just a second too long—with fatal results.

The penguins often do not see land for weeks, but however far they may journey, the time must eventually come when they will go ashore. For though a bird may be very much at home in the sea, it cannot lay its eggs there, nor rear its young there. For that it must seek land. The penguins accordingly go to islands—particularly to that which I call "The Island of Penguins" because of the numbers that assemble there twice each year. If you ask me how they know exactly where the island lies in the ocean, I answer that they know because all of them have been there before; not only were they born in holes dug by their parents in its earth and sand, but they go to it year after year, always to the same island, always to the same nesting-place. This has been quite definitely proved when a penguin was marked with a ring and a note was kept of the position of its nest; twice a year for three successive years it laid its eggs in the same burrow.

So in February and again in September the birds will feel the call to mate and away they will swim, and then during the next six or eight weeks, a million crowding in from one direction, two million or so others from the east, half a million from the west—all with one instinctive accord making for the island which, although not their most natural home, is, nevertheless, the birth-place of them all.

#### STUDY AIDS

1. What proof of his powers of observation does the author give in describing his first morning walk? In his account of what he saw while sitting on the rocks?

2. What were to you the most surprising facts given about the swimming of the

penguin? About his protection against his enemies? About his feeding habits? About his return to the island?

3. This selection is taken from *The Island of Penguins*, which recounts the observations made by the author during the months that he and his wife lived among these amusing birds. Which of his discoveries seem to indicate the clearest observation and comparison?

### BULLIED BY THE BIRDS

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Not many lovers of nature can study life in such secluded spots as the Island of Penguins. But everywhere throughout America are Bird Clubs whose members find it fascinating to study the habits of birds around their homes. The following whimsical essay pokes fun at these amateur scientists for the zeal with which they pursue their kindly hobby.

The author pretends to be totally ignorant of bird classification in such phrases as "a shrike or a barn swallow or some other veery." As you read, look for evidence to prove that he really knows a good deal about birds and feels a kindly interest in them.

**I** INSIST that the place for birds is in the air or on the bushy tops of trees or on smooth-shaven lawns. Let them twitter and strut on the greens of golf courses and intimidate the tired business man. Let them peck cinders along the railroad track and keep the trains waiting. But really they have no right to take possession of a man's house as they have mine.

The nesting season is a time of tyranny and oppression for those who live in Marathon. The birds are upon us. We go about on tiptoe, speaking in whispers, for fear of annoying them. It is all the fault of the Marathon Bird Club, which has offered all sorts of in-



ducements to the fowls of the air to come and live in our suburb, quite forgetting that humble commuters have to live there, too. Birds have moved all the way from Wynnewood and Ambler and Chestnut Hill to enjoy the congenial air of Marathon and the informing little pamphlets of our club, telling them just what to eat and which houses offer the best hospitality. All our dwellings are girt about with little villas made of condensed milk boxes, but the feathered tyrants have grown too pernickety to inhabit these. They come closer still, and make our homes their own. They take the grossest liberties.

I am fond of birds, but I think the line must be drawn somewhere. The clothesline, for instance. The other day Titania sent me out to put up a new clothesline; I found that a shrike or a barn swallow or some other veery<sup>1</sup> had built a nest in the clothespin basket. That means we won't be able to hang out our laundry in the fresh Monday air and equally fresh Monday sunshine until the nesting season is over.

Then there is a gross, fat, indiscreet robin that has taken a home in an evergreen or mimosa or banyan tree<sup>2</sup> just under our veranda railing. It is an absurdly exposed, almost indecently exposed, position for the confidential family business she intends to carry on. The iceman and the butcher and the boy who brings up the Sunday ice cream from the apothecary can't help seeing those three big blue eggs she has laid. But, because she has nested there for the last three springs, while the house was unoccupied, she thinks she has a perpetual lease on that bush. She hotly resents the iceman and the butcher and the apothecary's boy, to say nothing of me. So these worthy merchants have to trail round a circuitous route, violat-

ing the neutral ground of a neighbor, in order to reach the house from behind and deliver their wares through the cellar. We none of us dare use the veranda at all for fear of frightening her, and I have given up having the morning paper delivered at the house because she made such shrill protest.

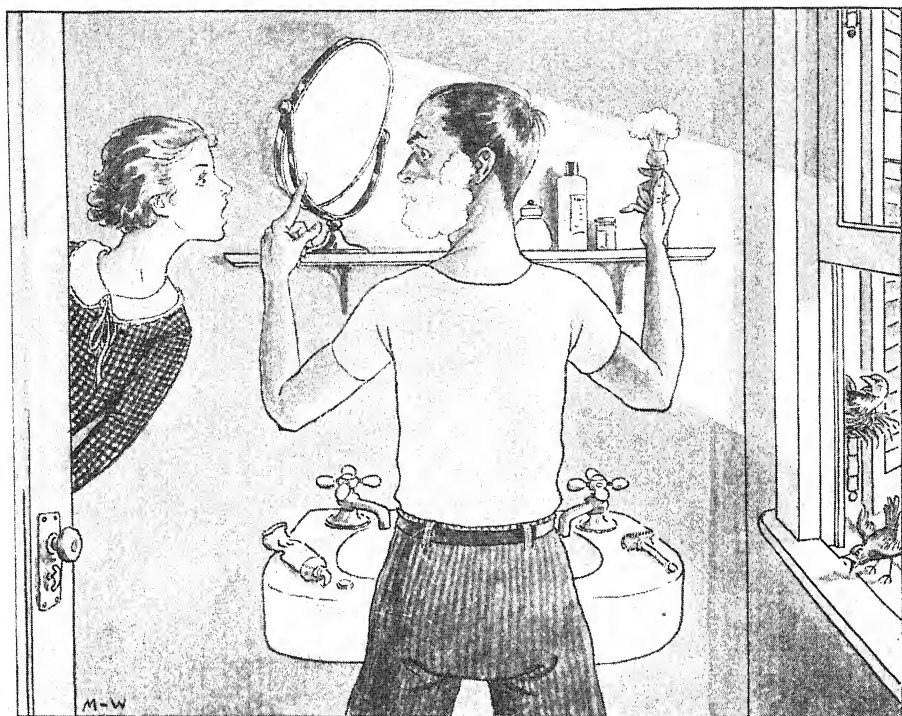
Frightening her, do I say? Nay, it is *we* who are frightened. I go round to the side of the house to prune my benzine bushes<sup>3</sup> or to plant a mess of spinach, and a profane starling or woodpecker bustles off her nest with shrewish outcry and lingers near by to rail at me. Abashed, I stealthily scuffle back to get a spade out of the tool bin and again that shrill scream of anger and outraged motherhood. A throstle or a whip-poorwill is raising a family in the gutter spout over the back kitchen. I go into the bathroom to shave, and Titania whispers sharply, "You mustn't shave in there. There's a tomtit nesting in the shutter hinge and the light from your shaving mirror will make the poor little birds cross-eyed when they're hatched." I try to shave in the dining-room, and I find a sparrow's nest on the window sill. Finally I do my toilet in the coal bin, even though there is a young squeaking bat down there. A bat is half mouse anyway; so Titania has less compassion for its feelings. Even if that bat grows up bow-legged on account of premature excitement, I have to shave somewhere.

We can't play croquet at this time of year, because the lawn must be kept clear for the robins to quarry out worms. The sound of mallet and ball frightens the worms and sends them underground, and then it's harder for the robins to find them. I suppose we really ought to keep a stringed orchestra playing in the garden to entice the worms to the surface. We have given up frying onions because the mother robins

<sup>1</sup> *shrike* . . . *veery*. These three birds are totally different.

<sup>2</sup> *evergreen* . . . *banyan tree*. These trees do not look at all alike.

<sup>3</sup> *benzine bushes*, perfect nonsense.



"Your shaving mirror will make the poor little birds cross-eyed"

don't like the odor while they're raising a family. I love my toast crusts, but Titania takes them away from me for the blackbirds. "Now," she says, "they're raising a family. You must be generous."

If my garden doesn't amount to anything this year, the birds will be my alibi. Titania makes me do my gardening in rubber-soled shoes so as not to disturb the birds when they are going to bed. (They begin yelping at 4 a. m. right outside the window and never think of my slumbers.) The other evening I put on my planting trousers and was about to sow a specially fine pea I had brought home from town when Titania made signs from the window. "You simply mustn't wear those trousers around the house in nesting season. Don't you know the birds are very sensitive just now?" And we have been paying

board for our cat on Long Island for a whole year because the birds wouldn't like his society and plebeian ways.

Marathon has come to a pretty pass, indeed, when the commuters are to be dispossessed in this way by a lot of birds, orioles, and tomtits and yellow-bellied nuthatches. Some of these days a wren will take it into its head to build a nest on the railroad track, and we'll all have to walk to town. Or a chicken hawk will settle in our icebox, and we'll starve to death.

As I have said before, I believe in keeping nature in its proper place. Birds belong in trees. I don't go twittering and fluffing about in oaks and chestnuts, perching on the birds' nests steps and getting in their way. And why should some swarthy robin, be she never so matronly, swear at me if I set foot on my own front porch?

## STUDY AIDS

1. Morley pokes good-natured fun at the enthusiasm which "amateur scientists" show in studying bird-life. Do bird clubs actually do any of the things that the author pretends they do to protect birds while they are nesting?

2. In this essay one of the main sources of the humor is the absurd exaggeration used by Morley. Point out several instances that seem especially amusing.

3. Turn to page 474 and refresh your memory of the essay as a form of literature. In the present unit you have just read two essays, by Grey Owl and Christopher Morley. (a) What impression of the personality of Grey Owl do you get from "The Tale of the Beaver People"? (b) Which essay seems to contain the more amusing exaggerations, Barrie's "Mending the Clock" (page 474) or Morley's "Bullied by the Birds"? Quote passages to illustrate your answer.

4. This selection is taken from Morley's *Mince Pie*. You will enjoy dipping into this collection of essays wherever a title catches your fancy.

## BROTHERING FISH

WILLIAM BEEBE

William Beebe, one of our most famous scientist-observers, has added much to our knowledge of life under the sea. In the following description he is not so much interested in giving data about the things he has observed; he seeks rather to make us share his enthusiasm for the fairy-like beauty of life beneath the sea. His mood is well summed up by one of his concluding sentences: "Don't die without having borrowed, stolen, or purchased, or made a helmet, to glimpse for yourself this new world."

**Y**OU are standing on a metal ladder in water up to your neck. Something round and heavy is slipped gently over your head, and a metal helmet rests upon your shoulders. Thus were the knights of old helmed by their squires

for the grim business of war. Instead of a slotted vizor, however, you find two large frames of glass before your eyes. Turning your head, you see emerald waves breaking upon the distant beach of ivory, backed by feathery palms waving in the sunlight against the sky of pure azure.

You wave good-by to your grinning friend at the pump, and slowly descend, climbing down step by step. For a brief space of time the palms and the beach show intermittently through waves which are now breaking over your very face. Then the world changes. There is no more harsh sunlight, but delicate blue-greens with a fluttering of shadows everywhere. Huge pink and orange growths rise on all sides—you know they are living corals, just as you know that the perfect clouds in the sky visible in the earliest light of dawn from Darjeeling<sup>1</sup> are not clouds, but the snow peaks of the distant Himalayas. The first little people of this strange realm greet you—a quartet of swimming rainbows—four gorgeously tinted fish who rush up and peer in at you. You reach out for them, and they vanish.

Now your feet touch ground and you walk slowly about on the cleanest white sand in the world. An ostrich feather of a sea-plume as tall as yourself sweeps against you; it is royal-purple and might well be some weird fern from Mars. On a mound of sand you gently seat yourself, sand-colored crabs and small fish skittering just out of the way. You lean against a fret-work of purest marble while at your elbow is a rounded table of lapis lazuli<sup>2</sup> on which are blossoming three flowers—flowers unearthly and which lean toward you of their own free will. Their petals are resplendent in hues of gold and malachite, and are fluted and fringed like some rare and

<sup>1</sup> Darjeeling, a town in Bengal, northern India.

<sup>2</sup> of lapis lazuli, of a rich blue color.

unknown orchid. You reach forward to pluck one, and, faster than the eye can follow, the blossoms disappear beneath the fur of lapis velvet from which they seemed to sprout.

Dozens of fishes, all strange, all graceful and beautiful, play about you, nibbling at the coral, rushing toward the sponge which you have lifted from its place, hoping for some disturbed titbit. When you sit quietly, they gather closer and peer in through the glass at you again and again. Their absurd mouths forever open and close, and if you are a good lip-reader, you cannot fail to decipher the syllables which seem to issue in watery waves. They say, "Oh! Oh! Brother! Brother! Oh! Oh!" And you answer them in kind, speaking from the safe, dry, airy room of your helmet. They are so friendly, so curious, so utterly unlike the nervous, useless-lived inmates of our aquariums.

Your attention swings from wonders to marvels and back again. You begin to say things to yourself, gasps of surprise, inarticulate sounds of awe; you are troubled with a terrible sense of loss that (as the case may be) twenty, thirty, or fifty years of your life have passed and gone without your knowing the ease of entry into this new world. *Are you under water?* There is no sense of wetness; the air you breathe is, if anything, better than that in the motor-boat rocking overhead. You hold up your hand and see little washerwoman's wrinkles on the soles of your fingers, and you realize you are where you are. A great blue enameled fish glides past, then suddenly stands straight upon his head and mumbles something; a skein of fairy lace drifts against your helmet; to your friends in the boat it is merely a school of jelly-fish.

Only a moment has passed since you left the world overhead, or was it many hours? A gentle tug comes along the hose, and you resent this reminder of

an existence which you had almost forgotten. But you rise and half walk, half float to the swaying ladder, and regretfully mount it. You find that you have been down forty minutes and another impatient adventurer is waiting to take your place. You had planned to tell the others all about it, but you suddenly find yourself wordless. You exclaim something bromidic<sup>3</sup> which sounds like Marvellous! Great! Wonderful! then relapse futilely into silence and look helplessly into the distance where the emerald waves still break and the palms wave as if fairyland had not intervened in your life since you saw them last.

All I ask of each reader is this—Don't die without having borrowed, stolen, purchased, or made a helmet of sorts, to glimpse for yourself this new world. Books, aquaria, and glass-bottomed boats are, to such an experience, only what a time-table is to an actual tour, or what a dried, dusty bit of coral in the what-not of the best parlor is to this unsuspected realm of gorgeous life and color existing with us today on the self-same planet Earth.

<sup>3</sup> *bromidic*, commonplace.

## STUDY AIDS

1. Beginning with the second paragraph, let six pupils each take a paragraph from which to read aloud the phrases that convey Beebe's impressions. For example, in the first paragraph the author tries to give us a sense of the fascinating colors: the vivid green of the waves, the soft, faint tint of yellow in the sandy beach, the bright sunlight, the lovely blue of the sky. After the six pupils have reported, a member of the class might try to describe Beebe's general impression of the whole experience.

2. Does the author succeed in making you wish to carry out his plea of the last paragraph? Explain your answer.

3. Show that this selection is in the form of an essay. How does it differ from "Bullied by the Birds" in the purpose and method of the author?

4. This selection is taken from *Beneath Tropic Seas*. Two other books by Beebe are: *Arcturus Adventure*, which describes the author's voyage in the ship *Arcturus* to the Sargasso Sea; and *Galapagos, World's End*, which tells of his trip to the Galapagos Islands off the west coast of South America, in the region where Robinson Crusoe was supposed to have lived.

## THE BATTLE OF THE ANTS

HENRY D. THOREAU

So far in this Unit you have read the observations of naturalists of the present day. But the study of "The World in Which We Live" is not confined to any time or place. Nearly a century ago Thoreau, a famous New Englander, lived for a period as a hermit in the woods, examining with a rare insight various aspects of Nature. Even so small an insect as an ant became for him the object of curious study. Thoreau does more than merely describe accurately what he saw. As you will notice in the following selection, his wide reading and sensitive feeling enabled him to discover meanings in what he saw that would have escaped most observers.

ONE day when I went out to my woodpile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold, they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum*,<sup>1</sup> but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and

frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these Myrmidons<sup>2</sup> covered all the hills and vales in my woodyard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battlefield I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vise to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bulldogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was Conquer or Die. In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant on the hill side of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had dispatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it.<sup>3</sup> Or perchance he was some Achilles,<sup>4</sup> who had nourished his wrath apart, and had

<sup>1</sup> *duellum*, duel; two individuals only are concerned. The difference between *duellum* and *bellum* is made clear by Thoreau.

<sup>2</sup> *Myrmidons*, a fierce tribe of Greeks who fought in the Trojan War described in Homer's *Iliad*. <sup>3</sup> *mother . . . upon it*, a reference to the instructions given to their warrior sons by mothers in ancient Sparta. <sup>4</sup> *Achilles*, the hero of the *Iliad*, who, because he could not get a slave whom he wanted, sulked in his tent until his friend Patroclus was killed.

now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the reds—he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history, at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden.<sup>5</sup> Concord Fight! Two killed on the patriots' side, and Luther Blanchard wounded! Why, here every ant was a Buttrick—"Fire! for God's sake, fire!"—and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer.<sup>6</sup> There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

<sup>5</sup> *Austerlitz, Dresden, victories of Napoleon in which both sides lost heavily.*

<sup>6</sup> *Buttrick, Davis, Hosmer, heroes of the battle of Concord.*

## STUDY AIDS

1. Thoreau was a keen observer. Point out some of the minute facts about ants that you would probably have overlooked.

2. The author made many comparisons of ants with men. Where do you first discover such comparisons? Which comparison seems to you the most interesting?

3. Thoreau adds frequent references to his reading. For example, he refers to Homer when he speaks of the ants as "Myrmidons," fierce warriors that appear in the *Iliad*. Where else does he allude to Homer? What references to European history do you discover? To American history? Do these references add interest to the account of the insect battle?

4. Being an essayist, the author reveals his own feelings. Where does this method add most to the account?

5. The selection is taken from one of the most famous books in American literature—*Walden*. Some interested pupil might report to the class on Thoreau's life alone in a small cabin on the shore of Walden pond.

## DANGEROUS LADIES

JULIE CLOSSON KENLY

The earlier selections in this Unit have shown you two kinds of interest that appeal to naturalists and scientists: first, an eagerness to discover the facts of nature—to extend the bounds of human knowledge—and, second, a sheer joy in the beauty and wonder that lie all about us.

There is still another motive that inspires scientists to study nature, the desire to improve the lot of mankind. The next two selections reveal some of the hidden dangers that beset the health of man, and the second one pictures the heroic efforts of scientists to provide safeguards against these perils.

**T**HERE is no insect better known and more hated than the mosquito. The male mosquito is a peaceful crea-



ture, a poet in his small way, for his mouth is made for sucking nothing stronger than honey. He neither bites nor buzzes. A very ladylike person. Not so his wife! Mrs. Mosquito's mouth is made for a deadly purpose, and she is so literally bloodthirsty that she will drink until she is swollen to the point that she can hardly lift the red bag of her body on her frail wings. What is more than this, she squirts poison into the bite she makes to keep the blood flowing freely past her beak—so afraid she's going to miss something! But almost the worst thing about this gluttonous lady is her song, piped through her many breathing holes. Yet there is one thing to say for the female mosquito: she has to lay thousands of eggs, which would be a great drain on anybody. To enable her to do this she found that she could keep up her strength better on blood than on the watery sap of plants, and that all she had to do to get this nourishing red broth, was to stab her beak into an animal instead of a tree. She has used her brains. She is efficient.

The baby mosquito begins life as one of a floating raft of eggs, which its mother laid in the pond scums and left to its fate. "Well," decides Mrs. Mosquito, "I believe the water is richer and more digestible in this stagnant corner than anywhere else"; so she drops the eggs, one by one, packed close in a little raft as neatly built as if it had been fastened together by hammer and nails. When the time comes to hatch, the eggs, which are long and narrow, open at the end in the water, and from this tiny port-hole the young ones slip out as "wrigglers"; perhaps you have seen them in stale pools, hanging head downward and squirming like vinegar eels.<sup>1</sup> On the end of the wriggler's tail is a propeller by which it swims, and also a

little periscope of a breathing tube that sticks up above the surface of the water. Baby mosquitoes have a fight for life, in some respects, for frogs and fishes eat them in immense numbers; a young mosquito is a great delicacy, very juicy and tender. Except for being eaten, a wriggler has not such a bad time. It goes through its molts<sup>2</sup> as every insect does, but when this happens, it must be amazed if it sees itself afterwards in the mirror of the water, for every time it changes its skin, it changes its shape too. There is only one thing that does not alter, and that is the wriggler's enormous appetite.

When the final molt comes and the insect is at last dressed in its grown-up clothes, it has two big, feathery feelers standing out from its head, wings on its back, and a mouth made for blood or honey, depending on its sex. And now a very funny thing happens; the young mosquito turns sailor, its old skin serving it for a boat, and round and round the pond it floats in this little canoe, drying itself in the air. If, by any chance, a wind comes up while the small sailor is making this cruise, splashing a drop of water on him and wetting his wings—the mosquito drowns. Despite the fact that he was born and brought up in the water, after his last molt, he forgets how to swim. But if the day is warm and still, his story begins, and as soon as his wings are stiff enough to bear him up, off he goes, to lead a peaceful life gossiping with the other ladylike gentlemen, and occasionally marrying one of the fierce females, after listening to her love songs with the tufts of hairs on the end of his tail which are thought to be his ears. He is the only person in the world who likes the lady mosquito's song. One can imagine him sitting on a violet leaf, his

<sup>1</sup> *vinegar eels*, tiny worms found in vinegar and sour paste.

<sup>2</sup> *molts*, periods during which the insect casts off its skin or cuticle on entering a new stage of growth.



small heart beating as he says to himself: "What a lovely voice! I *must* meet that girl!"

If the fortunate sailor happens to be a female mosquito, she starts at once making herself hateful: Jab, stab, stick!—she goes through the world, smacking her lips over everything from a cat to a countess, and giving each one a dose of poison as a keepsake. And this would be bad enough if it were all the harm the lady does, but science has discovered that some of our most dreaded diseases come from the bites of the blood-sucking female mosquito. Uncounted millions have died from the bites of the pests that have been "zooning" into our barns and bedrooms, and rising in stinging clouds from the grass. But fortunately there are only two or three species of mosquitoes whose bite is dangerous to life, and these can be distinguished from the innocent kind. When the malarial mosquito is at rest, its body is tipped down like this /, head to the ground—just trying to be different, I suppose—besides which his wings are spotted. The yellow fever mosquito wears gray and white striped stockings, and a white and black lyre-shaped design on the back of its coat. Because of its general stripiness it is sometimes spoken of as the "tiger mosquito."

The way in which the mosquito carries the germs of malaria, yellow fever, and other tropical diseases, is by taking into its body the blood of persons having such troubles and then biting well people. In this way a dose of germs trickles into the cut with the mosquito's saliva, for its mouth waters just as ours does; and all this can happen because the tiny protozoan<sup>3</sup> causing these diseases grows and flourishes in the mosquito's blood stream as well as in our own. Of course when science proved

that these mosquitoes carry disease germs, it was easy to fight the diseases by fighting the mosquitoes. This is done by putting a film of oil over the water where mosquitoes breed, which kills the egg rafts and gets into the breathing tubes of the wrigglers. "What in the name of goodness has happened to this pond?" we can imagine the baby mosquitoes asking as they wriggle frantically up to the surface. "Yesterday it was all right, but today it gums a body's lungs up so he can't draw a long breath!" And perhaps a kingfisher might squawk out from the trees: "Serves you right for drinking blood and singing through your noses!"

As mosquitoes lay their eggs only in standing water, the best way to get rid of them is to see that there is none of it about our houses. Even a dry leaf full would be quite a pond for a mosquito. And now the story of the mosquito and diseases breaks off and carries us all round Cape Horn on the lower tip of South America, for it was round this cape that all steamer freight for the east had once to be carried. It was a long and costly journey, and to avoid making it the French decided fifty-two years ago that they would dig a canal across Panama, where, you remember, the two continents of North and South America are joined by a narrow ribbon of land. Count de Lesseps was the man sent over by the French government to do the work. He had finished the Suez Canal and was sure it would be possible to connect the two oceans, the Atlantic and Pacific, at Panama, but he reckoned without the mosquito! For eight years France struggled with the work that kept costing more and more and never seemed to make much progress, and one of the principal reasons for its failure was the fact that the laborers upon whom De Lesseps depended died off like flies from yellow fever and malaria. No matter

<sup>3</sup> *protozoan*, a group of one-celled animals, too small to be seen without a microscope, such as malaria and yellow fever germs.

how great an engineer you may be, you have to rely on other hands to do the work, and if these hands cannot hold pick and shovel because they are shaken with chills or burning with cruel fever, you are powerless. So France had to call De Lesseps back, beaten by the mysterious Protozoa germs, so small no one could see them, and carried from man to man, no one knew how. It was not until twenty-six years later that the canal was finally completed by the American government, due in great measure to the fact that science had learned through the work of brave, self-sacrificing men how to rid the Canal Zone of yellow fever and malaria. Now this strip of land, that holds the bones of so many dead men, is free at last from these dreadful diseases; and this has come to pass by making war on the wrigglers and the little sailors cruising so happily about in their skin canoes while waiting for their wings to dry. It is hard on them, of course, but then, bad habits lead to trouble all the world over. . . .

### STUDY AIDS

1. The author of this selection presents a great many facts about the mosquito, but adds many touches of whimsical humor to make the discussion vivid. Point out several passages that are especially amusing.

2. When scientists aim to use the facts of nature to overcome some danger to mankind, as in protection against disease, they must first study exactly how the disease is caused; second, they must learn how to remove this cause. What have scientists accomplished in solving the problem of protecting us against dangers from mosquitoes?

3. This selection is taken from *Children of a Star*, which contains many fascinating descriptions of other insects. Another book by the same author, *Green Magic*, reveals facts of science that will surprise you.

## TRAIL OF THE TSETSE\*

PAUL DE KRUIF

### I

"YOUNG MAN!"—the face of the Director-General of the British Army Medical Service changed from an irritated red to an indignant mauve-color—"young man, I will send you to India, I will send you to Zanzibar, I will send you to Timbuctoo—I will send you anywhere I please"—(the majestic old gentleman was shouting now, and his face was a positively furious purple) "but you may be sure I shall not send you to Natal!<sup>1</sup> . . ." Reverberations. . . .

What could David Bruce do, but salute, and withdraw from his Presence? He had schemed, he had begged and pulled wires, finally he had dared the anger of this Jupiter, so that he might go hunt microbes in South Africa. It was in the early eighteen nineties; Theobald Smith, in America, had just made that revolutionary jump ahead in microbe hunting—he had just shown how death may be carried by a tick, and only by a tick, from one animal to another. And now this David Bruce, physically as adventurous as Theobald Smith was mildly professorial, wanted to turn that corner after Smith. . . . Africa swarmed with mysterious viruses<sup>2</sup> that made the continent a hell to live in; in the olive-green mimosa<sup>3</sup> thickets and the jungle hummed and sizzled a hundred kinds of flies and ticks and gnats. . . . What a place for discoveries, for swashbuckling microscopings and lone-wolf bug-huntings Africa must be!

It was in the nature of David Bruce to do things his superiors and elders didn't

\* From *Microbe Hunters* by Paul de Kruif, copyright, 1926, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

<sup>1</sup> Natal, a province of the Union of South Africa. <sup>2</sup> viruses, poisonous substances that cause infectious diseases. <sup>3</sup> mimosa, a tree that grows in warm or tropical regions.

want him to do. Just out of medical school in Edinburgh, he had joined the British Army Medical Service, not to fight, nor to save lives, nor (at that time) to get a chance to hunt microbes—not for any such noble objects. He had joined it because he wanted to marry. They hadn't a shilling, neither Bruce nor his sweetheart; their folks called them thirteen kinds of romantic idiots—why couldn't they wait until David had established himself in a nice practice?

So Bruce joined the army, and married on a salary of one thousand dollars a year.

In certain ways he was not a model soldier. He was disobedient, and, what is much worse, tactless. Still a lieutenant, he one day disapproved of the conduct of his colonel, and offered to knock him down. . . . If you could see him now, past seventy, with shoulders of a longshoreman<sup>4</sup> and a barrel-chest sloping down to his burly equator, . . . you would understand he could, had it been necessary, have put that colonel on his back, and laughed at the court-martial that would have been sure to follow. He was ordered to the English garrison on the Island of Malta in the Mediterranean; with him went Mrs. Bruce—it was their honeymoon. Here again he showed himself to be things soldiers seldom are. He was energetic, as well as romantic. There was a mysterious disease in the island. It was called Malta fever. It was an ill that sent pains up and down the shin bones of soldiers and made them curse that day they took the Queen's shilling.<sup>5</sup> Bruce saw it was silly to sit patting the heads of these sufferers, and futile to prescribe pills for them—he must find the cause of Malta fever!

So he got himself into a mess. In an abandoned shack he set up a laboratory

(little enough he knew about laboratories!), and here he spent weeks learning how to make a culture medium,<sup>6</sup> out of beef broth and agar-agar,<sup>7</sup> to grow the unknown germ of Malta fever in. It ought to be simple to discover it. His ignorance made him think that; and in his inexperience he got the sticky agar-agar over hands and face; it stained his uniform; the stuff set into obstinate jelly when he tried to filter it; he spent weeks doing a job a modern laboratory helper would accomplish in a couple of hours. He said unmentionable things; he called Mrs. Bruce from the tennis lawn, and demanded (surely any woman knew better how to cook) that she help him. Out of his thousand dollars a year he bought monkeys—improvidently—at one dollar and seventy-five cents apiece. He tried to inject the blood of the tortured soldiers into these creatures; but they wriggled out of his hands and bit him and scratched him and were in general infernally lively nuisances. He called to his wife: "Will you hold this monkey for me?"

That was the way she became his assistant, and as you will see, for thirty years she remained his right hand, going with him into the most pestilential dirty holes any microbe hunter has ever seen, sharing his poverty, beaming on his obscure glories; she was so important to his tremendous but not notorious conquests. . . .

They were such muddlers at first, it is hard to believe it, but together these newly-wed bacteriologists<sup>8</sup> worked and discovered the microbe of Malta fever—and were ordered from Malta for their pains. "What was Bruce up to, anyway?" So asked the high medical officers of the garrison. "Why wasn't he *treating* the suffering soldiers—what for

<sup>4</sup> *longshoreman*, a man who loads and unloads ships; he must naturally be strong.

<sup>5</sup> *took the Queen's shilling*, accepted pay for their services in the British army. At the time Victoria was queen of England.

<sup>6</sup> *culture medium*, a substance in which germs can be grown. <sup>7</sup> *agar-agar*, a jelly-like substance. <sup>8</sup> *bacteriologists*, those who make a scientific study of bacteria or microbes.

was he sticking himself away there in the hole he called his laboratory?" And they denounced him as an idiot, a visionary, a good-for-nothing monkey-tamer and dabbler with test-tubes. And just—he did do this twenty years later—as he might have discovered how the little bacillus of Malta fever sneaks from the udders of goats into the blood of British Tommies,<sup>9</sup> he was ordered away to Egypt.

## II

Then he was ordered back to England, to the Army Medical School at Netley, to teach microbe hunting there—for hadn't he discovered the germ of an important disease? Here he met (at last God was good to him) His Excellency, the Honorable Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, Governor of Natal and Zululand, et cetera, et cetera. Together these two adventurers saw visions and made plans. His Excellency knew nothing about microbes and had perhaps never heard of Theobald Smith—but he had a colonial administrator's<sup>10</sup> dream of Africa buzzing with prosperity under the Union Jack. Bruce cared no fig for expansion of the Empire, but he knew there must be viruses sneaking from beast to beast and man to man on the stingers of bugs and flies. He wanted (and so did Mrs. Bruce) to investigate strange diseases in impossible places.

It was then that he, only a brash captain, went to the majestic Director-General, and I have just told how he was demolished. But even Directors-General cannot remember the uppish wishes of all of their pawns and puppets; directors may propose, but adroit wire-pulling sometimes disposes, and presently in 1894, Surgeon-Major David Bruce and Mrs. Bruce are in Natal, traveling by ox-

team ten miles a day toward Ubombo in Zululand. The temperature in the shade of their double tent often reached 106; swarms of tsetse flies escorted them, harassed them, flopped on them with the speed of express trains and stung them like little adders; they were howled at by hyenas and growled at by lions. . . . They spent part of every night scratching tick bites. . . . But Bruce and his wife, the two of them, were the First British Nagana Commission to Zululand. So they were happy.

They were commanded to find out everything about the disease called nagana—the pretty native name for an unknown something that made great stretches of South Africa into a desolate place, impossible to farm in, dangerous to hunt big game in, suicidal to travel in. Nagana means "depressed and low in spirits." Nagana steals into fine horses and makes their coats stare and their hair fall out; while the fat of these horses melts away, nagana grows watery pouches on their bellies and causes a thin rheum to drip from their noses; a milky film spreads over their eyes and they go blind; they droop, and at last die—every last horse touched by the nagana dies. It was the same with cattle. Farmers tried to improve their herds by importing new stock; cows sent to them fat and in prime condition came miserably to their kraals<sup>11</sup>—to die of nagana. Fat droves of cattle, sent away to far-off slaughter-houses, arrived there hairless, hidebound skeletons. There were strange belts of country through which it was death for animals to go. And the big game hunters! They would start into these innocent-seeming thickets with their horses and pack-mules; one by one—in certain regions, mind you—their beasts wilted under them. When these hunters tried to hoof it back, sometimes they got home.

Bruce and Mrs. Bruce came at last to

<sup>9</sup> *Tommies*, soldiers. <sup>10</sup> *colonial administrator*, the governor or other official of one of England's colonial possessions.

<sup>11</sup> *kraals*, stockades or pens.



**Bruce spied an unwonted dancing among the corpuscles**

Ubombo—it was a settlement on a high hill, looking east toward the Indian Ocean across sixty miles of plain, and the olive-green of the mimosa thickets of this plain was slashed with the vivid green of glades of grass. On the hill they set up their laboratory; it consisted of a couple of microscopes, a few glass slides, some knives and syringes and perhaps a

few dozen test-tubes—smart young medical students of today would stick up their noses at such a kindergarten affair! Here they set to work, with sick horses and cattle brought up from the plain below—for Providence had so arranged it that beasts could live on the barren hill of Ubombo, absolutely safe from n-gana, but just let a farmer lead them

down into the juicy grass of that fertile plain, and the chances were ten to one they would die of nagana before they became fat on the grass. Bruce shaved the ears of the horses and jabbed them with a scalpel, a drop of blood welled out, and Mrs. Bruce, dodging their kicks, touched off the drops on to thin glass slides.

It was hot. Their sweat dimmed the lenses of their microscopes; they rejoiced in necks cramped from hours of looking; they joked about their red-rimmed eyes. They gave strange nicknames to their sick cows and horses; they learned to talk some Zulu. It was as if there were no Directors-General or superior officers in existence, and Bruce felt himself for the first time a free searcher.

And very soon they made their first step ahead; in the blood of one of their horses, sick to death, Bruce spied a violent un-wonted dancing among the faintly yellow, piled-up blood corpuscles; he slid his slide along the stage of his microscope, till he came to an open space in the jungle of blood cells. . . .

There, suddenly, popped into view the cause of the commotion—a curious little beast (much bigger than any ordinary microbe though), a creature with a blunt rear-end and a long slim lashing whip with which he seemed to explore in front of him. A creature shaped like a panatella cigar, only it was flexible, almost tying itself in knots sometimes, and it had a transparent graceful fin running the length of its body. Another of the beasts swam into the open space under the lens, and another. What extraordinary creatures! They didn't go stupidly along like common microbes—they acted like intelligent little dragons. Each one of them darted from one round red blood cell to another; he would worry at it, try to get inside it, tug at it and pull it, push it along ahead of him—then suddenly off he would go in a straight line and bury himself under a mass of

the blood cells lining the shore of the open space. . . .

"Trypanosomes<sup>12</sup>—these are!" cried Bruce, and he hurried to show them to his wife. In all animals sick with nagana they found these finned beasts; in the blood they were, and in the fluid of their puffy eyelids, and in the strange yellowish jelly that replaced the fat under their skins. And never a one of them could Bruce find in healthy dogs and horses and cows. But as the sick cattle grew sicker, these vicious snakes swarmed more and more thickly in their blood, until, when the animals lay gasping, next to death, the microbes writhed in them in quivering masses, so that you would swear their blood was made up of nothing else. . . . It was horrible!

But how did these trypanosomes get from a sick beast to a healthy one? "Here on the hill we can keep healthy animals in the same stables with the sick ones—and never a one of the sound animals comes down . . . here on the hill no cow or horse has ever been known to get nagana!" muttered Bruce. "Why? . . ."

### III

\* \* \*

"It is the tsetse flies cause nagana," said some experienced Europeans. "Flies bite domestic animals and put some kind of poison in them."

"Nagana is caused by big game," said the wise Zulu chiefs and medicine men. "The discharges of the buffalo, the quagga, and water-buck, the koodoo—these contaminate the grass and the watering-places—so it is horses and cattle are hit by the nagana."

"But why do we always fail to get our horses safe through the fly country—why is nagana called the fly disease?" asked the Europeans.

"Why, it's easy to get animals through

<sup>12</sup> *Trypanosomes*, the germs of a certain group of diseases, including nagana.



the fly belt so long as you don't let them eat or drink!" answered the Zulus.

Bruce listened, and then proceeded to try out both ideas. He took good healthy horses, and tied heavy canvas bags round their noses so they couldn't eat nor drink; he led them down the hill to the pleasant-looking midday hell in the mimosa thickets; here he kept them for hours. While he watched to see they didn't slip their nose bags, swarms of pretty brown and gold tsetse flies buzzed around them—flopped on to the kicking horses and in twenty seconds swelled themselves up into bright balloons of blood. . . . The world seemed made of tsetse flies, and Bruce waved his arms. "They were enough to drive one mad!" he told me, thirty years afterwards. I can see him, talking to those pests in the language of a dock-foreman, to the wonder of his Zulus. Day after day this procession of Bruce, the Zulus, and the experimental horses went down into the thorns, and each afternoon, as the sun went down behind Ubombo, Bruce and his migrating experiment grunted and sweated back up the hill.

Then, in a little more than fifteen days, to the delight of Bruce and his wife, the first of those horses who had served as a fly restaurant turned up seedy in the morning and hung his head. And in the blood of this horse appeared the vanguard of the microscopic army of finned wee devils—that tussled so intelligently with the red blood cells. . . .

So it was with every horse taken down into the mimosa—and not one of them had eaten a blade of grass nor had one swallow of water down there; one and all they died of the nagana.

"Good, but it is not proved yet, one way or another," said Bruce. "Even if the horses didn't eat or drink, they may have *inhaled* those trypanosomes from the air—that's the way the greatest medical authorities think malaria is passed on from one man to the next—though it

sounds like rot to me." But for Bruce nothing was rot until experiment proved it rot. "Here's the way to see," he cried. "Instead of taking the horses down, I'll bring the flies up!"

So he bought more healthy horses, kept them safe on the hill, thousands of feet above the dangerous plain, then once more he went down the hill—how that man loved to hunt, even for such idiotic game as flies!—and with him he took a decoy horse. The tsetse flies landed on the horse; Bruce and the Zulus picked them off gently, hundreds of them, and stuck them into an ingenious cage, made of muslin. Then back up the hill, to clap the cage buzzing with flies on to the back of a healthy horse. Through a clever glass window in one of the cagesides they watched the greedy brutes make their meal by sticking their stingers through the muslin. And in less than a month it was the same with these horses, who had never eaten nor drunk, nor even inhaled the air of the plain—every one died of the nagana.

How they worked, Bruce and his wife! They postmortemed<sup>13</sup> dead horses; they named a sick horse "The Unicorn" and tried to keep him alive with arsenic. To find out how long a tsetse fly can carry the trypanosomes on his stinger they put cages of flies on sick dogs and then at intervals of hours, and days, let them feed on healthy ones. They fed dying heifers hot pails of coffee; mercifully they shot dogs thinned by the nagana to sad bags of bones. Mrs. Bruce sterilized silk threads, to dip in blood swarming with trypanosomes, then sewed these threads under the hides of healthy dogs—to find out how long such blood might remain deadly. . . . There was now no doubt the tsetse flies, and only the flies, could carry the nagana, and now Bruce asked:

"But where do the tsetse flies get the trypanosomes they stick into

<sup>13</sup> *postmortemed*, examined after death.



cows and horses? In those fly belts there are often no horses or cattle sick with nagana, for months. Surely the flies (he was wrong there) can't stay infected for months—it must be they get them from the wild animals, the big game!" That was a possibility after his heart. Here was a chance to do something else than sit at a microscope. He forgot instantly about the more patient, subtle jobs that demanded to be done—teasing jobs, for a little man, jobs like tracing the life of the trypanosomes in the flies. . . . "The microbes must be in game!" and he buckled on his cartridge belt and loaded his guns. Into the thickets he went, and shot Burchell's zebras; he brought down koodoos and slaughtered water-bucks. He slashed open the dead beasts and from their hot hearts sucked up syringes full of blood, and jogged back up the hill with them. He looked through his microscopes for trypanosomes in these bloods—but didn't find them. But there was a streak of the dreamer in him. "They may be there, too few to see," he muttered, and to prove they were there he shot great quantities of the blood from ten different animals into healthy dogs. So he discovered that the nagana microbe may lurk in game, waiting to be carried to gentler beasts by the tsetse. So it was Bruce made the first step toward the opening up of Africa.

And Hely-Hutchinson saw how right he had been about David Bruce. "Ware the tsetse fly," he told his farmers, "kill the tsetse fly, clear the thickets in which it likes to breed—drive out, exterminate

the antelope from which it sucks the trypanosomes." So Bruce began ridding Africa of nagana.

\* \* \*

### STUDY AIDS

1. One quality that is often necessary for scientists who seek some discovery for the benefit of their fellow-men is courage. What dangers did David Bruce and his wife cheerfully face in their hunt for the deadly microbes?

2. Another quality of scientists is patient thoroughness in studying the facts they will use as the basis of their work. They never take anything for granted. For example, Bruce wanted to be sure that tsetse flies were the *only* carriers of the microbes that caused nagana. Mention some of the different experiments he made to find out whether the disease might come from some other source.

3. The author of this selection has made the experiences of Bruce interesting and vivid by relating dramatic incidents and by describing details in a striking way. Mention such a dramatic incident in the very opening paragraph. Quote several other passages that give life to this account of Bruce's discovery.

4. Compare the style of writing found in some scientific article in an encyclopedia with the style of De Kruif. Which gives a clearer understanding of the facts? Which seems the more interesting?

5. This selection is taken from *Microbe Hunters*, a book that contains many equally vivid sketches of other scientists who have accomplished great achievements in overcoming enemies to the health of mankind.

## A BACKWARD GLANCE

1. Which selection in Unit XIII shows the scientist or naturalist facing the greatest peril? Compare the selection with at least two others, in this respect.

2. Which of the naturalists or scientists displayed the keenest power of observing the facts of Nature? Again compare your choice with at least two others.

3. Which selection most strongly aroused your curiosity about scientific matters? Once more, use comparison, which is a method of procedure used by the scientists and naturalists themselves.

4. If, in your outside reading, you have discovered some magazine article or book that gives especially interesting information

in the field of Nature-science, make a report on it to the class.

5. The scientists in the following list, by studying the laws of Nature and applying them, were able to make discoveries and inventions that have benefited mankind and furthered civilization. What does each name stand for? Volunteers may look up the unfamiliar names in a biographical dictionary or an encyclopedia: Alexander Graham Bell; Emile Berliner; Pierre and Marie Curie; Thomas A. Edison; Benjamin Franklin; Galileo Galilei; Guglielmo Marconi; Samuel F. B. Morse; Isaac Newton; Louis Pasteur; Wilhelm Röntgen; Charles Steinmetz; James Watt.

## A READING LIST\*

*Pigeon City*, by Leon F. Whitney. "Pigeon City" is the name given by three boys to the headquarters of their homing pigeons. Many interesting episodes occur.

*Jungle Babies*, by Mrs. Martin Johnson, tells of her experiences in the jungle with young lion cubs, elephants' calves, and native children.

*Our Plant Friends and Foes*, by William Atherton Du Puy, contains many interesting stories of various plant families—palm, sugar, citrus, banana, etc.—and the uses to which they are put.

*Squirrels and Other Fur-Bearers*, by John Burroughs, shows keen observation by one of our greatest naturalists.

*In Beaver World*, by Enos A. Mills, is the result of observations for thirty years.

*Fuzzy and His Neighbors*, by José A. Nonidez, is the biography of a chipmunk.

*Wild Folk*, by Samuel Scoville, is a dramatic account of wild animal life.

*Everyday Doings of Insects*, by Evelyn Cheesman, tells how insects grow, fly, breathe, and protect themselves.

*Tiny Toilers and Their Work*, by Graves Glenwood Clark, describes the surprising

work of ants, bees, wasps, and many other insects.

*Book of Insects*, by the French scientist, Jean Henri Fabre, relates delightfully what the author learned in a lifetime study of the history of insects.

*Clever Little People with Six Legs*, by Hallam Hawksworth, indicates that the cleverest of all clever people are the bees and the ants.

*Book of the Microscope*, by Archie F. Collins, tells how to look at the world that is invisible to the naked eye.

*Civilization and the Microbe*, by Arthur Isaac Kendall, is dedicated by the author to his daughter Alice, a high-school student whose study of bacteria left her with a vague impression of a world teeming with danger.

*Who's Who among the Microbes*, by W. H. Park and A. W. Williams, tells of microbes that are harmful to life and health and also of those that are helpful.

*Hunger Fighters*, by Paul De Kruif, is the story of men who made strange experiments to find out what foods are best for human beings.

\* Additional suggestions will be found in the two pamphlets of graded and classified reading lists published by The National Council of Teachers of English: *Books for Home Reading for High Schools* and *Leisure Reading*.

## A REVIEW OF PART FOUR

1. Now that you have read the selections in Part Four, it will be interesting to recall some of the stories, poems, or other selections you read in earlier Parts, in order to see how many of them deal at least incidentally with the World of Nature. "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," for example, is not merely a ballad, or a legend told in verse, but also a poetic picture of Nature in her various moods. On page 563 Robert Frost tells of a message brought to him by a butterfly and a tuft of flowers. Name several other selections in the first three Parts of this book, in which the author shows special sensitiveness to a scene in Nature. In each case be prepared to read a particular paragraph or a stanza as evidence.

2. In the Introduction on page 567 it was said that even the prose writings of explorers, naturalists, and scientists often reveal a keen appreciation of Nature's charm. Mention at least two of the selec-

tions in Unit XIII that prove the truth of this statement.

3. Men and women who devote their lives to the study of Nature's facts often are called upon to face great hardships and dangers. Mention several selections that brought out the courage of explorers or scientists.

4. In Part Four you became acquainted with many different authors. Some are English and some are American; some are famous writers whose work has been tested over a long period of time, while others are today creating a place for themselves in current literature. Select an author representing each of these four groups and be prepared to report briefly on his life and mention several of his writings. The Biographical Index, beginning on page 615, will serve as a starting point for this information, but you should if possible extend your search to a more complete biography.

## A REVIEW OF THE BOOK AS A WHOLE

1. Glance through the table of contents for each of the four main divisions of the book, and pick out in each the selection that most interested you. A good guide will be to see how clearly you remember it. The interest will be different in successive parts. In Part One it is likely to be exciting action or keen suspense. In other parts it may be some great or romantic character, some inspiring ideal, some important new view or truth about life. For each part explain why you chose a particular selection.

2. In your outside reading in connection with each Part, what book or article interested you most? Try to explain the reason for your selection so clearly as to arouse the interest of your classmates in this favorite of yours.

3. From each Part select one author whose books you would especially like to read. Look up his life, list his best-known

works, and tell why you would enjoy reading more from his pen. Several students who select different authors might appear together in a program that would be of value to the whole class.

4. During the year you have become acquainted with different types of literature—short stories, folk ballads, one-act plays, essays, magazine articles, and so on. (a) Make a list of the different types of literature that you find in the volume. Under each type list one or two of the examples in this book that interested you most. (b) Which of these types had you never before thought of as a special or distinct kind of writing? Do you expect to read further in any of these new types? Give reasons for your answer. Of all the types, both new and familiar, which is your favorite kind of reading? Give reasons for your preference.

5. Now that you have completed the reading of this book, you will find new meaning in the "Introduction to Reading," if you will again turn to the discussion of literature on pages 1 to 4. For example, on pages 2-3 appears this statement: "Literature is one form of the expression of life. . . . A story may sum up in a few hundred words an ideal that thousands of men would like to live by.

A poem may sing itself into the heart of a regiment, or comfort those who are discouraged, or translate the beauty of bird-song or flower or of the setting sun into words that will never die."

From your reading in this book or from your outside reading can you name at least one selection that illustrates each of the special qualities mentioned in the above quotation?

## BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX OF AUTHORS

AKELEY, CARL ETHAN (1864-1926), was born in the state of New York, and was educated in the Normal School at Brockport. He was connected with the Field Museum in Chicago from 1895 to 1909 and with the American Museum of Natural History in New York from 1909 until his death. Mr. Akeley, accompanied by his wife, who was his co-worker on the expeditions, made four trips to Africa for the purpose of studying and collecting big game. He wrote several books about his experiences, one of the best known of which is *In Brightest Africa*.

BARRIE, SIR JAMES MATTHEW (1860- ), was born at Kirriemuir, Scotland, where he still has a manor house. He began to write when only a child, and while he was a student at the University of Edinburgh he almost completed a long novel. His literary career started in London when *Auld Licht Idylls* was published in 1888. His earliest works, the best known of which are *A Window in Thrums*, *The Little Minister*, and *Sentimental Tommy*, were sketches and novels; his later works are dramas, of which *Peter Pan* is one of the best known.

BEEBE, WILLIAM (1877- ), scientist and Nature writer, was born in Brooklyn. Since his graduation from Columbia University he has been one of the curators of the New York Zoölogical Society. He has traveled extensively in Asia, in South America, and in Mexico, and for several years he was director of the British Guiana Zoölogical station in the midst of a jungle. He has written many scientific articles about birds and a number of books about the wonders of animal and vegetable life. *Two Bird-lovers in Mexico*, *Jungle Peace*, *The Edge of the Jungle*, and *Beneath Tropic Seas* are among his most widely-read books.

BROWNING, ROBERT (1812-1889), was, next to Tennyson, the most famous English poet of the Victorian era (the period

when Queen Victoria reigned). He was born in a suburb of London, and his early education was directed by his father, a man of wide knowledge and a lover of the classics. In his youth Browning acquired a love for Italy that became a master passion of his life. After his marriage, in 1846, to Elizabeth Barrett, herself a poet, Browning spent much time in Italy. His entire life was devoted to poetry. His work falls into three main groups: dramas, dramatic monologues, and lyrics. *Pippa Passes* and *In a Balcony* are the most famous of the dramas. The dramatic monologues are written as though they were soliloquies or stories told by one man but suggesting the presence of other characters. Of these Browning wrote a great number; they are his most distinctive contributions to literature. His lyrics are among the best in English literature. In all this work Browning's appeal is to thought rather than to the feelings. He was a keen and vigorous thinker, and the intellectual quality in his works surpasses his narrative and lyric gifts, great as these were.

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN (1794-1878), was born in Massachusetts. His parents traced their ancestry to the early colonists who came over on the *Mayflower*. As a boy, Bryant acted out the story of the *Iliad*, using wooden shields and sword and an elaborate coat of mail. He was a lover of poetry and began to write verses when eight years old. His early education was directed by country ministers. At fifteen he entered Williams College as a sophomore, but his college course was interrupted because of lack of means, and he began the study of law, a profession which he followed for nine years. His first published poem, "Thanatopsis," one of the most famous in American literature, was written when he was only sixteen or seventeen years old. A collection of his poems appeared in 1821 but had a very small sale. In 1826 he began a connection with the New York *Evening Post* which, as assist-

ant editor, editor, and part owner, lasted fifty-two years. Bryant wrote comparatively little poetry and destroyed much of what he wrote. In 1866, after the death of his wife, he turned to the study of Homer, publishing his translations of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* in 1870 and 1872. His poetry is not large in amount, but it is of high quality. He loved Nature, and her various moods were familiar to him throughout his long life.

BURNS, ROBERT (1759-1796). The poems of Burns appeared in three editions: 1786, 1787, and 1793. He was inspired by love, by keen insight into Nature, by a sturdy patriotism, and by a sense of the brotherhood of all men. The poems of Burns express his own thought about man and Nature, and are, in themselves, the best biography. The facts about his life, therefore, are of use to us only as they illustrate the poems and guide us in interpreting them. Many of the poems are bits of autobiography. His father was a tenant-farmer in Scotland; the son followed the same hard occupation except for intervals in Edinburgh spent in seeing his books through the press and becoming acquainted with the brilliant group of men and women there who recognized his genius. For some years he received a small income from an office connected with the customs.

CARMAN, [WILLIAM] BLISS (1861-1929), was born in Frederickton, New Brunswick, Canada. He was educated at the University of New Brunswick, at the University of Edinburgh, and at Harvard. From 1899 until his death he made his home in the United States. For several years he was literary editor of the *Independent*, and was on the staffs of *Current Literature* and *The Atlantic Monthly*. His love of Nature is the keynote of his poetry. Two of his most famous volumes are *Echoes from Vagabondia* and *April Airs*, from which "Trees" is taken.

COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR (1772-1834), born in Devonshire, England, was the youngest child of the vicar and schoolmaster at Ottery St. Mary's. His father was skilled in unusual kinds of learning

and passed on to his son his love of philosophy and Nature. When he was ten years old, Coleridge was sent to Christ's Hospital, a preparatory school in which he spent nine years. Even at this time poetry, theology, and history were his favorite subjects. He had excellent training in literature and composition, being taught to avoid meaningless and high-flown language and to admire the skill with which great writers expressed their thoughts. He was strongly influenced by a series of sonnets about Nature that had recently appeared, and his first poems illustrate the new interest in this source of poetry. In 1791 he entered upon his college course at Cambridge, where he won prizes for Greek composition, took an active interest in politics, and became famous for his brilliant conversation. He wrote in defense of liberty, became interested in political journalism, and planned to emigrate to America in order to set up a socialistic colony. Out of his associations with the poet Wordsworth grew his greatest poems: "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," "Kubla Khan," and others. Late in 1798 he went to Germany to study the language and literature of that country. Beginning in 1808 he delivered several series of lectures on literary topics, and became one of the most influential thinkers England has produced.

DE KRUIF, PAUL (1890- ), was born in Zeeland, Michigan, and was educated at the University of Michigan, from which he received his Ph.D. degree in 1916. He was bacteriologist at the University of Michigan for a number of years, has been connected with the Rockefeller Institute, and since 1925 has been a reporter for the Curtis Publishing Company. Two of Mr. De Kruij's best known books are *Microbe Hunters* and *Hunger Fighters*.

DERIEUX, SAMUEL A. (1881-1922), was born in Richmond, Virginia. When he was sixteen he suffered a severe attack of typhoid fever which weakened him permanently, but in spite of the physical difficulties under which he worked, he was graduated from Richmond College and received a master's degree at the University

of Chicago. After he had taught for a few years, he borrowed money to take a course in short-story writing at Columbia University. In *The American Magazine*, of which he was later a member of the editorial staff, appeared his first dog stories. In a few years he became one of the most popular writers of animal stories, of which *Animal Personalities* and *Frank of Freedom Hill* are collections.

DICKINSON, EMILY (1830-1886), was born in Amherst, Massachusetts. For a short time she attended South Hadley Seminary and Amherst Academy, but her education came largely from her own reading. She gradually withdrew from the world, secluded herself entirely, and devoted her time to writing poetry, much of which is mystical. None of Miss Dickinson's poems were published during her lifetime, but four years after her death there appeared a small collection which two of her friends had edited. In 1924 her complete poems were published, and in the same year her niece, Martha Dickinson Bianchi, wrote *The Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson*.

DWYER, JAMES FRANCIS (1874- ), who now lives in France, was born in Camden, Australia. As a newspaper correspondent he has traveled extensively through Australia and the South Seas, South Africa, Egypt, Spain, and Algiers. He came to America in 1907, and has contributed to the leading American magazines. He has also written many books relating to his experiences.

FERRIS, HELEN JOSEPHINE (1890- ), was born in Hastings, Nebraska, and was educated at Vassar College. For five years she was editor of *The American Girl*, and for one year she was an associate editor of *The Youth's Companion*. Since 1929 she has been editor-in-chief of the *Junior Literary Guild*. Besides contributing to magazines and editing several books for girls, Miss Ferris has written and edited a number of books. *Adventure Waits*, *Five Girls Who Dared*, and *Girls Who Did* (with Virginia Moore) are among her most representative works.

FOSS, SAM WALTER (1858-1911), was born in Candia, New Hampshire, and was graduated from Brown University in 1882. After graduating, he did newspaper work for many years, the last few of which he spent as editorial writer for the *Boston Globe*. Mr. Foss gave numerous lectures and readings from his own verses, many of which are delightful for their humor. *Back Country Poems*, *Dreams in Homespuns*, and *Songs of the Average Man* are among his volumes of verse.

FROST, ROBERT (1875- ), was born in San Francisco, but was taken to New England when only ten years of age. He entered Dartmouth College but stayed only a few months because of his dislike for college routine. He then went to Lawrence, Massachusetts, where he found work in a textile mill. From 1897 to 1899 he attended Harvard University, and for a number of years afterward he devoted his time to farming, teaching, and writing poetry in New Hampshire. In 1912 he sold his farm and went to England, where, within a few months, *A Boy's Will*, his first volume of poetry, appeared. The publication of *North of Boston* in the following year established his reputation. Mr. Frost is now professor of English in Amherst College, where he has spent most of his time since his return to America in 1915. Later volumes of his poetry are *New Hampshire*, *West-running Brook*, and *Collected Poems*.

GALE, ZONA (1874- ), was born in Portage, Wisconsin, and was educated at the state university. She took up journalism as a profession and was on the staffs of Milwaukee newspapers until 1901. She later became a member of the staff of the *New York World*, and for a number of years was a writer for newspapers and magazines. Of Miss Gale's many volumes the following are representative: *Friendship Village*, *Miss Lulu Bett*, and *Portage, Wisconsin, and Other Essays*.

GRAYSON, DAVID (Ray Stannard Baker) (1870- ), was born in Lansing, Michigan. He was educated at the Michigan State College and at the University of



Michigan. Soon after graduation he started a journalistic career which later included positions as reporter on the *Chicago Record*, as associate editor of *McClure's Magazine*, and as one of the editors of *The American Magazine*. Mr. Baker has also had a diplomatic career. He has published a series of popular essays: *Adventures in Contentment*, *Adventures in Understanding*, and *Adventures in Solitude*.

GUITERMAN, ARTHUR (1871- ), was born of American parents in Vienna, Austria. He was educated at the College of the City of New York, from which he was graduated in 1891. He has been an editorial writer for *The Literary Digest* and *The Woman's Home Companion*, and has contributed his verse to several other magazines. He is the author of *A Ballad Maker's Pack*, *The Light Guitar*, *Song and Laughter*, and other volumes.

HARTE, [FRANCIS] BRET (1839-1902), was born in Albany, New York. The fact that he was sick for a period of years and could not take part in sports encouraged his reading widely. Upon the death of his father he went to California, and after working at a variety of occupations for a period of several years, he became editor of the *Overland Monthly* in San Francisco in 1868. His first famous story, "The Luck of Roaring Camp," was hailed as a product of genius. In 1872 he returned to the East, where *The Atlantic Monthly* offered him a large salary for his contributions. In 1878 he was appointed United States Consul at Crefeld, Germany, and in 1880 he took the same office at Glasgow, Scotland. In 1885 he went to London to live and remained in England the rest of his life. He is most famous as a short-story writer, some of the best of his stories being "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Tennessee's Partner," and "M'liss."

HENRY, O. (1862-1910), whose real name was William Sidney Porter, was born in Greensboro, North Carolina. At fifteen he left school to work in his uncle's drug store, but after five years his health required that he live in the open. He went

to Texas, and for two years stayed on a ranch; then he went to Austin, the state capital, where he earned a living as a bookkeeper and as a bankteller. At thirty-two he bought a weekly paper, but when he found it did not pay, he began to conduct a column for the *Houston Post*. At a later period of his life he went to New York, having a contract to write a story each week for the *New York World*. Beginning in 1904, one or two volumes of his short stories appeared every year. His best known volumes are *The Four Million*, from which "The Romance of a Busy Broker" is taken, *Whirligigs*, and *Heart of the West*.

HEYLIGER, WILLIAM (1884- ), was born in Hoboken, New Jersey, where he was educated in the public schools. He was in business and in newspaper work until 1912, but he now gives his time to the writing of books for boys and girls. He is a contributor to *The American Boy* and is the author of *The Spirit of the Leader*, *Quarterback Hothead*, and numerous other books based upon the sports and interests of American youth.

IRVING, WASHINGTON (1783-1859), was born in New York. On account of delicate health Irving had little formal schooling; he studied law but did not practice. He was a lover of New York and of the Hudson River country, some of his best works growing out of this devotion to the scenes of his boyhood. It was his purpose, he said, to give to American scenes something of the romantic charm that old legends had given to English scenes and to the Rhine region of Germany. To that end he retold some of these legends with American backgrounds, the stories of Rip Van Winkle and of Ichabod Crane being examples. His first work, a humorous history of the Dutch colony of New Amsterdam, was published in 1809. It was the first important piece of pure literature in America. In 1815 Irving went to England, where he wrote the papers which we now know as *The Sketch Book* (1819-1820). For a time (1820-1826) he traveled in France and Germany, moving to Spain in 1826, where he spent three years collecting

the materials which he afterwards published in *The Life of Columbus* (1828), *The Conquest of Granada* (1829), and *The Alhambra* (1832). From 1829 to 1832 he was secretary of the American Legation in London, and then returned to America, where he lived for ten years at Tarrytown, New York, writing several books dealing especially with the western parts of the United States. From 1842 to 1846 he was Minister to Spain. His last works of importance were biographies of Oliver Goldsmith (1849) and George Washington (1859).

JOHNSON, MARTIN (1884- ), was born in Rockford, Illinois. His publications are based upon the study and observations he has made during extensive explorations, which include many years in the South Sea Islands and several years in Australia, Borneo, and Africa. One of his most valuable contributions to scientific knowledge is a film record of African wild life, which he started in 1924 for the American Museum of Natural History. *Through the South Seas with Jack London* and *Camera Trails in Africa* are among his books.

KAYE-SMITH, SHEILA, was born in Sussex County, England, and her memories of the Sussex countryside of her childhood make the background for her short stories and novels. *Joanna Godden* is her best picture of Sussex life. *Sussex Gorse*, *Green Apple Harvest*, *The End of the House of Alard*, and *Shepherds in Sackcloth* are some of her other books.

KEARTON, CHERRY (1871- ), was born at Thwaite Swaledale, Yorkshire, England, and was educated at the Muker National School. Mr. Kearton's interests are only partly literary, for he is also photographer, explorer, and naturalist. He was a pioneer in the field of making moving pictures of big game and wild life in their natural environments.

KEATS, JOHN (1795-1821), was born in London. At fifteen he began the study of medicine, but his taste for poetry was so strong that he gave his strength mainly to the study of literature. In 1817 he published a small volume of poetry, which was

severely attacked by the critics. Other poems appeared in 1818 and 1820, the last representing much more mature work than the poems that had appeared only two years previously. In part this was due to the incessant study he carried on, but his genius matured rapidly, as if he knew that he had but a short time in which to work. On account of increasing ill health he went to Italy in the hope of regaining his strength, but the effort was unavailing, and he died at the age of twenty-five. His greatest poems are "Endymion," "The Eve of St. Agnes," "Lamia," and "Hyperion," all of them narrative, but he also wrote many sonnets and other lyrics of great distinction. These poems are remarkable for their lyrical charm, their imaginative splendor, and their descriptions of Nature.

KENLY, JULIE CLOSSON (1868- ), was born in Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. Kenly, with the exception of music and art studies, was educated at home by her mother. She has a genuine interest in Nature, and most of her publications are books that aim to spread a popular understanding of natural science. *Green Magic*, *The Astonishing Ant*, *Children of a Star*, and *Wild Wings* are the best known of her books.

KIPLING, RUDYARD (1865-1936), was born in Bombay, India, but he was educated in England. When he was seventeen years old he returned to India to be on the staff of the *Lahore Civil and Military Gazette*. In 1886 he published *Departmental Ditties*, a volume of satirical verses. He shortly became famous for his stories of life in India. *Plain Tales from the Hills* (1887) was followed by *Soldiers Three* and *Wee Willie Winkie*. After traveling in China, Japan, and the United States, he returned to England at the age of twenty-four to find that his fame was world-wide. In 1892 he married an American girl, Caroline Starr Balestier, and remained in the United States for a period of years. His later travels took him to South Africa during the Boer War and to the Canadian Northwest. He has written several volumes for young readers; among the most popular are the two *Jungle Books* and *Just So Stories*. Three of his best known novels

are *The Light That Failed*, *Captains Courageous*, and *Kim*. Kipling is also famous as a poet, particularly for "Recessional," "The Ballad of East and West," "Mandalay," and "Gunga Din." Almost any of his short stories will interest you, but among his most brilliant ones are "The Man Who Would Be King," "Beyond the Pale," and "The Man Who Was."

KNIBBS, HENRY HERBERT (1874- ), was born at Clifton, Ontario, Canada. His education was irregular, but at thirty-four he was a student in Harvard. In 1911 he went to California, where he has remained. His volumes of verse deal mainly with the theme of cowboy life. The best known are *Overland Red*, *Tang of Life*, *Songs of the Trail*, and *Songs of the Lost Frontier*.

KNOBLOCK, EDWARD (1874- ), was born in New York City. After his graduation from Harvard University, he traveled in Europe, and in 1916 became an English subject. He began to write plays when he was very young and continued to write them during his later years. Many of his plays have been produced, though few of them have been published.

LINDSAY, [NICHOLAS] VACHEL (1879-1931), was born in Springfield, Illinois, where he received his public school education. He was a student in Hiram College for three years, studied at the Art Institute in Chicago from 1900 to 1903, and studied one year in the New York School of Art. For the next few winters he was a lecturer for the Y. M. C. A. In 1906 he started a series of tramps on foot which took him through many states, reciting or singing his verses, giving lectures occasionally, and pleading for "The Gospel of Beauty." Among his many volumes of poetry are *General William Booth Enters into Heaven*, and *Other Poems*; *The Congo and Other Poems*; and *The Chinese Nightingale and Other Poems*.

LITTELL, EDMUND (1890- ), was born in Albany, New York. He was educated in Indiana and graduated from Wabash College in 1911. Until 1925, excepting an over-sea interruption during the World

War, Mr. Littell was in the steel business. Since 1925 he has contributed stories to *The American*, *The American Boy*, and other magazines.

LONDON, JACK (1876-1916), was born in San Francisco, January 12, 1876. At sixteen he came to know the oyster pirates in San Francisco Bay. Later he joined the Fish Patrol service, in which his duties brought him into many a clash with these pirates. In his nineteenth year, after he had tramped across the country to New York, he returned home and entered the Oakland High School. Before he was twenty-one he entered the University of California, having prepared himself for college in two years. When the news of gold in the Klondike reached California, London was off at once to that frozen land, where he became acquainted with all the hardships of the gold rush. His experiences were used later in his short story "Brown Wolf" and his longer stories *Call of the Wild* and its sequel *White Fangs*. When London was twenty-three, his writings began to appear regularly in the magazines; and after he was twenty-four, at least one book was published every year of his life. Although he was only forty when he died in 1916, he had become one of the most famous writers in America.

LOWELL, AMY (1874-1925), poet and critic, was born in Brookline, Massachusetts. She received her education from her accomplished mother, from private schools, and from traveling extensively. In 1902 she decided to become a poet, but her first poem was not published until 1910. She contributed critical articles to many magazines. Of her volumes of poetry the best known are *A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass*, *Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds*, and *Men, Women, and Ghosts*.

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL (1819-1891), was born of a distinguished family in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He studied law and was graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1840. While in college he had been a great reader, edited the college magazine, and was a member of a group of young men interested in literature. His

engagement to Miss Maria White turned his attention definitely away from law and resulted in the publication of his first volume of poems, *A Year's Life*, in 1841. A second volume of poems appeared in 1844 and also a volume of prose entitled *Conversations on Some of the Old Poets*. In 1848 "A Fable for Critics" appeared; this was a rimed review of American literature. "The Vision of Sir Launfal" belongs to the same year, and also a volume of miscellaneous poems. He went abroad in 1851, and after his return became professor of Modern Languages at Harvard. In 1857 he became the first editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, which has long exerted a powerful influence on the development of American literature. His own contributions to this magazine and to the *North American Review*, of which he later became an associate editor, were papers of distinction on politics and literature. He was, in fact, interested almost equally in these three fields: poetry, literary criticism, and politics. Some of his poetry is of a political nature, such as the "Biglow Papers" (first series, 1848; second series, 1862-1866). His public services, aside from his writings, were very great. He was for three years minister to Spain, and afterwards became one of the most distinguished of all ambassadors sent by the United States to England.

MARKHAM, [CHARLES] EDWIN (1852- ), was born in Oregon City, Oregon. After his father's death, his mother took him to California, where he worked at farming and herding cattle. After graduating from Normal School at San José, he taught for a number of years. He has written poems since early childhood, and in 1899 he became famous with the publication of "The Man with the Hoe." It was followed by another famous poem "Lincoln, the Man of the People."

MASEFIELD, JOHN (1878- ), one of the greatest modern British poets, was born in Ledbury in Western England. His early life was adventurous, as he went to sea when very young and traveled in many lands. Among other adventures he came to America and worked in New York City.

His early poems deal with the sea, and appeared in such collections as *Salt-Water Ballads* and *Ballads*. He has won his fame chiefly through his long narrative poems, such as *The Everlasting Mercy* and *Reynard the Fox*.

MONROE, HARRIET, was born in Chicago, Illinois, where she still lives. She was educated at the Visitation Academy, Georgetown, D. C. Since 1912 she has been the editor of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, and is one of the foremost poets of the school of modern verse.

MOORE, VIRGINIA (1903- ), although born in Nebraska, is by blood, education, and residence a Virginian. She was educated at Rollins College, from which she received her A.B. degree, in 1922, and at Columbia University, where she received her M.A. in 1923. Miss Moore is a frequent contributor to several magazines. She has also published two volumes of poetry, *Not Poppy and Sweet Water and Bitter*; a novel, *Rising Wind*; and, with Helen Ferris, *Girls Who Did*, from which "Mary Simkhovitch" is taken.

MORLEY, CHRISTOPHER (1890- ), was born at Haverford, Pennsylvania. After graduation from Haverford College in 1910, he went to New College, Oxford, for three years as a Rhodes Scholar from the United States. After his return he became a journalist, and has been on the editorial staffs of Doubleday Page, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, the *New York Evening Post*, and the *Saturday Review of Literature*. Mr. Morley has written extensively, his best known volumes being *Where the Blue Begins*, *Parsons' Pleasure*, *Thunder on the Left*, and *Seacoast of Bohemia*. *Mince Pie*, from which "Bullied by the Birds" is taken, and *Shandygaff* are collections of his essays.

MUNRO, H. H. (1870-1916), known as "Saki," was born in Akyab, Burma. His father, an English army officer, was stationed there at the time, but he was brought up in western England by two aunts. At eighteen he was taken by his father on an extensive trip through central

Europe, which gave him much material for his later stories. At thirty-four he began to publish books of witty or satirical short stories, among which are *Reginald*, *Reginald in Russia*, and *The Chronicles of Clovis*. He enrolled for service when war was declared in 1914, and was killed in action on November 13, 1916.

NORRIS, MARGARET (1890- ), was born on a farm in Illinois near the little town of La Moille. She was educated at Smith College, and for a time taught school. During the World War she went to France with the Y. M. C. A., and, after coming home, became a reporter on the *Chicago Daily Journal*. For the last several years she has contributed to *The American Magazine*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, and many other periodicals. Miss Norris's only published book is her *Heroes and Hazards*.

NOYES, ALFRED (1880- ), one of the most gifted of contemporary English poets, lives in London. He was educated at Oxford University, and has since devoted himself to literature. He is a contributor to the leading British and American magazines, and has written many poems and ballads. In 1918-1919 Mr. Noyes lectured in the United States and taught literature at Princeton University.

OWL, GREY (1886- ), was born near the Rio Grande River. His father was a Scotchman and his mother an Apache Indian of New Mexico. Both his parents were in Buffalo Bill's company. In his early twenties he moved to Canada and took up the life of a Bush Indian, trapping and guiding. He enlisted during the war and for three years fought with distinction for the British Empire. After the war he returned to Canada and pursued his old life of hunting by canoe. For years he hunted the beaver, but he came to fear that beavers, like the buffalo, were approaching extinction; so he undertook a crusade for preserving them.

POE, EDGAR ALLAN (1809-1849), was born in Boston, of Southern parentage. His parents were actors who died when Poe

was very young, and he was adopted by Mr. Allan, a merchant of Richmond. From 1815 to 1820 the Allans were abroad, and Poe was placed in school in England. On his return he spent a year at the University of Virginia, but his college course was not completed because of a break with Mr. Allan. The remainder of Poe's life was one of poverty and struggle, despite his possession of literary and editorial gifts that should have insured him success. His first poems appeared in 1827, and other volumes were published in 1829 and 1831. In consequence of the reputation gained by these poems, he was appointed editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, published at Richmond; later he edited periodicals in Philadelphia and New York. He desired most of all to found a literary magazine in the South and went back to Richmond to start the project. For this he had been prepared by his reputation not only as a poet but as the greatest writer of short stories America had produced; he was also a literary critic whose work, though not large in amount, was of high quality. The project, however, never came to reality, on account of his untimely death.

QUIRK, LESLIE W. (1882- ), was born in Alta, Iowa, and was educated at the University of Wisconsin. For several years he was the publisher and editor of *The Editor Magazine*. He has contributed many short stories to various magazines, and has written a number of books for boys, among which are several boy scout volumes.

RAWLINGS, CHARLES A. (1895- ), was born in Rochester, New York, and was educated at the University of Wisconsin. Since the war Mr. Rawlings has engaged in newspaper work. He conducted a yachting column in the Rochester *Times-Union* for a while, which is in keeping with his interest in fishermen of all types. In 1928 he went to Florida, where he is doing newspaper work.

RODGER, ESCA G., who has been fiction editor of *The American Boy* for a number of years, was born in Ann Arbor, Michigan. She was educated at the Michigan

State Normal College and at the Universities of Michigan and Wisconsin. Miss Rodger has contributed to various magazines, and she has also published a book called *Careers*.

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE (1858-1919), twenty-sixth President of the United States, was born in the city of New York. He was graduated from Harvard University and soon afterwards was elected to the legislature of New York. He was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy by President McKinley, a position from which he resigned to enter the Spanish-American War. In 1898 he was elected Governor of New York and in 1900 Vice-President of the United States. Upon the death of McKinley, Roosevelt became President. He was a vigorous American, basing his theory of politics on honesty, courage, hard work, and fair play. His writings cover a wide range, but particularly helpful are those dealing with the ideals of citizenship.

SANDBURG, CARL (1878- ), was born in Galesburg, Illinois. He left school at the age of thirteen and for several years earned a living by driving a milk wagon, washing dishes in a hotel, working in a brickyard and in the harvest fields. In 1898 he enlisted in the Spanish-American War and served as a private in Porto Rico. After his return he entered Lombard College, where he studied for four years. In 1904 he published a small book of poems, but it was not until 1914, when he was introduced through *Poetry*, that he gained wide recognition. In the same year he received the Levinson prize for his poem "Chicago." Since then he has published, among other works, *Chicago Poems*, *Smoke and Steel*, *Slabs of the Sunburnt West*, and the biography *Abraham Lincoln—The Prairie Years*. Mr. Sandburg frequently gives folk song recitals, in which he sings and plays his own accompaniment on the guitar.

SARETT, LEW (1888- ), was born in Chicago, and was educated at the University of Michigan, at Beloit College, and at Harvard University. He spent much of his youth trapping and fishing, and even in recent years has spent many months as a

woodsman in the Northwest. Mr. Sarett is now a professor in the Northwestern University School of Speech, and is also a lecturer on the Canadian North and on Indian life. He has contributed both verse and prose articles to magazines, and has published several volumes of poetry, all of which reveal his intimate knowledge of Indian life and of the Northwest. *Many, Many Moons* and *The Box of God* are among his most important works.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER (1771-1832), was born in Edinburgh. From his early years he showed a love of adventure. Before he was ten he had begun to collect the ballads that were still sung by old women on farms.

When Scott was thirty-four he published a poem that preserved much of the ancient lore he had been gathering. He called it *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805), pretending that it had been chanted to a harp by the last of those bards who, like Allan-bane, used to sing before a chieftain. The poem made him famous. Even more enthusiastic was the public reception of *Marmion* (1808), a long poem which contained an account of the battle of Flodden Field. In both England and Scotland men memorized the whole martial description. With the publication of *The Lady of the Lake* (1810) Scott became the most popular poet of the day. He bought an estate at Abbotsford and began to live like one of the feudal barons.

Beginning with the prose romance *Waverley* (1814), he increased tremendously his fame by a series of historical novels that appeared rapidly during the next eleven years. He would rise early in the morning and work steadily until near noon. Then he would join his friends and guests, and lead in the hunting or other entertainment. The long continued application to work and play undermined his health to such an extent that he had to dictate *Ivanhoe* (1819) between spasms coming from a cramp in the stomach. In 1825 the publishing house in which he had a silent partnership failed. He was not legally responsible for the debt, but his ideals were those of the age of chivalry about which he had long been writing.

Though the debt amounted to over a half million dollars, he set to work with his pen to pay it off. He did not entirely succeed, but the effort has caused him to be regarded as one of the most heroic characters in English literature. When he died in 1832, another famous Scot wrote, "Adieu, Sir Walter, pride of all Scotchmen; take our proud and sad farewell."

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM (1564-1616), a famous English poet and the greatest dramatist the world has produced, was born at Stratford-on-Avon, England. At the age of twenty-two, after his marriage with Anne Hathaway, he moved to London, where for twenty-five years he wrote poems and plays, was an actor, and later became a shareholder in a theater. He lived and wrote at the time of Queen Elizabeth, which is known as the Elizabethan Age. It was a period rich in genius of many kinds, but especially in the creation of dramatic literature. In 1612 Shakespeare retired to Stratford, where he spent the last few years of his life.

Shakespeare's dramatic work falls into four periods, as follows: 1. The comedies, 1589-1600. To this period belong such early comedies as *The Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labor Lost*, and *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, all written 1589-1591; *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Merchant of Venice*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, written about 1595-1598; and *Much Ado About Nothing*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*, 1599-1600. 2. The historical plays, 1592-1599. The chief of these plays are *Richard III* (1593), *King John* (1594), *Richard II* (1594), *Henry IV* in two parts, and *Henry V* (1597-1599). 3. The tragedies. Shakespeare wrote two great tragedies in the years when he was doing distinctive work in comedy and history. These are *Romeo and Juliet*, which was written before 1597, and *Julius Caesar*, written about 1599. His greatest tragedies are *Hamlet* (1602), *Othello* (1604), *Lear* (1604-1606), and *Macbeth* (1606). 4. The later plays, written between 1608 and 1611, include tragedies like *Antony and Cleopatra*; several comedies with a strong element of seriousness, verging on tragedy; and some delightful dramatic romances, such as *A Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*.

SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND (1841-1887), was born at Windsor, Connecticut. He was graduated from Yale and lived most of his life in California, being for some years professor of English language and literature at the State University. Sill was a true poet, but the whole of his literary output is contained in two slender volumes. His poems are noted for their compressed thought. The selection given on page 507 shows this quality.

SOUTHEY, ROBERT (1774-1843). Before he left school Southey had planned to portray "all the more prominent and poetical forms of mythology which have at any time obtained among mankind, by making each the groundwork of an heroic poem." He did not live up to these ambitious ideals, but the number of his works is very great, and most of his poems are very long. His first epic was devoted to Joan of Arc, as he was an enthusiastic admirer of France. His verse-narratives preceded those of Scott, and were well received, though Southey did not attain the enormous popularity afterwards won by Scott. Southey translated romances from the Spanish, and was a scholar of distinction. His prose includes histories, notably a history of Brazil, and a series of excellent biographies, of which the life of Nelson is the most famous. In 1813 he became poet laureate of England.

SPENCER, WILLIAM ROBERT (1769-1834), English poet and wit, was educated at Harrow and Oxford, and was commissioner of stamps from 1797 to 1826. His wit and accomplishments made him very popular in London society, but natural indolence prevented his winning prominence in public life. His works include a translation of Bürger's *Leonore*, *Urania*, a *Burlesque*, and *Poems*. Owing to financial embarrassment he withdrew to Paris in 1825, and remained there until his death.

STANTON, FRANK L. (1857-1927), was born in Charleston, South Carolina. He was educated in the public schools and spent all of his life in the South. He was identified with the *Atlanta Press* for years, and was on the staff of the *Atlanta Constitution*. Besides being a verse writer, Mr.



Stanton was a contributor to leading magazines. His volumes include *Songs of the Soil, Songs from Dixie Land, Up from Georgia*, and *Little Folks down South*.

STEINER, EDWARD A. (1866- ), was born in Vienna, Austria, and was graduated from the University of Heidelberg. Himself an immigrant, later a naturalized citizen of America, he has been active in Americanization work in the United States, both through his lectures and his writings. Among his best-known works are *From Alien to Citizen*, from which "America" is taken; *On the Trail of the Immigrant*; *Nationalizing America*; and *The Immigrant Tide*.

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS (1850-1894), was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. As a boy he was handicapped by bad health. He became a great reader, especially of tales of adventure. In November, 1867, he entered the University of Edinburgh, where he studied engineering and, later, law. He was admitted to the bar in 1871, but he never practiced law. His health was precarious; a nervous attack and trouble with his lungs forced him to spend a year in foreign travel.

Stevenson now turned definitely to writing as his profession. In the years that followed he was constantly writing, revising, destroying, writing once more. He wrote and published, 1876-8, many essays, short stories, and volumes describing his travels. He was slowly becoming recognized as a writer whose works showed rare personal charm, keen observation, humor, and a clear and delightful style.

In 1880 Stevenson began work upon *Treasure Island*, which appeared in 1883. With this book he won fame. During the years 1885-6 he published several of his best known volumes: *Black Arrow*, *A Child's Garden of Verses*, *Kidnapped*, and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

Stevenson spent the winter of 1887-8 at Saranac Lake, in the Adirondacks, where he hoped to be cured of his lung trouble. Not finding relief here, he began a series of journeys to the far corners of the earth: Honolulu, Samoa, Sydney. In April, 1890, he returned to Samoa, where he bought an estate and built a large, comfortable house.

Though an exile, he was happy here. The natives loved him and called him Tusi-tala, "teller of tales." A new period of intense literary activity began and lasted until his death, on December 3, 1894.

TARBELL, IDA MINERVA (1857- ), was born in Pennsylvania. After being graduated from Allegheny College she studied in Paris. Some of her best-known works are: *Life of Abraham Lincoln*; *Short Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*; *He Knew Lincoln*; *History of the Standard Oil Company*; *New Ideals in Business*.

TEASDALE, SARA (1884-1933), was born in St. Louis, Missouri, where she was educated in private schools. She traveled extensively in Europe and in the Near East. In 1918 she received the prize given by the Columbia University Poetry Society of America. Miss Teasdale's best known volumes are *Love Songs*, *Flame and Shadow*, *Dark of the Moon*, and *Stars Tonight*.

THOMAS, LETTA EULALIA, one of the younger group of writers of the Middle West, lives in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Much of her lyric verse has been given musical setting and has been produced in the larger cities of the United States. Her poem, "What America Means to Me," was awarded the Theodosia Garrison Poetry Prize at the Biennial Convention of the National Federation of Women's Clubs in 1920, in a contest open to all members of women's clubs of the United States.

THOREAU, HENRY DAVID (1817-1862), was born at Concord, Massachusetts. He was educated at Harvard, where he began his practice of keeping a journal. All his writings, covering thirty manuscript volumes, were in this form, and most of his books have been made up after his death by selecting passages from different places in these journals. As a whole, they show the great amount of interesting material that may be gathered by one who keeps his eyes open to things that surround him every day. Most of Thoreau's life was devoted to "endless walks and miscellaneous studies." In 1845 he built for himself a hut on the shore of Walden Pond, a small

lake near Concord, where he lived for two years a life of meditation, study, and simple work. He says his total expense for the two years was seventy dollars. He kept a record of his observations "on man, on Nature, and on human life" that was published under the title of *Walden* in 1854. This is his most widely known book. It is filled with minute observations on insects, birds, the waters of the pond, the weather, and many similar subjects. Besides these observations of Nature, there are many comments on life and politics, on literature and various philosophical subjects, but it is as a book about Nature that *Walden* will live. It is marked by the simplicity and sincerity that characterized the man.

TIMROD, HENRY (1829-1867), was born in Charleston, South Carolina. He was educated at the University of Georgia. His father was the author of a volume of verse, and the son became a contributor to *Russell's Magazine* and *The Southern Literary Messenger*. For a long time he was engaged in journalism as correspondent and editor of South Carolina newspapers. His poems were published in 1859; they were edited in 1873 by his friend, Paul Hamilton Hayne, and later, by J. P. Kennedy Bryan.

TROWBRIDGE, JOHN TOWNSEND (1827-1916), was born in Ogden, New York. He taught in Illinois for a year and then became a journalist in New York and Boston. He, with Lucy Larcom, was for a time editor of *Our Young Folk's Magazine*. Trowbridge is best known for his stories for boys, although he also wrote novels and poetry. He published many juvenile series, among which are "The Jack Hayard Series" and "The Start in Life Series."

WALKER, STUART, was born in Augusta, Kentucky, and was educated at the University of Cincinnati and at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York City. From 1909 to 1914 he was with the famous play producer, David Belasco, in the capacity of play-reader, actor, and stage manager. In 1914 he originated the Port-

manteau Theatre, and since 1915 he has been his own producer. He is the author of *Portmanteau Plays*, from which "Nevertheless" is taken, *More Portmanteau Plays*, and *Five Flights Up*.

WILKINSON, MARGUERITE (Ogden Bigelow) (1883-1928), was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, but received her high-school training in Evanston, Illinois, and her college education at Northwestern University. Since 1905 she has frequently contributed to magazines. She has compiled *Golden Songs of the Golden State*, has edited the anthology *New Voices*, and has published several volumes of poetry. *Bluestone*, published in 1920, is one of her best known volumes.

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM (1770-1850), was born in Cumberland, England. His boyhood was passed amid scenes of great natural beauty, which had a deeper influence on him than the formal education he received in school and at Cambridge University. While a college student he went on a walking tour on the Continent and was powerfully impressed by the revolutionary movements then going on. For a time he was an ardent sympathizer with the Revolution in France; after his return, however, he settled down to a life of study and meditation, broken only now and then by foreign travel. His friendship for Coleridge led to the publication in 1798 of a small volume written by the two men and named *Lyrical Ballads*. To this Wordsworth contributed a number of poems about Nature in which he sought to show the beauty and mystery in common scenes. His poetry, like that of Coleridge, was very different from what was then regarded in England as true poetry; it used only simple words, preferred simple themes, and found in ordinary aspects of Nature and life abundant material for expressing emotion and interpreting beauty. Because of the difference in subject and form from the standards of the time, this poetry was not at first well received. Later in his life, however, Wordsworth was widely recognized as one of the greatest of English poets. His poems, which are very numerous, are on a great variety of subjects.

## INDEX OF TOPICS AND SPECIAL TERMS

- ACCENT (stress), 249. In general, emphasis on a syllable or a word. In prose these stresses come at irregular intervals, just as the words of the sentence happen to be arranged. Test this with the sentence you have just read, marking each stress with an "x." In most verse the words and syllables are so arranged as to bring the accented syllables at regular intervals, thus producing that regularity of sound and movement which is called meter. Note that words of one syllable, if important, may receive stress in poetry. *See* Rhythm, Meter.
- ALLITERATION, 307, 507. The repetition of initial consonants, as in "*A mighty foun-tain momentarily was forced.*" The device is common in poetry, and adds to the musical sound of the verse.
- ANTHOLOGY, 582.
- BLANK VERSE, 507.
- CANTO, 306. Literally, a "song." In poetry it is a division or unit of a long narra-tive poem, somewhat like a "chapter" or a "book" in prose narrative.
- CLIMAX, 42, 88, 253, 254, 267.
- CONFLICT, 28, 88, 208, 211, 371, 441.
- CORONACH, 332. A lamentation for the dead; a dirge.
- COUPLET, 388. Two consecutive lines of verse that rime with each other.
- FIGURE OF SPEECH, 467. Any use of words which is not literal, but which suggests comparison or picture. *See* Metaphor.
- FREE VERSE, 576. Verse which disregards the rules of meter, the stresses coming at irregular intervals and the lines being of irregular length.
- GLOSS, 275.
- IMAGERY, 576, 581. The work of the im-agination or fancy in decorating or mak-ing vivid oral or written composition; the use of images or figures of speech in composition.
- IMAGISTS, 576.
- LITERATURE, definition of, 3, 443, 444, 564. standards of taste for, 5. test of interest, 5.
- METAPHOR, 467, 507. A figure of speech in which one object is said to be another, as when Markham says that Lincoln's "words were oaks in acorns"; or the metaphor may apply the qualities of one object to another object, as in "the recti-tude and patience of the cliffs."
- METER, 254, 307, 372, 576. Regular or fixed recurrence of accent or stress. *See* Accent.
- METRICAL ROMANCE, 230, 371-372, 442.
- ODE, 518. A form of lyric poetry, elevated in subject-matter, originally designed to be sung or chanted.
- PERSONIFICATION, 468, 576, 581. In per-sonification life is given to some inani-mate object, as in "The great winds utter prophecies"; here the poet gives the power of speech to the winds.
- REFRAIN, 249, 252, 253.
- REPORTORIAL WRITING, 542, 547.
- RHYTHM, 249, 252, 263, 572, 581. In the wide sense, the effect produced by regu-larity of accent or stress in prose or poetry. In prose the stresses are sepa-rated by a varying number of unstressed syllables, but the total effect is musical and harmonious. *See* Accent and Meter.
- RIME, 249, 263, 267, 268, 332, 552, 572, 581. Correspondence of sound at the ends of lines of verse. The sound of the final syllable or syllables must be the same, not necessarily the spelling.
- RIME, INTERNAL, 581. Rime within the same line, as "We'll out of the *town* by the road's bright *crown*."
- SONGS, 320, 332, 371.
- STANZA, 248, 249, 252, 259, etc. A group of verses or lines of poetry. The stanza may represent a division in thought or mood, or it may be an arbitrary division in which a definite scheme of rime and meter is observed.

## INDEX OF TYPES OF LITERATURE

- BALLAD, FOLK. Study of, 248. Examples: 250-263.
- BIOGRAPHY. Study of, 484. Examples: 478, 486 ("America!"), 501, 507 ("The Fighting Soul"), 542 ("How I Learned to Fly").
- DRAMA. Study of, 211. Examples: 212, 220, 378.
- EPIC. Study of, 247. Example: 232.
- ESSAYS. Study of, 474. Examples: 469, 474, 513, 596, 599, 601.
- LYRIC POETRY. Study of, 569. Examples: 458, 468, 486, 500, 505, 507, 518, 542, 563, 570-580.
- NARRATIVE POETRY, SHORT. Study of, 291. Examples: 266-274, 275, 548.
- NARRATIVE POETRY, LONG. Study of, 371-372 ("The Metrical Romance"). Examples: 295, 460.
- NOVEL, THE. Study of, 208 ("A Backward Glance"). Example: 91.
- SHORT STORY. Study of, 88. Examples: 7, 17, 28, 32, 43, 47, 63, 445, 453, 520.
- SPECIAL ARTICLE, THE. Study of, 542 ("Reportorial Writing"). Examples: 531, 552, 554, 584, 586, 590, 592, 602, 605.

## PRONUNCIATION LIST

KEY: at, câme, fär, äll, äsk, cäre, alone, beggär, cottäge; end, bē, hēr, towēl, rēduce; it, line; on, mōre, tō, ôff, actōr, demōcrat, intō; oil, out; up, ūse, pūt, natūre, ūnite; ʒh, thin; d, gradual; s, nausea; t, picture; z, usury. In foreign words: ü, as in French du; çh, as in German ach; ñ, as in French bon.

Aberdare (ab'ër-där')	Bochastle (bō-kas'l)	De Vaux (dé vō)
Aberfoyle (ab-ër-foil')	Bologna (bō-lōn'yä)	Dneiper (nē'pèr)
Achaian (ä-kä'yan)	Breadalbane (bred-äl'bän or bred-äl'ban)	Doine (doin)
Achilles (ä-kil'ēz)	Brianchoil (brē'än-koil')	Donkov (don'kov)
Achray (ak-rä')	Bürger (bür'gèr)	Doune (dön)
Aeean (ē-ē'än)		Duchray (dü-krä')
Aegean (ē-jē'än)		Dulichium (dü-lik'i-um)
Aegis (ē'jis)	Caius (kā'yus)	Dunfermline (dun-ferm'lin)
Aemilius (ē-mil'i-us)	Calpurnia (kal-për'ni-ä)	
Aeneas (ē-nē'äs)	Calypso (kä-lip'sō)	Eiffel (i'fèl)
Aeolus (ē'ō-lus)	Cambusmore (kam-bus- mōr')	Eildon (ēl'don)
Alcinous (al-sin'ō-us)	Caracas (kä-rä'käs)	Epicurus (ep-i-kū'rus)
Alençon (ä'lōn-soñ')	Carhonie (kär-hō'ni)	Erebus (er'ē-bus)
Alloa (äl'ō-ä)	Cassandra (kä-san'drä)	Eurymides (ū-rim'i-dēz)
Altenburg (äl'ten-börch)	Cattegat (kat'ē-gat)	Evanthes (ē-van'thēz)
Anchises (an-kī'sēz)	Chanute (kä-nūt')	
Antje (änt'yē)	Charlemagne (shär'lē-män)	Ferne-wein (fer'ne-vīn)
Apollyon (ä-pol'i-on)	Charybdis (kä-rib'dis)	Ferragus (fer'ä-gus)
Armandave (är'män-däv)	Cicero (sis'ē-rō)	Fillan (fil'än)
Artemidorus (är-tē'mi-dō'- rus)	Ciconian (si-kō'ni-än)	Fontenoy (fōn'tē-nwä')
Ascabart (as'kä-bärt)	Cid (sid)	Fugalis (fō-gä'lis)
Ate (ä'tē)	Cimber (sim'bèr)	Fundis (fön'dis)
Atreus (ä'trös)	Cinna (sin'ä)	
Audubon (ä'dō-bon)	Circe (sēr'sē)	Gael (gäl)
Aurora Borealis (ä-rō'rä bō-rē-ä'lis)	Cnidos (nī'dos)	Galapagos (gä-lä'pä-gōs)
	Coilantogle (koil-än-tō'gl)	Gélert (gel'ért)
	Coir-nan-Uriskin (koir-nan- ur'is-kin)	Ghent (gent)
Balaklava (bä'lä-klä'vä)	Cornelis (kor-nä'lis)	Gillian (jil'i-än)
Balquidder (bal-kwid'ër)	Couden (kō'den)	Glenartney (glen-ärt'ni)
Bannochar (ban'ō-kär)	Courland (kōr'länd)	Goa (gō'ä)
Barchi (bär'kē)	Crichton (krī'ton)	Golconda (gol-kon'dä)
Barmecide (bär'mē-sid)	Crimean (kri-mē'än or kri- mē'än)	Goliath (gō-lī'äth)
Beal' an Duine (bēl an dwēn)	Croisic (krwä-zēk')	Graeme (grām)
Beal'maha (bēl'mä-hä)	Croisickese (krwä-zē-kēz')	Grève (grev)
Beal-nam-bo (bēl'nam-bō')	Cyclops (sī'klops)	
Beaulesert (bō'dē-zért)	Cytherae (sith-ē'rē)	Heldenbuch (hel'den-böch)
Beebe (bē'bē)	Czechoslovakia (chek'ō-slō- vä'ki-ä)	Hellas (hel'äs)
Beelzebub (bē-el'zē-bub)		Herakles (her'ä-klēz)
Beichan (bik'än)		Herries (her'iz)
Belle Aurore (bel ö-rör')		Hervé Riel (er-vä' rē-el')
Benledi (ben-led'i)		Himalaya (hi-mä'lä-yä)
Benlomond (ben-lō'mond)	Daedalus (ded'ä-lus)	Hios (hē'os)
Ben-Shie (ben-shē')	Damfreville (dän'fre-vēl')	Hispaniola (his-pän-yō'lä)
Benvenue (ben've-nō)	Darius (dä-rī'us)	Hockheimer (hok-hī'mèr)
Benvoirlich (ben-vör'lik)	Darjeeling (där-jēl'ing)	Huguenot (hū'gè-not)
Beowulf (bä'ō-wulf)	Decius (dē'shi-us)	Hybla (hī'blä)
Beresina (ber-ē-zē'nä)	Demetri (dē-me'tri)	
Blantyre (blan-tīr')	Deucalion (dū-kä'li-on)	Ian (yän)
Bobruisk (bō-brüsk')	Devan (dev'än)	Icarus (ik'ä-rus)
		Idaeon (i-dē'än)

- Iliad (il'i-əd)  
 Inch-Caillach (insh-kā'li-ak)  
 Ismarus (is'mā-rus)  
 Janfarie (jan'fā-rē)  
 Jonkheer (yenk'hēr)  
 Juniata (jō-ni-at'ā)  
 Kaatje (kāt'shē)  
 Katrine (kat'rin)  
 Katzenellenbogen (kā'tsen-el-en-bō'gen)  
 Kerguelen (kēr'gē-len)  
 Ketchikan (kech-i-kān')  
 Keyne (kēn)  
 Kier (kēr)  
 Labeo (lā'bē-ō)  
 Laertes (lā-ēr'tēz)  
 Laestrigonians (les'tri-gō-ni-ānz)  
 La Hogue (lā ŋō)  
 Launfal (lān'fal)  
 Lepidus (lep'i-dus)  
 Lethe (lē'thē)  
 Leven-glen (lē'ven-glen)  
 Libau (lē'bou)  
 Lilienthal (lē'yen-tāl)  
 Lillibullero (lil'i-bu-lē'rō)  
 Liriodendron Tulipifera (lir-i-ō-den'drōn tū/li-pi-fe-rā)  
 Lithuania (lith-ū-ā'ni-ā)  
 Livesey (liv'zi)  
 Llewellyn (lō-el'in)  
 Loch (lok)  
 Lochinvar (lok'in-vār')  
 Lomond (lō'mōnd)  
 Louvre (lōvr)  
 Lubnaig (lub'nāg)  
 Lucca (lōk'kā)  
 Lucilius (lū-sil'i-us)  
 Lufra (lō'frā)  
 Luperca (lū'pēr-kal)  
 Madagascar (mad'ā-gas-kār)  
 Magyar (mod'yor)  
 Malabar (mal'ā-bār)  
 Maleia (mā-lē'ā)  
 Malise (mā'lēs)  
 Malo (mā'lō)  
 Malouins (māl'ō-an')  
 Malvoisie (māl'vwā-zē')  
 Maron (mā-rōn')  
 Maronnan (mā-ron'an)  
 Meggat (meg'at)  
 Mejuffer (mē-yōf'fēr)  
 Menelaus (men'ē-lā'us)  
 Menshikov (men'shē-kōf)  
 Menteth (men-tēth')  
 Mesa (mā'sā)  
 Messala (me-sā'lā)  
 Metellus (mē-tel'us)  
 Minsk (mēnsk)  
 Moeder (mō'dēr)  
 Mogadore (mog-ā-dōr')  
 Mogilev (mo'gē-lyōf')  
 Monan (mō'nān)  
 Mynheer (min-hār')  
 Myrmidons (mēr'mi-donz)  
 Naiad (nā'yad)  
 Nausicaa (nā-sik'ā-ā)  
 Neritus (nē-rī'tus)  
 Nervii (nēr'vi-ī)  
 Nibelungenlied (nē'bē-lūng-ēn-lēt')  
 Nineveh (nin'ē-ve)  
 Ochertyre (ok'tēr-tīr)  
 Octavianus (ok-tā'vi-an'us)  
 Odenwald (ō'den-vālt)  
 Odyssey (od'i-sī)  
 Paloma (pā-lō'mā)  
 Penelope (pē-nel'ō-pē)  
 Peteos (pe'tē-os)  
 Phaeacia (fē-ā'shā)  
 Phaeacian (fē-ā'shān)  
 Pharsalus (fār-sā'lus)  
 Philippi (fi-lip'i)  
 Phoebus (fē'bus)  
 Pindarus (pin-dār'us)  
 Poborino (pō-bō-rē'nō)  
 Polyphemus (pol-i-fē'mus)  
 Pompey (pom'pi)  
 Popilius (pō-pil'i-us)  
 Portobello (pōr'tō-bel'ō)  
 Poseidon (pō-sī'dōn)  
 Poule (pōl)  
 Psellus (sel'us)  
 Publius (pub'li-us)  
 Pyrrha (pir'ā)  
 Rhein-wein (rīn'wīn')  
 Rhumdona (rum-dō'nā)  
 Roderick Dhu (rod'ēr-ik dū')  
 Safari (suf'ā-rē)  
 Samos (sā'mos)  
 San Blas (san blās')  
 San Joaquin (san wā-kēn')  
 Saturn (sat'ēr)  
 Saus und Braus (sous ōnt brous)  
 Scarabaeus Caput Hominis (skar-ā-bē'us kā'put hō-mi-nis)  
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 Strato (strā'tō)  
 Suffolk (suf'ok)  
 Surinam (sō-ri-nām')  
 Svatopluk (svā-top'luk)  
 Symi (sē'mē)  
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 Tana (tā'nā)  
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